LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

052
NAT
v.2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/nationalreview2188unse

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

"What is the Tory Party, unless it represents National feeling?"—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER TO FEBRUARY

1883-4.

LONDON
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE. S.W.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

052
NAT
V.2

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

AUTHOR.		PAGE
Austin, Alfred	On the Relation of Literature to Politics	81
	To a Captive Throstle	274
	A "Soliloquy in Song"	445
	Rich Men's Dwellings: A Proposed Remedy for Social Discontent	462
	The Divorce between Literature and the Stage	680
Bagenal, Philip H.	The International; and its Influence on English Politics	422
Blackburn, Henry.	English Art in 1883	49
	The Art of Illustration	558
Blind, Mathilde	The Tale of Tristram and Iseult	826
Boulger, Demetrius Charles	Subsidizing the Ameer	333
Buckland, C. T.	Ganjah	618
Carnarvon, the Earl of	The Art of Preaching	23
Cecil, Lord Eustace G., M.P.	Social Deterioration and its Remedies	880
Colchester, Lord	Sismondi's Political Ideas	212
Courthope, William John	Johnson and Carlyle: Common Sense *versus* Transcendentalism	317
	The Two Lucians: A Dialogue on Popular Religion	786
Cranbrook, Viscount	Hereditary Pauperism and Boarding-out	453
Curtis, George Byron	Some Facts about Redistribution	632
Editors, the	Current Politics 146, 294,	447
Fitzgerald, Percy	What is "The Scene"?	535
Ford, Edward	Lord Monboddo and Mrs. Garrick: A Love Episode	106
Frere, Rt. Hon. Sir Bartle, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.	Have we a Colonial Policy?	1
Gathorne-Hardy, the Hon. Alfred E.	Fallow Deer at Home	643
Gordon-Cumming, Miss C. F.	Wild Tribes of the Sierras	412
Greg, Percy	Redistribution: Right and Wrong Directions	807
Gregory, Canon	The Work of the Church of England during the Present Century	277
Grant, Charles	Gottfried Keller: The Modern Novel in Germany	168
Gumley, N. W.	The Oratory of the Recess	734
Harkness, M. E.	The Municipality of London	96
Harris, Alfred	An Untried Remedy for Irish Grievances	668
Harris, Lord	The Development of Cricket	70
Hay, W. Delisle	The New Guinea Question; from a Colonial Point of View	61

603323

AUTHOR.		PAGE
Hertford, General the Marquis of.	Long Service *versus* Short Service	493
Hodgson, W. Earl	Why Conservatism fails in Scotland	235
Hubbard, the Rt. Hon. John G., M.P.	Forty Years of Income Tax	771
Humphreys, J. T. C.	Is England going to keep Ireland?	653
Johns, B. G.	The Literature of Seven Dials	478
Kay-Robinson, E.	The Era of the Torpedo	205
Kebbel, T. E.	Miss Austen and George Eliot	259
Lamington, Lord	Political Pessimism	713
Layard, Amy	Scraps from the Chronicles of Venice	724
L'Estrange, Lieut.-Colonel, A.A.D., R.A.	The Auxiliary Forces	502
Lethbridge, Roper	The Government Surrender on the Ilbert Bill	573
Lord Mayor, the Rt. Hon., M.P.	The Boers	851
Mallock, W. H.	Radicalism and the Working Classes	129
	Conservatism and Socialism	695
	The Landlords and the National Income	889
Malortie, Baron de	The Road to the East and its Protection	542
Newton, C. F., C.B.	On the Study of Classical Archæology	393
Northcote, the Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford H., Bart., M.P.	A Few Remarks on Conservative and Liberal Finance	601
Paget, V.	The Transformations of Chivalric Poetry	341
Pellew, Fleetwood H.	The New Indian Rent Bill	588
Pincott, Frederic	Primary Education in India	870
Preston, Miss	An American on America	113
Raikes, Right Hon. Henry Cecil, M.P.	The New Law of Elections	189
Salisbury, the Marquis of, K.G.	Labourers' and Artizans' Dwellings	301
Seton-Karr, W. S.	Our Game Laws	838
Siewers, Carl	Will Norway become a Republic?	376
Simcox, G. A.	Evolution and A Priori Ethics	244
Staples, R., Jun.	The Representation of Ireland	225
Venables, Gilbert.	Civil and Religious Marriage	438
Villari, L.	Italians and English	360

Correspondence 750, 892

Diplomatist, An Old. The Statesmanship of the Streets . . . 354

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton 748

Fidens. Ethical Theism 859

Hodge, John. Gaffer Hodge on the Extension of the Franchise . 824

Indigo, John. Are we despoiling India?—A Rejoinder 35

Moderate Liberal, A. Can any Class be Trusted? 799

Philo-Tudor. To the Memory of William Cecil, Lord Burghley . 532

Retired Politician, A. Are Parliamentary Institutions in Danger? 153

Ruricola, Letters by. Communicated by the Earl of Carnarvon.
No. 1.—"A Loyal, Just, and Upright Gentleman." 762

Sangfroid, Lord. Another Talk with Corkhouse 596

Tantivy, Thomas. Will Party Government continue to work? . 516
The Plain Duty of the Opposition 757

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 7.—SEPTEMBER, 1883.

HAVE WE A COLONIAL POLICY?

In Queen Elizabeth's time the subject of colonization in the New World fired the imaginations and exercised the intellects of every statesman, soldier, and poet in England. There was no misgiving then as to the value of such settlements to the old world. Bacon's essay on Colonies (or "Plantations," as they were called in his time) comprises, in three or four pages, an amount of sagacious counsel and practical wisdom which might have saved politicians of later days from many a grievous error. Some of his warnings are almost prophetic. "Plantations," he tells us, "are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works," and in accordance with this high estimate of their value, is his humane advice that colonies should be planted "in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others"; that the planter of colonies, as of trees, should wait patiently for his recompense, "for," says Bacon, "the principal thing that hath been the destruction of most plantations hath been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years." How much misery and evil might have been avoided had later statesmen borne in mind his maxim—"It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant, and," he adds, "not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief and spend victuals and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation."

Full of the same practical sagacity is Bacon's advice as to the classes to be chosen as colonists; his suggested inquiry "about what kind of victual the county yields of itself to hand," and the best kinds of vegetables and animals to be introduced. He advises that "the victual in plantations ought to be expended almost as in a besieged town, that is with certain allowance." Some of the

land should be cultivated "in common stock," some as private gardens. He urges search for "what commodities the soil doth naturally yield, that may some way help to defray the charge of the plantation"; but he adds this wise caution, "moil not too much underground, for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things."

"For Government," he says, "let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel; and let them have commission to exercise martial laws with some limitation; and above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness as they have God always and His service before their eyes." He is not in favour of too much superintendence of the colony from home. "Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number; and let them be rather noblemen and gentlemen than merchants; for they look ever to the present gain." He is an advocate for colonial free trade. "Let there be freedoms from custom, till the plantation be of strength; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make their best of them, except there be some special cause of caution." Immigration is to be judiciously managed. "Cram not in people by sending too fast, company after company, so as the number may live well in the plantation and not by surcharge be in penury"; and he sketches in a few wise words a sound native policy. "If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles, but use them quietly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless; and do not win their favour by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss; and send oft of them over to the country that plants, that they may see a better condition than their own, and commend it when they return." He is not forgetful of the necessity for forming family ties. "When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as well with men, that the plantation may spread into generations, and not be ever pieced from without." Even in those days it would seem that schemes for reducing the nation's colonial responsibilities were not unknown. But Bacon does not encourage such craven counsels, and his notions of blood-guiltiness would seem to differ widely from those of some modern statesmen, for he winds up by saying, "It is the sinfullest thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness; for besides the dishonour, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons."

If Bacon's sagacious maxims of colonial policy were not always borne in mind by after generations of English statesmen, it was not owing to any doubts as to the value of the colonies themselves to the mother country. For nearly three centuries love of enterprise and a desire for freedom stimulated Englishmen of all classes and creeds to

the foundation and maintenance of colonies, which were looked on by statesmen of the day, of every shade of political opinion, as important additions to the strength of the nation. Cavalier and Roundhead, Whig and Tory may have looked on colonization from different points of view, but all agreed as to the national importance of colonies, and for many generations "ships, commerce, and colonies" were toasted at all civic entertainments with unquestioning faith in their being the main elements of national wealth and prosperity. Charters were granted, and other means were taken to reproduce in the colonies the conditions of social and political life which the colonists had left behind them. The colonies prospered and increased, and when some of them had outgrown the status of dependent communities, they set up for themselves, and have since formed one of the greatest and most progressive empires of modern times. But up to the declaration of independence by the United States, it can hardly be said that England had any clearly defined or recognized colonial policy. Colonies were planted, and grew and multiplied very much according to the chapter of accidents. From Raleigh's time to Cook's we see the same energy, forethought, and enterprise in exploration and discovery; we recognize the practical wisdom of English statesmen in the charters and constitutions of the infant settlements. But the moving impulse was not individual genius. It was the spirit of the British nation steadily expanding in various forms of foreign enterprise, and owing little to the favour and direction of kings and statesmen, which in Portugal and elsewhere were such potent elements in building up a colonial empire.

From Bacon's time to Burke's it would not be easy for the historian to quote any authoritative statement of national English colonial policy. It was formed like our common law, by practice and precedent, inspired by strongly marked characteristics of national character, but rarely codified or reduced to any semblance of philosophical and logical system. Men wished it had been otherwise when disputes arose between the Home Government and the North American colonies. But the result of all the debates and discussions which preceded and followed our recognition of the United States as an independent Power was mainly negative. The question was—not how the growth and prosperity of the colonies might best be promoted, but how far sovereign rights, which were rarely, if ever, questioned at home in England, could be exercised by an English sovereign and Parliament, over people born and domiciled in America, and in no way directly represented in the English Parliament? For a while, it seemed as though the severance of the United States had been the death-blow to English colonial empire—but the check was only for a time; and in the course of the last hundred years our losses in North America have been more than covered by accessions, some of conquest, others of fresh colonization, in all quarters of the globe. When, at the end of the long revolutionary war, the

nation reckoned up its losses and its gains, there were few who hesitated to reckon the extension of our colonial possessions among our gains. But of the precise character and value of our colonial possessions few writers before James Mill seem to have attempted any comprehensive estimate. Incidentally, the subject is often discussed by all writers who, like Burke or Adam Smith, examined the higher problems of political and economical science; but it would be difficult to point to any treatise on colonial policy which could be referred to as a standard work of permanent authority, previous to the publication of James Mill's famous article on "Colony," published in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in 1824, afterwards as a separate essay, and incorporated in the eighth edition of the Encyclopædia, published in 1854. The editors of that edition justly note that the article, during the thirty years since it was written, had obtained a wide celebrity, and was believed to have exercised a great influence in producing the changes made in our colonial system since it was first published. The paper is, indeed, marked by all the characteristic excellences and defects of James Mill's treatment of such subjects. The careful sifting, the full, clear, and precise statement of facts, and of the writer's own opinions, the accurate estimate of material forces, and the inability or disinclination to recognize forces not material, are all conspicuous; and equally marked is the tendency to account for all phenomena otherwise difficult of explanation by reference to some preconceived theory, such as the grasping wickedness of all aristocracies, or the irreconcileable antagonism between the interests of the governing "few" and the governed "many." We need not follow him through his very imperfect sketch of the causes of colonization. It is sufficient to note that the creation of colonies is not due, as Mill supposes, to the policy or impolicy, to the good or evil design of aristocracies or of the governing "few," but to natural laws of increase and expansion, which may be modified, checked, or directed by human design, but which owe their force to qualities inherent in all human nature. Colonial growth, in old times as in modern days, has always depended on a great variety of influences which may often be analysed in the result, but which baffle attempts to calculate their precise force or probable effects by any *a priori* train of reasoning such as Mill attempted. The process of colonization has more than a fanciful resemblance to the growth of population, or the spread of animal and vegetable life. As some plants grow only from suckers, and spread slowly, whilst others are propagated by winged seeds, and spread in a single season to distances of many miles, so different races behave very differently under precisely similar circumstances, in the matter of migration and colonization. One might suppose, from Mill's reasoning, that the process was capable of control by knowledge of the laws of political economy, or of the increase of human population, as ascer-

tained and expounded by Malthus; but, in point of fact, no two races behave alike, under pressure of circumstances apparently similar. The same pinch of penury which makes the Scotch labourer or artizan defer his marriage, migrate to some large town, or emigrate to the colonies, seems only to attach his French fellow-worker closer to his morsel of land; whilst the French peasant is exemplary in his observance of Malthusian warnings against over-population, poverty seems only to hold out additional inducements to his brother Celt in Ireland to multiply the mouths dependent on his already insufficient supply of food.

If we look at the questions of human migration and colonization historically, we shall find the causes of such movements far more numerous and complex than James Mill seems to have recognized. As matter of fact, we know that from the earliest ages most races of men have ever been in a state of intermittent movement. The seasons of migration have often alternated with long periods of rest; but, except in regions shut in by mountain ranges, we rarely now find a distinct race in the same place, or within the same boundaries, as it occupied ten centuries ago. When the migration has been stopped by such an obstacle as the ocean, a temporary check takes place, and some time elapses before the movement is continued as colonization beyond sea. There is probably not a motive of human action which has not at times contributed to this invariable human tendency to swarm and migrate.

First, naturally, comes the want of food. As mouths multiply faster than the supply of food to feed them, mankind, like other animals, are tempted to wander in any direction where more abundant supplies of food may be looked for. The impulse affects all men, civilized as well as savage, and has actuated mankind in every age, the only difference being that whilst the savage is led by his senses alone, the civilized man is attracted by influences, more subtle, powerful, and far-reaching. There may be an apparent difference between the impulse which drives the Bushman or Red Indian to follow the migrations of the eland or buffalo retreating before the rifle of the white man, as compared with the causes which influence the cotter's son, or cadet of the squire's family. The savage may look no further than an occasional gorge for a few moons to come; whilst the Anglo-Saxon has always in view higher considerations such as the achievement of independence, or visions of one day sharing in the government of a civilized community yet to be created. Still the prime motive is ever the same—the pressure of want.

But though growing scarcity of food may rank as the first and most potent cause of human migration, there are numerous other powerful motives, all of which are ever contributing to the same result. At one time it is the successful warrior who leads his

followers into unknown lands in search of fresh worlds to conquer. At another it is some Ænæas, the ruler of the vanquished, who embarks the broken remnant of his people to seek a new and safer home beyond the ocean. Dreams of an Eldorado attract one shipload, hopes of freedom from religious persecution, or visions of spreading the Gospel among the heathen, fill up the next vessel. Love of enterprise the most romantic; love of change the most aimless; love of work, where work will be well requited and honourable; love of idleness, where idleness does not mean starvation: all contribute their quota to the emigrants' cabin, along with the disappointments and blighted hopes, which, in a crowded and complex social system, drive so many to wish for change.

The process of colonization is, in fact, a spontaneous exuberance of national vitality. Indirectly, the good or bad management of the statesman, the legislator, or administrator, may, no doubt, do much to promote or retard the process, to give it a good or bad direction, to make the colony successful and prosperous, or the reverse; but the action is, in itself, spontaneous, and, so to speak, inevitable. This may seem like a truism, but it is a truth too often forgotten; and to forgetfulness of it may be traced some of the most grievous mistakes in our colonial history.

Many of the defects of James Mill's essay may be attributed to his not recognising the real impulses of colonization and to his substituting for them imaginary causes, such as the selfishness of a powerful aristocracy, and the like. The results of this imperfect appreciation of the real forces at work may still be seen in elaborate disquisitions on the unwisdom of extending our colonial responsibilities, with which the platform and the press are wont to teem when anything goes on wrong in the colonies—disquisitions as little appropriate or effectual, as Malthusian essays addressed to an Irish peasant—or as proofs of the superior blessings of a small ready-money business, offered to a great merchant, as he reflects on his numerous branch houses and their widely ramified responsibilities.

But, with all its defects, James Mill's work had a very valuable effect on our colonial policy, notably on those portions of it which erred furthest from Bacon's maxims: as, for instance, our habit of regarding our colonies as a means of disposing of our delinquent population. Mill speaks of our penal colonies as though they were peculiarly English institutions. But it is clear from history, as might, indeed, have been expected from the nature of things, that the first to emigrate were always, in all ages and among all peoples, those persons who were least in accord with the rest of society in their native land, and that the first to be deported, when the Government undertook the selection of emigrants, would naturally be those with whom society had least sympathy—a definition which

would include a large proportion of the poor, and the whole of the criminal classes. To this tendency we may safely attribute those peculiarities of Roman colonies which Mill accounts for by supposing them to have been "expedients for preserving" to the aristocracy "the extraordinary advantages and powers they had been enabled to assume, by allaying that impatience of the people under which the retention of their usurpations became difficult and doubtful." Mill and his school did good service by demonstrating the many insuperable objections to transportation as an ordinary punishment. His arguments are frequently overstrained, and he takes little account of the possible uses of a penal colony as a reformatory institution, where criminals not habituated to crime might have one more good chance of being reclaimed and of becoming useful members of society. But this was a branch of the question little thought of at the time; and Mill may be excused for forgetting, in his denunciations of a bad system of punishment, some possible uses of the system, of which few examples can have been brought to his notice.

We need not discuss in detail Mill's cogent arguments against any expectation of benefit to the mother country from a tribute to be paid by a colony. No expectation of such tribute from a colony, in the strict sense of the word, is ever entertained in these days, and it had been practically given up, even before he wrote; but his remarks on the profits of trade expected from a colony deserve more detailed notice, as they are very misleading, and have probably been, to no small extent, the cause of the lowered estimation in which colonies have been held of late years as a part of our national possessions.

In the first place, it is not the whole truth, as Mill supposes, that it is "on account of the trade that colonies have remained an object of affection to Englishmen." There are, as we shall notice further on, numerous other claims which the colonies possess to the affection of the old country—claims which may be sneered at as sentimental, but which, nevertheless, have a strong hold on mankind in general in all ages. But there can be no doubt that our trade with our colonies is one of the elements in the value we attach to them, and a very sound and substantial element it is. Mill greatly misstates the case when he says that, "In the idea of deriving a peculiar advantage from the trade of the colonies, is necessarily included the idea of a monopoly." At the time he wrote there was much to give support to such a belief. The general commercial policy of England was then protectionist, and it was the natural and logical result of that policy that the colonies, as integral portions of the empire, should share the benefits, real or supposed, which the mother country expected to secure from a protectionist tariff. But there were other advantages of colonial trade which had nothing to do with monopoly—nothing at

least with an artificial monopoly—dependent on exclusive and protectionist tariffs. We may accept the whole of Mill's reasoning against the existence of any advantage to the mother country, or to the colony, from such a forced or artificial monopoly of colonial trade; there will still remain vast commercial advantages to a mother country, situated as England is, from the possession of colonies such as England's are at this moment.

This will be clear if we look for the advantage we seek, not to a monopoly of trade, but to its extent, to the superior advantages which colonial trade affords as compared with foreign trade, and to the fact that we can and do carry on a larger and more profitable trade with our fellow-subjects in the colonies, than we could do with the same number of men under a foreign flag.

Let us consider the obvious facts of the two descriptions of trade—colonial and foreign. In both cases, of course, the country we trade with—whether foreign or colonial—produces something we want, and is willing to take something we produce, or its equivalent in money, in exchange for it. The transaction is desired by both parties as advantageous to themselves. Where the trade is perfectly free, the greater the trade the greater will be the advantage. The country with which we carry on the largest trade, *i.e.* the largest in proportion to its population, is, comparatively speaking, our best customer.

Let us first consider the case of a trade in articles of prime necessity, which we in England, as well as the colonies, can produce—say articles of food, corn and cattle, or meat. In their production, the home and the colonial producers are competitors; and it might at first seem that the profit of such trade to the colonial producer must be in inverse ratio to the advantage to the home consumer. But we know, by experience, that it is not so, for one very simple and obvious reason, that the British Islands have been unable for a long time, and probably never can again produce food sufficient for the entire consumption of our whole population. We must largely import articles of food, which we can produce, but not in quantity sufficient for our wants; and the deficiency in supply must be made up by importations from without.

But it will be asked, what are the advantages of supplying that deficiency from our own colonies rather than from independent foreign countries? What advantage is there to us in England from getting the corn or the meat we require from Australia or Canada, rather than from the Ukraine or from the United States?

First, there is the lessened chance of interruption in the supply from war. The risk of interruption of colonial supplies will be simply that of capture of cargoes at sea, the same risk as on foreign cargoes. There will be no risk from the producer's Government in Australia or Canada desiring to starve us out, as might

be the wish of the Government of the Ukraine or the United States. The Colonial Government, as well as the farmer and merchant, would, in such case, be rather inclined to run some risk to prevent our starving.

Secondly, the profits of trade, as far as they are made at our expense, go into the pockets of our own kith and kin in the colonies, instead of into the pockets of strangers and foreigners. This may seem a fanciful, if not a sentimental advantage, but it is very real and capable of estimation in money.

If the Australian stock-keeper, or corn-farmer, or merchant, grows rich on what we pay him for our food, he is generally one of our own race, and the money, so to speak, does not go out of the family. He may be a remote cousin, but he has more wish to visit us, and to retire to live and spend his money amongst us, than our kinsfolk in the United States, and far more than the farmer in the Ukraine. If he looks beyond his own colony, he is more apt to send his sons to our schools and universities, to invest his spare cash in our land or funds, to supply his wants from our factories, to aspire to sit in our Parliament, than the Russian, or than the citizen of the United States. Hence it follows that if our young men and maidens leave the old country, and carry their labour and their capital to produce food in other lands, that labour and capital is less entirely lost to the old country if they go to Australia or Canada, than if they seek employment in the United States or in Russia.

I have taken the case of trade in articles of food because it appears at first to be the class of trade in which the mother country would expect to find least advantage from trading with her colonies, rather than with foreign and independent nations. But the same will be found true of all trade. The colonist carries with him his tastes, his prejudices, his fashions. Many of them are inherited by his children, some survive for many generations—some for ages—and, whilst they last, they exercise a potent influence on commercial transactions. The colonist will, as a rule, go to the old shop, and look for the old trade-mark. He will not try novelties unless they strike his fancy by something in make, in price, or utility, or, it may be, in name, which leads him to prefer them to the article he is used to, and, unless experience justifies the preference, he returns to the old article.

It may be said "the preference is merely the result of superior quality. The colonist prefers English goods because they are better and cheaper." Be it so. I say colonial trade is an advantage to us, in our *present* condition as a nation, as an industrious, producing people, ever ready to be taught by our rivals and competitors, and to try and beat them, in a fair field, if we can. Things may alter when English manufacturers are afraid to face competition, or refuse to be taught by successful rivals. As it is, a small matter often turns the

scale of preference. Difference of language, for instance, is no serious bar to the active trader; but identity of language, and still more of commercial habits and forms, is a great help.

We are apt to term all considerations which cannot be estimated in money "sentimental." Even when the term is justly applied, it does not follow that the consideration is devoid of weight. Fashion, taste, prejudice, or habit, identity of race or of language, though they may defy numerical estimate, are, in themselves, considerable make-weights, and frequently turn the scale in the keen commercial competition of modern days.

As our old commercial system, giving an artificial advantage to our trade with our colonies, has long been abolished, it is to considerations such as these that we must look for an explanation of the undoubted fact that our colonial fellow-subjects are better customers to us than foreigners of independent nationalities.

James Mill's estimate of the utility of colonies "where maritime strength is the object sought by the mother country," is, as applied to present circumstances and existing views of policy, even more incomplete and misleading than the rest of his essay. He had always in view the old navigation laws, long since repealed, and, as far as they are concerned, we need not further discuss his arguments; but he does not notice the value of our colonies as assisting to create and maintain that great reserve of merchant ships and trained English-speaking seamen, without which the naval defence of the British Islands would be far more burthensome than it is, or ever has been.

Nor was it possible for him to foresee that the repeal of the navigation laws would be followed by such a marvellous development of mercantile ship-building and mercantile marine as we have witnessed during the last thirty years—a development greatly due to the growth of our colonies—of immense importance to national industry and commerce, and, above every form of national property, conducive to peace.

In his "conclusion" on the "Tendency of Colonial Possessions to produce or prolong bad Government," James Mill has concentrated a curious amount of short-sighted prejudice, unfounded assumption, and misrepresentation. He assumes that he has proved the worthlessness of colonies to the mother country, and he attempts to account for the "affection" which modern European nations discover for them, by assuming that this "affection" is due to the fact that it is for the interest of the "few" that colonies should be created; and as, in all bad Governments the interests of the few prevail over the interests of the "many" (and apparently, in his estimation, all modern European Governments are bad!), therefore European Governments generally have an "affection" for colonies. The temptation is, he thinks, like that of Sancho Panza, who hoped to derive advantage from the

government of an island by selling his people as slaves. Colonies, he argues, supply "the few" with influence—the means of political corruption—places for dependants, and, above all, military and naval establishments:—"The colonies are a grand source of wars—wars have so many things agreeable to the ruling few, that the ruling few hardly ever seem to be happy except when engaged in them"; and so on, through a column and a half of denunciation of wars, invented by "the few" for the purpose of oppressing the many and increasing taxation —and of colonies, as the grand causes of wars.

The modern Canadian or Australian may afford to smile at this mode of accounting for the growth of colonies, and the estimation in which they are held. He may forgive much, for the good service Mill did in opening the eyes of the nation to the evils of transportation, of artificial monopolies, of the old navigation laws, and of many other abuses which had grown up round our colonial system, and against which Bacon had warned us three centuries ago; but it requires large allowance for such good service to make up for the prejudice and misrepresentations which have, up to the present day, done so much to prevent the English public from recognising the true value of colonial empire, and have, in no small degree, tended to sour the mutual feeling of both the mother country and her colonies.

Our space does not admit of any detailed examination of the results of the widely-ramifying discussions on colonial policy which have occupied so large a share of national attention during the past sixty years. As a vast colonial empire grew up, our country had in practice departed widely from the wise maxims of Elizabethan statesmen and philosophers. Instead of "filling the New World with New Englands," we had gradually allowed to grow up many abuses which would have found no congenial soil in the old country. Our shipping laws and commercial tariff had for two centuries been gradually moulded, so as to secure to English ship-owners and merchants a monopoly of colonial trade, without regard to the true interests of the community at large, in either the colonies or in Great Britain. Slavery had been directly encouraged till it had become an integral portion of the social and political constitution of most of our colonies, and those "plantations" which were not cursed with a slave population forcibly imported from Africa, were condemned to be the receptacles of the worst and most incorrigible portion of our own criminal classes. Few things could be imagined less like Bacon's ideal, than the reality of English colonial life at the end of the great continental war. Nothing short of a revolution could have saved nine-tenths of our colonies from rottenness and decay, and nothing but the inherent vitality of the races inhabiting these islands, and the strength of their social and political constitution, carried us through the inevitable revolution, with so little bloodshed, and with so little

disturbance of vested rights of property. What we escaped may be measured by the severity of the ordeal through which the United States had to pass, before the same revolution had run its course in the great contest between the northern and southern states of the Union.

It is impossible, within the limits of a single article, to epitomise the events of the struggle for colonial reform, or even to name the principal warriors. It was a series of contests conducted at one time in Parliament, at others on the platform, in the pulpit, or through the press. The subject matters in dispute were so various, that the same champion frequently contended with those who in other contests had been his allies. Slavery and the laws of labour, emigration and land tenures, the laws relating to shipping and navigation, free trade and protection, customs tariffs, criminal law and procedure, theories of punishment and criminal reform, were all matters of prime importance and subjects for hot debate, as well as the questions of colonial constitutions and the relative positions of the mother country and her colonies. Few victories were won without hard fighting and argumentative demonstration of the untenable condition of the position attacked, fewer still without some kind of compromise or compensation; notably in the most hard-fought victory of all—the abolition of slavery. As navigation laws and protectionist tariffs disappeared, the real causes of colonial misgovernment became clearer. The attempt to keep in leading-strings some fifty distant and populous colonial communities, each equal to a small nation in Europe, and to govern them in detail through the agency of a score or two of clerks in a small Government office in Downing Street, was finally abandoned, and thenceforward self-government, more or less complete, has been gradually conceded to most of our colonies.

This, like others of our successful revolutions, has been in truth a reversion to the sounder principles of an earlier age, and owes its success and stability to the gradual and deliberate manner in which it has been carried out. But we are now paying the inevitable price of such gradual changes, that we are, for the time, without any clearly defined and recognised colonial policy,—that we appear to be drifting without any settled course,—and that our action with regard to our colonies is at once uncertain and inconsistent.

The old colonial questions which used to divide Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives, are mostly settled. There is little practical difference of opinion as regards slavery, no wish to frame our customs tariffs or navigation laws in favour of the English as opposed to the colonial interest, and rarely any avowed desire to interfere with the freedom and self-government of our colonies. But it would puzzle the "intelligent foreigner" to say what is our present colonial policy? It is not the radical destructive only who sometimes

professes inability to discover the use of colonies to us as a nation, and few colonial questions arise on which the thinking men of both parties do not find themselves among unaccustomed companions, as far as opinion goes.

This absence of any definite colonial policy has been aggravated by two causes, not specially connected with the colonies, and not controllable by the colonies. I only mention them because, if not removed, they are capable of neutralizing the best colonial policy which could be devised. They are, first, the extraordinary exaggeration of party feeling during the last few years, and the inclusion of colonial questions among the customary subjects of party warfare—and secondly, the degradation of parliamentary procedure. It is impossible to compare late debates on colonial subjects with those of forty, or even twenty, years ago, and not to be struck by the lessened chance of any colonial question being considered on its real merits, without reference to its immediate and transient effects on party tactics.

But leaving the present, let us consider the more important question—What is to be our colonial policy in the future? And before we can answer this question, we must settle the answer to be given to other questions, each of vital importance in itself.

Do we wish to continue to possess colonies? or had we rather be without them? Are our present colonies a burden to us, of which we would gladly be rid, if we could? or are they a source of strength and advantage which we are glad to possess, and wish to continue to possess, as long as they wish to remain with us?

This seems to me much as though we should ask a parent with a large family of sons and other relations whether, in his heart of hearts, he wished for their continued existence, or whether he had rather they were not existent? or so completely alienated as to be no more to him than his other neighbours?

Many men, probably, have known moments of despondency or irritation when they wished everyone else, including, perhaps, even their nearest relations, had never been born. But it may safely be said that the last thing the average British paterfamilias really wishes is that he stood alone in the world, with no responsibilities, joys, or sorrows, but those centred in his solitary self; and the national feeling regarding our colonies is probably not very different from that of individuals regarding their relations, useful or troublesome, creditable or the reverse. In questions of this kind, every argument against the retention of colonies applies with yet greater force against the retention of India. Let any man go through the circle of his own acquaintance and neighbours, and mentally mark off those whose bread depends, more or less entirely, on our possession of India and on our Colonial Empire. If he makes the calculation honestly, he will soon see that

the loss of India and the colonies would carry ruin to many, and distress, with more limited means of subsistence and enjoyment, into all but a small proportion of English households; whilst it would effectually and permanently degrade England from her position, as an influential, or even independent, European Power.

But it may be taken for granted that, whatever nonsense may be talked about the inconvenient extent of our colonial responsibilities, few sensible Englishmen really desire to surrender any considerable portion of our colonial empire. The talk about relieving our national burdens by giving up this or that colony, is simply a form of grumbling, dear to the national temperament, but no more indicating any real desire to part company, than Sir Anthony Absolute's threats of disinheriting his son and heir.

Such being the case, it is much to be wished that the tone of English writers and speakers, who aspire to lead public opinion, reflected less of our insular conceit and pessimism, and more of the real pride, affection, and reasonable appreciation with which the nation regards its colonial offspring. It is difficult to convey to an average self-satisfied Briton an adequate idea of the pain and anger caused to his self-reliant but sensitive colonial cousin, by the prevalent tone of depreciation which runs through our habitual criticism of colonial affairs, whenever they do not prove entirely to our liking. The flavour of our talk may be the "unmeant bitterness" of real affection; but our expressions are none the less distasteful to the subjects of our criticism, and leave a real sting behind them.

But if we are to retain our colonies, on what terms are we to keep them? It seems to me that it is not easy to improve on the definitions of the relative positions, which it is desirable the mother country and her colonies should occupy, as laid down more than thirty years ago, when Constitutions for Australia and Canada were under discussion. Those definitions are nowhere more clearly or forcibly stated than in Sir William Molesworth's speeches during the session of 1850, and in the Appendix, which contained a draft of the Constitution he proposed for New South Wales, and for the other Australian colonies and New Zealand. The cardinal principle was to reserve to the Imperial Parliament and Government only those powers and prerogatives which affected the Empire at large, or more than the single colony whose Constitution was under discussion; and to give to the Colonial Parliament and Government all other powers and prerogatives, without restriction or control from the distant Home Government.

As far as we have acted on the principles then laid down, we have, in the main, only reverted to the practice of two or three centuries ago, when we first began to establish colonies in America. We have given by law to our colonies those powers and prerogatives which, in

earlier days, colonies received from the Crown or devised for themselves, and exercised *ex necessitate rei,* when distance and infrequent communication obliged the infant community to shift for themselves, and to do their best to reproduce in the new world the freedom and self-government they so valued in the old. These powers and privileges have now been for many years secured to our North American and Australian colonies, by solemn Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and are now beyond danger of recall.

What, then, is lacking to perfection in our colonial policy? Where and why are we still adrift? Different answers will be given in each continent. In North America the union of several colonies under one Dominion, has solved many burning questions between the mother country and her colonies, and provided an easy solution for most, if not for all, that are likely to arise. Some years must yet elapse ere the bond of federation can be so complete and well-fitted, that it shall cease to gall here and there. But every fresh ship-load of immigrants, every mile of new railroad opened, lessens the chances of any check to the consolidation of the Canadian Dominion, and to the power of solving within itself all but questions of really imperial moment. In Australia the good effects of emancipating the colonies from the close tutelage of the Home Government, in all that relates to their domestic policy, have been at least as conspicuous as in Canada. But Australia has not yet provided the additional safeguard of confederation, and we have lately had an instance of the difficulties which may arise, when the interests of a self-governed colony require the exercise of those Imperial powers and prerogatives which have, by the Constitution, been wisely reserved to the Crown.

It is not very many weeks since readers of newspapers and telegrams, throughout the habitable world, were startled by the news that Queensland, one of the youngest of our Australian colonies, had annexed New Guinea. It is probably no exaggeration to say that, on the morning the telegram appeared, not one in ten of our legislators had more than a vague idea of the elements of the question thus suddenly brought before them. Nevertheless, there were not wanting *ex cathedra* denunciations of colonial greed and cruelty, of the invariable tendency of Englishmen free from the softening influence of English philanthropic societies, to oppress and tyrannize, and expressions of the necessity for Her Majesty's Government interfering in defence of native rights. It was clear that the Government of Queensland had exceeded powers, and assumed an authority which legally belonged to the Imperial Government, but it also became apparent that there was a remarkable consensus of opinion in all the colonies concerned, in favour of what Queensland had done. A despatch from the Secretary of State, pointing out the informality and illegality of the step, was pub-

lished, and, for the moment, disposed of the question; it did not finally close the door to argument in favour of the colonial view, but deferred a definite expression of decision till the matter should be considered by an united Australia.

This was followed by an informal publication of a paper drawn up by the Agents-General of three of the colonies most nearly concerned. It was a paper remarkable for the novelty, to the generality of the English public, of the information it gave and the views it represented, and yet more for the spirit of earnest humanity, patriotism, and loyalty to which it gave expression. It strongly impressed on those who read it the conviction that there was far more to be said for the colonial view than had at first appeared, and that the action taken was at least as much in the interests of the Papuans, as it had at first appeared to be directed to their injury. And so the question rests. We are once more adrift; we drifted into the question, we may drift out of it; but its solution depends on accident, or on the volition of men, who know better what they want, and are more determined to have it, than Her Majesty's present Government.

Yet, of the vast importance of the question, not to the Australian colonies only, but to the empire at large, there cannot be two opinions.

The paper already referred to shows how suddenly has arisen a possibility of a foreign Power placing itself across the principal highway between the Old World and Australasia. It shows that this command of a great ocean thoroughfare may any day be assumed by any Power, large or small, and may be exercised by a penal colony, peopled by the worst criminals of any country in Europe except our own. We know that sites for such a colony have, for many years past, been sought in that particular region of the globe, by more than one European Power, notably by France and Italy, and that the establishment of such a penal settlement there, would mean ruin to the country settled in, and every sort of inconvenience to its neighbours. With whatever equanimity this prospect may be regarded by Her Majesty's Government, it cannot be contemplated by the colonies concerned without alarm. They will require something more to reassure them than the assertion that the over-worked Prime Minister has not yet heard of any chance of any other Power contemplating establishments in New Guinea. The Australians may or may not take the law into their own hands, either collectively by State action, or by filibustering enterprise. Either kind of action may involve us in serious consequences against our will. Two things only are certain, that the question will not again slumber, and that it is incapable of a really satisfactory solution by being allowed to drift.

It is not necessary we should here discuss what is to be done with this Papuan question. The moral of what has happened is that there ought to be the means of anticipating such questions,

of taking counsel on them, when they do arise, and of arriving at some sort of decision regarding them, without leaving the solution to chance. The Australians have been recommended by Her Majesty's Government to look for the solution in this case to a confederation or union of the Australian colonies; but it is obvious the remedy, however effectual, is somewhat remote and tardy; since it is quite uncertain how many months or years may elapse before it can be available.

Tho old lamentations are raised that the colonies are not directly represented in the Imperial Parliament. It is said, with some show of truth, that such questions could not be so cavalierly treated, if there were in the House of Commons men, other than a Secretary of State or his under-secretary, representing colonial interests; and it is taken for granted, as an unquestionable truth, that such direct representation is impossible. Why it should be impossible that each self-governed colony should send a couple of representatives to the Imperial Parliament, it would be difficult to say. There used to be an old constitutional axiom that taxation and representation went together; and as the Imperial Parliament did not and could not tax the colonies, it was held to be impossible to permit colonial representatives to vote on questions affecting the English tax-payer. It never seemed to me that the difficulty was a very valid one. Looking to the infinite ramifications of colonial interests in English society, commerce, and finance —to the number of English tax-payers of every grade whose bread depends more or less on the colonies, and on colonial trade and industry—it always appeared to me that it was quite as much for the interest of the English tax-payer to have colonial representatives in Parliament, as to have legislators who represent the Universities, the legal profession, the aristocracy, or the clergy.

The colonies form at present a portion of the British Empire, at least as important to the empire, as loyal, as certain to share all our perils and burdens, and as able to help us to bear them, as most remote English counties; and I cannot help thinking that men of business in the House of Commons would be glad to exchange some of the representatives of the less important English—or Irish—constituencies, for such gentlemen as would be likely to be sent to represent our colonies which enjoy responsible Government and Parliamentary institutions.

But without waiting for any such constitutional change, it seems to me that the Secretary of State, at any time, has the power to arm himself with means of information about colonial subjects, such as would supply a great part of what is wanted, in cases like that of the New Guinea question, and others which have lately occurred.

Most of the self-governed colonies have now appointed well-paid Agents-General, who are, in the best sense of the word, representative

men, capable not only of giving reliable information as to facts, but of reflecting accurately the best and most important phases of colonial opinion and feeling. It would in no way interfere with the more complete representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament, if the Secretary of State constituted the agents-general into a Colonial Council of information and advice; if he abstained from acting on information which they deemed of doubtful authority, and from deciding any question of general interest, such, for instance, as this Papuan annexation question, till he had heard what they had to say to it. Lord Derby has already indicated a desire so to avail himself of the aid of the agents-general. He is doubtless well aware of the added value of opinions, given not incidentally, but as a matter of duty and record; and tested by discussion, and by the free interchange of different opinions. I feel assured that had such a Council been in existence it would have been less easy for the Government to commit such a series of mistakes as have undoubtedly been committed of late years in dealing with South African questions.

It is in the management of South African affairs that the old vices of colonial mismanagement, so fervidly denounced by Sir William Molesworth and others in the debates which preceded the grant of Colonial constitutions thirty years ago, are still most visible; and the cause is obvious. Self-government is of later growth in South Africa than in our other colonies. It was only granted to the old Cape Colony in 1872. It has not yet been extended to any other part of British South Africa; and all the old mistrusts and misunderstandings, which have long since disappeared in Australia and Canada, are constantly reappearing in South Africa. This is due to a variety of causes, but space only admits of our discussing the most prominent. Side by side with the Cape Colony are two independent states, to a great extent alien in origin and language, and not yet by any means satisfied as to the neighbourly intentions of their English neighbours. There is besides a large and powerful native population, regarding which the English Government has never, for years past, pursued any clear and consistent policy—at one time interfering in the most irritating way with minute details of internal administration in the Colony—at another abandoning without reserve hundreds of thousands of natives, who considered themselves British subjects, to a government of Dutch Boers, or, far worse, to the tender mercies of a defeated and discredited native despot.

We cannot now discuss the transactions in which the English Government has acted, as it persuades itself, justly, humanely, truthfully, and wisely—but, as it appears to the Colonists and their neighbours, white and black—unjustly and dishonestly, cruelly, falsely, stupidly. Which party is right, I will not now discuss; I will only affirm, without fear of contradiction, that nothing can exceed the

hatred, contempt, and distrust with which the English Government is at present regarded by the great majority of South Africans, and that the feeling affects most injuriously the material prosperity of the country. If anyone doubts the precise accuracy of what I have stated, let him refer to any file of colonial newspapers—to any colonist, farmer, or merchant—or to any observant, unbiassed traveller, and I fear they will only too strongly confirm what I have said.

But our concern now is not with the past nor the present, but with the future, and I can only very briefly state in outline the course which seems to me to offer the best chance of retrieving our position and avoiding the many dangers I foresee, in further drifting as we have done for three years past.

First, as regards our own colonies. The Cape enjoys complete self-government, and I can testify to the capacity of the Cape colonists to manage their own affairs, prudently, economically, and successfully, if we would allow them to do so, without forcing on them tasks to which they are unequal, and which they would never have undertaken but for pressure from England. A most erroneous opinion is very commonly held in this country, that the colonists generally have always been anxious for an extension of the colonial boundary. Nothing can be further from the fact. I can testify that every accession of territory of late years to the Cape Colony has been unwillingly accepted by the colony, and only from a desire to meet the wishes of the Home Government. This is equally true of the Diamond Fields, of Basutoland, and the Transkei. I may add that the task so undertaken was by no means beyond the power of the colony to perform, had not the Home Government paralyzed the action of the Colonial Government, by its vacillation and repeated changes of policy. But this may lead us into discussions of what might have been; and I will therefore only add that I would allow the Cape Colony to draw back its boundary as far as it wishes, and to renounce, if it so wishes, its delegated sovereign rights, over any part of its later additions of territory.

As regards Natal, I would allow that colony, as soon as it wishes, the same amount of self-government which has been granted to the Cape. It will be said that this would be no new offer, inasmuch as Lord Kimberley offered the supposed boon of responsible government to Natal a short time ago, and the boon was declined. But the real cause of the unwillingness of Natal to accept the offer was the rooted distrust of the motives and good faith of the Home Government, which had been created by the late action of our Government in South Africa. The offer was brusquely made, and the colonists could not believe that it did not cover some design of the Home Government to back out of their legitimate responsibilities. However that may be, I would leave it open to the colony, at any time to claim the

management of their own affairs. Nothing can be more absurd than the present type of hybrid constitution. It simply serves to screen most of the faults of an absolute despotism in a Crown colony, without any of its chances of vigour and efficiency.

As regards the two independent republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, whatever may be our views of the past, it is our duty to accept our obligations as they stand. It is, however, not easy to say what the Government who made the Transvaal Convention, and who ought to know what they meant in making it, consider to be the real obligations of either party to the convention. In this uncertainty I can only state the very obvious truism, that the only way to win back the respect and regard of the people of either republic is to show that we deserve them. I fear we do not possess either at present. But I am much mistaken if it would be difficult to recover the position we held a few years ago, if the republics could only persuade themselves that they knew what we wished and what we were likely to do. This is a knowledge which very few English statesmen can say they possess at present; but it is obviously essential to any feeling of security. We gather from some ministerial utterances that the Transvaal Convention is to be revised shortly. The process may enlighten us as to what our Government thinks we are bound to do or permit, and what we have a right to expect from the Transvaal? What is to become of Bechuana-land and its more than half-civilized and Christianized people? What of the labours of Moffat and Livingstone? Meantime it is useless to speculate, when, of the contracting parties, one seems uncertain as to the terms of the contract, and the other seems determined not to be bound by it as it stands.

As to our native policy in South Africa it is difficult to say more, in the space left to us, than to note a few obvious truths. Our obligations south of the Orange and Vaal rivers, and below the great Drackensburg range, may be grouped under two heads, those North of Natal including Zululand and its neighbours, such as the Amatongas and the Swazis, and those south of Natal, such as the Basutos, the Pondos, and the Kaffir tribes of Transkei. Over the latter British sovereignty has repeatedly been proclaimed and accepted—always in terms, and often in fact, till the modern doctrine was proclaimed that allegiance and obedience were, in effect, matters of taste and opinion; and that the accepted opinion was to be that of the subject, and not that of the dominant power.

Out of the confusion consequent on the vacillating policy of the past three years, there is now an opportunity of escape—when all these tribes come again under the direct authority of the Crown—but we can only escape on one condition, and that is that we remember and act on a few obvious and not pleasant truths.

Our difficulties have arisen from divided counsels, and paralysis of authority caused by divided and vacillating counsels. The people are not hard to govern. They are quite able and willing to pay for good government—which to them means security for life and property, and fairly even-handed justice, promptly administered by a patriarchal ruler on the spot. All the Kaffirs from the northern boundary of Basutoland to the Kei, do not outnumber the Kaffirs who are peaceful subjects in the old Colony, or in Natal. Compared to the uncivilized population of many a division in India, they are fewer in number and much more tractable. To rule them requires, however, undivided authority, easily accessible to the ruled, and the task may be at once given up, unless we have made up our mind who is to rule—the barbarian and his witch doctor, or the European and his magistrate? This point settled, it would not be difficult to name half-a-dozen men who could rule the whole region, and require no regular troops to help them. Men of the stamp of Sir Theophilus Shepstone in Natal, or Mr. Charles Brownlee, Commandant Griffiths, and Captain Blyth in the Cape Colonial service, would find no difficulty in the task, if they were secure against constant interference from without. But with divided authority and constant interference from a distance, the task is impossible even for men who, like General Gordon, found no difficulty in dominating and peaceably ruling millions of utterly untamed savages in the Soudan.

Let me remark, once for all, that men of the highest tone of humanity are quite as numerous in proportion to the whole population in our South African colonies as in England; and their humanity generally takes a more practical and judicious form, in proportion to their wider opportunities of knowing what is wanted and what is practicable.

The same truths apply equally to Zululand and the tribes north of Natal. As far as I am aware, no one pretends to know whose advice has been followed in our late proceedings in that quarter. We are told that neither Cetywayo's wishes nor Bishop Colenso's counsel has been our guide. It is clear that neither Sir Garnet Wolseley, nor Sir Evelyn Wood, nor Sir Henry Bulwer, nor Sir Hercules Robinson can be held responsible for what has been done during the last twelve months. Public opinion in Natal, as well as in the Cape Colony, appears with almost unparalleled unanimity to condemn and repudiate all responsibility for our action. Nor is the object our Government has had in view more easy to discover than the author of the policy.

To restore Cetywayo, to uphold his dynastic rights, with his whole apparatus of Government—witch doctors, smellers-out, and slaughtering impis, &c.—would have been (whatever we might think of its wisdom or justice) an intelligible object; so would have been the

better government of the Zulus, whether by magistrate or political agent, resident, or kinglet. To prevent bloodshed, to protect the colony of Natal and its people,—or to leave them free to protect themselves,—to observe our engagements,—or to wash our hands of them,—would, all in their way, have been objects easily understood by natives as well as Europeans. But no human being, as far as I know, can say what is the object which our Government set before themselves when they sent Cetywayo back, unless it were to undo whatever had been done before.

In this uncertainty we can only await the action of Government or some declaration of its policy. But it may be well to remember that directing Zulu affairs from Downing Street is much like endeavouring to steer a ship in a storm, on a rocky coast, by signals from the shore, and that governing Zulus, or any other people, without authority, and force to back authority, is like attempting to start a locomotive without fuel or water. Nothing is more valuable than good advice in the government of mankind, but it has no motive power; and wherever may be the region where good advice alone will keep the peace, that region is not in South Africa.

H. B. E. Frere.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

WHILST there are many questions connected with the service of the Church of England on which a layman will justly hesitate to enter, the art of preaching is an exception. One of the greatest masters of the English pulpit has said, with a certain touch of irony, that a sermon "inevitably puts us upon an act of Religion; if good, it invites us to a profitable hearing; if otherwise, it inflicts a short penance, and gives an opportunity to the virtue of patience." But a layman may perhaps be allowed some voice as regards those exhortations which are addressed to him every Sunday, and also may speak with the freedom which none but an outside observer can enjoy. It is in the interest of the whole Church—Clergy and Lay—that he should so speak; for it is not merely that the wise doctor will gladly listen to the experiences of the patient, but that a discourse from the pulpit is almost exclusively addressed to laymen, and if it falls dead upon their minds and hearts it is purposeless. It may be added that if a layman from a layman's point of view seems to criticise existing practice, it is from no want of appreciation of the conscientious, laborious, and often able work which our parochial clergy discharge in respect of this part of their spiritual duties.

Of the history of preaching it is not here the place to speak. Ever since the foundation of the Christian Church it has been one of the principal agencies by which the truth of the Gospel has been spread, though employed more or less according to the feeling and exigencies of the time. Like many other parts of the Christian ministry, it has varied in power. When Europe had become Christianised, and the work of the Church among the heathen nations was completed, a certain lapse in the power of preaching may be traced. Sacerdotal Christianity no longer condescended, as has been truly said, from its lofty throne of temporal power to use the argumentative influences of earlier times, and her teaching was inculcated rather through the visible forms of a splendid ritual than the persuasive words of an individual preacher addressing himself to individual hearers. But the

power of preaching was too human in all its influences, and too necessary to the general work of the Church, to be long left in abeyance. The unappropriated heritage was seized by the heretical sects, and with such effect from their use of the vernacular language, that it was only by reassuming the lost ground, and by founding his friar-preachers, who in the course of a few years overspread Europe and preached in every castle, and church, and cottage, that St. Dominic restored the influence of the Church. From that time to the Reformation, and from the Reformation onwards—in this country, at least—preaching has never ceased to be a real power. It assumed many forms; it allied itself with many imaginative, fantastic, and even coarse appeals to the human mind: it mingled with politics and philosophy; it became dry and barren of all spiritual influence; it ceased even to be true to the doctrines and facts of Christianity; and again, as in the revival of Wesley's day and in the great Oxford movement, now more than a generation ago, with which the names of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble will, perhaps, be most closely associated, it touched the deepest springs of religion and spiritual life.

Into all this it is impossible here to enter. But there are two observations of fact, which the history, and especially the earlier history, of the Church, whether generally or in England, will justify:—

(1.) Preaching was not the necessary function of the parochial clergy. On the contrary, in England at one period the parochial clergy were not allowed to preach without the bishop's licence. It was the duty of the Prebendaries and Canons to preach both in the cathedrals and in the churches of the diocese, and if they could not themselves discharge the duty, they were bound to send out licensed preachers to fulfil the task. But the ordinary parish priest was restrained from preaching. His ignorance in some, his disaffection to the principles of the Reformation in other cases, were the reasons of this restraint during a great part of the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor; but as the flock could not be left utterly destitute of food, some spiritual sustenance was provided in the Homilies. It was at the best a dry and tasteless nutriment, and before long the good sense of the bishops, and the altered conditions of the time allowed a relaxation of the rule, and a return to the older and better practice; but even now the law itself, if viewed in its mere letter, and unqualified by every-day practice, contemplates, I apprehend, the existence of an incumbent with a cure of souls, but without the power of preaching.

(2.) Preaching was not in the earlier ages confined to the clergy, and up to the 10th century the monks who did some of Rome's most eloquent and effective preaching were not in Orders.

So far, then, as regards the History of preaching. But the interest in the Art of preaching does not lie merely in its history. Its value in the Christian ministry is alike of to-day, to-morrow, and for all time. It is indefinitely, immeasurably great, because it never grows old so long as the human mind seeks information, or is open to argument on the greatest subject of human interest; and because it admits of perpetual application to all the vicissitudes of individual and national life, change they never so much or so often. It is in many conditions similar to its sister art of oratory, it is subject to the laws that govern the orator, it appeals to many of the motives to which he appeals, it often becomes oratory applied to the highest objects of human thought and conduct; and therefore, like oratory, it can never pass out of the sphere of those living influences by which men of every age and country are moved. The black gown or the surplice, the Cathedral pulpit or the Gospellers oak, these and such like are the separable accidents of the hour, and may come and go in the crowd of human circumstances; but there is no sign that the modern world, any more than earlier and ruder ages, can dispense with the art of the preacher. Immeasurable, however, as is the value of preaching in the mouth of a great preacher, the efficacy of it necessarily diminishes to an almost vanishing point, when employed by those—and there must be such—who have neither natural nor acquired gifts for the exercise of it; whilst in most cases a preacher is beset by hindrances—some of them unfair, all of them great, many of them overlooked by those who are ready enough to mete out criticism and disapproval if he fails to come up to the high standard which the taste of his audience exacts.

It is unnecessary to allude to the common objection that the clergyman enjoys the right of speech without reply or interruption, except to say that such an objection raises a preliminary and an unjust prejudice in the minds of many of his audience. A far more serious difficulty is that two sermons at least every week are a severe tax upon a large proportion of our parochial clergy. Many of them are men closely engaged in the work of their parishes with little help, and, as is necessarily the case in any large body of men, with only an average power of literary composition. And be it remembered that it needs more than an average power, mental and literary, to kindle enthusiasm or even interest in a story which, however marvellous in its purposes and details, is yet an old one in the ears of the hearers, and to create out of materials which by constant repeti-

tion almost seem exhausted, inducements powerful enough to alter or affect the moral course of a man's life. Yet every parish clergyman is expected by the majority of us to do this twice, at least, in every week; and whilst setting before us the highest truths of religion, to do it with the eloquence of a Jeremy Taylor or a Barrow. It must be admitted that we are as unreasonable in our theological expectations as we often are in the political or personal affairs of life.

Nor have we far to look for the result of this. The work is generally done with a conscientious and laborious sense of duty; but too often the man is set to a task which, though it has grown into a part of his daily existence, is one for which he has no real aptitude; the sermon becomes a mere form, and whilst it falls dead upon the ears and consciences of an ordinary congregation, it fails to move a large and growing class whose education, though not very deep or sound, is yet sufficient to make them require a deeper and more exact teaching. It is indeed true that there is a great difficulty in so adjusting our system as to meet the peculiarities of the very different classes which compose our mixed congregations; but as regards the particular class of hearers to which I have alluded the ordinary sermon to which they listen, and which carries no conviction with it, is perhaps a disadvantage rather than a help. It would be unjust to overlook the fact that in London and in many of our large towns the public mind of the Church has of late years awakened to the importance of this question, and that vast audiences are now gathered together to hang on the lips of some eloquent preacher, where but a short time since a few sleepy individuals sauntered in and out in the intervals of a still more sleepy service to criticise the monuments which the good or bad taste of previous generations has bequeathed to us. Under the glorious span of perhaps the finest dome in Christendom may now, Sunday after Sunday, be seen a forest of upturned faces—minds and hearts held prisoners by the eloquence, the reasoning, the fervent faith of the preacher, who justifies the ways of God in the midst of one of the noblest works of man. It is an illustration of the reviving power of the Church in our days, which the philosopher and the politician may do well to consider, and from which many will gather courage in the doubts and difficulties of a troubled generation.

This is not the place to consider the spiritual, the doctrinal, the higher and more purely religious side of a sermon. It is true that in the hearing as well as the preaching of sermons there may be profitless vanity, that men may "admire the preacher, and he may please their ears, and that neither of them may bear along with them any good"; but our object is here rather with the form and method, the practice and the externals of preaching, which

are in no way questions of faith. And from this point of view a sermon, to be really attractive, must, to a certain extent at least, take the colour of contemporary thoughts and events; it may even reflect the literature, the social and the fashionable instincts of the day. "There is a taste," says Bishop Horne, "in religious as well as other compositions, which varies in different ages, and may lawfully and innocently be indulged. Thousands received instruction and consolation from sermons formerly which would not now be endured. The preachers of them served their generation, and are blessed for evermore. But because provision was made for the events of the last century in one way, there is no reason why it should not be made for the wants of this in another." If the preacher is to affect and guide the whole moral conduct of his hearers in their relations to each other or the State, no topic, however high or low, need be excluded; and provided only that religion does not perish in the free handling of such subjects, none can condemn the liberty claimed. But what is the extent of freedom which a preacher may allow himself when he approaches public or political subjects? I will not here attempt to define it. Prudence and "taste" will sometimes range themselves on one side, the duty of free speech on the other; and sometimes it may happen that when the whole "company of preachers" are wisely silent, a few individuals may be allowed for them, or in the name of some great principle, to break the silence.

Our enquiry rather lies in those ordinary parish churches where religious ministrations move on from year to year in an even tenour, and where great gifts cannot of necessity be expected to find a home; and without denying to that quiet life a certain merit, I yet think that as regards these—the majority of our churches—the whole system of preaching could, with advantage, be brought under the intelligent and temperate consideration of clergy and laity. Some few amongst many points to which attention may not unfitly be devoted may be here enumerated.

The first place may be fitly assigned to what may seem a simple and humble agent often much neglected, but which is of the highest importance—elocution and good reading. The absence of this gift robs a good sermon of more than half its value, and the presence of it doubles the merit of an ordinary composition. The occasional change of key, the skilful inflexion of the voice, the varied intonations, are quite as necessary to the preacher as they are grateful to the audience; and if this simple practice were more studied, it is possible that there would be fewer cases of the disorder which is known by the vulgar name of a "clergyman's sore throat." He who is master of this art need not fear a comparison with the best of extemporary preachers. Archbishop

Sharpe is said to have owed much of his reputation to his elocution; Bishop Burnet was constant in impressing this instruction on the younger clergy who came to him for ordination; Dr. South read those sermons whose wit and masculine English delight us now, as they delighted the courtiers of Charles II. two hundred years ago. Who does not remember the anecdote of the great preacher's failure when called upon to preach extemporarily before the king, and his sudden rush from the pulpit with the exclamation of—"God have mercy on our infirmities"? Bishop Saunderson read his sermons; Archbishop Tillotson was said to have made great use of notes in preaching; Melville always read his sermons to an overflowing congregation. And those who rival South, Saunderson, and Tillotson, or who follow the precepts of Burnet, will have no reason to be discontented with their efforts, or to feel that they are travelling on a wrong road. In many foreign churches considerable pains are devoted to the instruction of the younger clergy as regards delivery, elocution, action, and even all the by-play of preaching; whilst, in England, all this is left to take care of itself.

But a preacher may not only read with effect, he may borrow with advantage; and taking into account on the one hand the inexhaustible materials which the piety and learning of English divines have bequeathed to us, and on the other the heavy calls upon time and strength which any clergyman in these days must satisfy in almost any parish, if he desires to do his duty in the fullest sense of the word, it will often happen that a preacher may wisely substitute the printed sermons of others for those of his own composition. St. Augustine, fifteen hundred years ago, advised those who were unable to compose their own sermons, to take those of others, to commit them to memory, and so to rehearse them to the congregation; and at a much later period the learned Bishop Bull used to recommend young preachers not to preach their own compositions. English modern Theology abounds with sermons of such merit that it is melancholy to think of those noble compositions being wasted to all except the student. Far other was the wisdom of Sir Roger de Coverley's parish clergyman, who, every Sunday, preached one sermon at least taken from the great masters of English divinity.

"Sir Roger," writes the *Spectator*, "on our asking him who preached to-morrow, for it was Saturday night, told us the Bishop of St. Asaph (Dr. Wm. Fleetwood) in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow. Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his

figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction."

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that no sanction is here given to the once common and sordid practice of the sale and purchase of sermons—a base traffic between Grub Street and the House of God; nor, again, to unacknowledged and dishonest borrowing from the discourses of other men. I do not mean by this to say that all borrowing, or that even in all cases unacknowledged borrowing is dishonest. In considering the practice and propriety of borrowing, we need some careful definition. It may, perhaps, be said in a great measure to resolve itself into a question of degree—in some cases perfectly lawful, in others mere plagiarism—and a curious chapter might be written on the adoption, conscious or unconscious, by great writers and speakers of the thoughts and the words of others. The English Chrysostom, on one occasion at least, allowed himself a considerable—and, so far as he was concerned, a most unnecessary—latitude in transcribing to his own pages the thoughts and language of an eloquent Spanish preacher, without adequate acknowledgment. But it is not for anyone in these days to criticise that great master of English prose, who has never been excelled—perhaps never equalled—and with whom, as with Plato, it is almost a delight to go wrong. It is enough to say now that some of the greatest have so erred, and that if their unquestioned greatness palliates the error, their example is one of warning, not of encouragement.

So much then in favour of written sermons, of the art of delivering them, and of the use of the printed sermons of others; and next a few words upon the opposite practice of extemporary preaching—a practice common abroad, and one which has found eminent representatives in England, though opinion with regard to it here has been divided, and extemporary preachers have always been in a minority. Swift and W. Scott are high authority against the frigid form of a written sermon; South and J. Taylor, on the other hand, are standing evidence that the careful periods of a written sermon may rise to the heights of the most burning vehemence or most impassioned diction. But to whichever form of composition the preference be given, no one will doubt the vast influence of an extemporary address—with this only qualification—that what is the best and most persuasive of its kind if good, is quite the worst if it be indifferent.

There is, however, no greater fallacy than to suppose that an extemporary sermon saves the preacher labour and time. I believe that if it is such as it should be it needs even more thought and preparation than a written discourse. Bishop Gardiner, who, hough he has left no pleasing mark upon the history of his time,

was a man of undoubted capacity and thought, is said to have given the following advice in order to combine the semblance of a spoken sermon with careful premeditation: "Write your sermon, every word as you will preach it; and when you go into the pulpit deliver your book unto the chiefest man there that can read, and let him take heed of your book while you do preach and say no more but that you have written and studied for." But *non omnia possumus omnes.* There are some like Bishop Sanderson, whose unconquerable diffidence makes it impossible for them to trust themselves without notes in the pulpit. Izaac Walton, in his delightful English, has told how Bishop Sanderson was persuaded by his old friend Dr. Hammond to trust his excellent memory, and not to read, but to try to speak a sermon as he had writ it. "And to that end they two went early the Sunday following to a neighbouring minister, and requested him to exchange services, which they did. And at Bishop Sanderson going into the pulpit, he gave his sermon, which was a very short one, into the hand of Dr. Hammond, intending to preach it as it was writ; but before he had preached a third part, Dr. Hammond, looking at the written sermon, observed him to be out, and so lost as to the matter, that he became afraid for him. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Bishop Sanderson said, with much earnestness, 'Good Doctor, give me my sermon and know that neither you nor any man living shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books.' To which the reply was, 'Good Doctor, be not angry; for if ever I persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all the books I am master of.'" Whitfield, whose oratorical gifts, popularity, and success have been rarely exceeded, was in the habit of preparing and learning by heart particular passages, and of repeating them over and over again to different audiences. Charles Simeon has left a curious account of his method of composition, and tells us that he used to write out his sermon "half-a-dozen times at least," and, thus having become master of it, he was able to deliver it with perfect ease and his usual animation.

The principal object of preaching without reading is, of course, to convey to the mind of the hearers the strong sense of the preacher's earnestness, and Whitfield, Simeon, Baxter, who "spoke as a dying man to dying men," and Burnett, whose discourses in the pulpits were delivered without any note, and only interrupted by the frequent hum of approval on the part of his congregation, were all alive to this secret; but they none of them made it an excuse for idleness or want of preparation.

That question, indeed, of earnestness is, in preaching as in oratory, the question of questions; and, like charity, it covers a multitude

of defects. Sermons, of course, may appeal to the reason or the heart, and both kinds are in certain circumstances necessary; but for one of the former, there ought to be a hundred of the latter class; and if, in an appeal to the human heart, the preacher fails to convince his hearers that he is in earnest, his words not only are in vain, but they are, when affecting a sacred subject, probably hurtful. "I go," said Sheridan, a mere man of the world, "to hear Rowland Hill preach because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." Nor can a better illustration of this necessity be found than in the sermons of the three greatest divines connected with the Oxford Revival of the last generation—Newman, Pusey, Keble. Whilst each of these remarkable men could, on occasions, preach with logical severity or metaphysical subtlety, the form which their sermons most often took was one of the simplest piety and most intense earnestness. Bishop Wilberforce has left on record the same advice, in his own forcible language: "Speak straight to your congregation, as you would beg your life, or counsel your son, or call your friend from a burning house"; but as regards the expediency of borrowing from the discourses of others, he added, "That you may be thus real, I would counsel you to take as little of your sermons as possible from those of other men." This, of course, is the highest truth and wisdom; but it is subject to this serious qualification—that, taking the average capacities of men, whether clergy or lay, it is quite as difficult to be morally earnest as intellectually capable. Those gifts of enthusiasm which we sometimes see lighting up the dullest minds, and colouring the most commonplace natures, are not the heritage of ordinary men; and though it may be right to hold up this high ideal, it is, after all, but an ideal.

To sum up, then, these observations. Any modification of our present practice which would infuse more life and reality into the too conventional and formal character of so many of our sermons is desirable; the use of some of those published sermons, of which so large and remarkable a collection exists, suited to the needs of almost every kind of English congregation, would be welcome; and elocution and the practice of extemporary preaching might be studied and extended with advantage in certain cases. To all this it may be added that, as services have of late years been shortened with great advantage, so a reduction in the number and length of sermons may in certain cases be worthy of consideration. This last is no new question. "It were certainly much better," said Echard, a writer of some repute two centuries ago, "if the people had but one sermon in a fortnight or month . . . neither need people be afraid that the minister for want of preaching should grow stiff and rusty supposing he come not into the

pulpit every week." The proper length, in fact, of a sermon has long been the subject of controversy; for as, on the one hand, the sermon of a great preacher may be the source of the highest pleasure, so it must be admitted that preachers have sometimes exercised their rights with too little regard for the endurance of their hearers. It is doubtful whether Dr. Barrow's "Spital Sermon," which is said to have lasted three hours and a half in its delivery, was not too severe a trial to his congregation. In Elizabeth's reign it was a much-disputed question whether a sermon should last for one or one hour and a half; and Cranmer, with much worldly wisdom, advised Latimer, when preaching before Henry VIII., to confine himself at most to these limits. "The country parson," says George Herbert, "preacheth constantly, and the pulpit is his joy and his throne"; but with that remarkable good sense which characterises his piety, he proceeds to enumerate a variety of cases in which and of seasons at which it is well that the parson "should intermit." He says, indeed, that he must not "exceed one hour, because all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time will the less afterwards"; but though the traditional measure of a University sermon, or the stately periods of a great divine, require that the hour-glass shall fully exhaust its sands, the discourse from an ordinary pulpit on ordinary occasions may well be much shorter. I remember a sermon by the late Dean of Westminster which, with admirable skill, compressed within the narrow compass of three minutes by clock time, all that it was necessary to say; and though few can hope to rival him in his gifts of language, many may take example from the brevity with which he could write when the occasion required it. So, too, Charles Kingsley's plain sermons fell easily within the limits of a quarter of an hour; and those who have known the stirring effect of a short, vigorous exhortation, especially on a partially-educated congregation, will appreciate the merits of brevity. But a short, like an extemporary, sermon is no refuge for the indolent; it ought to mean condensation, labour, and premeditation; and Bishop Andrewes' practice to thrice revise his sermons before delivering them is not unworthy of the practice of our day. That admirable prelate used to say of himself what none else would have said of him, that when he preached twice a day he prated once.

With a view, then, to some, if not to all, of these objects, it seems to deserve consideration whether the appointment by the Bishop of a certain number of preachers, specially qualified by study and natural fitness to visit and preach in the different parishes of the diocese, with the consent and, perhaps, on the invitation of the incumbent, might not lead to very useful results.

It is not only the revival of the old rule by which the Cathedral authorities were required to send out trained preachers to the different churches in the Diocese, but it is also consistent with the practice familiar to Roman Catholics, to Wesleyans, and Lutherans—the Wesleyan rule being for the chief minister of the circuit to visit and preach in each chapel within that circuit once in the course of the year.

And now, having taken on me to say so much on this interesting theme, I will go one step further and will venture to suggest whether under due precautions and limitations the licensing of laymen to preach might not draw to the support of the Church and the cause of true religion the services of many who might bring to the task learning and zeal, and those gifts of eloquence and personal persuasion by which God may be served as well through the mouths of laymen as of the clergy. There would in this be no departure from the older practice of the Church. Origen was a layman when he first preached, and till the 10th century the Roman Church entrusted much of her preaching to men who were not in Orders. Within the last few years, in some English dioceses, the office of lay reader has been wisely revived with a special license from the Bishop, when accompanied by the consent of the incumbent, not only to read prayers and homilies, but to interpret Scripture, which is at least very akin to preaching.

In the Episcopal Church of Scotland there are, or were, a short time since, at least two dioceses where laymen have been licensed by the Bishop to preach, though from written sermons, whilst for many years our great missionary societies have authorised their lay catechists to preach both to heathens and to converts. It may be added that such sermons are in cases extemporary.

What I have just said is a suggestion cast out upon the field of discussion, and it is unnecessary now to advocate it further than to say that there is nothing either in ancient practice or in the nature of things to forbid it, whilst there is much in the conditions and requirements of our generation to make the idea worthy at least of a dispassionate consideration. As the Church is a body composed alike of clergy and laity "with diversities of gifts and differences of administrations," but with a common work and object, all knowledge, and science, and intellectual capacity, whether of clerk or layman, may be fitly laid upon her altars, and he is unwise who, in these days of theological criticism and religious conflict, unnecessarily rejects any weapon which can serve to defend the Church or maintain her cause. In the watchfulness of the bishop, the concurrence of the incumbent, the character and capacity of the lay preacher to be licensed, and, above all, in the very sparing exercise of the power so to appoint,

there ought to be found adequate safeguards against abuse; but it might, perhaps, be possible, and, if so, it would be expedient to frame rules which would give even additional guarantees.

These are some of the many questions which may influence, for good or evil, the future work of the Church in this country; they admit of much argument, and before any definite conclusion is accepted, they need careful consideration. But they are also questions which cannot be ignored, which affect the laity not less than the clergy, and their free discussion—when conducted by those most deeply and devotedly interested in the work of the Church—cannot be injurious to her interests.

CARNARVON.

ARE WE DESPOILING INDIA? A REJOINDER.

Introduction.

When such misrepresentations of the moral and material results of British administration in India as make the burden of the article on the "Spoliation of India" in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century* have so prominent a place accorded to them, it is impossible to pass them by with the indifference they intrinsically deserve. I will therefore endeavour to show, in the most direct and briefest manner possible, how groundless and misleading they are, notwithstanding that their inaccuracy has already so often been exhaustively exposed, and never more ably and conclusively than in Sir John and General Richard Strachey's recent work on the *Finances and Public Works of India*, and Mr. Justice Cunningham's *British India and its Rulers*. It is from these works, from the *Correspondence regarding the Comparative Merits of British and Native Administration in India*, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 25th February 1868, the *Reports of the Famine Commission*, the *Replies to Questions contained in Chapter I. of the Memorandum of the Famine Commission*, by Moulvie Mahdi Ali, secretary to his Highness the Nizam's Government in the Revenue Department (Bombay, 1879), and from the speeches of Sir Bartle Frere, which are the classical authority on the revenue settlement of the Mahratta Country, in the volumes of *Proceedings of the Council of the Governor of Bombay*, that I have almost exclusively drawn the materials for this reply.

How India pays England.

The first misrepresentation is that our connection with India has directly added £85,000,000 to the debt of England, which with the otherwise unnecessary vast cost of our army and navy represents an increase of something like £10,000,000 every year in the taxation of this country. The fact is that our connection with India has never cost England a farthing; while, on the contrary, it has immensely added to our wealth.

The wars we have waged in India have been paid for, to the uttermost farthing, from Indian revenues. Moreover, India pays

not only for the British troops actually employed in that country, but for the indirect charge of keeping them up to their strength by drafts from England; and in this way contributes materially toward the cost of the home garrisons of the United Kingdom. The English people further enjoy, beyond the relief of taxation thus afforded them, the immense advantages which India offers as a training school for their army, which they would still have to maintain, even if they did not hold India.

It is indeed sometimes said that our connection with India has imposed on us the cost of garrisoning Malta and Gibraltar. But Gibraltar came under the British flag before the Indian empire existed, and Malta long before the modern overland route to India, which that fortress fortunately commands, was opened. These strongholds were in fact taken possession of for the sake, not of India, but of our commercial supremacy. In fact, India itself was acquired solely in the interest of our commerce with the East, for the sake of which we were compelled, long before we conquered India and thereby secured that commerce on a sure and certain territorial basis, to uphold at any sacrifice our naval predominance in the Mediterranean.

It is chiefly because of this commerce that we have established ourselves at Aden also, and have our agencies at Zanzibar, in Persia, and in China; but inasmuch as they are partly of direct benefit to India, these agencies are in some degree supported by contributions from Indian revenues, while Aden is paid for wholly from them.

Indeed, so far from this first misrepresentation being even approximately correct, the only instance of England being taxed on behalf of India is the recent one, when the political party which in opposition denounced the Afghan war was, on assuming power, compelled to justify its hasty words by voting a sum of £5,000,000 in aid of the Indian exchequer; a burden found so heavy by Parliament that it has positively spread the contribution over seven years. India, in return, has aided England in the Egyptian war.

Then there are the profits on the Indian trade with England, worth nearly £80,000,000 a year, to be considered. Again, our retired officers as well as merchants spend in England a good deal of money made in India. Beside this a vast sum of English money, probably exceeding £200,000,000, is invested in Indian private and public securities, the interest of which England has regularly received. There has been no repudiation of English loans to India, as of English loans to other countries; and Indian railways have always paid English shareholders a high and certain dividend. They are among the best

securities on the Stock Market. It is a reasonable estimate that the English nation has made 5 per cent. all round on its Indian investments, instead of 3 per cent., which it would have made with no better security at home. This alone shows a profit from the connection of many millions a year. But it is hardly worth while to discuss the items of the pecuniary profit England derives from India when we know that the very ground of questioning the advantage to India of the British connection is the amount of the cash balance, viz. £15,000,000 annually, in favour of England on all the transactions between the two countries.

Instead of loss, then, from our possession of India there is an enormous gain, which is one of the main sources of the wealth and greatness of England.

How we won India.

The second misrepresentation is of even greater gravity. It is that India has for the most part, and indeed excepting only the Agra and Delhi districts, the territories of the Peishwa and Tippu Sultan, and the province of Sindh, been acquired not by conquest, but, as in the alleged instances of the Punjab, Oudh, and Nagpur, by "breach of trust." It is thus that the battles of Assaye and Argaum, of Sobraon, of Gujrat, and of Jhansi, the siege of Delhi, and the campaign in Oudh, with all their political results, are carelessly, if not intentionally ignored. After the battles on the Sutlej, we did not at once annex the Punjab, but gave the Sikhs yet another chance; and although the Maharajah Dhulip Singh, who was a minor, did not himself fight against us in the subsequent revolt quelled by the great victory of Gujrat, his chiefs and army and people did; and when they were again conquered their country was in common prudence annexed without the slightest taint of "breach of trust." Oudh was not annexed, as stated, on any treaty with its native rulers to maintain a contingent; nor was Nagpur. For a correct account of the origin and growth of our Eastern Empire, I would, however, refer the reader to the *History of the British in India*, by the late Lord Justice James, who was not a possibly prejudiced Indian official, but one of the most eminent of English judges.

In the particular case of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, it is stated that the revenues of the Ceded Districts being once in British hands, not only was the Subsidiary Force we agreed to provide in return for them not allowed to be used by the Nizam, but the Contingent he was compelled to raise was made a hot-bed of British patronage; no less than five brigadiers being appointed to command in a force of only 7,000 men. The facts are that the whole of the surplus revenues, after the cost of governing the

districts held by us is defrayed, are handed over to the Nizam, and that although it is true the Hyderabad Contingent was at first over-officered, for the last fifteen or twenty years it has been saddled with only one Brigadier-General, who commands the artillery, four regiments of cavalry, and six of infantry; and, including the head-quarter and medical staff, with sixty officers all told.

How England repays India.

The third and the gravest misrepresentation is that the people of India are year by year growing poorer under our rule, instead of richer; notwithstanding which we are said to have steadily increased their taxation in the last forty years from £19,000,000 to £50,000,000 annually. If this were true, our continued rule in India could not be justified by its vast advantage to England. But it is the reverse of the truth; the incontestable fact being that the connection between the two countries has been to the mutual enrichment of both. The increase of the Indian revenue has been due to extension of territory, to extension of cultivation, to increase of population, and to the growing wealth of the country.

It is alleged that the Government raises £21,000,000 of land tax from 128,000,000 cultivated acres; but the fact is that not including Bengal, and excluding also lands not fully assessed, the cultivated acres are 136,000,000. In all they amount to not less probably than 180,000,000 and possibly 200,000,000, from which a total assessment of £21,000,000 is raised. The reproductive land of India is therefore charged all round little more than 2s. per acre, while even the writer of the article estimates its average production at something like £1 10s. per acre. The increase of land revenue from £12,486,000 in 1840 to £21,112,995 in 1881 is not due to heavier assessment, but to the area of British India having increased in this period from 616,000 to 860,000 square miles, to extension of cultivation, and to the immensely increased value of the land, which has greatly raised the revenue receipts, although the share of the rent received by Government has been reduced from two-thirds or more to one-half. The tributes and other receipts, which amounted to £1,460,000 in 1840 and £9,580,000 in 1881, are not taxation, and the local rates, say £1,500,000, existed formerly, although not then treated as revenue by the Government. The increase of true taxation in the period is from £5,500,000 to £18,000,000, and it has occurred principally in the items of stamps, customs, and salt.

The increase of receipts under stamps is some indication of the increased prosperity of the people, as it chiefly arises from the enormous increase in the number of mercantile and legal transactions. The immense increase in foreign trade has

greatly enhanced the receipts from customs, notwithstanding the free trade policy which has relieved from duty the majority of imported articles, and has greatly lowered the rates on most of those which remain dutiable. The article states also that within the last forty years we have trebled the taxation of salt. The facts are that in Bengal and all Upper India the duty has been reduced from $3\frac{1}{4}$ rupees a maund in 1840 to 2 rupees : a reduction of 39 per cent. to three-fourths of the population of India. It has now, in order to effect the great objects of equalisation of taxation, and of the abolition of internal customs duties, been fixed in the South and West of India, as in Hindustan, at 2 rupees, or double, not treble, what it was forty years ago. The great increase in salt revenue is thus not due to enhancement of duty, since the duty has on the average been greatly lowered, but to increased consumption, caused by the cheapening of carriage which roads and railroads have effected.

Salt is taxed in India on exactly the same principle that ten years ago sugar was taxed in England, and that tea, coffee, and tobacco are still taxed; namely, that it is the simplest and least burdensome method of making the masses of the people contribute towards the cost of the good government on which they, far more than the rich, are dependent for their comfort and happiness. The native rulers taxed salt as much as they could, but they had not the perfected, scientific system of administration to enable them to enforce such a tax regularly and universally, and they accordingly levied it in the most arbitrary manner. The enhancement of the salt tax by the British Government was in substitution for a variety of other taxes of the most vexatious and exacting character, of which sometimes from forty to fifty were paid in the same locality and by the same people, and were levied upon nearly every circumstance of their daily lives. It was considered that a uniform, simple, and indirect tax, now amounting to only 6d. per head per annum of the population, would be less oppressive than these multitudinous imposts of the "good old times" on trades, transit of goods, and social ceremonies; and the result certainly has not invalidated this benevolent anticipation. The grievance of the effect of the salt tax on the fishing industry is now being rapidly removed by arrangements under which the fisher-folk of India will get salt free.

The detailed estimate of Aurungzebe's revenue in 1707 was £77,500,000 net. His empire did not include the whole of what is now British India. Deducting the opium revenue which is paid by the Chinese, and allowing for the increase of the population, and the rise in value of money, the total revenue of British India is now certainly less than one-half of Aurungzebe's; while the capacity of the country for taxation has been infinitely developed.

But the real consideration for us, which touches our national honour and good faith to the quick, and not merely our national interests, is, whether India is really growing poorer under British rule or not. The allegation of the article under reply is, that it is growing poorer and unhappier. It is doubtless a poor country as compared with England, the richest country in the world; but as compared with other European countries, such as Prussia, Spain, Italy, Roumania, Bulgaria, not to say Turkey, Greece, and even parts of France, India is not so poor a country as is habitually represented; it is certainly not, as will be seen, the poorer for British rule; while its people are, so far as my own impressions of them in Western India are concerned, by no means the least happy in the world.

Within the last half century the foreign imports have increased from £7,750,000 to £60,500,000, and the foreign exports from £13,000,000 to £83,000,000, and the total foreign trade of India from £20,750,000 to £143,500,000—*a sevenfold expansion of prosperity due to British rule, to order maintained by British troops, and to British capital*, borrowed at lower interest than it can be borrowed by any country—even the British colonies—outside the United Kingdom.

It may be said that the stupendous increase of exports between the quinquennial periods ending respectively in 1835 and 1881 signifies the drain of wealth from India under British rule. But it will be observed on an examination of the returns for these periods, between which the total trade of India, as we have seen, increased sevenfold, that the percentage of excess of exports was thirty-five in the earlier period, and something under twenty in the later. Whether the people of India are poorer than in 1835 may be judged by the fact that in 1882, in addition to paying the so-called tribute, they bought £53,000,000 of foreign merchandise, and in addition imported £10,000,000 in treasure, while in the former year their imports were only £7,750,000.

The article states that the direct tribute drawn by the British Government from India (inclusive, by the way, of the interest on capital invested in railways *) is £30,000,000; beside £14,000,000 as the profits of trade privately taken by Europeans out of India. This is preposterous. The only way in which India can pay her annual debt to England is by excess of exports; that is to say, by exports for which she receives no commercial equivalent, though a full equivalent in other ways. The amount of these excess exports for the last five years has been: 1878, £8,610,000; 1879, £10,060,000; 1880, £16,420,000; 1881, £13,920,000; 1882,

* It is curious to observe how your "pseudo-philanthropist" always treats the obligation to pay a debt as an oppression.

£22,630,000; or, on an average, between £14,000,000 and £15,000,000 a year, which is all that the so-called tribute, public or private, can amount to.

Now turn to the Deccan, the portion of India always instanced by Anglo-Indian pessimists as having most deteriorated under British rule. Here we find that the settlement reports of the earlier years of our occupation of the Mahratta country describe it as reduced to the lowest condition of misery and destitution, with three-fourths of the villages in ruins, and more than half of the arable land waste. The difference now could not be believed, except by those who have witnessed it, but it is most graphically depicted in Sir Bartle Frere's memorable speech on the Bombay Settlement and Survey Bill, reported in the *Proceedings of the Legislative Council of the Governor of Bombay of the 10th of September 1864.*

The history of the agricultural assessments in the Bombay Presidency is succinctly given in an article on the subject in the *Statist* for the 10th of February last. At the commencement of our rule the proportion of produce taken as assessment was at least 25 per cent. It is now less than 10 per cent. The revenue was then collected with the greatest difficulty, and by the employment of the harshest coercive measures. In the last year for which the returns have been furnished the percentage of ryots in the poorest Deccan districts who paid their full assessment punctually, and without any process, varied in different districts from 97¼ to 99¾, while the proportion of assessments paid from the cultivators' own resources, without borrowing, varied from eighty to ninety-six per cent. In the instances in which the assessments had to be levied by process, in no case was imprisonment inflicted, and it was only to a very slight extent necessary to resort to attachment of property. It was from the Mahratta Country that, just when the thirty years' term of the original settlements made by Goldsmid and Wingate expired, owing to a series of good seasons, to the demand for produce occasioned by the Civil War in America, and to the money poured into the Deccan for the construction of railways, the stories came in 1862–64, which found their way all over the world, of ryots shoeing their bullocks, and tiring their cart-wheels, and sharing their ploughs with silver.

It is most instructive, in this connection, to read also the replies of the Moulvie Mahdi Ali to the Famine Commissioners' questions. They show that the condition of the Hyderabad Deccan was, down to 1852, as bad as that of the British Deccan in 1818–20. The revenue was raised, habitually, by torture. But this has all been changed for the better since that illustrious native Indian statesman, the late Sir Salar Jung, introduced into the Nizam's

Dominions precisely the same revenue settlement as had previously been introduced into the Mahratta Country, and with similar happy results. It is instructive to learn from this most interesting document that the evils so often cited against British administration in India, as for instance of indebtedness, and of drunkenness, are equally experienced in the Nizam's Dominions.

It is alleged that we gave the Indian ryot his land in absolute property and made it freely transferable in order to secure our revenue from it, at whatever sacrifice to him; the native governors of India, who regarded the land as the property of the State, never having allowed the ryot to secure advances from usurers by mortgaging their holdings. The plain fact is that the "free sale" principle was, rightly or wrongly, introduced by us because it was thought, as it appears to be still thought in the case of Ireland, that the best way to secure the prosperity of the Indian ryot was to give him property in his holding.

The article adds that under this system many of the princely families which once ruled India have become homeless wanderers, and that the lordly proprietors of vast lands the eye could not encompass have shrivelled into the owners of mud huts and a few cooking pots. Alas! this is only too common a phenomenon under our free European competitive type of civilisation, in which the race in everything is to the strongest. But in common fairness the writer ought to have gone on to state that the lands, now lost to their original proprietors, have not, as would seem to be implied, been confiscated to the State, but have passed into the hands of new men, the returns from whose estates have immensely increased under British rule. *In Bengal, for instance, the annual rental of the landlord classes has risen since the introduction of British rule from less than* £900,000 *to something between* £15,000,000 *and* £25,000,000,—*or more than twenty-fold.*

Miscellaneous Mendacities.

I have so far only dealt with the more prominent of the misrepresentations of this writer; and it might well be thought superfluous to expose the obscurer ones scattered through his pages. Indeed, it is obvious that, as on the one hand the trade of India has expanded sevenfold under our rule, and the value of Indian land, as shown by the increase in the rental of the Bengal landlords, has increased twenty-fold, and as on the other our connection with India is a clear source of profit to us, to the extent of £15,000,000 a year net, the whole contention of the article on the "Spoliation of India" falls to the ground. It would not in truth be worth serious reply but for its appearance in the *Nineteenth*

Century. I will, however, follow up its fictions and perversion of facts to the last.

The article represents it as a misappropriation of Indian revenues to apply them to the support of British agencies in China, Persia, and Zanzibar, and the stronghold of Aden, and in contributing towards "eight English wars within the last fifty years—two with New Zealand, two with China, and one with Russia, Abyssinia, and Egypt respectively."

The people of India paid nothing towards the cost of the New Zealand wars or of the Crimean war. In the case of Abyssinia they simply did not benefit in direct relief of taxation from the temporary withdrawal of the expeditionary force from India, but they paid nothing of the extra charge, and they unquestionably had interests at stake which made it not unreasonable that they should share in the costs of the Persian, Afghan, and Egyptian wars. The trade of India—fostered under British rule—with China, the Persian Gulf, the Eastern Coast of Africa, and the Red Sea is very large, and of itself justifies us in making the people of India bear a part in the maintenance of our agencies in the Indian Ocean and China Sea.

Regarding the distribution of appointments in India, the allegation is made that "to this day if an appointment is worth holding a British officer is found holding it"; thus omitting all reference to the orders of 1872 that high appointments should, as far as possible, be given to natives, and of 1879 restricting to natives all uncovenanted appointments exceeding 200 rupees a month, except in special cases, and to the scheme of Lord Lytton by which one-sixth of the appointments to the Covenanted Civil Service are annually given to selected native gentlemen without their having even to submit to the ordeal of a competitive examination, which the young Englishman who looks to a career in India must undergo. These orders can, of course, be given effect to only gradually, and as appointments become vacant. But in a few years their result will be that not only the whole of the inferior civil services, but a very large proportion of the superior administrative and judicial agency will be officered by natives. Independently of these arrangements both the civil and military Indian services are as freely open to natives as to Englishmen. Many of the former have passed into the civil and medical services, and at the last examination for Woolwich it was a native of Bengal who passed first. The evidence of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir George Kellner, and Mr. Harrison, on which the writer of the article relies in making this allegation, dates from 1872, when those salutary changes were introduced of which he still remains in ignorance; at least he ignores them. He quotes from a Parliamentary return,

moved for two years ago by Mr. Bright, of all moneys paid from Indian revenues to Europeans and natives respectively, in amounts of more than £100 annually, to prove how disproportionate are the sums paid to English officials to those paid to natives. This return has not been published, and it is impossible to check the figures presumably quoted from it. But on the face of the figures given they would appear to be misleading. Thus, it is said that exclusive of the rank and file of the army and navy, and the private adventurers in India, 25,402 Europeans hold Government posts, each yielding upwards of £100 a year, and aggregating £12,776,573, drawn yearly from the Indian Treasury. That of this number, 9,087 are non-residents, receiving £4,006,000 yearly, and that on the other hand there are only 11,231 natives in the employ of the Indian Government drawing upwards of £100 a year each, in the aggregate £2,367,210. But 9,087 out of 25,402 Europeans in the employ of the Indian Government were non-resident, and therefore over £4,000,000 must on their account, according to the writer's showing, be deducted from the sum of £12,776,573 for furlough pay, pensions, and other absentee allowances. This leaves £8,000,000 only for the European administration of India, and of this £4,736,000 has to be deducted for military charges, leaving only about £4,000,000 as the cost of the European civil administration of India. Considering that the total cost of the administration in India under all heads—land, law, justice, salt, opium, canals, health, education, diplomacy, public worship and public works (including the cost of materials and of works, and not salaries only)—is about £27,000,000 a year, £4,000,000 is not a very heavy percentage to pay the European agency which controls all these vast operations.

According to the figures given the average pension of a European officer who returns to England after completing a life's service in India is £440, and the average salary of all classes of European officers is £538 a year; while the average salary and pensions of natives who receive upwards of £100 a year is £210 a year. There can be little doubt that a native of India, living in his own comparatively cheap country and among his own people, is much better off on £210 a year than an Englishman on £538 a year in India, or on £440 a year in so expensive a country as England. It has also to be remembered that a large proportion of the pensions drawn by Anglo-Indian officials is paid out of the contributions made by them from their pay while on active service in India.

But not having access to the return which Mr. Bright obtained, I greatly doubt if the writer has made proper use of the figures. From the recent census it appears that the adult male Europeans

in India are about 75,000, of whom 55,000 are in the army. This leaves 20,000, of whom 3,000 are returned as being in the Civil Service, and another 1,000 may perhaps be employed by Government, being returned under the designation of surgeons, clergymen, civil engineers, &c. Where, then, does the writer of the article get the 25,402 persons "holding Government posts"?

It is asserted that the army, European and native, we keep up in India is quite superfluous for the peace and safety of the country, and that India pays an unnecessary yearly charge of at least £8,000,000 for it. The facts are that, European and native together, it amounts to a total of 190,000 men, to control and defend an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and a population of 253,000,000; including some of the most warlike and turbulent races in the world, and, until the last half century, living in a state of constant warfare. The idea of the Indian army being excessive in numbers is preposterous. Our native army is barely large enough for the absolute necessities of administration, such as providing gaol and treasury guards and the maintenance of internal order. The English army is certainly not too large to secure India from the risks of external dangers to which it has ever been exposed. The peninsula of India always lay at the mercy of Central Asia, and particularly of Afghanistan, until we assumed the protectorate over it. To say, as the article does, that the native army is useless, is a most gross and arrogant defamation of it, as the history of the late Afghan and Egyptian wars proves.

All that can be said—and it is quite sufficient—to meet such objections as the article urges against the extensive English agency employed in the administration of India is that, if England supplies India with the better part of the troops, civil servants, stores, and nearly the whole capital required for its administration, and without which its administration could not be carried on, it at least has the benefit of them all at the very lowest possible rate of interest. And what would India gain if we abandoned it to the ignorant tyrants who on our disappearance would at once reassert themselves, and squander in dissipation and intrigues and internecine wars the moral and material resources long accumulated under our rule—unless haply it were annexed by some superintendent of police sent over for the purpose from one of our Australian colonies?

Of course, there are always two ways of administering a country—to raise no money and make no improvements, or to make improvements and raise money. What people like the writer of the article under rejoinder want is to have the improvements without having to pay for them. They are like the good burghers of some town in the Southern Concan who recently, so I have been told,

begged to have their town supplied with water, and were allowed to provide themselves with it by means of an advance made to them by the Government on the security of the municipal rates. But when they got the water they demurred to repay the advance. They protested their deep gratitude to the Governor of Bombay, but naïvely added:—"Your Excellency is fully aware that there is nothing in this world more grateful to poor fallen human nature than to receive benefits at the cost of others!" The writer of the article on the "Spoliation of India," and all the rest who write as he does, are like these good people, only they are not so plain-spoken.

It is alleged that owing to the facilities for reaching England the ruling class of Europeans in India know less and care less about the people they rule than in former days, and several well-known native authorities are quoted to this effect. But this is all stuff. I doubt if our gentlefolks have half so intimate an acquaintance with the circumstances and feelings of the labouring, artisan, and shopkeeping classes of England, as our district officers have with the peasantry of India. In order that they should successfully discharge their duties it is necessary for these officers to acquire an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the latter; and as a fact every district officer spends a great part of every day of his life in India in actual communication with the cultivating and handicraft classes of the people.

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji is quoted in support of the allegation that every farthing the European officers of the Government earn in India, except what they must spend on the necessaries of life, is remitted to England in one shape or another. But what is the experience of European officers themselves as to their expenditure? Only a portion of them are married, and those that are not spend, as a rule, all their pay in India. Many of them, moreover, receive money from England to spend in India. Then the English and American Missionary Societies, Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Dissenting, spend, altogether, large sums of money in India, for the highest good of the people, all of which that is not subscribed by English officers in India from their pay, is sent from England and Rome and America. These remittances are never sufficiently taken into account.

The writer argues that in consequence of this alleged growing estrangement between us and our native fellow-subjects in India, abuses are becoming rife in every department, and in illustration of his contention, quotes a story which, if true, is certainly discreditable, be it observed, to a native, not a European judge. Still the judge acted within his strict legal duty; only an English judge would, we may hope, have shown compassion, and not callousness, in discharging it.

Such abuses, and all the instances cited are on the part of native officials, the writer continues, are rapidly demoralising the character of the people of India. I have some special knowledge of the thoughts and feelings and ways of the people of India, and I utterly deny that they show any signs of moral deterioration. If I could indeed believe in the descriptions given of them by our earlier writers, such as Macaulay and James Mill, I should contend that they had miraculously improved in character. The reality is that the people of India are now exactly what they have been at any time during the last 3,000 years, and what they always will be so long as they hold fast by their inherited laws and customs, as formulated in the Code of Manu; and, class for class, they are neither morally better nor worse than we are. They differ slightly from us. They are milder in every way, in virtue as in vice, and less energetic; and so there are at once more sneaks and saints among them, and fewer ruffians and heroes, than among ourselves. This is the specific difference between them and us.

As to the feelings of the people toward us, there can be no manner of doubt of their general loyalty. They are not only more prosperous under British than under native rule, but they know themselves to be so, *i.e.* they are happier; and our administration is very popular with the agricultural class, which forms the bulk of the population of India. The educated natives are said to be disloyal. It is, however, unjust to condemn them as a class for the language used by some of the fledgling editors of the native press. I believe even their disloyalty is only of the lip. If it is anything more substantial, I would apply to these misguided young persons the words of Gibbon, written of the kingdom of Theodoric in Italy, as I find them quoted by a distinguished Anglo-Indian official in the correspondence relating to British and native administration in India, cited in my introductory paragraph:—"These ungrateful subjects could never be reconciled to the origin, the religion, and even the virtues of the Gothic conqueror, past calamities were forgotten, and the sense of suspicion of injuries was rendered more exquisite by the present felicity of the times."

Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

It is quite true that the Government of India is expensive, that is for the generally barbarous, in some places even savage, and at best but semi-civilised condition of the country, and that it of necessity employs to a large extent foreign agency. But the task upon which we have entered in the East is that of introducing into a far distant country—as backward as England in the time of Stephen—the English civilisation of the reign of Queen Victoria, the most advanced type of modern Aryan civilisation yet

developed in the West. There were no roads in India until we made them, no bridges, no ports for its ocean-borne trade, no peace, no abiding order, no justice, no education in our modern utilitarian sense. All have now been supplied. And surely whatever sentimental preferences some of us may have for the picturesqueness of a barbaric society, our cooler judgment must admit that to give internal and external security to teeming millions, to relieve them from centuries of anarchy and the most odious foreign oppressions, to restore to them the peace they instinctively seek, to freely unroll to their eyes the quickening page of science, rich with the researches of all time, and to implant in their hearts our own love of pure justice and of personal liberty, is the most glorious duty that could have been undertaken by any people, and constitutes us as, in some sort, the factors in India for Providence and God.

It may be said indeed that we selfishly sought the position which we hold in India solely for its privileges; but none the less will it be justified before history only by the heroic responsibilities it has thrown upon us; and with the gain of India we must be strong and steadfast to accept also the burden and the glory.

> Others, I know, more tenderly may beat the breathing brass,
> And better from the marble block bring living looks to pass.
> Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven's face,
> And mark it out, and tell the stars, their rising and their place:
> But thou, O Roman! look to it, the folks of earth to sway,
> For this shall be thy handicraft, peace on the world to lay.

JOHN INDIGO.

ENGLISH ART IN 1883.

In the Paris Exhibition of 1878 there was one matter for astonishment, frankly and audibly expressed by visitors to the galleries devoted to the fine arts, namely, that there existed an *École Anglaise*. The result of that exhibition and the collection of paintings and water-colours, brought together under the head of the "British Fine Art Section," will not soon be forgotten. To many foreigners of culture this exhibition was in the nature of a revelation, and the result has been that our annual exhibitions in London have been watched with more than usual interest abroad.

But if it be a fact that we have an "English School of Painting," it would be difficult at the present time to explain or define it. Certainly the results of the year's work, as shown in the Royal Academy, will not help us much, unless negatively.

1. There are no imaginative or classical subjects of the first rank.
2. There is no religious art worthy of the name.
3. There are few serious studies of flesh painting.
4. There is an absence of important historical subjects.
5. There are hardly any portraits of ladies.
6. There is generally an absence of style and little evidence of enthusiasm for the higher forms of art.

The question so frequently discussed, as to whether the Exhibition of the Royal Academy was a good one, or if this or that artist's work is better than that of last year, is of much less moment than whether our leading painters are taking higher rank, or even holding their own in the art world. Setting aside as much as possible the money question, as to whether a painter's prices are going up or down, leaving the mart out of the question, let us, in noticing a few painters' works, turn back in memory twenty years and recall what some of our leading men were then doing. In 1863 Sir Frederick Leighton was spoken of as one of "the rising men" in figure painting. "Mr. Leighton," we read, "has embraced a wider range than most of his contemporaries, both in quality and design. He has apparently set himself the lofty but hazardous example of those who in the last century were spoken of as the great masters of the Bolognese school." We find, also, that the young artist who made his reputation in England in 1855, by *The Procession of Cimabue*, was painting in 1863 what the critics termed "ornamental pictures," such as a *Girl*

with Fruit, and a *Girl with Peacock*, the latter pronounced by an art critic of the time as "empty and shadow-like, considering the amount of work bestowed upon it." In the Royal Academy of 1883, the visitor may have turned from the decorative frieze, entitled *The Dance*, to the single-figure subjects, such as *Kittens* and *Memories*, in the large room. These two pictures delighted by their colour and fastidious excellence of workmanship, but they could not be said to be ambitious works; they do not represent much mental effort on the part of the painter, nor keep pace with the activity of the time, as displayed, for instance, at the Paris Salon.

Next as to Mr. Millais' work. In 1863 his *Child's First Sermon* was one of the popular pictures in the Academy, and in the same year he exhibited *The Eve of St. Agnes*, of Keats's poem. Of his painting of children we read then an almost unanimous verdict of approval, with the common regret that he was not devoting his great powers to more important subjects. In the present year the first room in the Royal Academy will be remembered best by Mr. Millais' pictures; the portait of Hook, the child with a paroquet, and *The Grey Lady*, by moonlight on the turret stairs. This was very like the work of 1863, although his style has much altered and matured. Retaining what has been well termed the "priceless charm of simplicity in perception" in his pictures of children, the quality and brilliancy of his painting were never more forcibly shown than in the little *Grande Dame*, in rich brocade, a fancy dress of the time of Queen Anne. But of the painter of *The Gambler's Wife*, and of *Chill October*, and other important pictures shown at Paris in 1878, the world at large expects something more ambitious than a family of little children meeting us at every turn in nearly every minor exhibition in London. That Mr. Millais is at the height of his powers and his popularity is well known, that his portraits were never better this year's exhibition amply testified. That he could take a beautiful child (as he did lately), dress her in a grey green frock, deck her with a red cap and a peacock's feather, set her on a stool by smouldering logs of wood, mix the whole well together on a deftly-painted canvas, call the composition *Cinderella*, and coin three thousand guineas, was a *tour de force* which delighted the traffickers in pictures; that he could turn the same child round, give her another dress, call her *Caller Herrin*, and coin three thousand guineas more, showed, to put it plainly, a rare alliance of artistic genius and business capacity. This, then, is the aspect of success in 1883, in spite of eloquent addresses on the "mission of art," and lectures to students on their duties and responsibilities. It is not too much to say that in no other country or society would a painter of Mr. Millais' genius be thus absorbed. In portraiture proper, in such works as "*J. C. Hook, Esq., R.A.*," standing in his brown tweed coat, Mr. Millais has again asserted his

supremacy, stepping with easy strides as far away from competitors in English portraiture as Mr. Alma Tadema, in his picture of *An Oleander* (343), has outstripped all imitators.

If it be necessary (and some maintain that it is not an unmixed evil) that successful painters should repeat the same subjects year by year, no exception need be taken to the wonderful marble court-yards by Mr. Alma Tadema, the Eastern scenes by Mr. Goodall, and the English coast scenes by Mr. J. C. Hook. The repetition of effects by painters whose position is secured, leaves little for the art critic; but, if we look at the English work this year as compared with that of the French Salon, and bear in mind the activity and invention displayed by other nations, it seems worth while to point out that it is a limitation of art, which may suit the picture-dealer of to-day, without raising the producer above a mediocre level. The practice is not elevating nor inspiring in any sense of the word.

Let us turn to one or two pictures in the late exhibition of the Royal Academy, in which the painters have devoted themselves to their work in something, at least, of the spirit of the old masters. Amongst the most cultivated and earnest workers may be mentioned Mr. Poynter, whose *Visit to Æsculapius* (purchased by the Royal Academy) will be remembered. His principal picture this year—a work much and variously criticised—was entitled *The Ides of March*. Here Cæsar and Calphurnia are seen standing together in the loggia of the Julian Palace, and the principal pictorial motive has evidently been to give the contrasting effects of blue night sky with a lamp lighting the bust of Cæsar reflected upon a marble pavement. This picture can scarcely be said to be successful, notwithstanding the dictum of the *Times* that the architectural drawing is "beyond praise," and of another paper, that it is "the most impressive of Mr. Poynter's creations." If we set aside for a moment the reputation and position of the artist, and judge *The Ides of March* either by the standard of early Italian art, or by the achievements of several painters of to-day, we shall find that, neither in colour nor in general treatment of a highly suggestive and poetical theme, is it successful. No picture has shown more plainly the limitation of an artist's powers assuming, as one has a right to assume, that it has been a serious and prolonged effort. In the *Psyche*, by the same painter, the excellent and almost unequalled quality of flesh-painting was marred in effect by the questionable drawing of the figure.

The place of honour in the large room of the Academy was accorded to the *Voltaire* of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., a very exceptional work. It may be admitted that neither in conception nor treatment of the subject, is it as complete as his *Napoleon on the deck of the Bellerophon*; nevertheless, we have here a picture very subtle in colour, and remarkable for energy and graceful treatment. The

interior of the large *salle à manger*, the host and his guests, are brought before us with vivid reality, and—if we accept Mr. Orchardson's reading of the story, and make allowances for the mannerism which is scarcely ever absent from his work—the picture must be pronounced a great success. That it would rank with the work of some contemporary French painters, if treating the same theme, is questionable, but it is a representative painting, abounding in qualities which are rare in the *genre* of modern English art.

Another and altogether different task has been undertaken by Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., in his *Village Wedding*, a picture which, seen in the studio, promised to be *the* picture of the year, and which, when exhibited, drew from the *Daily News* the comment, "it is admirable, it is immense." "Admirable" it is in motive, and in the rendering of all the rustic details of such a scene (even to the new side-spring boots of the bride), and "immense" it is—eight feet by four. But, from a purely artistic point of view, does it satisfy? Vigorous in handling, skilful in grouping, healthy in tone, and true as a record of English life at the close of the nineteenth century—a picture which the next generation will justly prize for what it tells them of the past—there is, at the same time, crudeness of colour, and an absence of qualities which make a great picture, some of which were well within Mr. Fildes' reach. It was expected of the painter of the *Casual Ward* that, in advancing steadily in knowledge and technical attainments, his *Village Wedding* (which had been some time in preparation) would have been an exceptional success, and that, if we did not have the grace and sentiment of Mason's *Harvest Moon*, or the poetic rendering of *A Village Scene*, by Millet, it might have reminded us more of Wilkie or Gainsborough. Perhaps the very boldness of the artist in choosing so large a scale for his picture, in which a crowd of villagers in gay dresses are coming towards the spectator in full sunlight, created insuperable difficulties in the management of colour; but the grouping and chiaroscuro, from an illustrated newspaper point of view, are skilfully managed. However, let us be thankful for the picture as it is: the studies of the bride and bridegroom and of the tall life-guardsman are sound, excellent work, such as few painters have given us lately, and—if the bride lack something of the delicacy and grace of the little *bourgeoise* bride in Greuze's *L'accordée de village* in the Louvre—Mr. Fildes has given us facts.

The *Private View of the Royal Academy in* 1881, by W. P. Frith, R.A., attracted crowds throughout the season, chiefly bent upon identifying the portraits of celebrities. The grouping of a large number of figures is managed with the skill of the painter of *Ramsgate Sands* and the *Derby Day*; but neither here, nor in the delightful art of Mr. Hook in landscape, nor in the works of the popular painters generally, is there much of exceptional interest to record.

Amongst the remarkable works of the year was Mr. Logsdail's *Piazza at Venice*. Here appeared to be a new departure by an artist of whom the following note was made in 1882, when five small pictures were exhibited by him in the Royal Academy:—

"William Logsdail, a young Lincoln artist; painter of architectural subjects, figures in Flemish court-yards with mediæval towers; remarkable for reticence and quiet tone."

Looking at this large canvas, crowded with figures, seated at the tables of a *caffè*, and moving in front of the Basilica of St. Mark, one wondered what influences had been at work to change, in one year, the painter of "quiet court-yards" into the delineator of a motley group of Austrians, Italians, Orientals, Lascars, British tourists, and *dames du monde*. That he has succeeded in colour can hardly be said, for the distribution of light and shade, the open air quality, so difficult and yet essential in a picture on this scale (about seven feet by four), is less true than in Mr. Woods' Venetian picture in the same exhibition. But the variety of character, the dash, movement, and vigour of the work, will make it memorable. That such a picture should be deliberately painted in 1883, that a comparatively young artist should seek to dwell upon a scene in its literal, and, it must be added, rather suggestively offensive aspect, for the sake of colour and variety of costume, points to the fact that the younger men of genius in this country are all abroad, so to speak, lacking, not industry, not talent, but method, and are more than ever in want of a lead, and definite aim. These changes of style and purpose, so injurious to English art, are rare in France; a pupil of Breton or Cabanel follows his master's teaching, adopting a style as distinctly as if each kind of art were a separate profession. The evils of mannerism arising from the foreign method, are probably less serious than this new departure of Mr. Logsdail, the merits of whose spirited and powerful picture have caused much discussion.

In the midst of the group on the Piazza, in the last-named picture, the portrait of a young painter may have been distinguished, Mr. Henry Woods, A.R.A., who has devoted himself for some years to modern Venetian subjects. The excellent draughtsmanship shown in No. 179, *Preparations for the first Communion*, and the generally unobtrusive style of the artist, combined with sound painting, point to a steady advance. If there was not the subtlety, or the skill and grace of colour of Van Haanen or Eugène de Blaas, the work of the English artist was in many respects more thorough and satisfactory.

Near Mr. Logsdail's picture was a work of singular skill; mentally superior to the *Piazza*. The *Favourites of the Emperor Honorius*, by J. W. Waterhouse, represents the young, effeminate son of Theodosius, seated in his palace, amusing himself

by feeding favourite pigeons and other birds, regardless of a group of bowing courtiers who approach him in the background. The incident is refined and thoughtfully conceived, and is a marked advance on Mr. Waterhouse's former work; an alliance of dramatic and historic interest, with good grouping of the figures, and careful painting of a marble interior, with rich robes and accessories.

Somewhat similar in subject and treatment was the more modern *Audience*, by H. G. Glindoni (386). The painting is unequal, but there is much good drawing and inventive skill and grace in the grouping. This picture—as also the *Temple of Eros*, by Herbert Schmalz (710); *Peter the Hermit preaching the First Crusade* (678), by James Archer; No. 1451, *A Roman Triumph*, by F. W. W. Topham; and 842, *Tiger Shooting in the Terai*, 1876 (a large portrait-picture painted for the Prince of Wales), by Herbert Johnson—represented serious and prolonged efforts on the part of the artists.

If it were possible, in glancing at the portraits of the present year, to forget popular names and the chorus of praise which attends the work of certain well-known painters—to turn rather, in recollection, to the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and to such portraits as that of *Sir Thomas Gresham*, merchant and financial agent, by Sir Antonio More, in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington—we might arrive at a better estimate of our position in this branch of art. That Mr. Millais' portraits of J. C. Hook and the Marquis of Salisbury are in the first rank, is generally acknowledged; and one of the best portraits of the year, though by no means a representative example of the painter, was No. 286, *Katie*, a child seated, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. In the latter picture, the object was not so much to give distinction to the sitter as to carry out a scheme of various red colours, to which the subject (a little girl seated at some *séance* or performance at the Westminster Aquarium) naturally and easily lent itself. That this should be so remarkable a picture is due to the painter's high perception of the requirements of art. The portraits of Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge by Mr. F. Holl, R.A., and those of Messrs. Ouless, Herkomer, Collier, and other familiar names, stand out in recollection of an Academy admittedly strong in portraiture.

But where are the portraits of *ladies* which, from the time of Gainsborough, have graced the English school? It is a serious question, for, excepting one or two examples in the Grosvenor Gallery, there is little of style or distinction to recall in the Art Season of 1883. The *Countess of Dalhousie*, by Carolus Duran, in the large room of the Academy, may serve to remind us of the activity of our foreign neighbours in a branch of portraiture in which we are certainly not distinguishing ourselves. If this was not one of the best examples of the skilful French painter; if style appeared too much insisted on; if it

was too "dressy" for English taste: it was instructive in a high degree, having that special quality of distinction which portraiture demands. It may not be generally acknowledged, but it is a fact to which, in the interests of the rising generation of artists, attention should be drawn, that the modern French school (as may be seen in Paris at the present time) exhibits not only the qualities referred to, but much of the purity of colour and reticence of style which we have been accustomed to connect with the art of the past. These qualities are rendering French artists formidable competitors in modern portraiture. In a word, it seems to have been reserved for a democratic nation to reflect in its portraits much of the style, dignity, and fashion of society in 1883.

The strong influence of modern French art and foreign study in the Royal Academy, was observable. Three exceptionally interesting pictures (by artists whose names are not widely known in England) may be mentioned together, as indicating this foreign influence: (1) *The Last Look*, by Mr. Maynard Brown, representing a widow and her children standing by the side of the dead; (2) *Maternité*, by Mr. R. Bottomley, a poor woman with a child, regarding a picture of a Madonna and Child; and (3) *An Impromptu Dance*, by Mr. Frederick Brown,—a view of part of the new Chelsea Embankment, with an organ playing and children dancing. In the first two, intellectual force and pathos were combined with unusual mastery of material; and in all three there was a striving after truth, and a well-directed power of expression that is rare in England. Nothing more profoundly pathetic has been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy than "the dark picture" (as it was called), which the general public, moved to tears by the more obvious pathos of Mr. Faed, hardly regarded. The three foregoing pictures are linked together because of their resemblance, both in style and treatment. In the more joyous aspect of Mr. Frederick Brown's work there was reticence and ability of no common order. Another exceptional picture which the Royal Academy purchased under the terms of the Chantry bequest is *Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide*, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. Here the life and movement of the River Thames has been rendered with great feeling and fidelity. The aspect of the Pool on a windy day near high-water abounds in material, and is increasing in interest every year, with the growth of the port of London—a subject very valuable and suggestive to artists who can see, as Mr. Wyllie sees it, the picturesque character even of a river steam-tug. *The Joyless Winter Day*, by Mr. Joseph Farquharson (also purchased out of the Chantry fund), hardly ranks in interest with the foregoing; nevertheless, a powerful picture has been painted of sheep and a shepherd in driving snow. That this work, admirable as it is in its breadth and suggestion of wind and dreariness,

is no new departure for the artist (as was stated in some papers), may be gathered from a note made of one of his pictures in the Academy in 1877, called *The Snow the Pasture Sheets*, "excellent in the grouping of sheep, very still and true to nature in her winter rest." In 1883 the artist has gained considerably in technique, but the aim and sentiment are as in 1877.

In landscape proper, the year has produced no work to make it specially memorable. Probably no better nor more thorough analysis of nature's aspects was to be found than in Mr. Brett's *Welsh Dragons* (809), and there have been other brilliant achievements by well-known landscape-painters; but, without agreeing with an opinion lately expressed by an able art critic, that we have lost in the late Cecil Lawson "the only landscape-painter on which our hopes in England depended," it may be admitted, for the moment, that neither in the Academy nor in the Grosvenor Gallery has there been seen much to rouse enthusiasm or hope, in the future of landscape art, in the country of Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner.

The evidences of movement in English art on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, if not numerous, were decided and remarkable. There was, again, much evidence of high aim; there was intellectual force, and the vigorous treatment of difficult themes, which are assuredly signs of vitality. Mr. Burne-Jones' *Fortune's Wheel*—a large upright composition in a scheme of brown and grey, with the noble figure of Fortune standing in blue robe on the left of the picture—was the principal feature of this gallery, and, in many respects, the most important work produced this year. But it was not so much in the fine drawing and colour, nor in the note of sadness which pervades the picture of the Wheel of Fortune, as in the portrait of a little boy of seven, Philip Comyns Carr, that Mr. Burne-Jones' work attracted most attention. This memorable portrait, in 15th century manner, showed the painter's power of colour and refinement, in a remarkable degree. Setting aside for the moment all consideration of the morbid aspects of his art, looking rather to the knowledge that is in it, Mr. Burne-Jones has never perhaps been seen to better advantage than in the foregoing pictures.

In the designs by Mr. Watts for his pictures of *The Four Horses of the Revelation*, placed at the head of the large room, the intellectual and suggestive character of his art has had free scope. It might have been better, perhaps, if such unfinished work had not been exhibited; or, at least, that some explanation of the intention of the artist had been indicated in the catalogue. The designs are so full of motive and suggestion, and have been so roughly treated in some quarters, that it may be worth while to append the legend:

The horses represent the conquering spirits sent forth by God. The White horse is the spirit of Knowledge; a star is on the rider's brow, and he tramples clouds under

his feet. The Red horse is the spirit of War; the rider clothed in flame. The Black horse is the spirit of Commerce; the rider holding the scales, from which light seems to come to him. The Pale horse is the spirit of Death and Hell; he moves amid the flames of ruin and signs of death. But he, like the others, is "preparing the way for a new life in which the meek shall inherit the earth."

The names of Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts have been mentioned as the principal representatives of movement in the Grosvenor Gallery. There was also thoughtful work by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Holiday, and others; but, excepting some Venetian landscapes by Mr. E. J. Gregory, and a small study of the nude by Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A., no particular mark seemed to be made until we came to the portraits by Messrs. Millais, Frank Holl, Herkomer, and Richmond. The general character of this exhibition has been more varied, and there have been several first appearances in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1883. The system under which the directors select works of art for the Exhibition should secure them always a good level of excellence, and the opportunity afforded for quiet examination of pictures is no slight boon to the community. The benefit to artists in the careful hanging of a few selected works in this gallery is highly appreciated in England. Both in London and Paris the custom of crowding as many pictures as possible on the walls is an evil which seems to grow rather than diminish, and is seriously affecting the style of many artists, who feel compelled to paint to be seen in a crowd.

Let us now consider for a moment the position of modern sculpture, an art which we are accustomed to read of as almost lost in England, and the future of which is "well-nigh hopeless." In 1882 the President of the Royal Academy, at the annual banquet, took the opposite view. "Opinions will vary," he said, "as to the direction of the energies of our schools, but amongst them there are hopeful signs to be found (I rejoice to say it), not least amongst the sculptors. Those who glance at the display of works of sculpture in the more seemly setting which we have now provided for them, cannot but be impressed with the growth of the school." The prediction remains unfulfilled. The late exhibition of the Academy showed little or no advance on 1882, and the few sculptors of the day who made a mark, or sent important subjects, found their work seriously injured by the setting. Now it is in this "setting," and in the appreciation of sculpture by the public, that the difficulty lies. As a matter of fact, sculpture is regarded unsympathetically by the majority of visitors to the Royal Academy. It is otherwise in the Paris "Salon," where every bust and group is seen to advantage, and where sculpture is considered by the crowd a delightful part of the exhibition. That we are far behind our continental neighbours, both in the production and appreciation of good sculpture, is worth insisting upon, if only to point out the necessity for foreign study, at least for a time. The

value of it may have been noticed in such work as that of Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. T. N. Maclean in the Grosvenor Gallery last year, and also in the present Academy. The Americans are alive to the necessity, and enter the French ateliers as a matter of course, the conditions being as favourable to the growth of sculpture in France and Italy as they are unfavourable in England.

In glancing briefly at some salient points in the year's art, as shown in our public exhibitions, note should be taken of some of the influences, both commercial and critical, which affect its production. What, for instance, is likely to be the effect on a young painter's mind of a recent newspaper report of a sale at Christie's, where Mr. Rivière's *Sympathy*, a child seated on a staircase with her favourite dog, was sold for £2,625? This well-known picture, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1880 and a good example of the artist, could not have taxed the painter's powers to any appreciable extent, compared with *The Casual Ward* of Mr. Fildes, a well-known work, which was sold at the same time for less money. These may be mentioned as successful pictures both from an artistic point of view and as having the true touch of human sympathy which commended them to the public; but they would hardly have been ranked together in a foreign country, and out of the thousands who stopped to gaze at *The Casuals* at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, very few would have treated seriously the art of Mr. Rivière. That the appreciation of art in England is more than ever influenced by the sale-room, may be gathered from the space devoted in the *Times* newspaper to what are called "sensational sales"—a new word coined, and a new "distraction," as the French term it: an invention of the last few years. Under the attractive heading of "Art Sales" we may read, during the season, of pictures being "knocked down" to a mysterious Mr. Jones for enormous sums (more than eight thousand pounds was paid for one modern picture last year), amid a "round of applause." The question as to who writes these paragraphs and what the motives may be for running up the prices of certain artists' works, is less important than the influence of such reading on the art of the country. A glance round the Academy walls shows that the consideration of what would be a saleable picture has been more than ever considered, especially by the proficients in the art; the ambitious and "risky" pictures being generally by the younger men, whose day has not yet come to be applauded at Christie's for the number of guineas their works will command. It would be well for them and for the art of the country if they could afford to ignore the probable public estimate of their work in the first few years of their career; but the pressure is in the opposite direction, and the tendency of the time is to exhibit and sell a picture before it has dried upon the canvas. There is a tendency (also the growth of the

last ten years) for young painters to live in houses like palaces, and to keep up a position which suggests very high prices indeed. This is scarcely working in "the spirit of the old masters," and may be reckoned as one of the "adverse" influences of the time. Another perplexing, if not altogether adverse, influence is the estimate of works of art by the press, and by that large portion of the public that depends upon art criticism. If an opinion should be hazarded upon so difficult a subject, it might be said that, in the present year, the standard of writing has been higher and more useful to the community. But as long as we have no real School of Painting, or recognised canons of taste, we need not wonder at any divergence of opinion on questions of art.

It is a serious matter, however, to those who look for guidance in the leading journals, and perplexing indeed to the mind of a young artist. To give an instance. Mr. Onslow Ford, a sculptor whose seated statue of *Mr. Henry Irving* will be remembered in the lecture-room in the Royal Academy, was thus discussed in two journals where deliberate art criticism might be looked for:—

Amongst the portrait statues, Mr. Ford's *Henry Irving* stands out as possessing pre-eminent merit. . . . . The likeness is excellent, without exaggeration or caricature; the draperies are massive, and soundly treated, and the balance of parts is singularly fine. This statue places Mr. Ford amongst the leading sculptors of his generation.—*Saturday Review.*

Mr. Ford's *Henry Irving as Hamlet* is a melodramatic figure with questionable legs, and a vulgar scowl or stare.—*Athenæum.*

Without dwelling on the taste which dictated the last sentence in a leading critical art journal, the point for consideration is the difficulty which besets an artist in England if he would gather from contemporary criticism an indication of his relative position or prospects, in painting or sculpture. That the above is no solitary instance, but one daily recurring, it may be worth while to point out in the *National Review*, which has little to do with art cliques and influences. In a useful little chronique called *The Artist*, some opinions of the press upon a recent exhibition at the Royal Academy were placed in juxtaposition thus:—

The exhibition is duller than we believed to be possible.—*Times.*
A more than usually attractive exhibition.—*Athenæum.*

The works are well hung.—*Times.*
The pictures have suffered in an exceptional degree from want of tact and care on the part of the hanging committee.—*Standard.*

A number of young men have come conspicuously to the front.—*Daily Telegraph.*
No hitherto unobserved artist steps out from the ranks.—*Standard.*

Under these perplexing conditions it would seem better to confine nearly all writing on art to description, and the discussion of the merits or demerits of an artist's work to studios and academies. At any rate, the amount of advice given to artists in the public press

might be modified with advantage; the extraordinary divergence of opinion weakening argument, and reducing the influence of the papers in which criticisms appear.

The general conclusion—arrived at under certain difficulties—is that the successes of the year, both in London and Paris, have been for the most part technical. In the Royal Academy there was a conspicuous absence of invention and indifference to intellectual aim. In the Grosvenor Gallery a higher level was aimed at, but it cannot be said that any great mark has been made in 1883. In France the young painters have achieved distinction by *tours de force* (as in the *Andromaque* by M. Rochefort and *Les deux Sœurs* by M. Girons) rather than by the highest intellectual qualities. The spirit in which the young painters of a few years ago laboured in England, such as Mason, Pinwell, and Walker, is but dimly visible anywhere; and, in Paris, the *L'amour au Village* of M. Bastien Lepage is far behind the achievements of French painters ten years ago, in scenes of pastoral life. Nevertheless, the skill and invention displayed in modern French art, and the fearlessness and certainty of touch of some of the younger painters, were never more forcibly displayed than in the last exhibition at the Salon.

Both in painting and sculpture the imagination, skill, and *chic* of the modern French school is so active, that it should be regarded as part of our art education to study, if not to imitate. We hear and read much of the extravagance and horrors of the French school, and have seen lately in London some eccentric specimens of the so-called "Impressionnistes," in an exhibition in Bond Street; but English people do not hear, or see, half enough of the fine drawing and colour displayed annually in Paris. In America, a new comer to a city asks to see "the live men." If asked where the "live men" in art were mostly to be found in 1883, it would be necessary to point to Paris; and it is in accepting this fact in the present that much of the strength of the future depends.

It has been well said that "real scholarship, like the 'Edelweiss,' is retreating higher above the beaten tracks." In art, as represented in public exhibitions, the educated and thoughtful workers are few, and their pictures are too often crowded out of sight. What seems to be most urgent, at present, is that the sympathy and personal help of cultivated painters should be more widely diffused.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

THE NEW GUINEA QUESTION;

FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

Recent events will prove to be noticeable incidents in the history of New Guinea, and may not be without grave political significance for all the Australian colonies. The action of Queensland in the matter is presumably a proof that she was firmly possessed with an idea, not perhaps of her abstract right to annex New Guinea, but of the pressing necessity for doing so. For it is not to be supposed that the Government of the colony would be unaware of the spirit in which the news of their proceeding would be received at home, or that they acted without due consideration, first, of the expediency of their action, and, secondly, of its probable consequences. Whatever estimate they may have formed of the temper of the Colonial Office—and certainly the previous history of the question must have forewarned them what to expect—they were at least sure of the cordial sympathy of all the other Australian colonies. This has been abundantly manifested in the recent conduct of the various colonial legislatures, in their unanimous approval of the step taken by Queensland, and in their as unanimous disapprobation of the refusal to ratify the annexation on the part of the Imperial Government. Nor has this spirit been confined to the governing bodies in each colony, nor has it been the impulse of a mere faction. Judging from the reports of public meetings and local agitation, and from the views taken of the matter in the newspaper press of Australia, it is obvious that the annexation of New Guinea is generally desired by the Australian public. The question has brought together political parties as a rule bitterly opposed to each other, and it has united the different colonies with the bond of a common interest. Never before have they acted in such complete concert; never before have they spoken together in such a decisive tone.

In the face of all this the Imperial Government withholds its sanction from the steps taken and proposed. It now appears that *sanction* alone is asked for, as certain of the colonies are themselves prepared to meet the expenses attending the establishment of British government in the island. Does it seem as if the Imperial Government were justified in treating colonial views of such a

pronounced kind with callous indifference? Does it not rather seem as if the colonies were justified in taking offence at the refusal of the sanction they have asked for? For it is not as if an insignificant colony were to be dealt with, a settlement young but ambitious, governed by men imprudent, inexperienced, unversed in statecraft. Queensland by herself could scarcely be now justly regarded in such light; but Queensland backed by all Australasia is a power to be treated with rather than a dependency to be slighted and snubbed. The Australian colonies, including Tasmania and New Zealand, have long cast off swaddling-clothes. They have all the powers of adolescence, strength of population, influence of wealth and prosperity, width of dominion, and experience in self-government. Together they form a vast province of the Empire, capable of determining its own course, and judging of its own best interests. They are no longer dependencies whose counsels can be over-ruled by Colonial Office wisdom, whose deliberations and desires may be carelessly set aside to suit Party contests or Liberal sentiment at home. Their resolution in respect of New Guinea exhibits no impatient "earth-hunger" on the part of Queensland alone, but embodies the combined and general policy of the whole group of colonies. Moreover, their project is mature and well-considered, which is more than can be said of the hastily-formed opinions of those who oppose the annexation scheme in England. It is not likely, therefore, that Australia will readily accept the decision of Lord Derby, or that the representatives of her several colonies will acquiesce quietly in what they cannot but regard as unjust treatment of their immediate interests.

It must not be forgotten that the question is not a new one, though it has only recently come into prominence. Indeed, it is some twenty years since the desirability of annexing New Guinea was first discussed. In 1864 a provisional company was formed in Sydney, having for its object the attempted formation of a colony in New Guinea. Large numbers of persons came forward from all the colonies, proposing to join in the undertaking, and a considerable amount of capital was subscribed. The Imperial Government, however, declining to sanction the project, the organization was broken up. Far, however, from the idea being allowed to drop in consequence of this, during subsequent years, it simmered in the colonial mind and increased in intensity. Several private exploring expeditions started from time to time, which, though they effected little, yet served to keep the matter constantly before the public. Captain Moresby, in command of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, made two voyages in 1873, in the course of which he discovered the fine harbour now called Port Moresby, in the south-east of New

Guinea. He also discovered and named several large islands lying off the East Cape, and of these he took formal possession in the Queen's name.

In 1871 the London Missionary Society commenced operations in New Guinea. They have now some thirty stations there, and, it is said, have obtained some influence among the natives. They have at any rate made intercourse with the eastern tribes possible and safe.

In 1874 the question of annexing and colonising New Guinea rose again into importance. The Legislature of New South Wales addressed the Home Government on the subject; but cold water was thrown upon their views. The projects of an association of intending emigrants met with no better success. The following year a most important meeting was held in the Sydney Exchange, under the auspices of the leading commercial men of the colony. Resolutions were passed advocating the assumption of British authority over New Guinea, and the commencement of colonization there on a rather extensive scale. These resolutions were presented to the Colonial Office, and were backed by others emanating from the Legislatures of the other Australian colonies. A deputation from the Colonial Institute in London waited on Lord Carnarvon in support of them. But they were received in the usual spirit of non-compliance. It is fair to say, however, in passing, that Lord Carnarvon has recently given expression to a change of personal opinion in the matter, and that he is now, *functus officio*, more favourable to Australian views.

After a time the New Guinea Colonization Association was formed in London, but it fell through in consequence of being discountenanced by the Government. In 1878, Queensland was permitted to extend her boundaries. The islands adjacent to the coast became part of the colony. This has proved a consideration of importance in the New Guinea question; for, the islands in Torres Straits now belonging to Queensland, her boundaries may be said to be conterminous with the New Guinea coast, and it is for this reason that Queensland has found herself most nearly interested of all the colonies in the question of annexation. Her contiguity to New Guinea, and her possession of Torres Straits, have devolved on her the duty of acting as champion for United Australia. Hitherto it has been in New South Wales and Victoria, chiefly in the former, that the addition of New Guinea to the British Empire has been most freely discussed and most earnestly desired. From Sydney and Melbourne will come the capital for the promotion of colonising schemes; and it is from these points that most emigrants will start for the new colony. But it has been most convenient and most natural for Queensland to assume the position of parent colony.

Queensland has no cause to be desirous of acquiring more territory for the purposes of colonization pure and simple. Vast tracts of her enormous area are yet unpeopled. But it is worthy of remark that, during the last five years in particular, the colony has made very great advance. In all branches of business and industrial pursuits there is a surprising degree of prosperity; the revenue yields a large surplus; immigrants are arriving in very considerable numbers, while there is no falling off in the demand for labour. Queensland's prosperous condition causes her at this moment to occupy a prominent place in the group of colonies. Doubtless her spirit of enterprise, both public and private, has thus been actively quickened of late; and this, together with her proximity to the island, has justified her in taking the lead in the New Guinea question. The danger to which she is exposed from possible foreign intervention shall be considered presently.

There are many here who seem to regard the provisional annexation of New Guinea by Queensland as a positive act of rebellion. To them her deed carries with it its own condemnation. Such a precedent is not to be allowed on any consideration. The colonies are *subject* to the Colonial Office, and must be kept in proper discipline, must be reminded that they can have no voice in matters beyond the internal administration of their particular local concerns. In answer to this reasoning let me simply recapitulate the two main considerations on which I have already dwelt. The first of these is that it is not Queensland alone that must be held responsible for the annexation. Whether by previous consent or not, Queensland is in this matter only the representative of United Australia. Her deed is practically the deed of all. And the second point is the previous history of the question. For twenty years past an agitation has been kept up throughout Australia having for its object the annexation of New Guinea. For twenty years past the Home Government has been from time to time petitioned to accede to the universal wish of Australia. And while the governors of the colonies have been severally advised by their ministers, on sundry occasions, to make earnest representations to the Colonial Office, Australia has waited patiently and submissively, hoping that Imperial unwillingness would give way to a combined and general entreaty. But Australia has waited in vain.

At length the affair has grown to the proportions of a burning question, and we have seen the natural outcome of this in an act which some may regard as one of rebellion, and which others look upon as merely an attempt to force the hand of the Imperial Government. Whichever view may prevail, it will have to be conceded that the action of Queensland approaches to the character of a *coup d'état*. It has been done ostensibly on the part of one colony; in

reality it has been done with the countenance and support, possibly at the instigation, of all. The question of expense, which has always been the chief objection urged at the Colonial Office, which was, indeed, the principal if not the only obstacle propounded by Lord Carnarvon in 1875, was, by the nature of the annexation, taken out of the domain of discussion. A colony or state, adding new territory to *itself*, necessarily incurs the expenses involved in colonising and governing it. This is obvious, and Queensland's act was in itself a confession that she was prepared to undertake the cost. Indeed, soon after the first telegrams arrived, we learnt that the other colonies proposed to aid Queensland in this respect. It is therefore no longer possible to make the old objection to authorizing the annexation of New Guinea.

Had Lord Derby acceded to the long-expressed and pronounced desire of all Australia when it was presented to him in the form of accomplished fact; had he rightly understood the importance of the subject in the Australian mind, and sanctioned the deed of Queensland, then he would have earned the good-will of the colonies, and would have bound them more firmly to the Empire. Moreover, the precedent need not have been a dangerous one. The attendant circumstances of the particular case—the long-continued agitation, the united wish of a large group of colonies, their expressed readiness to take the burden of expense upon themselves, their desire to make provision against foreign intervention—all these so qualified the incident as to prevent the example of it proving pernicious in the future. But to repudiate the annexation in calm contempt of the universal colonial opinion on the subject, and *yet to admit the necessity for it by granting certain insignificant and insufficient concessions*, this is likely to prove a danger indeed.

What has been so far the result of the Imperial repudiation? Strong protests from the Legislatures of the various colonies; resolutions not to consider Lord Derby's sentence as final; an outcry from commercial interests; a feeling of resentment and indignation among the Australian public; bitter, perhaps seditious, articles in the colonial press. The question has become a topic of general interest throughout the colonies, and widespread discontent has been aroused. Had other counsels prevailed at the Colonial Office, graceful permission would have won the heart of the colonists. Now it is too late for that. Now a reconsideration of the matter will not allay the irritation that has been provoked; it will only appear as if strenuous and combined insistance on what colonists deem their rights had wrung concession from a reluctant Government. Yet a change of attitude on the part of the Home Government is the only expedient that seems to admit of a tranquil solution of the difficulty.

There is a spirit abroad in the colonies resembling that which comes upon a young man on attaining maturity. It is a feeling of distaste at control, or, rather, of impatience at the will being thwarted, a feeling of self-reliance, consciousness of acquired strength, a questioning of authority hitherto implicitly obeyed, and a desire to break from the habit of earlier dependence and to secure entire freedom of action. The consequence is that such incidents as this New Guinea question are beginning to cause more than a whisper of such words as "separation," "independence," "federation." More blunders of the Home Government in its dealings with Australia, and this talk will grow louder. Already common gossip in Brisbane, Sydney, and elsewhere proclaims this issue for the New Guinea question:—"If the Home Government persists in repudiating the annexation, Australia will not do so. In the last extremity New Guinea may be held as an appanage of United Australia, under the direct management of Queensland." What is to be the upshot of all this? Are we to provoke Australia into such an attitude as may little by little drive her to seek her independence? Can anyone but Liberal crotcheteers contemplate such an issue with equanimity? Can anyone but Liberal sentimentalists look forward philosophically to a possible and not distant separation of the Australian colonies from the Empire? Yet, unless skilfully handled, this New Guinea question may become the parent cause of such a result.

What are the reasons which have led Australians so to desire ardently the annexation of New Guinea? Primarily, the importance, daily becoming more manifest, of possessing entire control over Torres Straits, and the consequent fear of some alien Power assuming sovereignty over the island. This was the plea put forward by Queensland to explain her sudden action. Perhaps it was merely used as a pretext to minimise the effect that her presumption might produce on the ministerial mind at home. Perhaps her apprehensions were natural and well-grounded. This part of the question has been well ventilated in the British press, and need not be more than adverted to here. But in any case it is certain that any annexations in the island—other than the scarcely more than nominal Dutch establishment in the west—would have been a serious blow to British and Australian interests, and would have been a perpetual source of alarm. As to the Power from which such a step might be expected, suspicion fixes most strongly upon France. Russia has been spoken of; but her very appearance in a part of the world where she could have no sort of interest except hostility to Great Britain, would be a provocation in itself, which would almost amount to an act of war, and therefore could not be expected at a time when the two nations are on friendly terms.

Germany has also been mentioned; but a remembrance of the Samoan affair, and of her general policy abroad, sufficiently removes suspicion from that quarter. But as to France the case is different. Her present desire to form colonies in various parts of the world, her struggle to acquire naval supremacy, and her somewhat ambiguous attitude towards England, make her to be feared. It may well be that she had immediate designs upon New Guinea, which were frustrated by the prompt and spirited action of Queensland.* Nor has it been forgotten in the Southern Hemisphere that New Zealand narrowly escaped annexation to France in 1839 and 1840; and that it was the action of France at that time which forced an unwilling English Ministry to forestal her. Indeed, in more features than this, the early history of New Zealand presents a remarkable parallel with the past and present position of the New Guinea question. No one now would affirm, as was said in Parliament and elsewhere some forty odd years ago, that the annexation of New Zealand, and the formation of that magnificent colony, was a mistake. Perhaps a similar development of opinion with regard to New Guinea may be apparent in less than forty years to come.

But whether the Imperial Government conclude to sanction the annexation or remain firm in disallowing it, one effect the action of Queensland must certainly have, and in that respect, if in no other, it deserves to be entitled a *coup d'état*. The provisional proclamation of New Guinea, or at least of its southern and eastern portions, as a part of Queensland or a dependency of Australia, will be, in itself, sufficient to prevent a foreign occupation. Any foreign Power must feel that to attempt to establish itself there now, in time of peace, would be out of the question. To have done so *before* the recent exploit would have provoked an angry feeling in Australia, but possibly nothing worse; to do so *now* would be to invite hostilities. Supposing that Lord Derby's decision is persevered in, it may well be that the Australian colonies will allow the matter to remain *in statu quo*, wisely waiting for a change of authority and of opinion at the Colonial Office. But were a foreign Power to appear on the scene as things now stand, then Australia would insist upon the validity of Queensland's previous annexation

* Tidings have just been received from New Caledonia which somewhat strengthen this impression. The annexation of New Guinea by Queensland appears to have provoked an anti-English ferment in the French colony. An agitation is on foot there having for its object the extension of French authority to the New Hebrides, in order to counteract the designs of Australia. Now this French penal settlement of New Caledonia—for it is little more than that, and can scarcely be termed a colony in our sense of the term—is already a grievous thorn in the side to Australians. They have good reason to dread, and to oppose by every possible means, any further spread of French domination in the Pacific, as detrimental to their interests, and as being a constant source of irritation if not of actual danger.

being admitted. She would do more than insist; some movement would follow which would oblige the Imperial Government to take up her quarrel, or else to throw the Australian colonies overboard altogether.

If this speculative view be a correct interpretation of Australian feeling, then it appears that a continued refusal to sanction British annexation of New Guinea will be neither wise nor useful. It will not be any safe-guard against ulterior responsibilities. Its only effect will be to keep open an irritating sore between the Home Government and Australia. And if any unauthorized colonization be immediately undertaken—as will not improbably be the case—there will be no legal authority or protection for property in the island, should the claim set up by Queensland be disallowed at home.

The pretext urged by Queensland in excuse of her presumption was allowed by Lord Derby to carry some weight with it. He consented to permit the establishment of a few British stations on the southern coast of New Guinea, so as to afford protection to the line of commerce proceeding through Torres Straits. But this is not what Australia has asked for, nor will she be content with it. It is just enough concession to show that Queensland's act was not unwarranted, and that Australia has a sound basis on which to found her pretensions. It sharpened the sting of repudiation, because it admitted a sufficient justification for an act which at the same time was condemned. On the whole the Minister's position seems a little illogical.

Australia will not be contented with less than annexation of the entire eastern and southern portions of New Guinea. The dread of a foreign occupation is but half of her reason for desiring it. She sees the island to be extremely rich in natural resources, and to be a vast and splendid field for the employment of capital. Hence, perhaps, she desires its colonization quite as ardently as she fears to see it pass into the hands of some alien Power. Much has been made by objectors of two undesirable features in the country; namely, the prevalent malaria and the density of the native population. The first makes the low-lying, swampy, jungle-covered coasts very unhealthy for Europeans during the wet season. But it has been found that certain spots, like Port Moresby, are by no means so bad in this respect, while the climate of the higher country in the interior is said to be salubrious. As regards the population, there are different views. The Rev. Mr. Chalmers, a missionary who has resided some years in the island, and who has travelled about in it, is perhaps the most trustworthy authority on the subject. He states the population to be really scanty, and estimates it at about 200,000. Even if it be twice as large,

there would surely be room for settlers in a country which contains more than double the area of Great Britain and Ireland. Doubtless the coasts and some parts are thickly peopled, but there are vast tracts of the interior without any inhabitants.

It must be remembered that this great island is practically unexplored. Only very limited portions of it are at all known. But it is known to possess many very valuable resources. Its soil is extremely fertile, and yields sugar-cane superior to that of Queensland. Mr. Chalmers and others think that sugar, coffee, and cotton-planting would be eminently successful in New Guinea. Moreover, the country is very richly timbered, and its forests contain many valuable productions, such as sago, camphor, and cocoa-nut. The natives cultivate a number of tropical plants, rice, maize, yams, bananas, &c. Then experts are satisfied that New Guinea is a gold-yielding country. The indications are unmistakeably present. Prospecting parties have hitherto been unsuccessful in obtaining more than "the colour" of gold, but the ground they have traversed has been trifling in extent. Rich gold-fields probably await discovery in the interior.

New Guinea, therefore, presents itself very forcibly to the Australian mind as a field for colonization. To employ capital in developing its resources; to seek out and utilise its productions; to ameliorate the condition of its native inhabitants, by bringing them under the influences of civilisation and settled government; to bring the island within the sphere of commerce and of usefulness to the world at large, are all reasons why it should be colonised and should pass under British rule. Not less powerful are the arguments relating to foreign interference, and the protection of Australian interests. Both must be taken together, and then we have such an array of reasons favouring the action of Queensland, that it becomes matter for astonishment that it should be met by objections. It is certainly the fault of the Colonial Office that the annexation should have become a "question"; that it should have been allowed to originate a dispute between Great Britain and her Australian colonies, and should have been permitted to give rise to feelings of estrangement, bitterness, and reproach.

W. Delisle Hay.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CRICKET.

How great has been the revolution of public opinion in regard to cricket since the time when the game first began to attract general attention, may be seen from the expressions of a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September 1743, who classes cricket with skittles:—

> I can't say but it would shock me a little if I saw honest Crispin tipping against a member of either House of P——t. Noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen have certainly a right to divert themselves in what way they think fit, nor do I dispute their privilege of making butchers, coblers, or tinkers their companions, provided they are qualified to keep them company. But I very much doubt whether they have any right to invite thousands of people to be spectators of their agility at the expense of their duty and honesty.

Perhaps, after all, the writer was a true lover of the game, and may have been only protesting against people collecting together for the purpose of wagering, rather than blaming them for taking part in so simple an amusement. If so, who will say he was wrong, who will not rather thank him for helping to hand down the game to us in its present state, unique in this pot-hunting age; for to the credit of cricket be it said that at the present time there are not, so far as I know, a dozen challenge cups in England. Dame Cricket uses no meretricious attractions; the only prize she gives is the honour of success.

It was not always so. We must not forget that cricket has passed through the cleansing fires, for, as the author of *The Cricket Field* has told us, time was when the "legs" used to sit under the pavilion at Lords and bet, and when players were bribed to lose, until, so says Mr. Pycroft, one day, in a single-wicket match where both players had been bought, the one would not try to bowl straight, nor the other to get a run. Whether such a travesty was a death-blow to gambling, or the great individual merits of the game gradually suppressed this, I do not know; but certainly at the present time it would be difficult to win or lose a large sum of money on the majority of the best matches played during the year *in England*, and as for buying a man not to play his best, the buyer would indeed have to take care of himself, I think, when he made the proposal. True, from across the water last year came rumours of such buying and selling; but rumour is

many-tongued, and when once the thing is *proved* of an English professional, then I, for one, will believe it, and not before.

Large bets could be made in Australia on cricket matches when I was there in '78, but doubtless the game was but passing through that stage of its existence which it has survived in England, and will certainly survive in those colonies. Cricketers here have come to the conclusion arrived at by a Court of Law, in 1711, in a trial arising out of a wager laid on a cricket match : "It is, to be sure, a manly game, and not bad in itself, but it is the ill-use that is made of it by betting above £10 on it that is bad."

The mention of cricket more than 170 years ago leads to the question, "Whence did cricket arise?" It is a remarkable thing that our knowledge of so intricate a game should begin when it was fully developed, and that the incipient stages of its growth cannot be traced. Strutt thinks its parent was club-ball or stool-ball, but the latter was certainly played at the same time as cricket, for early in the 17th century the following passage occurs in the biography of the Rev. Thomas Wilson: "Maidstone was formerly a very prophane town, insomuch that I have seen morrice-dancing, cudgell-playing, *stool ball*, crickets, and many other sports openly and publicly on the Lord's Day." I lean to the belief, despite absence of proof, that cricket was played very much in its present form many years before the action referred to above arose out of a wager laid on a Kent and England match in 1711, and that it only wanted its historian because it was probably confined to the lower classes. In the 18th century, however, it is introduced to us, as I said, full-fledged; for besides a painting of the game as played then, now to be seen with others of almost equal interest in the pavilion at "Lords," we have the poet James Love's apostrophe to cricket, written in 1746; for two or three lines of which there is room here.

Hail, cricket, hail! thou manly British game;
First of all sport! be first alike in fame.
* * * * *
Thy pleasures, cricket, all his heart control,
Thy eager transports dwell upon his soul;
He weighs the well-turned bat's experienced force,
And guides the ball's impetuous rapid course.
* * * * *
O parent Britain! . . .
* * * * *
Nursed on thy plains, first cricket learnt to please,
And taught thy sons to slight inglorious ease.

The year 1774 is to be regarded as an epoch in the game; for a committee of noblemen and gentlemen met that year at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, and framed a code of laws, which in intent at least do not differ very materially, save in two notable

instances, from those now in force. The first, relating to pitching the stumps, shows that the wicket at that time consisted of only two stumps, twenty-two inches long, instead of three, and of one bail six inches in length, not two of four inches each. This was the transition stage between the original wicket of two stumps, one foot high, with a third, two feet long, laid across; and the wicket of three stumps, which was introduced about 1775, in a Kent and Hampshire match played on the Vine Ground at Sevenoaks—a ground that has already celebrated its centenary, and will last as long as cricket itself, having been given to the town of Sevenoaks by the third Duke of Dorset "to be a cricket-ground for ever." It was not until 1818 that the wicket now in use was fixed upon.

The other notable difference between the laws of 1775 and those of the present day, is that a batsman might prevent a fieldsman catching him out so long as he remained between the creases; and, still more extraordinary, that the non-striker might hinder the bowler from catching the striker, so long as he used his body only and did not strike at the ball. This license must have caused some fine jostling matches, and reminds one of the old bumping races on the river at Eton, of which the tradition remains, where fouling was allowed, victory often falling in consequence not to the swift but to the strong.

I think we may take the next marked epoch in the game to be the introduction of round-arm bowling. Every cricketer has heard of old Jack Willes, who lived at Sutton Valence, and who kept a pack of hounds with which he used to hunt anything and everything, on the chalk hills forming the back-bone of Kent from Lydsing Street to Challock, until tradition says that when he put on his green coat the hounds knew they were harriers for the nonce, and, when his pink, that they were fox-hounds. We are told, too, how his daughter's round-arm delivery of the ball gave him the first idea of the bowling that has since almost superseded the old lob-bowling. I do not say entirely superseded, for we still have a few lob-bowlers, and this year we saw a fair fast under-hand length bowler in the Eton and Harrow match. True, Sussex claims that Broadbridge discovered round-arm bowling; but I think everyone with a spark of romance in his composition will prefer to believe that we are indebted to Miss Wills for the invention.

Like most innovations, round-arm bowling only established itself after much opposition. Mr. G. Knight, of Godmersham in Kent, was, I believe, repeatedly no-balled at Lords, until at last, about 1830, he drew up a memorandum on the subject, stating his intention early the following year to propose an alteration in the

rules, which would admit of the hand being raised as high as the shoulder. Some of his remarks are well worth quoting :—

The superiority of the batting to the bowling has been for years a theme of universal complaint, and has never been checked, except when it has been met by the straight-armed bowling (erroneously called throwing), which it is my wish to restore. I say restore, because the system is none of mine, nor is it a new one; but, on the contrary about twenty years ago it prevailed in a considerable degree, especially in the county of Kent. About that time when the leading object of interest among cricketers was to devise some method of putting the batting and bowling more upon a par, the straight-armed delivery was invented and introduced by an eminent player (Wills) in Kent, and practised by him and a few others so successfully, that their county, not otherwise powerful, was in a short time able to cope with all England, which was then at the zenith of its strength. . . . The straight-armed bowling being thus introduced, was practised for a period of eight or ten years with perfect success, and without any interruption being offered to it; nor is it probable that any would have been (although from the difficulty of playing it, it had many enemies) had it been kept within those bounds which at first confined it. But this, unfortunately, was not the case: other bowlers arose, who quickly adopted the new system; and observing the effect of delivering the ball with the hand extended horizontally, they thought to become more formidable still the more they got their hands up; and thus leading each other on, there being no law to restrain them, they raised them higher and higher, till at length in a great match at Brighton one of the new practitioners raised his hand so very high above his head, that it was thought quite time for the Marylebone Club to interpose. Instead, however, of going deliberately to work; instead of endeavouring to restrain and regulate the new system, by discarding what was bad and retaining what was good, they immediately determined that all was evil; and, with that feeling, hastened to pass the law under which cricket has so long suffered, and which it is my object to repeal.

I confess I do not believe myself that the straight-arm bowling introduced by Wills was a very radical change from that which preceded it; for the celebrated bowler, David Harris, who played about the year 1740, is described as delivering the ball "nearly as high as his arm-pit"; but that there was some difference is manifest, or such an outcry would not have been raised against the innovation. Years after Mr. Knight's memorandum an attempt was made to stop the over-shoulder delivery when John Lillywhite "no-balled" Edgar Willsher at the Oval. This proved futile. Grounds, with closer attention and heavier rollers, became better, and it was found necessary to check long scores by allowing the bowler to raise his hand as high as he chose. When I first looked on at first-class cricket about twenty years ago, Willsher was the only bowler I can remember whose hand was distinctly above the shoulder, though they always say of the old Lillywhite —the Nonpareil, a very small man—that if you were on the other side of a wall when he was bowling, you could see his hand, but not his head. Now I should find difficulty in naming many whose hands are as low as Willsher's was at the time I speak of. In Australia every bowler, without exception, has a high delivery, and to encourage this, and to accustom the muscles to the action, I am told that a celebrated English cricketer makes the boys of the school, where he is engaged as "coach," bowl parallel to and so near

a high wall that they must either keep their hands up or bark their knuckles.

At the present day the great question is what means should be adopted to stop a tendency to throw which is becoming apparent, the great difficulty being to decide what is and what is not a throw. Mr. Knight, in his memorandum, evades the difficulty of defining a throw by saying that everyone knows what a throw is, even if it cannot be closely defined; but it is apparent to cricketers that at the present time it is not every umpire who knows what a throw is.

The changes that have taken place in batting since the day when the old spoon-shaped bat was given up for the present shape, have not been very material, though it has doubtless, in succeeding generations, adapted itself to the different styles of bowling. "Keep your left shoulder forward," has been an instruction given to the young cricketer from the earliest times, and for the best of reasons that it entails a perpendicular bat, and a perpendicular bat covers more of the wicket than a horizontal.

It has remained for the present generation to carry the art of batting to perfection. I doubt myself if the world will ever see another "all-round" cricketer to equal William Gilbert Grace. Besides getting for several years as many wickets as any professional bowler; being always a magnificent field anywhere; being untiring alike in his devotion to the game and his efforts to win whatever match he may be taking part in; having ever a kind word for a young or an unsuccessful cricketer, he has proved himself the most finished batsman on any ground, and against all kinds of bowling, that the annals of cricket record. I know there are some, who have seen both players, and are thoroughly competent judges of the game, who assert that if Fuller Pitch had had the advantage of playing on the same perfect wickets as Mr. Grace, he would have got as many runs; and, furthermore, they maintain that some of the bowlers Pitch had to contend against were more difficult to score off than the best of the present day. That the wickets were not as good in Fuller Pitch's day is an undoubted fact, and their unevenness undoubtedly would tend to make balls shoot, rise, and break unexpectedly; but that the bowlers of those times were more accurate I cannot believe; for if we turn to the scores of matches in which such celebrities as Lillywhite, Hillyer, Redgate, Cobbett, and Alfred Mynn were the bowlers, we find as many as from five to ten wides no uncommon item, whereas now-a-days it is a most unusual thing for a first-class bowler, gentleman or professional, to bowl one in a month's cricket.

Another, and perhaps the most important, epoch in the game

was produced by the introduction of steam. Before the first lines of that network of railways which now covers the country had been drawn, the getting to and from a distant match must have been such an undertaking as would now-a-days appal the keenest cricketer, not to mention those who, with the rail to help them, cannot find their way to a cricket-ground before noon, and insist on leaving it at five or six for fear of missing their dinner. The old Hambledon eleven had a special van to take them about. Fancy starting from some trysting-place in Hampshire to drive all the way to Sevenoaks, or Bishopsbourne, or the Artillery Ground in Bunhill Fields; for at all these places did the Hambledonians, with Richard Nyren, their subsequent historian, at their head, play and distinguish themselves more than a century back. I may point out, with reference to what I have said above as to straight-arm bowling, that Nyren mentions several of the Hambledon heroes as having "high actions."

Perhaps old Clarke, the slow bowler, saw as soon as anyone what a difference steam would make to cricketers, and how to turn an honest penny by it; for we may take his to be the first cricket eleven that really "starred" the provinces, and may date from his time that firm hold which cricket has taken on the hearts of the people of England. No greater interest was taken in the Hambledon eleven by the country side, wherever they went,* than was taken in Clarke's team by those who paid their sixpences to see the celebrities they had often heard of, but whom, for the first time, the iron horse brought into their midst. Nothing is so essential for the production of a good cricketer as that he should *see* good cricket. It was seeing those eleven good cricketers that has developed the numberless good cricketers the country can now boast. That development will continue, for the train can land in a few hours, and at a small expense, the devotee of cricket on the Metropolitan grounds, where, almost every day for three months, one may be certain of seeing a first-class match. That those who look on at the great first-class matches in London do most thoroughly understand the game was, I thought, shown this year in the match between the Gentlemen and Players at Lords, where, during three days' hard cricket, I cannot recall more than one instance of a mistake in judgment made by the on-lookers. The opposite, I have particularly noticed in one or two of the northern towns where the "gate," as we call it in the south — the "coompany," as they call it in the north—is immense. For instance, at Manchester, where they sometimes take £1,000, chiefly in threepences and sixpences, in three days, the ring is

* Nyren tell us, "So renowned a set were the men of Hambledon, that the whole country round would flock to see one of their trial matches."

not so highly educated—I am only alluding to cricket—as it is at "Lords." Thirteen years ago I played in a Kent *v.* Lancashire match on the Old Trafford ground—perhaps, take it all round, the best in England—and I do not suppose there were fifty pounds on the ground in the two days. Three years ago, in the same match, about £600 was taken. Now these spectators are as eager and excitable as Londoners, but their education in cricket has only recently commenced, and one hears frequent mistakes, such as cheers at the supposed fall of a wicket when a visitor plays a ball hard on to the ground to point or the bowler. The wish has been father to the thought, and an excitable imagination has persuaded observation against itself; but we wise ones, though we may smile, are very willing to excuse the mistake, for we know it arises from zeal. That same zeal, however, is a terrible fellow to run away with one; and I feel compelled to utter one warning note—to the fully quite as much as to the partially-educated—not to be so far carried away as to indulge in outspoken disapprobation of an umpire's decision. There is not one member of a ring of spectators so advantageously situated to decide an appeal as either umpire. The umpires are closer to the game, and, it is reasonable to suppose, their attention is fixed on it, and it alone. Their task is sufficiently hard to exempt them from being blamed by those who cannot possibly see equally well, however zealous they may be. One of the most zealous but indifferent cricketers I can call to mind, used to be in such a state of excitement when he was bowling, that every time a ball was not hit for runs—those balls were very few and far between—he appealed to the umpire, until one day, on appealing for a ball that the batsman had played at, but not touched, the umpire turned the tables on him by calling "wide." Remarkable decisions always have and always will furnish conversation for the cricketer's fireside; but, for audacity, I know of none to beat the following, which was given in a country match in which I was playing with a friend of mine, a very celebrated cricketer. He had been tempting the fieldsmen to throw at his wicket, until at last one did throw and hit it. "Not out," said the umpire, and coming up to my friend at the end of the over added, in an undertone, "You really must be more careful, Sir, you was clean out that time." Such a case, however, is the exception; umpires must make mistakes; but I am convinced that, as a rule, they give their decisions without bias.

The next epoch—I think I must call it one, for though only a consequence of the introduction of steam it has had a most marked effect in one part of England—was the formation of the first amateur wandering club—"I Zingari." Acknowledging no

fixed spot as their home, but making themselves at home on every cricket ground, with good-fellowship and good cricket as their object and their bond of union, the members of this club did for love of the game what Clarke's team did for money as well as love. I Zingari unfolded the black, red, and gold banner everywhere; neither could the seas restrain them, for on the one side they tested the strength of Ireland, on the other they visited Paris, and tried to impart to our lively neighbours some love for "*ce —— jeu de cricket.*"

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, I Zingari may well be proud; for on nearly the same lines has risen club after club, until "their name is legion," their colours as innumerable as the sand on the sea-shore. Far be it from me to find fault with a movement which has had the effect of producing so many amateur cricketers, and so improving their play; but, as an anxious searcher after professional talent in a southern county, I cannot blink the effect that peripatetic cricket has had on the village eleven. In the old coaching days, young Hopeful, the squire's son, was at home for most of the summers of his cricketing career after he had left college; and having seen good cricket there and at school, and perhaps taken a glimpse at head-quarters on his way down for the vacation, his style was probably one which it did the village cricketers good to copy. So it would now —to a greater degree probably—but the village cricketers, the butcher, the baker, the policeman, the schoolmaster, and the more promising of the schoolmaster's pupils, never see young master play, unless it be for three or four days after the London season is over, when the great house is filled with his friends and they contend against a neighbour's eleven, or the clubs of the nearest town. He is always away playing with one or other of the dozen wandering clubs, whose gorgeous colours he has permission to wear.

The squire does all he can to encourage cricket—having a notion that if the young 'uns are employed at cricket or other athletic sports for a few hours out of their leisure time, there is so much less time for them to be getting into mischief—and he cannot understand why, when the village eleven does play a match against a team possessing a bowler whose only merit is that he can bowl straight, the sticks go tumbling down, one after the other, like a row of wooden soldiers. My dear sir, it is simply that they are trying to play a correct game in very inferior style—almost an impossibility; your lads would get ever so many more runs if they tried to get every ball round to the "on" with a cross-bat. I consider, therefore, that peripatetic cricket has done much harm to village cricket *in the South*, and has helped to cause a dearth of professional talent in that half of England. Prospects

are brightening, I admit. One county, thanks to the possession of a metropolitan ground, and, consequently, a well-filled purse, and another, thanks to the generosity of an enthusiast, are enabled to spend large sums of money on the search after and the tuition of promising youngsters, with undoubtedly gratifying results.

I may be asked why has not peripatetic cricket had the effect of withering professional talent *in the North*? For this very simple reason: the Northener is, as a rule, a townsman. Working hard all day, he is only too glad to get out on to the cricket-ground for a breath of fresh air, and to stretch his cramped limbs with a game; whereas the Southerner is more often an out-door worker, and when his work is done, unless urged on to it by ambition or pure love of the game, would, as a rule, prefer to sit in his cottage-porch with his pipe, or tend his garden, than take part in a game the effects of which he would probably feel the next day.

But cannot peripatetic cricket-clubs help towards the improvement of style in villages? I think they certainly can by making tours through the counties to which they, or the members who get up the elevens, are more particularly attached. This has been done in the case of one or two clubs, and I trust the practice may extend itself to most of the southern counties. It is only by these means that we can hope to see an improvement in the style of cricket played by professionals, and it must be remembered that professional cricketers are absolutely essential if cricket is to be maintained at its present high standard of excellence. I remember an Australian gentleman once saying to me that he hoped to see the professional cricketer eradicated from the cricket-field. He had but a slight acquaintance with the class, and on that ground, and that only, was his remark excusable. A more deserving body of men it would be difficult to find. Their work, especially among those who do not rise to the top of the tree, is very hard; they are always expected to be in a good temper; they are always expected to be keen. They are keen, very remarkably so, in my opinion. A very good proof of this was given the other day by a little friend of mine who, on being congratulated on a long score he had recently made, replied: "Thank you, sir, but I can't get them for the county." He always did his best for whatever club he might be playing; but, his heart being in the right place, he would, if he could have made the choice, have preferred being successful for his county. So it is with all the professionals I ever met. It would be a most distinct loss to cricket if such a body of men were withdrawn from our cricket-fields. There are but few gentlemen who have the time, the money, and the inclination to continue playing first-class cricket after five-and-twenty. They choose and follow

their professions, and the claims of these and their homes withdraw them from the battle-field, except when on occasions they are induced to don their armour for the good of the club or the county. Professional cricketers we must have, therefore; and therefore, also, let us by all means encourage them to persevere in their profession, so that, having a not unworthy object in life—for to be honest and hard-working, to strive for success oneself but to suppress jealous feelings at the success of others, are surely worthy objects—they may do their part towards the welfare of the community.

The last, but not the least important epoch I shall mention, was the first visit of an English eleven to Australia, the precursor of an interchange of visits which appear not likely to decrease in frequency. That they should have produced a few bickerings and heart-burnings is only natural. Our Australian brothers are convinced that Australia can hold its own with any known part of the world. With a sincere love and admiration for the old country, they decline to admit that their Southern home, its sturdy sons, and its many products are one whit inferior to it. They are quite right. Would England be the mother of nations that she is, the centre of the world's gaze, if her sons had not always been convinced of one thing, that their own was the greatest country in the world, and could produce everything better than any other? This interchange of visits has done good to cricket in many ways. Do not let us then quarrel with our visitors or our hosts, whichever they may be, if they show an inclination to "blow"; we call it "brag," and we have done enough of it, in all conscience, in our time.

Still, having offered a word of advice to cricket enthusiasts in England, I shall venture to offer one to Australians; I do not say enthusiasts in their case, because every Australian, native or colonist, is one. My advice is that they should discourage any too anxious inclination among amateurs towards turning cricket into a lucrative profession. If professional cricketers prove to be necessary in Australia, as I say they are in England, encourage their appearance by all means; but do not do anything to encourage the formation of a class of semi-professionals. Cricketing tours round the world are expensive, and it is only fair that those who, for love of the game, leave their professions for a time, should be adequately remunerated; but there is a happy mean capable of attainment, and a too eager stipulation for favourable terms, both at home and abroad, may lead to these visits being received with indifference rather than welcome.

In the foregoing lines I have endeavoured, very shortly, to run through the different changes which have occurred in the game of cricket in the last century and a half, and to show how it has been

influenced by concurrent events. It is, perforce, but a cursory glance, but I trust it may not be uninteresting to read how, by slow but sure degrees, the game has so fixed itself in the affections of the English people. In the steadiness of its development, in the moral influence it exercises by bringing together the different classes in society, in the important part it has played in strengthening the feelings of friendship between England and her colonies, I think cricket deserves to take a high rank among Conservative institutions, and is, therefore, deserving of consideration in the *National Review*.

HARRIS.

ON THE RELATION OF LITERATURE TO POLITICS.

It has happened to me, more than once of late, at political gatherings, to be asked to respond to the toast of Literature; and so one may conclude that, in the opinion of some persons at least, there is between literature and politics a close and familiar relation. I have long thought that there is; but observation of the opinions of others has led me to inquire whether the relation be one of amity or of antagonism. I should like to try, even though it be only by reflections that may appear desultory and imperfectly connected, to elucidate a question that is, I think, not devoid of interest.

Mr. Trevelyan, in his entertaining biography of his uncle, records a saying of Macaulay to some such effect as this: that a man who, endowed with equal capacity for achieving distinction in literature and in politics, selects a political career, gives proof of insanity. Most men of letters, I fancy, would endorse that sentiment. But the decisions which men have to make in this world, are not, as a rule, presented to them with the definiteness that gives artistic charm, as well as moral meaning, to a well-known masterpiece in the Palazzo Borghese. Between Sacred and Profane Love, between the love of literature and the pursuit of politics, the line is not, in practice, drawn so hard and fast as in the beautiful apologue immortalised by Titian. Loves that are altogether sacred and in no degree profane, are not, I should imagine, frequently offered to anyone; and though loves wholly profane and in no measure sacred, are, perhaps, not so uncommon, they are not likely in that absolutely coarse form to exercise enduring attraction over the finer spirits. It is the curious and inextricable amalgam of the two that constitutes the embarrassment. Literature entirely divorced from politics is a thing by no means so common, so easily attained, or indeed so disinterestedly sought after, as it is sometimes assumed to be by men of letters who have revived the creed of "art for art's sake" with such ardent piety during the passing generation; and though, with the Birmingham Caucus and much Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary oratory before

our minds, we should hesitate to affirm that politics are not occasionally cultivated with a fine disregard for literature, yet the literary flavour that nearly always accompanies the speeches of Mr. Bright, and what I think we may not inappropriately call the literary way of looking at political questions, which prevails so extensively at present, suffice to show that literature and politics are in practice not so much distinct territories as border-lands whose boundaries are not easily defined, and that continually run into, over-lap, and are frequently confounded with, each other.

But is it to be desired, even should it appear to be possible, to restrict literature and politics each to its own particular sphere, and forbid either to trespass upon the territory of the other? Would they be gainers by this absolute severance? I am strongly inclined to think that both would lose considerably; and the loss, I fancy, would fall more heavily upon literature even than upon politics. Dickens is said to have expressed his deep regret that, as he worded it, a man like Disraeli should have thrown himself away by becoming a politician. The observation, perhaps, smacks a little of the narrow estimate of life with which that great genius may not unjustly be reproached. But few people, if any, would think of denying that Lord Beaconsfield might have won more enduring distinction in the Republic of Letters than can be accurately placed to his account, had he dedicated himself with less ardour—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, with less tenacity—to party politics. Like most persons of a contemplative disposition, he read sparingly, and found in the pages of others not so much what they themselves put there, as a provocation and stimulus to fresh thoughts of his own. "See what my gracious Sovereign sent me as a present at Christmas," he said to me one day. It was a copy of the *édition de luxe* of *Romola*; and in it was written, in the beautiful flowing hand of the Queen, "To the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., from his affectionate and grateful friend, Victoria." "But," he added, "I cannot read it." I ventured to recommend him not to make that confession to everybody, for it would not raise their estimate of his literary acumen. "Well," he said, "it's no use. I can't." No doubt *Romola* not unoften smells over-much of the lamp, and in all probability will not permanently occupy the position assigned to it with characteristic confidence by contemporaneous enthusiasm. But, if a man can read novels at all, and if he demands from the novelist something more than the mere craft of the story-teller, surely *Romola* ought to content him; and I suspect it would have contented Lord Beaconsfield had he permitted his taste as a man of letters the same amount of expansion he afforded to his tendencies as a practical politician. At the same time, I could well understand a

person arguing, though I could hardly agree with him, that Benjamin Disraeli was not designed by nature to be a more complete and finished man of letters than he actually became, and that his keen interest in politics, and the knowledge of political and social life he in consequence acquired, contribute to his written works their principal charm and their most valuable ingredients. I suspect the truth concerning him to be, that he was compounded in such equal proportions of the man of meditation and the man of action, that under no circumstances would he have been content to be merely a man of letters, or merely a politician, and that he fulfilled his nature, so to speak, by being alternately one and the other. That a man should attain to great and real eminence in literature by pursuing such a course, is out of the question. The wonder is that, having achieved even such literary distinction as he did, he should have attained to great and real eminence as a statesman.

If, therefore, Lord Beaconsfield might have been a more distinguished man of letters, had he not been so keen a politician, the proper conclusion is that literature in his case suffered hurt, not from politics, but from an excess of politics. It would not be easy to name a character more utterly unlike Benjamin Disraeli than Wordsworth—a man of letters pure and simple, if we are ever to find one. True it is that Wordsworth loved his country with ardour, and that the word England had for him great and stimulating associations, and on more than one occasion gave to his muse an unusual sonority; but, as a rule, he lived remote from human ken, divorced from human business, amid the silence of the starry sky and the sleep of the everlasting hills. What was the result? I protest that I admire the best and highest poetry of Wordsworth with a fervour and an enthusiasm not exceeded by those who will, perhaps, forgive me for calling them his fanatical worshippers. But I must continue to think that Wordsworth would have given himself the chance of being a yet more admirable poet than he was, had he—I do not say quitted his lakes, and hills, and streams; heaven forbid!—but had he consorted at times more freely and fully with his fellow-creatures, had he been not a poet only, but something in addition to a poet; had he led a rather more mixed life; had he done, in fact, what we feel the various writers spoken of as Homer must have done, and what we know was done by the great Athenian dramatists, by Virgil, by Dante, by Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and even by Shelley. Politics do not necessarily mean party politics, though in this country, at this moment, the one runs dangerously near to implying the other. Politics mean, or ought to mean, the practical concerns of the

many, of the state, of the continent, or of mankind at large, as contradistinguished from the mere personal interests and emotions of the individual. With those concerns Wordsworth would have little or nothing to do, except in the most abstract way; and the consequence is that his poetry is the poetry of the individual, and nearly always of the same individual, and is lacking in the element of variety, especially in the greatest element of all, viz. action, in which is necessarily included the portrayal of passion and character.

Would not the proper conclusion, therefore—a conclusion not overstrained nor stated with excessive dogmatism—seem to be, that literature, though demanding precedence in the affections, and exacting the chief attention of one who professes really to love it, is not a jealous mistress, but, on the contrary, is only too well pleased to see even its most attached votaries combine with their one supreme passion a number of minor interests and even minor affections. To quote Lord Beaconsfield once more, "Action may not bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action." I am not sure that that is quite true, though it was true of himself no doubt. Epictetus, and even Epicurus, would have something to say on the other side. But I entertain little doubt that it is strictly true to affirm that the highest literary eminence is not attainable by persons who stand aloof, and have always stood aloof, from the field of action; that mere contemplation, no matter how lofty, how profound, or how persistent, will not make a man a great poet or a great artist of any kind; and that the doctrine of "art for art's sake," if applied in its rigid signification, must end by narrowing and finally debasing what it is designed to elevate. Carlyle says, with his customary rashness, that the end of life is not a thought but an action. Leaving to ethical teleologists to decide what is the end of life, we reap more immediate profit by noticing that action helps thought, and thought helps action. By action thought is rendered more masculine, attains to greater breadth, and acquires a certain nobleness and dignity. Thanks to thought, action may become more definite, more precise, more fruitful. But then it is assumed that each exerts itself in due times and seasons, and leaves to the other abundant opportunities and ample latitude. When we are bidden to observe that

> the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

we well understand that thought has been excessive, that action has not had fair play, and that the brain has paralysed the hand.

No one can read the *Iliad* without feeling that the writer, or

writers, of the stirring debates with which it is thronged had greatly consorted with men and was intimately familiar with public life. Addressing an assembling of undergraduates at Cambridge, and seeking to justify the association of literature and politics which they had given me as a text, I ventured to ask if the *Iliad* is not a political poem, for is it not full of discussions as animated as any of our own Parliamentary ones, in which Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, to say nothing of Thersites, successively take part, and are not these succeeded, as in our own case, by deliberations of equal acrimony in an Upper House, where Juno, Venus, Vulcan, and even Jove himself, participate in the oratorical fray? The first and last note of the *Æneid*, the one text of the great poem of Virgil is, "*Romanam condere gentem*," to show how was established, and to intimate how might be extended, the Empire of Rome. Virgil, the most tender, the most finished, the most literary of poets, took the warmest interest in the politics of his country, or he would never have got much beyond the range of his Pastorals and Bucolics. The first word in the first ode of Horace is the name of a prime minister, quickly to be followed by the ode, *Jam satis terris*, with its patriotic allusions to national pride and military honour. Most people, I imagine, associate Dante with the period of his exile, quite forgetting why he was exiled. He had to thank the interest he displayed in the politics of his native city for that prolonged banishment; and so keen a party man was this great contemplative bard, that in the same poem in which Beatrice reproves in heaven, Dante represents his political enemies as gnashing their teeth in hell. That was when, *al suo dispetto*, he had become the man of letters pure and simple. But, in the heyday of his fortunes, and long after he had first seen and become enamoured of Beatrice, and had written the *Vita Nuova*, he had taken so active a part and become so influential a personage in the public affairs of Florence, that, when invited to go on a difficult embassy, he exclaimed, "If I go, who will stay? Yet, if I stay, who will go?" It was no backsliding, therefore, no hesitation, that made Dante a public character for a moment, quickly to repent his infidelity to the Muse. To the last, it is abundantly evident that he would fain have combined in his career the poet and the politician. Yet the first words addressed by Virgil to Dante, when they met "*nel gran diserto*," and Dante asked him whether he was "*ombra od uomo certo*," seem almost to imply—though I am not aware that commentators, too busy, perhaps, in seeking for historical and mythical allusions, have noticed the fact—that Virgil meant to reprove the intruder upon the *selva oscura* with condescending to mix in the turmoil of public life, instead of confining himself to literature and philosophy. These are the

words, which students of the *Divina Commedia* will scarcely require to have cited for them :—

Poeta fui, e cantai di quel guisto
Figliuol d' Anchise, che venne da Troia,
Poichè il superbo Ilion fu combusto.
Ma tu perchè ritorni a tanta noia?
Perchè non sali il dilettoso monte
Ch'è principio e cagion di tutta gioia?

I was a poet, and I sang of that just son of Anchises, who came from Troy after proud Ilion was laid in ashes. But you—why do you return to worries of that sort? Why do you not ascend the delightful mountain, which is the principle and cause of all true happiness?

Were this the place, one might quote other lines in the same canto—for instance,

A te convien tenere altro viaggio—

in support of this interpretation, and so add one more pebble to the cairn of commentaries upon one of the finest but most disputed passages in literature. But, granting that the suggestion is sound, we must bear in mind, withal, that the words are not the real words of Virgil, but words put into his mouth by Dante at a period when Dante himself was weary and sick to death of *tanta noia*, the annoyances of political life, and had cast longing eyes upon the *dilettoso monte*. What real man of letters that ever ventured into the arid and somewhat vulgar domain of politics, has not felt the same feeling of revulsion, the same longing for the water-brooks? But, years after Dante wrote that passage, he strove, petitioned, and intrigued to be allowed to return to Florence and its perpetual civic strife, and envied, as Byron makes him say, in "The Prophecy of Dante,"

. . . . Every dove its nest and wings,
Which waft it where the Apennine look down
On Arno, till it perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town.

If the Crusades were not politics, we should have to narrow the meaning of the word very considerably; and if the Crusades were political, another poet must be added to the list of those who have not disdained to draw inspiration from public affairs, Torquato Tasso, the author of *Gerusalemme Liberata*. What are the first two lines of the *Orlando Furioso*?—

Le donne, i cavallier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto.

L' audaci imprese! There you have it. The loves of fair ladies were not enough for Ariosto, but with them he needs must blend the clash of arms and mighty enterprises. Both these poets were, in the phrase of Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, "unscrupulously epic," and fused the red-hot lava of their time in the mould of their enduring verse. Nobody requires to be told that Chaucer was the

friend of statesmen and the colleague of ambassadors. In him we find the two salient characteristics of all the best English poetry, a close observation and tender love of external nature, and a keen interest in the characters and doings of men; and, for this reason, critics hail him as the true precursor of Shakespeare. The lofty symbolism of Spenser, and the almost unvarying elevation and dignity of his style, seem to place him rather remote from the common herd, and to make him, in a sense, a little less human than some might wish him to be. But, in his writings, he does not hold himself more aloof from the vulgar than Dante does; and, like Dante, he was a man of the world, and participated in the art of government and the administration of public affairs. The "poet of the poets" also combined literature with politics.

The days of Burleigh were hardly days when the son of a provincial woolstapler was likely to be much heard of in the domain of politics. But the historical plays of Shakespeare traverse a space of more than two hundred years, or from King John to Henry VIII., and could not have been written by one who did not combine with other gifts a lively interest in the politics of his country. Shakespeare is the idol of us all, the only reproach I have ever heard addressed to him being that he was rather too aristocratic in his sympathies, and too Conservative in his views; foibles which can scarcely surprise us in one who had so intimate a knowledge of human nature, and so shrewd an appreciation of its strong and weak points. Nor was it an injury, but a distinct gain, to the prince of dramatic poets, that he should have been compelled to concern himself with the practical affairs of life, and to busy himself actively with the management of a theatre. The lament about his nature being subdued to what it worked in, may be taken as an ebullition of momentary weakness even in that robust and manly temperament. Shakespeare was compounded of too many and too large elements to have been a poet only, and "art for art's sake" could never have found lodgment in his wide sympathies, his capacious understanding, and his versatile imagination.

If Conservatism may, in a sense, claim Shakespeare as an authority in its favour, in Milton, on the other hand, I suppose Liberalism would recognise a support; and, as inclining to what he considered a virtuous despotism, Cromwell's Secretary may justly be esteemed a Liberal. At any rate, he was a keen politician, a passionate partisan. I have always thought the allusion made by Walter Scott to Milton in his life of Dryden hasty and unfair. "Waller was awed into silence," he says, "by the rigour of the puritanic spirit; and even the muse of Milton was scared from him by the clamour of religious and political controversy, and only returned, like a sincere friend, to cheer the adversity of one who

had neglected her during his career of worldly importance." A more recent writer, Mr. William Michael Rossetti, seems to echo the same charge. "In 1641," he says, "Milton stepped into the lists of controversy as a prose writer, beginning the series of works which, far more than his poetry, gave him his conspicuous public standing during his lifetime, and have doubtless bereaved the world of many an immortal verse which it would otherwise have to treasure." That Milton's controversial writings gave him more conspicuous public standing in his lifetime than his immortal poetry is indisputable, and not to be wondered at. A man's contemporaries would naturally rather have him useful than ornamental, and while persons whose opinions were furthered by his political writings were, as might have been expected, more interested in these than in poems from which they reaped no advantage, those people, on the other hand, to whom his political writings were obnoxious, felt themselves, as might also have been expected, but little disposed to extol, or even to read, his poetry. It may, perhaps, be taken as an absolute rule that a man of letters who is also a politician, thereby debars himself to a considerable extent from literary eminence in his life-time; a matter of little moment, however, since to every reflective mind contemporary popularity is no pledge of enduring fame, while contemporary neglect is not necessarily an omen of eternal oblivion. But it is quite another thing to affirm that men of letters who, like Milton, participate freely in the political controversies of their time "bereave the world of many an immortal verse," or to insinuate, with Scott, that they desert the Muse for "a career of worldly importance," and only remember its charms in the season of their adversity. I think anyone who has read *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* will be of opinion that Milton wrote quite as much verse as it was desirable he should write, whether for our delectation or for his own splendid fame. We see the appalling result of always writing verse and never doing anything else, in the portentous bulk "bequeathed" to us, by even so eminent a poet as Wordsworth, of matter that his idolators persist in asking the world to accept as a precious revelation, but which the world persists, and I cannot doubt will always persist, in regarding as respectable twaddle that ought to have gone up the chimney. Mr. Matthew Arnold has, in current phrase, "boiled down" Wordsworth, in order to make him more palatable to general consumption; and he gives excellent reasons for having done so.

"In Wordsworth's seven volumes," he says, "the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them: so inferior to them, that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can

imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work."

Elsewhere,* I have striven to show that even in the edition of Wordsworth's poetry Mr. Arnold has given us, and which contains, I suppose, not a tenth of what Wordsworth published, Mr. Arnold has himself exhibited a little too much "faith and seriousness" respecting what he has laboured to save from Lethe, and that the "boiling down" process will have to be gone through again by somebody else. The tenth part will have to undergo the operation applied to the whole, and be itself reduced to another one-tenth. The corn must be winnowed by a yet finer sieve; all the chaff and husk must be blown away; and what then remains will be the *fine fleur* of poetry indeed. In a word, had Wordsworth, like Milton, devoted himself, at some season of his life, to public affairs, he would doubtless have written less verse, and possibly more poetry. Had Milton abstained altogether from politics, he would possibly have written more verse, but it is improbable that he would have written more poetry. What he wrote acquired strength, and even elevation, from his temporary contact with affairs and his judicious co-operation with the active interests of the State. "As the giant Antæus," says Heine, "remained invincible in strength as long as he touched mother earth with his feet, and lost this power when Hercules lifted him into the air, so also is the poet strong and mighty as long as he does not abandon the firm ground of reality, but forfeits his power when he loses himself in the blue ether." No doubt the poet must have his head in the air, and no ether need be too high or too rarefied for his imagination to breathe; but without a strong foot-hold of the ground he runs the risk of too often lapsing, as Mr. Arnold affirms Wordsworth constantly lapsed, into "abstract verbiage," or of falling into intolerable puerilities.

Nor is it just to assert that Milton neglected the Muse during his career of worldly importance. It would be as fair to say the same of Dante, between whom and Milton, in point of genius as well as in vicissitudes of life, there is a remarkable similarity. Dante wrote the *Vita Nuova* at a comparatively early age, just as Milton wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas* in the spring-time of his life. Then came a pause, indeed a long silence, for each of them, and it was not till they had reached the meridian of intellectual life that they betook themselves each to his *magnum opus*, Dante to the *Divina Commedia*, Milton to

* In a paper in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1882, entitled "Wordsworth and Byron."

Paradise Lost. Anyone observant of the habit of our best English song-birds must be aware that after singing lustily, and with a rapturous lyrical carelessness, through the vernal months, they become silent during the heats of summer. Then in early autumn they sing again, with more measure, more continence, let us say with more self-criticism and fastidiousness; and though the note may not be so boisterous, it is more mellow and mature.

> Disdain not their instruction, for it is
> The privilege of reason to grow wise
> By noting tricks of instinct.

No doubt Dante and Milton did not take this course, of deliberate purpose; with them, too, it was an instinct; but I suspect that poets would give themselves a better chance of writing works that posterity will not willingly let die, by observing a "close time," a season of summer silence between the April of the soul when sing one must, and the advent of the early autumn days, with their auburn tints, their meditative haze, and grave tranquil retrospects. Who shall say when the fruits of harvest-time begin to ripen? But this clearly one may affirm, that but for the summer months when they seem almost to be stationary in colour, they would never ripen at all. We know, I think, as a fact, that Milton commenced writing *Paradise Lost* some years before the restoration of the Monarchy, but no one can tell how much earlier still it was really commenced. Milton himself could not have told. The children of the Muse are conceived long before they quicken; and even a lyric, apparently born in a moment, was often begotten in the darkness and the silence of the days gone by. Works as colossal as the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost* have deep and distant foundations, and the noblest passages of human verse are the unpremeditated outpourings of men who are habitually plunged in meditation. Milton originally designed to make of man's first disobedience a drama, not an epic, a circumstance which suggested to Dryden the unfortunate idea of doing for Milton what Milton finally decided not to do for himself, and called into existence that absurd production, *The State of Innocence.* The least serious reflection upon the subject, if coupled with any insight into the methods and operations of imaginative genius, will satisfy anybody that in the very midst of his political controversies and ecclesiastical polemics Milton was in reality already composing *Paradise Lost.* Dante never returned to Florence after he was exiled, and it was in banishment that he wrote the *Divina Commedia.* Yet the *Sasso di Dante*, the stone on which he used to sit, gazing intently at the Duomo and at Giotto's Campanile, is one of the sacred sights of the profane Tuscan city, and his townsmen had already

learnt to speak of him as "One who had seen Hell." What enabled him to see it so clearly was his familiarity with the ways of men and the uncelestial politics of Florence. It was through Beatrice and the passion of Love—"*Amor che il ciel governi*"*—that he gained access to Paradise, and a knowledge of those things of which he says—

. . . che ridire
Nè sa nè può qual di lassù discende.

But the sadness of Purgatory, and the horrors of Hell, these he learned from the wrangles of Guelf and Ghibelline, of these he obtained mastery by being, in A.D. 1300, Priore of the fairest, most mercurial, and most profligate of cities. The lines—

. . . Take it from me, boy,
There's no such physic for the love-sick soul
As the brisk air of public policy,—

are equally true of literature, at least in its higher manifestations. We have the authority of Shakespeare, who ought to have been well informed on that subject, that the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact, and the brisk air of public policy is the best corrective for the disease of narrow intensity to which both alike are peculiarly subject.

There would be no difficulty, I think, in showing that all the greater men of letters of the eighteenth century were largely indebted for the literary eminence they attained to the vivid interest they displayed in public affairs. To mention Dryden,† Swift, Pope, Addison, is to conjure up before the mind chapter upon chapter of English political history. Pope says,

Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory;

and not without some reason, for, like his friend Swift, he cared more for his own career than for either Party in the State. But no one can read the valuable notes appended by my friend Mr. Courthorpe to his edition of the great satirist, without seeing how alive Pope was to the *quidquid agunt homines* of his generation. As for Swift, he was for a time, as the writer of the admirable paper upon him in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* asserts, the political dictator of Ireland. When Gibbon buckled to the task of writing that monumental work which, I find, many persons to-day declare to be unreadable, but which, I suspect, will be read when nearly everything written in this generation will be as forgotten as yesterday's *Standard*, or last month's *National Review*, he wisely retired to the studious quietude of Lausanne. But he narrates how the description of the tactics of Roman legions and the victories of Roman Proconsuls was rendered more facile

* Paradiso. Canto Primo. v. 74.

† I speak of Dryden as belonging to the eighteenth century, by the character of his genius, though, it is true, he died in the course of the year before it commenced

and familiar to him by his previous experience as a Captain of Yeomanry at home, while even his brief tenure of a seat in the British Parliament enabled him to grasp with more alacrity and precision the legislative conduct of the Conscript Fathers.

In the nineteenth century which, despite its many privileges—not the least of which, perhaps, is that of being able to express a very high opinion of itself, without at present being contradicted—enjoys no immunity from the general laws of human nature, I think the proposition still holds good that men of letters who aspire to high distinction do well not to disdain altogether the politics of their time. I have already referred to Wordsworth, and ventured to suggest that he suffered in some degree, as a poet, from being nothing but a poet. Byron presents a marked contrast in this respect; and I am still impenitently of opinion, which I am comforted to find is shared by most persons who are men of the world, and by men of letters who are something more than men of letters,* that Byron is the most considerable English poet since Milton. Byron contrived to crowd into a very short life a vast amount both of poetry and of public activity; acting upon his own recorded opinion that a man was sent into the world to do something more than to write poetry. A writer who, I fancy, belongs to the school, now happily becoming obsolete, whose verdict was that Byron's poetry, though good enough for Scott, Shelley, and Goethe, is only "the apotheosis of common-place," has recently expressed the opinion that "Byron would not have gone to Greece if he had not become tired of the Contessa Guiccioli, who was, according to Leigh Hunt, on her part scarcely less indifferent." One would have thought that at this time of day a man would have hesitated to traduce either Byron or the woman at whose bidding he wrote "The Prophecy of Dante," on the authority of the famous "puppy-dog" who, as Moore sang,

Fed on him living, and fouled him when dead.

But as far as Madame de Boissy is concerned, I can only say, as one who knew her, and possesses several letters written by her on the subject of Byron, that if at any time she ever became indifferent to him, her affection for him experienced a marvellous revival. As for the suggestion that Byron went to Greece because he was tired

* Art for Art's sake, is a creed that has been embraced by most of the critics of our time. Do we not find, in this circumstance, an explanation of their tendency to extol the quietistic and solitary poets, and, on the other hand, to depreciate the poets who deal with action and the more complex features of life? It is, I submit, the business of the poet to deal with the relation of the individual to himself, to the silent uniform forces of nature, and to other individuals, singly and collectively: in other words, to be dramatic or epic, as well as lyrical or idyllic. All poets of the first rank are both; yet the quietistic and purely introspective critics assign a place, and a prior place as a rule, in the front rank, to poets who are only the second. I cannot think that conclusions reposing on such demonstrably unsound canons of criticism can long hold their ground.

of his companion, it surely is not necessary for a man to go to Greece to get rid of a woman of whom he is tired, unless she happens to be his wife, which, in this case, she was not. Certainly Byron was not the man to consider the "world well lost" for a woman, and no doubt he would have endorsed the sentiment:

> . . . Women should never be
> More than the narrow margin of our lives,
> Past whom its text runs on continuously.

But the letters he wrote to his "companion" from Greece, attest that his affection for her was still not slight. In any case there is no necessity to cast about one for any reason to explain Byron's going to Greece, beyond the exceedingly simple one that he was a man of action as well as a poet, and had a passionate thirst for distinction and fame. Had he lived, instead of dying, for Greece, I cannot doubt that English poetry would have reaped a yet more glorious harvest from him, thanks to his incidental experiences as a soldier and a statesman.

The theme is one that easily lends itself to illustration; but I think enough has been said to justify the conclusion that it is for the best and highest interests of literature that those who love it before all other things, and cherish it beyond all other considerations, should nevertheless take a large and liberal view of what constitutes life, and should include in the excursions of their experience and in the survey of their contemplation, what are called politics, or the business and interests of the State. I do not propose that they should be vestrymen, though I cannot forget that Shakespeare did not disdain to concern himself in the local business of Stratford-upon-Avon. For men of letters to be willing to interest themselves in politics, politics must be interesting. The issues raised must be issues of moment and dignity, issues affecting the greatness of an Empire, the stability of a State, or the welfare of humanity. In a country like our own, where Party Government prevails, it is not easy, indeed it is impossible, for a man of letters to interest himself in politics without inclining, through sympathy and conviction, to one Party in the State rather than to the other; and there are occasions, no doubt, when Party issues are synonymous with the greatness of the Empire, the stability of the State, and the welfare of mankind. But a wise man of letters will do well to stand more or less aloof from all smaller issues, and to avoid, as degrading to the character and lowering to the imagination, Party wrangles that are mere Party wrangles and nothing more.

There have been seasons in the history of the human race, melancholy seasons for the human mind, the "evil days" spoken of by Milton, when men of letters could not, with any self-respect,

mix in politics. How much more highly we should think of Seneca if that literary Stoic had not been a minister of Nero. There was no room for a self-respecting man of letters in French politics during the reign of Napoleon I., none during the earlier years of the reign of Napoleon III., unless he happened to be a sincere admirer of a corrupt and brilliant despotism. There are despotisms that are corrupt, or what is equally bad, vulgar and servile, without being brilliant; and I am not alone in entertaining the fear lest unadulterated Democracy—that is to say, the passions, interests, and power of a homogeneous majority, acting without any regard to the passions and interests that exist outside of it, and purged of all respect for intellect that does not provide it with specious reasons and feed it with constant adulation—should inflict upon us a despotism under which, again, there will be no room, in the domain of politics, for men of letters who respect themselves. It is not the business of a man of letters to take his politics either from a Monarch or a Mob, or to push his fortunes —slightly to alter a celebrated phrase—by those services which demagogues render to crowds. If the love and pursuit of literature do not make a man more independent in character, more disinterested in his reasonings, more elevated in his views, they will not have done for him what I confess I should have expected from them. That politicians pure and simple are becoming less independent, less disinterested, less elevated, indeed, to be frank, more servile, more cowardly, more self-seeking, I, for one, cannot doubt. As long as men of letters can set a somewhat better example, with any hope of the example being contagious, they will do well not to quit an arena where they can exercise not only an intellectual, but what is infinitely more important, a moral influence.

But if the worst comes to the worst, and men of letters find themselves compelled, from self-respect, to turn their back upon politics altogether, their retirement, as far as they are personally concerned, will not be without its compensations. I should imagine that all men of letters who have at any time dedicated a portion of their capacity to public affairs, have ever and anon been tempted to address to themselves the lines of Dante already quoted :—

> Ma tu, perchè ritorni a tanta noia?
> Perchè non sali il dilettoso monte?

For in politics, it is not only the fastidious taste that is perpetually offended; the sensitive conscience, if it remain sensitive in such a turmoil, is periodically troubled. Who can be sure, in politics, that he is right? According to Mr. Bright, for instance, almost everything that was done in English politics and English history until he and Mr. Cobden appeared upon the scene, was

done wrongly. Well, it may be so. But who shall guarantee us against the apparition, in the future, of some equally wise person who will explain that everything done or promoted by Mr. Bright and his friends was also done wrongly, and an entire mistake?

I remember, when I was young, giving myself a considerable amount of trouble to master more or less what are called the principles of Political Economy; and many an autumn afternoon did I spend, *sub tegmine fagi*, diligently conning those two volumes of John Stuart Mill that now stand high on a neglected shelf, and which I should no more think of opening now, than of reading Rollin's *Chronology* or Buffon's *Natural History*. That is not so very long ago, but have we not already relegated Political Economy to Saturn? from which planet, however, it will probably return, whenever it suits the convenience of a great statesman, or the exigencies of an embarrassed Party, to bring it back again. Some people say we live and learn; at any rate we live and unlearn. But one cannot help begrudging the amount of wisdom one acquired at the bidding of the wise, only to be told, a little later, by the self-same instructors, that it was mere folly, and that to persist in it would be pedantry.

Much about the same time, one was doing other things, which I daresay are of little account, but which, at any rate, did nobody any harm, and may possibly have given one or two people some little pleasure. At any rate, speaking generally, one is safe in affirming that the ablest and most conscientious politicians cannot be quite sure that they are not inflicting serious injury on their country, or on mankind, by their beneficent measures and their spirited policy; whereas a man of letters ought certainly to be able to avoid working mischief by what he writes, and may legitimately hope, even though it be a fond delusion, that he is in some degree benefiting his contemporaries, and will not be quite forgotten by posterity. Who, then, can doubt which is the more seductive career? If the sacred and the profane love cannot be cultivated together, then the profane love must go. But it will be an evil day for politics when men of letters are driven to make the choice. For the choice cannot be doubtful. When such a man as Lord Derby tells us that all a statesman has got to do is to ask for his instructions from the ignorant, the selfish, and the headstrong, it is time to protest once more:—

> Nay, dainty Olive, better hedge and ditch,
> Swill oaten porridge, drink some homely brew,
> And thank God for one's simpleness, than be
> A Ruler-gentleman of such degree!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.*

II.†

During the reign of Henry VIII. the splendour of the civic shows rose to its utmost height, and the profusion of gold and silver displayed, the costly silks, embroidered tapestries and gorgeous dresses caused the pageant to reach a climax of magnificence which is almost incredible. It must not be imagined, however, that all this parade signified universal prosperity throughout London, and that the citizens contributed equally to its maintenance. It was far otherwise. The wealth of the metropolis was at that time engrossed by comparatively few individuals, and these spectacles were the only opportunities which the rich and powerful possessed for showing forth their opulence, while they also afforded the only amusements available to the common people.

The manner of living among the generality of the citizens was at that time very miserable. According to an ancient map of the period, the whole of the metropolis was then confined within the city wall, and the suburbs were almost wholly void of buildings. A few houses stood in Smithfield, and a few more led to the Strand; but the fields came close up to the wall along almost the whole of its northern and eastern circumference. Charing Cross was merely connected with the city by an irregular row of houses, and the village of St. Giles lay isolated in the open country. Inside the wall were no less than 130,000 constant residents; for the merchants had then no country villas, but dwelt night and day upon their business premises. The houses were small and narrow, and the floors, says Erasmus, "were commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lay unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, and everything that is nasty." The same author tells us that the crowded manner of building and the almost total exclusion of light and air from the dwellings caused the frequent plagues with which the city

* Continued from page 407, vol. i.

† This article has had the advantage of authoritative revision, for which the writer wishes to express sincere thanks.

was ravaged. Alleys, courts and by-paths abounded in every direction, and the streets though numerous were narrow. There was but one commodious and regular road. It led through the heart of the City, from Aldersgate to Ludgate, and, as it was the route of all the civic processions and shows, great care was bestowed upon it by the municipal authorities. It was almost entirely occupied by goldsmiths' shops, and all trades of a less splendid appearance were rigidly excluded.

Henry VIII. granted the City various favours, and among others two charters: the one, confirmatory of former grants in respect to the right of weighing all important merchandise; the other, for the establishment of the Court of Requests, now called the Court of Conscience. He lived on good terms with the citizens, although rather jealous of the power of the municipality, and apt to assert his authority over the Corporation in a peremptory manner. Thus on "Evil May Day," when a tumult took place in London owing to the animosity of the citizens towards the foreign merchants, he dismissed without punishment the rioters who were brought before him to receive sentence, but severely rebuked the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and laid upon them the whole blame of the uproar. He enrolled as a foot-soldier and sent off to the Scottish wars an unfortunate alderman who refused to contribute to a benevolence; and he imprisoned another refractory citizen for the same reason.

The political influence which the City possessed at this time was considerable. Thus we read that during the reign of Edward VI., when it was supposed that the Protector of the Realm—the Duke of Somerset—was unlawfully exercising his authority over the young king, the lords associated with him in power appealed for assistance to the City magnates. A Court of Common Council was called, and, after due consideration, it was decided that a member of the Corporation should be deputed to represent the matter to the Sovereign. The alderman chosen for the office entered boldly into the King's presence, and fulfilled his mission with such success, that the Protector was completely undone, and was shortly afterwards conducted to the Tower by the triumphant citizens. This act raised the municipality in the King's favour. He bestowed upon the City the Hospital of St. Thomas; and, by a charter issued one month before his death, he incorporated the Lord Mayor, Commonalty, and City of London as governors of the Hospitals of St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, Christ, and Bridewell, together with all their lands and possessions.

Another proof of the City's political power is afforded by the fact that, during Wyatt's rebellion, Queen Mary repaired to the Guildhall, and there made a conciliatory harangue to the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and the chief of the city companies. She well

knew that the stability of her throne depended upon the allegiance of the citizens, and she threw herself without reserve upon their protection.

From the commencement of her reign Queen Elizabeth was a great favourite in the capital. A pamphlet published in 1558 describes in quaint terms her passage through the City the day before her coronation. It tells us that the "most noble Christian Princess, our most dred Sovereign, marched from the Tower, richly furnished, and accompanied with barons, nobles, and a notable train of beautiful ladies. Entering the City, she was marvellously received with prayers, wishes, welcomings, cryes, tender words, and all other signs which argue a wonderful earnest of love, and her grace, by holding up her hands and merrie face to such as were afar of, and by tender language to such as stood nigh, showed herself thankful for the people's good-will; when they said 'God save your Grace!' she answered agayne 'God save you all!' The City Recorder presented her with 1,000 golden marks in a beautiful purse, which she took with both hands, and said: 'I thank my Lord Mayor, his brethren, and you all. You ask that I should continue your good Lady and Queen. Be ye ensured that I will be as good unto you as ever queen was to her people. No will in me can lack; neither do I trust shall there lack any power. Persuade yourselves that for the safetie and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to spend my blood. God thank you all!'"

The good impression created at her coronation continued "through great Eliza's golden days"; and mutual confidence existed between the City and the Sovereign. The Queen avoided all burthensome taxation, making, as she said, "her purse the pockets of her people"; the citizens submitted cheerfully to various measures which she imposed upon them, even though her orders interfered with their chartered rights. Thus, when the country was threatened with the Spanish invasion, the companies complied with her demand for 5,000 soldiers; and the Lord Mayor and aldermen answered her call for 10,000 soldiers and twenty-eight ships.

A great change took place in the principles of trade during the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successors. This was produced by various agencies, such as the colonisation of America, which widened the interests of traders; the settlement of those Huguenot refugees in the Capital who broke down the bar of separation between English and foreign merchants by their simple claim for protection and not for monopolous privileges; the rebellion during the reign of Charles I. against all undue authority; and the great increase made in the navy under the Commonwealth, whereby a freer intercourse was set up with all parts of the

world. The guilds from this period began to sink into a position of inactivity. They had done their work. They had been the nurseries of commerce during the barbarous ages, and had shielded trade interests from the onslaughts of rapacious princes. They had kept the wealth of the country, it is true, in comparatively few hands, and had thus caused the majority to suffer while the minority prospered; but in that period of despotism it could not have been otherwise, for free-trade principles can only thrive upon a free soil, and independent traders can only hold their own under an enlightened form of government. Thus in a seemingly selfish policy the foundations of our commercial greatness were laid. "Individuals," said Lord Beaconsfield, "may form communities, but institutions must found a nation." Our Saxon ancestors recognised the truth of this aphorism, and, by cradling trade in their ancient guilds, have enabled us to become the greatest mercantile nation upon the face of the globe.

After the death of Elizabeth, perpetual struggles took place between the Corporation and the Sovereign. James I. was anxious to show his authority over the City, and the citizens, on their part, were eager to assert their rights and to declare those feelings of independence which they had in common with the rest of the nation. When called upon to furnish their quota towards a projected war, the Londoners supplied but 2,000 men; and they would give but one half the sum of a benevolence which the Sovereign demanded of them. The King summoned the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and accused them of disrespect to his royal authority. He threatened to punish such disloyal conduct by removing the seat of his government to York, and the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas elsewhere. "Anyhow, you must leave the Thames behind," was the imperturbable answer of the Lord Mayor; and the King was silenced, for he knew well that the true source of the City's wealth and prosperity was the noble river.

The King shortly after wrote his work entitled *The Book of Sports*, the contents of which were far from pleasing the municipal authorities. The royal author advocated the indulgence in sports and recreations on Sunday, and proclaimed that day to be a day for amusement as well as for rest and religious exercise. To show his disapproval of these ideas, the Lord Mayor stopped the King's carriages as they were being driven through the city during the hours of divine service, and refused to let them pass until he received an angry message from the Sovereign. Then the civic king obeyed with the declaration: "While it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey."

At times, James sought to conciliate the City; and he gave it three valuable charters. Moreover, he conferred upon the Corporation those possessions in Ireland which were the occasion of founding the Irish Society. Owing to frequent rebellions in the north of Ireland, the province of Ulster had become depopulated, and was for the most part confiscated to the Crown. Anxious to colonise the territory with a body of Protestants, King James granted to the Corporation, by charter, the province comprising the city of Londonderry and the town of Coleraine. The charter recites the King's desire to improve the land, to spread true religion, and to cultivate industry in the province of Ulster, which had "grossly erred from Divine grace," and states that the Mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London, "burning with a flagrant zeal to promote such intention," had undertaken the work of colonisation. A committee was appointed by the Corporation, with powers to raise a sum of money and to take measures for the plantation of the colony; and the land was divided into thirteen lots. A Society was founded, and the first lot, containing the city and town, with the public fisheries, was reserved in its hands; the other twelve were disposed of in perpetuity to the twelve great Livery Companies. The Society's charter was taken away by Charles I., but was restored by Charles II.; and the property is now held by the Society under this re-grant.

During the reign of Charles I. the City was constantly applied to for loans. The King's first demand was for £100,000; and when the citizens refused to furnish so large a sum, certain of their principal members were thrown into prison. Charles was sorely in need of money, and in despair he turned upon the Corporation, and tried to fill his exchequer out of the pockets of the citizens. A riot took place. The Lord Mayor and aldermen were threatened with forfeiture of their charter, and were amerced in the sum of £6,000. Prosecutions were carried on in the Star Chamber against the Corporation for pretended abuses in the management of Ulster; the Irish possessions were forfeited, and the city was heavily fined. These, and other oppressive measures, roused the ire of the Londoners, and drove them to join the enemies of the unfortunate King. Nevertheless, after his death, they refused to proclaim an act for the exheredation of the royal line, and, true to their royalist instincts, they gave Charles II. a cordial welcome when he ascended the throne.

The first act of the new King was to grant the Inspeximus Charter: a charter which confirms by name, by recital, and in the most ample terms, all the preceding charters, as well as all the ancient City privileges and customs. This deed raised the hopes of the citizens, and they looked forward to a period of

tranquillity after the storms of the previous years. But they were very soon undeceived. When pressed by financial difficulties, the King forgot all his former promises. He plundered the citizens, interfered with their privileges, and trampled upon their civic rights. In order to reduce the City to a state of abject dependence, he induced Sawyer, the attorney-general, to prove a forfeiture of its charters. A writ of *quo warranto* was accordingly issued. The case was argued at length, and with great ability upon both sides. But the judges were partisans of the Sovereign, and their ruling was prejudiced. Judgment was given against the City. All the aldermen obnoxious to the Sovereign were removed from office, and a new Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Recorder, were appointed by Royal Commission. Thus the King obtained City officers devoted to his own interests. He could now plunder the City at his pleasure, and fine the citizens without restraint.

James II. carried on the same principles of government as his brother, namely, he sought to overturn the rights of the City and to rule altogether by force of prerogative. Nevertheless, when apprised of the landing of the Prince of Orange, he speedily changed his tactics. He informed the Lord Mayor that he was determined to restore the City's charter and privileges, and he even sent Jefferies, his chief legal adviser, to deliver the charter to the Court of Aldermen. His repentance, however, was too late. No sooner had he left London than the Lords of Parliament hastened to the Guildhall, and there, together with the Municipal authorities, made a solemn declaration in favour of William of Orange. An address was drawn up by the Court of Common Council, imploring the Prince's protection, and a message of ardent congratulation was borne to him by the Recorder.

The Prince of Orange was quick to perceive the important position which the Capital occupied, and to recognise that the preservation of the City in all its rights and privileges was necessary to the welfare of the kingdom. Thus, shortly after his accession, he directed the attention of Parliament to civic matters; and the City was amply repaid by the Legislature for all it had previously suffered. The judgment obtained upon the late *quo warranto* was declared by statute to be illegal and arbitrary, and it was enacted that the same judgment should be made null and void. Moreover, it was ordained that the Mayor, commonalty, and citizens, should for ever after continue a body corporate and politic, and that they should enjoy all the rights, charters, liberties, franchises, customs, prescriptions, markets, tolls, &c., which they had enjoyed before the *quo warranto*.

Upon this statute the rights of the City now rest; its effect being to relegate the citizens to the possession of the same

privileges as they enjoyed under the Inspeximus Charter of Charles II., with the additional sanction of Parliament.

And with this statute the political history of the City terminates; for ever since it was passed the citizens have enjoyed their municipal rights and privileges unmolested.

The nineteenth century, it appears, is about to issue a new writ of *quo warranto*. Let the judges pause ere they give judgment. Let them remember that they are dealing with one of our greatest national institutions, with the chief of our subordinate bodies politic. Let them remember the legacy of noble memories which the Corporation has bequeathed to us; the long list of able statesmen, distinguished politicians, intelligent financiers, eminent judges, and great merchants it has nurtured; the numerous occasions upon which it has triumphantly vindicated our constitutional liberties, and has asserted, not only its own municipal rights, but also the rights of all England. Let them remember that the institution they are dealing with is one dear to the hearts of all Englishmen; because, although it may often have been found wanting in judgment, it has never once been found wanting in patriotism.

* * * * * * *

The head of the present Corporation of London is the Lord Mayor. He is the chief depositary of the privileges, and the assertor of the rights of the City; he is, also, Chief Butler at the Coronation of the Sovereign; Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London; Justice of Oyer and Terminer; Justice of the Peace of the City; Justice of Gaol Delivery at Newgate; Clerk of the Markets; Gauger of Wine and Oil; Meter of Coals, Grain, Salt, and Fruit; a Conservator of the Thames and Lee Rivers; Chairman of every Committee he attends, &c. He is elected annually from the aldermen who have served as Sheriff; and the method of election consists, 1st, in the nomination by liverymen of two persons who are free of the City (the freedom of the City can be acquired by three ordinary modes: patrimony, apprenticeship, or redemption); 2ndly, in the selection by the Court of Aldermen, from the two thus nominated, of one to fill the office. The Lord Mayor is elected on the 29th of September, but he does not come into office until the 8th of November. He receives £10,000 per annum; but this sum rarely suffices for his expenditure; for he is expected to subscribe to all charitable institutions within his jurisdiction and to show universal hospitality.

The aldermen are twenty-six in number, and preside over the following wards:

Aldgate, Cripplegate, Billingsgate, Tower, Aldersgate, Candlewick, Castle Baynard, Langbourn, Cordwainer, Bassishaw, Bishops-

gate Within, Portsoken, Broad Street, Bridge Without, Bridge Within, Cornhill, Queenhithe, Bread Street, Farringdon Without, Farringdon Within, Vintry, Cheap, Lime Street, Dowgate, Coleman Street, Walbrook.

They are chosen by the wards, and the only qualification necessary for office is that the candidate must be a freeman of the City. They are members of the Court of Common Council, and in their collective capacity they constitute the Court of Aldermen. The functions of this latter court are elective, magisterial, judicial, and legislative. It elects the Recorder, the Steward of Southwark, the Clerk to the Lord Mayor, and other minor officers. It is the Bench of Magistrates for the City, the licensing body, and the body to whom all questions affecting the freedom of the City are referred. It admits brokers, and decides upon all questions affecting the election of aldermen, common councillors and others. It has six committees for the despatch of special business, namely, the Gaols Committee, which has the management of the two City prisons, Newgate and Holloway; the Finance Committee; the Committee of Privileges; the General Purposes Committee; the Brokers' Committee; and the Livery Cloth Committee.

The office of the liverymen is to elect the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, chamberlain, bridgemaster, auditors of the City of Bridgehouse accounts, and the four ale-conners. Their court is called "the Common Hall," and consists of the Lord Mayor and his deputy, an alderman who has passed the chair, four other aldermen, and the livery-men of the companies who are freemen.

The Court of Common Council is formed of 206 members elected by the wards. This court is the great legislative body of the Corporation, elects most of the officials of the Corporation, and has unlimited control over the City cash, the control of the Common Seal, and the government of the City hospitals, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, Grey Friars, and Bethlehem. The work of the court is chiefly delegated to the following committees: Bridgehouse Estates; City of London School; City's Lands; Coal, and Corn, and Finance; Epping Forest; Fish Supply; Law and City Courts; Local Government and Taxation; Markets; Metage on Grain; Orphan School; Sanitary; Select Water; Special Guildhall Improvement; Gas and Water; Gresham; Improvement; Irish Society; Kew and other Bridges; Library; Managers of West Ham Park; Music; Officers and Clerks; Police; Sewers; Special; Tithes.

The principal City Law Courts are "The Lord Mayor's Court," which is an equity court; and "The Sheriff's Court," which is the small debts court. The Corporation fulfils various other quasi-municipal functions, having members upon the Thames and Lee Conservancy Boards, and upon other Boards and Committees.

The receipts of the City's cash during the last ten years were £6,969,806 12s. 10d. The payments amounted during the same time to £7,000,158 3s. 1¾d. Of these payments £29,618 10s. 9d. was given in special grants to hospitals and other such charities; £1,630 being bestowed upon the London Hospital; £945 on the Hospital Sunday Fund. £10,000 is annually disbursed from the corporate funds in contributions to various hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, and local charities. These figures, of course, do not include the enormous sums of money which are bestowed upon public charities, &c. by the Livery Companies.

* * * * * *

The Corporation of London is far from thinking itself a perfect institution. It knows itself to be human, and consequently not infallible; but since its administrators are men of upright character, animated by an earnest desire to promote the interests of their fellow-citizens, and, above all, thoroughly conversant with the requirements of trade, it thinks that it is far more likely to understand the question of municipal reformation than Mr. Firth and his following. The Corporation is fully aware that the sphere of its operations ought to be enlarged, and that the form of government which now works with such success within the limited area of the City should be bestowed upon the rest of the Metropolis. It is therefore quite prepared to supersede the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Vestries, and other minor bodies, which now carry on the local government of London outside the City boundaries; but it wishes to deal with the wants of the Capital's leviathan population in its own way. The programme is, "a plurality of municipalities." Thus it would desire to see its confines stretched out, and four new boroughs made: north, south, east, and west. Each borough would have a mayor; and the Lord Mayor, and the four borough mayors, with a certain number of aldermen and councillors for each municipality, would form a council to be called "The London Government Council." This body would regulate all purely metropolitan questions, but would leave all works to be carried out by the several municipalities.

The feasibility of this programme is best illustrated by contrasting it with the programme of Mr. Firth, embodied in the Government of London Bill, about to be introduced into Parliament. We learn, from quasi-official statements, that this Bill seeks to institute for London "one central representative Municipal authority"; and that it proposes to make a *tabula rasa* of the Corporation of the City, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Vestries, District Boards, and all other existing governing bodies in the Metropolis; and to create one municipality, to conduct and control the affairs of all London. The City, it suggests, should be

made one ward, and the rest of the Metropolis 39 more wards; and each ward should have one Alderman and five Councillors. These 240 representatives should do all the work of the Capital, with the Lord Mayor as their head.

The reasons against this mode of proceeding are manifold.

The formidable amount of work would greatly exceed the capacities of the proposed Town-Councillors, and much of it would necessarily be delegated to officials, with the objectionable result of "Government by paid officials."

The system of centralisation involved by the plan is un-English, and has been condemned by every statesman of modern times, and by none more strongly than Mr. Gladstone; because centralisation entirely extinguishes all interest in local government among citizens, and leads, moreover, to increased taxation.

The sole municipality idea has been repeatedly rejected, and notably by the Parliamentary Commission of 1853; for the concentration of so much power into the hands of one popular body would sooner or later excite the apprehension of Government; and should the Lord Mayor be constituted the head of one municipality, as proposed, Government would in time usurp the right of vetoing his election, as is done in Berlin and elsewhere.

Politics would be introduced into municipal elections; for the political value of municipal power would lead to the exclusion of unobtrusive men willing to work conscientiously for the welfare of the community, in favour of political demagogues, who might, as in Paris, prove a danger to the State, or as, for many years, in another great capital, misappropriate public funds.

No precedent exists for the proposed "giant municipality," and the scheme would be experimental.

The Municipality of London, crowned with the honours of ten centuries, has handed down, from generation to generation, a glorious tradition of probity, dignity, loyalty, and industry. It still performs its duties with the ancient fidelity. It is willing to undertake further responsibilities if it may only follow its experience and conscience in their discharge. Is it true political wisdom to attempt the destruction of so great a power for good, and is it political honesty to recommend this design under the specious name of "reform"?

The country is called upon to decide between Corporation extension, and Corporation extinction.

Which shall it be?

M. E. Harkness.

LORD MONBODDO AND MRS. GARRICK.

A Love Episode.

[The letters quoted in this paper are transcribed from the originals, which have not before been made public.—E. F.]

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, who had been studying Rousseau, and was attempting to argue for the superior happiness of savage over civilised life, "there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages over those of civilised men; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, sir, you are not to talk such paradox; let me have no more on't; it cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*."

In one of Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale, he describes Lord Monboddo as "a Scotch judge who has lately written a strange book about the Origin of Language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He inquired for these long-tailed men from Sir Joseph Banks, and was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. He talked nothing of all this to me."

Lord Monboddo was a humorist both in private life and in his literary career. He was, says Sir Walter Scott, a gentleman of the most amiable disposition, and of the strictest honour and integrity. He was deeply read in ancient literature, was a devout believer in the virtues of the heroic ages and the deterioration of civilised mankind, and so great a contemner of luxuries that he would never use a wheel carriage.

There were several points of similarity between him and Johnson—great learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of inquiry on subjects which people in general do not investigate. Foote used to call Lord Monboddo "an Elzevir edition of Johnson."

Johnson writes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*, how on the road from Montrose to Aberdeen "Mr. Boswell observed that we were at no great distance from the house of Lord Monboddo. The magnetism of his conversation easily drew us out of our way, and the entertainment which we received would have been a sufficient recompense for a much greater deviation."

Boswell, though he tells us that he knew Lord Monboddo and Dr. Johnson did not love each other, had sent his servant with a

note to Lord Monboddo, inviting himself and Dr. Johnson to his house, being, as he says, "curious to see them together."

They drove over a wild moor; it rained heavily, and Dr. Johnson repeated with solemn emphasis Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches. Lord Monboddo received them most courteously at his gate, and pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, which was an old baronial residence.

He was dressed in a rustic suit, and wore a little round hat, saying that they now saw him as Farmer Burnett, and should have his family farmer's dinner, and added, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell had he not brought you here, Dr. Johnson."

"His Lordship," says Boswell, "is distinguished not only for ancient metaphysics, but for ancient politesse,—*la vielle cour*."

Boswell proceeds to say that my lord was extremely hospitable, and Dr. Johnson was much pleased with him. He said he would have pardoned him a few paradoxes when he found he had so much good in him, but that from his appearance in London he had thought him all paradox, which would not do. He observed that his lordship had talked no paradoxes to-day; "and as to the savage and the London shopkeeper," said he, "I don't know but that I might have taken the side of the savage equally had anybody else taken the side of the shopkeeper."

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale describing his visit, Dr. Johnson says: "We agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claim of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wildernesses. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I (perhaps for that reason) sided with the citizen."

Lord Monboddo was in the constant habit of coming up to London during his periods of vacation from the courts of Edinburgh. A carriage, being a vehicle that was not in common use among the ancients, he considered as an engine of effeminacy and sloth which it was disgraceful for a man to make use of in travelling. In all his journeys, therefore, he was accustomed to ride on horseback with a single servant attending him.

In London his society was much courted both in the literary and fashionable world. He delighted to show himself at court, and Burke tells us that George III. used to take much pleasure in conversing with the old man, showing him a distinguishing notice that could not but be very flattering to him. He was a frequent guest at the parties of Mrs. Montagu, and was one of the few whom Mrs. Garrick admitted to her intimacy after her husband's death.

"Poor Mrs. Garrick," writes Hannah More to her sister in 1780, "is a greater recluse than ever, and has quite a horror at the

thoughts of mixing in the world again. I fancy, indeed, that she will never go much into it; yet she seems cheerful, and never indulges the least melancholy in company. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, 'groans and complaints are all very well for those who are to mourn but a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic.'"

It was in the spring of 1782 that Hannah More, who had become a constant resident with Mrs. Garrick, writes from Hampton to her sister:—

"The metaphysical and philological Lord Monboddo breakfasted with us yesterday. He is such an extravagant admirer of the ancients that he scarcely admits the English language to be capable of any excellence. He said we moderns were entirely degenerated. I asked in what? 'In everything,' was his answer. 'Men are not so tall as they were—women are not so handsome as they were; everything dwindles.'

"Among much just thinking and some taste (especially in his valuable third volume on *The Origin and Progress of Language*), he entertained some opinions so absurd that they would be hardly credible if he did not deliver them himself, both in writing and conversation, with a gravity which shows that he is in earnest, but which makes the hearer feel that to be grave exceeds all power of face.

"He is so wedded to his system that, as Lord Barrington said to me the other day, rather than sacrifice his favourite opinion that men were born with tails he would be contented to wear one himself."

This statement, as well as a similar one by Dr. Johnson, quoted above, must be taken with some qualification.

Lord Monboddo, who was but the precursor of Lamarck and Darwin, expressly says: "But though I hold the Oran-outang to be of our species, it must not be supposed that I think the monkey—or the ape, with or without a tail—participates our nature. On the contrary, I maintain that however much his form may resemble man's, yet he is neither of our genus or blood—as Linnæus* says of the Troglodite."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii., chap. iv.

Miss More, a few days after this visit, went to Bristol, little imagining that the errand which had brought Lord Monboddo over to Hampton that morning was to make Mrs. Garrick an offer of his hand. Yet so it was; and he returned to Edinburgh, disappointed but not yet hopeless, "on his galloping nag," writes Mrs. Boscawen.

* Linnæus defines the oran-outang as "*Homo nocturnus, troglodytes, sylvestris, corpus album incessu erectum*," and describes him as "thinking, reasoning, and believing that the earth was made for him, and that he will *again* be one day its ruler."

On his arrival at home he wrote to Mrs. Garrick, again urging his suit, with all the phlegmatic fervour of a Scotch judge :—

"MADAM,

"After the proposall I made to you at Hampton, you might think indeed, as you seemed to suspect, that I was not in earnest if I did not insist upon it further, and explain it a little more than I had time or opportunity to do at Hampton.

"It is for that purpose I give you the trouble of this letter.

"I was married to the handsomest woman in Scotland, and I believe the best wife in it, with whom I lived most happily seven years. I have been fifteen years a widower, and during all that time I never had the least thought of a second choice, till I saw you at this time in London, so amiable both in mind and person, and your sentiments so much agreeing with mine, that I thought, and still think, we are made for one another, and may live most comfortably together. During my widowhood, the affairs of my family have suffered much, chiefly for want of a mother to my children.

"My eldest daughter has married herself to a good honest lad,* who is indeed bred to a profession, but in the meantime has nothing to live upon except the office of clerk to me.

"My youngest daughter, who lives at present with me in Edinburgh, I hope will not committ such a folly, but certainly she will be much the better if I could find a mother for her, capable of forming her young manners and directing her conduct, and such a woman I know you to be.

"These are the motives which dispose me to marry, not every woman, but you only, who I am sure would be happier in that state if you found a man to your liking, than living as you do in sorrow and solitude. As for me, I have neither youth, beauty, nor wealth to recommend me to you, nor anything except a good heart, and sense enough, I hope, to value you as I ought to do.

"I am sure I would make a most loving husband to you, and besides I would propose to be a father to that excellent girl who lives with you and whose admirable genius it would give me the greatest pleasure to cultivate and improve, as I think I could do.†

"Now, my dear Mrs. Garrick, tell me if you know any three in Britain that you think would be happier together than we three? And if you pleased, I would add a fourth, my young daughter, who is almost as handsome as her mother, a good figure, a very good disposition, and not defective in genius, particularly in painting. Then the variety of life we should lead, sometimes in London,

* Kirkpatric Williamson, Esq., who afterwards held an office in the Court of Session.

† Hannah More, who had been a constant resident with Mrs. Garrick from the time of her husband's death.

sometimes in Edinburgh, sometimes in your country-house, sometimes at my farm, and often upon the road, which I can assure you from long experience is the healthiest of all lives.

"Would not this be better than consuming your life in sorrow, unavailing to the dead, and hurtfull to the living?

"As to fortune, everybody who knows me knows that money is not, nor ever has been, the motive of my actions. As I bring no fortune to you I desire none from you, and if you are my wife you shall have all the security the law can give you for the free use of your fortune as much as you have at present.

"I have only to add that I am sure it is a marriage that would not be disapproved of by any of your friends, and I know that there are some men of high rank in London, who, hearing of my attachment to you, said they thought it would be a very proper match for both of us.

"If these reasons should prevail with you, you may lett me know, and I will return to London with much more haste than ever I went to it before. If not, I shall still continue your admirer and lover, and most sincere friend. "Jas. Burnett."

Mrs. Garrick was, however, a widow indeed, and remained true to the memory of her first and only affection. Her reply was as follows:—

"My Lord,

"The answer I gave you in that moment when you did me the honor of proposing an union between us came from my heart: it was that I never would change my situation; and which you must give me leave to repeat again as a final answer to your letter.

"I remain, my Lord,

"Your most obliged

"and obedient servant,

"Hampton, June the 26, 1782." "M. Garrick."

It is curious that the prying attention of Boswell should not have noticed Lord Monboddo's growing admiration of Mrs. Garrick, on the various occasions when he was in their company. His habits of intemperance, however, were then fast growing upon him, and he was probably often too drunk to observe what was passing under his eyes.

He was present when Mrs. Garrick first received some of her friends at her house in the Adelphi, when in addition to a splendid entertainment he was "regaled with Lichfield ale," in which he "drank cordially to Johnson's health." He was "in fine spirits and whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, 'I believe this is as much as can be made of life.'" But though the general effect of the day dwelt upon his mind in fond remembrance, as he tells us, yet he did not remember much to record.

Shortly after this he was at a party at the house of the Hon. Miss Monckton (afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery) where, having been drinking very freely, he records: "I certainly was in extraordinary spirits, and, above all fear or awe, I placed myself next to Dr. Johnson, and, thinking myself now fully his match, talked to him in a loud and boisterous manner, desirous to let the company know how I could contend with Ajax."

Johnson tried to keep him quiet, but in vain, and his conversation at last became so indecorous and offensive, that he had to write an apology the following morning to his hostess, "who was generously forgiving" and granted "an act of oblivion."

On a later occasion, at Bishop Shipley's, where Mrs. Garrick was present, Hannah More writes: "I was heartily disgusted with Mr. Boswell, who came up-stairs after dinner much disordered with wine, and addressed me in a manner that drew from me a rebuke, for which I fancy he will not easily forgive me."

Lord Monboddo survived his disappointment seventeen years, dying in 1799, at the age of eighty-five.

His portrait of his daughter was in no respect over-drawn. Miss Burnett is described in *The Mirror* as being a woman of surpassing beauty and loveliness, but who rejected the most flattering and advantageous offers of marriage, that she might cheer her father's loneliness, and be the nurse and companion of his declining age.

Burns, who was a frequent guest at the table of Lord Monboddo,* writes to Mr. Chalmers:—

"There has not been anything like Miss Burnett in all the combination of beauty, grace, and goodness which the Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence."

In his *Address to Edinburgh* he describes her in still more glowing terms:—

Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy,
Fair Burnett strikes th' adoring eye,
  Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the sire of Love on high,
  And own his work indeed divine.

Mrs. Garrick died in 1822, in her ninety-eighth year, having outlived her quondam lover nearly a quarter of a century, always retaining a grateful regard for her eccentric suitor, and preserving his letter and a copy of her reply till the time of her death, when they were found among her papers by George Frederic Beltz—Lancaster Herald—her friend and executor. Along with these

* At his classical suppers, which he used to give once a fortnight during the sitting of the courts, on the model of the cœnæ of the ancients, and at which all the guests were supplied with chaplets of flowers for their heads.

letters was the following touching note from Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Garrick on the death of her husband:—

"Dr. Johnson sends most respectful condolence to Mrs. Garrick, and wishes that any endeavour of his could enable her support a loss which the world cannot repair.

"Feb. 2, 1779."

The penmanship of this note, and a slight verbal inaccuracy seem to indicate that it was written under much emotion. Garrick had been a pupil of Johnson's at Edial, near Lichfield, and was always looked upon by him (as Reynolds said) as his own property whom he would allow no one to find fault with but himself. He admitted some feeling of envy towards him, and was often harsh and unfriendly in his speeches, both of him and to him, which Garrick good-naturedly explained as very natural—"Is it not to be expected," he asked, that "he should be angry when I who have so much less merit should have had so much greater success?" *

Johnson had at first resolutely opposed Garrick's admission to the Literary Club, and even threw out threats of a black-ball in answer to Mr. Thrale's intercession, and said to Sir J. Hawkins, "he will disturb us by his buffoonery"; but after his death, when numberless applications were made to succeed him, Johnson was deaf to them all, saying, "No, there never could be found any successor worthy of such a man"; and he insisted upon it that there should be "a year's widowhood" before they thought of any new election to fill his place.

This letter has a special interest as being apparently the only instance in which Johnson is known to have adopted the title of Doctor. Mr. Croker tells us that he *never* (the italics are his own) used the title of Doctor before his name. Sir J. Hawkins says that he disliked to be called Doctor, as reminding him that he had been a schoolmaster. "It is remarkable," says Boswell, "that he never—so far as I know—assumed the title of Doctor, but always called himself Mr. Johnson." "It is certain," says Mr. Foster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, "and not a little curious (remembering how world-famous this dignity became in his person) that he never called himself anything but Mr. Johnson to the close of his life."

Johnson received the diploma of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1765, and ten years later that of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford in 1775.

EDWARD FORD.

* They came up to London together—as related by Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe—"when I (said Johnson) came with twopence halfpenny in my pocket, and thou Davy with three-halfpence in thine."

AN AMERICAN ON AMERICA.

To me, last summer, in a quiet nook of northern Italy, there came, from over seas, a reprint of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most interesting *Word about America*, accompanied by a note of inquiry—"You were the Atlantic writer, were you not?"

I could not deny it; but neither could I, at first, distinctly recall the occasion on which I had used the words, unflattering to my country certainly, but, I hope, not unpatriotic, which Mr. Arnold does me the honour to quote in the preface to his essay. By degrees, however, the circumstances all came back to me. I had had the privilege of briefly reviewing for the *Atlantic Monthly* one of Mr. Arnold's own books, I think it was the *Last Essays on Culture and Religion*. Mr. Arnold has long been to me a "lively oracle," and I have consulted his deliverances in much singleness of mind. Being used, moreover, as he says of himself, to "regard the English and Americans as the same people settled on different sides of the Atlantic," I have thought that the strictures and the warnings with which he so conscientiously plies his countrymen, were equally, and in some cases peculiarly, applicable to us, and I have done my feeble best to impress upon my compatriots the moral of "hideousness and ennui," Philistine manners, and brutalised souls. On the occasion of reviewing the *Last Essays*, I had taken it upon me to apply Mr. Arnold's prophetic utterances very extensively indeed to ourselves in America. I said a great deal, if the truth must be told, which never appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. A cautious and kindly hand effaced my most faithful applications, and blunted what I had fondly considered my keenest points, insomuch that when I first saw my notice in print, it looked exceeding strange and tame to me. The kindly censor was probably quite right, and I, no doubt, had been too partial to my own smartness; still I think that his action, taken in connection with Mr. Arnold's large candour toward his countrymen, tends to show that the license of the press at least is in no wise more alarming with us than in the mother-country.

Howbeit, curtailed and diluted as I, for the moment, felt myself to be, I had still said enough to move to righteous wrath a Boston newspaper critic, and to win for myself the distinction—which I

privately feel to be very considerable—of being associated with Mr. Arnold in that critic's hearty reprobation. It appears that I said that "the hideousness and vulgarity of American manners are undeniable"; and, subsequently, to the still deeper disgust of the Boston writer, something concerning "*rather highly-civilised individuals*—a few in each of our great cities and their environs." Grievous as these words are, I do not see how I can retract them. At the same time, I am conscious of strong sympathy and a qualified agreement with the Boston writer when he says that "it is vulgar people from our great cities who create a dislike of American manners," and that "in the smaller cities of the interior . . . there is to be found an elegant and simple social order . . . a manner of life belonging to the highest civilisation . . . almost invariably a group of people of good taste, good manners, good education and of self-respect, peers of any people in the world . . . people who read the best books, interpret the best music, are interested in themes world-wide, and meet each other with that mutual courtesy which belongs to men and women when they are sure of their footing." In short, after studying Mr. Arnold's *Word* very carefully, I find myself in the perplexing position of being on all sides of the question which he so dispassionately discusses; a fact which would mortify me more, if I did not encounter Mr. Arnold himself at almost every degree of the circle.

It seems to me, however, that I know a good many facts which bear in one way and another, I myself cannot invariably say how, both on Mr. Arnold's theories, and on his Boston critic's prepossessions concerning civilisation in America. Facts, Mr. Arnold says truly, are what we all want; and when it comes to the question of the "highly civilised individuals," whether in town or country, he says, with equal reason, that we want figures also. And so, though it is distinctly not I whom Mr. Arnold, at the close of his *Word*, invites to a discussion, but rather his dearest foe of the Boston newspaper, yet since I am in some sort, and without choice of my own, already in the conversation, I would like to have a moment's hearing.

It is but repeating the words of Mr. Lowell to say that foreign writers upon America regularly fail of understanding America. This is equally true of those who have never seen the country at all, and of those who have seen it superficially. It is true even of a critic as acute and fair-minded and, in some sort, sympathetic as I hold Mr. Arnold to be. How should it be otherwise, indeed, when it is so exceedingly difficult for us to understand ourselves? I myself think that we are too big, too heterogeneous, too chaotic and unformed as yet, to have anything like a clear national consciousness, or to convey to an impartial observer of the *whole*

United States, any true unity of impression. I also think, and am compelled to think, that it is extremely doubtful what elements will eventually prevail in the struggle, and what will be the complexion of that future state of equilibrium, which may yet deserve to be called American civilisation. I am very much afraid sometimes that the "survival of the fittest" will prove to be in this case what a lively friend of mine calls the "survival of the fattest," a bit of humour which will not, I hope, seem to Mr. Arnold "Quinonian." He speaks, and the newspapers also speak, from time to time, of the possibility of his visiting America; but I am not at all sure that the kind of tour he is likely to make there would advance him far beyond his present point of acquaintance with us. What the people desire who entreat him to visit us before passing farther judgment, and what the Boston newspaper critic desires, is, I think, that the attention of foreigners should be fixed upon our *very best*, in short, that they should go over to America—for the sake of seeing that and that only.

Now I have never yet met a European, Englishman or other, provided he had ever known any Americans personally, who denied that our very best is very good. They promptly—I will not say generously—concede to our "rather highly civilised individuals," whether few or many, all needful soundness and symmetry of development. It is an odd fact, indeed, and touches, as I cannot help thinking, the less civilised side of the British nature—that an Englishman, in making these gratifying admissions, will almost invariably take pains to assure you that he makes an exception in your favour, that he is by no means to be understood as extending his clemency to your countrymen at large. He is explicit on this point, partly out of a curiously mistaken idea of paying you a compliment, and partly to clear his own conscience. In the same way as Mr. Arnold would like to know the number of individuals among us at home whose lives are regulated by an "elegant and simple social order," I should like to know the number of Americans who have been told in Europe that, individually, they speak the English language with remarkable purity, thus differing from the whole body of their compatriots who habitually vulgarise and desecrate it. I have not a word to say in defence either of the diction or the tones of many of the American tourists abroad. But I think it right to suggest in passing—and let this also go for what it is worth in its bearing on the prospects of our civilisation—that, whereas, roughly speaking, it is only the very best of other nations—the *optimates* I mean, the ἄριστοι—who ever travel far and wide at all, with us, all sorts of people go all possible lengths on the earth's surface, because almost all sorts can find the means to do so.

But let us return to our own *optimates* and their numerical rather than their personal value. It is very possible indeed for a distinguished foreigner—particularly a distinguished Englishman—whom we all in our hearts regard as our grand relation, who condescends a little in paying us a visit at all, to make a rapid tour in the United States, and see little beside the best of us. I think that this is exactly what the late lamented Dean of Westminster did; and individually, of course, he was himself an exception to all Mr. Arnold's general rules. That is to say, he was, of a certainty, neither Barbarian, Philistine, nor Brute. He was a Liberal in theory, but by birth and association, and in his personal feelings also, as all confess who knew him well, he was a keen aristocrat. Yet he said very pleasant things of us, his country cousins, after his return from the United States—things doubly pleasant and moving for us to remember after it came to pass that his refined voice was so soon hushed for ever. All that he saw was of our best; but all of our best, of course, he did not see. I do not suppose that he had so much as a glimpse of those circles, wherever they may be, which realise the ideal of a Paradise to Mr. Arnold's many esteemed friends among the dissenting clergy. I happen to know, however, that his favourable experience was not confined to the "rather highly civilised" of our great cities, but that he saw something also of the "elegant and social order" in the old provincial towns of Massachusetts, such as Plymouth and Salem; and I suppose that my friend of the Boston newspaper would readily admit that the refined and quiet life, which he so feelingly and so truthfully describes, can be seen to at least as good advantage in these places as anywhere else among us. It is a life with whose details I am very well acquainted. There are, in fact, reasons why it should be familiar and dear to me, so strong that I cannot name them here. All that the Boston writer says in praise of that simple, high-minded life is true, and more might be said. And I am glad to believe that, taking the entire length and breadth of our somewhat overgrown country, the aggregate number of habitually home-staying Americans who live this life is still considerable. But I should be inclined to lay an ominous emphasis on the word *still*. I believe Mr. Arnold's suspicion to be very well founded that in proportion to our whole population the number of these plain livers and high thinkers is not large. I do not think it was ever very large, but I think that it was larger ten years ago than it is now, and larger twenty years ago than ten. It was a fair little flower of civilisation, and it sprang up and blossomed quickly after the first clearing of the soil, especially in New England; but it was pale, fragile, scentless, like so many of the early flowers of our new forests, and

because it had no depth of earth it is, I fear, already withering away.

I had arrived at this point in my rather sober reflections on Mr. Arnold's long *Word*, when there fell in my way the defence of us against his reluctant aspersions, kindly undertaken by our friend the London *Spectator*. The writer in the *Spectator* is perhaps a little captious and unfair to Mr. Arnold. When he dubs the latter Mr. Facing-both-ways, calls upon him to define his position more sharply, and says that he is either bringing certain charges against American society or he is not, I must say that I do not perceive any such alternative. Mr. Arnold appears to me to be simply instituting an inquiry into a matter about which he certainly does not know very much—if he did he would not need to inquire—but when he frankly confesses his own ignorance, and earnestly requests more light, I, for one, would much rather enlighten him, if I could, than berate him. Still, I feel very much obliged to the writer in the *Spectator* for his good-will; and though I have more faith in Mr. Arnold than he has, I shall follow for a little his line of defence, earnestly disclaiming, however, the pretension of having myself undertaken anything like the "adroit and extended" reply which Mr. Arnold's *Word* requires (and indeed requests, candidly and courteously enough), and which, as the *Spectator* truly says, Mr. Lowell is the proper and only competent person to give him. I am merely trying, as I believe that Mr. Arnold tried, to think aloud upon the subject without passion, and, if possible, without bias.

Now, the writer in the *Spectator* is perfectly right in this: that Mr. Henry James—for all the delightful cleverness of which we, as Americans, are so proud—is not the person from whom to expect the truest picture of American society. It is not merely that he now visits America only at long intervals, while the country is in a state of rapid transition, but that he has, undoubtedly, a touch of Anglomania. He has absolutely no measure for things American but an English one. The very coin which is popularly supposed—and, upon the whole, I think, erroneously—to be the supreme object of our national worship, is, to him, but the fraction of a pound. He has made a microscopically minute study of certain types of American character, but always from a transatlantic point of view. It is almost as if he had some native defect of vision which made it impossible for him to see an American, save in the shadow of a European. Sometimes, as in a literary trifle like the International Episode, he makes the contrast very piquant. But when it comes to the graver business of estimating the genius of our one very great imaginative writer, of the sole man among us who has, as yet, been able to draw

from purely American sources the materials for romance of the highest order (and Mr. James can think of no better way to describe the social and mental *milieu* of Hawthorne, than the negative one of giving us a long list of the English accessories which he inevitably lacked, beginning with Derby races and ending with Norman churches)—we seem to discover a weakness in his method and a limitation to his power. Mr. Arnold quotes, with a little mild triumph, the caustic arraignment for dulness and narrowness of the small inland town of Northampton, in Massachusetts, with which Mr. James' brilliant novel of Roderic Hudson begins. The choice of an illustration is curiously inapt for Mr. James' purpose, and serves chiefly to show how little acquainted he is with even the best-known section of his own country, and how unsafe a guide for such an inquirer as Mr. Arnold. Ever since the man, who was as truly our one metaphysician as Hawthorne was our one creative genius—ever since Jonathan Edwards fulminated his dreadful deductions from the village pulpit there, this very Northampton has been the home of an unassuming but undeniable intellectual and spiritual life: a life which, though severed long since from the most dread conclusions of his fatalistic logic, has remained dignified by the loftiness of his tone, and the inheritance of that sort of mental discipline which became compulsory upon his hearers; a life which blossomed generations ago already in exactly such an "elegant and simple social order" as the Boston newspaper praises. There is a book in existence, prepared with admirable taste and care, but only privately printed—the loving memorial, by her children, of one, Mrs. Lyman, who was one of the mothers rather than queens of Northampton society in its best days, which I would gladly send to Mr. Arnold if it were in my power, and which I very much wish might sometime fall in his way. I do not know that Mr. James would care for this book—it is quite possible that he knows it already—but I am almost certain that Mr. Arnold would find it a source of enlightenment and an interesting commentary on his Boston newspaper.

But beside Mr. James we have Mr. Howells, very like Mr. James in the order of his mind, and quite on a level with him in point of ability—Mr. Howells with his literary taste, and his *Lamb* like wit, and his debonair felicities of expression. Unlike Mr. James, however, Mr. Howells has been of late years—in the choice of his themes at least—heroically and exclusively national. He has told us, in his winning way, of the innocent young girl of eighteen sent alone in a sailing-vessel across the Atlantic, with a half-dozen men of all orders on board, and no woman except the stewardess; of the spiritual "Medium," also young and comely, whose fanatical father is doing his utmost to develop and make

capital out of her morbid capacities; of the young lady who is "practising medicine." And, following Mr. James and Mr. Howells at varying intervals, we have something like a school of young writers who model their style on these two; either consciously, with an honorable admiration of their higher gifts; or rather, as I think, instinctively, because their own lesser talents do really bear a certain family likeness to those of their elders. Never grappling with great passions or stirring situations, they are realistic and photographically minute, and they undertake to reveal through the medium of exhaustive and presumably clever conversations, the minutest peculiarities of a small number of characters. Not having, usually, either Mr. James' European bias, or his European experience, they follow Mr. Howells in applying this method to strictly American subjects—to life on lonely farms or in fast cities, in fishing villages and factories, and small college towns, to sectarian rivalries and crude philanthropic experiments. And in this they are, of course, right and praiseworthy, and many of them have not a little skill and delicacy and sympathetic insight, and some have a sense of humour. But all these promising qualities, alas! cannot prevent the collective impression produced by these conscientious home-studies from being a very dreary one. The very contrast between the fineness and beauty of the tools employed, and the brute impracticability of the material wrought upon, seems to me flagrant and quite disheartening. And I am afraid that the meaning of it all is, that the influences at work among us, while competent to produce a good deal of individual refinement—single specimens of humanity characterized by a sort of hot-house rapidity of growth and delicacy of structure—are adverse, and growing more adverse each year, to gathering and organising these fine units into anything deserving the name of a social order. There is no room here to dwell on those influences, whether of our climate or our institutions, which are peculiarly unfavourable to the *repose* on which a social order must first of all depend. The fineness of individual types, the precocity with which an almost ultra-fastidiousness of taste in letters, and art, and nicety of personal habits * are attained among us, quite independently of those long ancestral influences which have hitherto been thought needful to perfect them, upon these things it is necessary to insist somewhat, because they are only now beginning to be dimly perceived by our foreign critics; they suggest the clue to some mutual misunderstanding, and are

* Yes, of personal habits! Mr. Arnold can seldom have been so grievously *hoaxed* as in the matter of that lone five hundred in our Sodom of fifty millions who wear clean linen and eat with a fork. May five hundred times five hundred but suffice to leaven the lump!

among the most curious of the facts which we all desire fairly to consider.

When the average American traveller first encounters the middle-class Englishman, whether in his native isle or on the Continent, he will be apt instantly to remark, with secret humility and admiration, the superior richness of the Englishman's tone of voice, and probably the beauty of his enunciation. Subsequently he will receive a different sort of impression, he will become conscious of a certain slowness—of what seems to him a mental "backwardness" in the islander; a lack of hospitality for any but preconceived ideas; a self-satisfaction so solid that it is almost stolid; and, especially, a comparative bluntness of the five senses, as, for instance, an imperviousness to variations of temperature which materially affect the comfort of the more impressionable Yankee. Grumble as they may, bad weather seems never seriously to discommode an Englishman, nor good weather to exhilarate him. I have seen them breakfasting happily by open windows at the Isle of Wight, and other sea-side places, with a freezing white fog pouring in and over them, which sent every American upon the premises with chattering teeth to the warmest fireside which the landlord could be induced to prepare. On the other hand, I have seen Englishwomen walking a sunny city street in July in muslin gowns and sealskin coats. The irresistible inference to an American is that they absolutely do not know whether they are warm or cold. This may tend to show that the British physique is more vigorous than the American, or it may not. It shows, at all events, a great difference in physical constitution. And precisely the same sort of difference will be found to extend to things of the heart and mind. Very early in their acquaintance, if it prosper, the American will probably have occasion to remark in his kinsman that fine readiness for national rebuke, that conscientious candour which offsets toleration for himself personally by strict reprobation, and often by unsparing caricature, of his countrymen at large, of which mention has already been made. Now the American may, and probably does, have his own private opinion concerning the foibles of his English cousins as a class; I have mine, and am in process of revealing it; but to insist upon it in the early stages of a friendly acquaintance with an Englishman, would be, to him, a simple impossibility. He can hardly utter it even by way of retort, and under strong provocation. Because the American, even when his tones are thinnest, is apt to possess the unstudied politeness which springs from *imaginative sympathy*.

If now our friends proceed, in their growing intimacy, to the comparison of what are called intellectual or literary interests, the chances are considerable that the Englishman will have not so

much as heard the names of half the modern authors whose thoughts and theories are actively exercising the American, and whose most quotable words are ever on the tip of his tongue. And I am not speaking of American authors, who do not, sooth to say, count for very much, but of European, and especially English ones. I have encountered Englishmen who seemed to have enjoyed some early advantages, to whom, nevertheless, it was news that there had been two poets bearing the name of Browning; who supposed George Eliot to be a broken-down clergyman; who had no idea that their own laureate had enshrined their own mythic hero in an epic poem; and who turned more than blank at the mention of Mr. Arnold's own name. Whereas "every school-boy" in America, so to speak, knows something of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and of his father the great Doctor, early dead, and Rugby School, and Thomas Hughes, and Charles Kingsley, and Arthur Hugh Clough, and the rest—and is thoroughly imbued with so much of the *Zeit-geist* as these names represent. Or, rather, for I am forgetting how young the actual school-boys of America are, he knows these authors as he knows his Walter Scott, but considers them hardly less hopelessly old-fashioned. Of course there is no question now of the intellectual *élite* of either country. I am supposing my Englishman and my American to meet, as Philistine meets Philistine. Mr. Arnold says that we are all Philistines in America, and that all his countrymen are so, except the great nobles and the abjectly poor—and I suppose these statements to be equally true. The claim which I venture to make—laughing a little inwardly to think how much it will amaze those who know us only in English fiction or the pages of *Punch*—is that the average American Philistine is a somewhat finer creature than the average English Philistine; more apt, more sympathetic, more delicately organised, swifter to embrace remote and ideal interests. It was a very simple, healthful, childish, and rather painfully modest little girl of nine who, when I had spoken to her of the whims and fascinations of her four-year-old brother, replied, with a sage shake of the head, "Yes, I sometimes think that B., if he lives to grow up, will be the darling of Boston, as Alkibiades was the darling of Athens!" It happened oddly that the self-same mail which brought me Mr. Arnold's *Word* from America, brought me also a letter, half droll and half-pathetic, and wholly unstudied, from a bright girl of twenty, in what is undeniably one of the dullest and outwardly ugliest of New England country towns—a town, by the way, where there once existed something like the "elegant and simple social order" on which the Boston newspaper insists, but where no such order now exists, nor has existed for many years, nor, indeed, any social order of any kind, and where, according to present appear-

ances, none such is possible. But there has never, at any time, been any lack of clever individuals there—thrown off, so to speak, and vanishing singly in the darkness like sparks from a forge. Accordingly my damsel writes me, animadverting with much vivacity on the sordid and stagnant character of the life outside her, adding that the weather is "beastly hot," an expression evidently adopted from some one of those English novels which young girls at home always devour in large numbers, for the very reason, I think, that they seem to depict a richer and more stable life than any which they have known. "However," she adds, "one interesting thing has happened to me. I have discovered in the *Faery Queen* a beautiful translation of the invocation to Venus at the beginning of 'Lucretius.' You know I always told you that I thought the Spenserian stanza best for translating the hexameter," which was quite true; we had held many debates on the subject. And then she proceeded to quote the "Alma Venus," &c., and afterwards Spenser's rendering, for fear I might not have the texts at hand, which I certainly had not. No suspicion that she was whiling the tedium of a summer noon, in a dreary place, in a somewhat extraordinary manner, ever crossed my correspondent's mind —nor was she, as things go in many of those dull New England villages.

Now, among all the English men and women who have professed to observe and portray us, I know of but one who has been keen enough to detect this curious type, and to catch the picturesqueness and humour of the immense contrast often subsisting between an American and his accidents. It is thus that Mrs. Oliphant, in her admirable story *In Trust*, describes the American guest at an English garden-party.

> Mr. Greenwood was not at all like the American author of twenty years ago, before we knew the species. He spoke as little through his nose as the best of us, and his manners were admirable. He was more refinedly English than an Englishman (listen, Mr. James!) more fastidious in his opposition to display and vulgarity and his horror of loud tones and talk; and yet there was just a *nuance* of French politeness in his look and air. He was as exquisitely polite *to the merest commoner*, as if he had been a crowned head; but, at the same time, it was one of the deepest certainties of his heart that he was only quite at home among people of title, and in a noble house. Not *any* people of title. Mr. Greenwood had the finest discrimination, and preferred at all times the best. But even he was pleased with Anne. "Miss Mountford is very inexperienced," he said, in his gentle way. "She does not know how to drop into a conversation, or to drop out of it. Perhaps that is too fine an art to learn at twenty, but she is more like a lady than anyone else here."

Undoubtedly Mr. Greenwood is laughed at in this passage. He is, in fact, rather unmercifully laughed at; but there is no living Greenwood dull enough to deny the justice of the soft impeachment, or who will fail heartily to enjoy the delicacy of Mrs. Oliphant's raillery. But Mr. Greenwood is a long way off from

the conventional Brother Jonathan, time-honoured in the pages of *Punch*, or from Murdstone and Quinion, or from the grim and sordid settlers with whom Miss Bird abode for a time.

And now a word concerning the sickening picture of those poor frontier people and their ways; for I must own that, with me, the repugnance which Miss Bird's account naturally excites is overmastered by an almost intolerable pity. I have no idea that the average condition of the pioneer, whether in our own great West or in Australia, is any better than that which Miss Bird describes. Often, no doubt, it is much worse. Those hard, graceless, unloving and unlovely people, the Chalmers family, were at least moral. They had a something which was, to them, religion, and they owned their obligations to a certain law. But life in our frontier towns, unless greatly belied by its best annalists, is often a perfect carnival of crime. The pity of it—the mystery of it—is, that no other alternative seems possible in the very beginnings of civilisation anywhere, save this between the horrors of unchecked license and the hardness and hideousness which cannot be dissociated from perpetual drudgery. So many human lives, so many human generations, have to be used, spent, buried like piles, before even the foundations of a livable social life can be laid. Now in old countries like England, this particular form of the extravagant expenditure of raw human material is a thing of the remote past. It is overlaid, overgrown, overbuilt, clean forgotten "as a dead man out of mind." You must dig down into the earliest centuries of our era, before you come upon its traces in Great Britain. Whereas, in crossing the continent of North America, from New York or Boston to the Western Plains, you may run through almost all the stages of social development, as you find bud, flower and fruit upon an orange-tree, or as you traverse all the climates in descending the Alps into Italy. It is, therefore, certainly unfair in Mr. Arnold to quote as characteristic of American civilisation what really is not civilisation at all, but merely belongs to the crude, chaotic, and, as far as the individual victims are concerned, cruel preliminaries and preparations of civilisation everywhere. The wonderful abridgement of the time heretofore required in passing from such bald and shapeless beginnings of human order as Miss Bird found in Denver, to the best of what Mr. Arnold will find in our sea-board cities, if he ever visits them, is a fact which ought to be set beside that other to which I have adverted, of the incongruity so often to be found among us between the individual and his *milieu*, and to be carefully and fairly considered. We civilise rapidly in America. Do we also civilise thoroughly and permanently? This is what I do not know, and should like to know. My random facts may mean that we, as the "heirs of all the

ages," as possessing, at the outset, the result of many previous experiments, are going to escape a good deal that other nations have had to go through in the way of apprenticeship; or they may point to the superficial, unstable, in a single slang word, the *sham* character of what we are pleased to call our civilisation, to the slight and shaky nature of its foundations, and the certainty of its early decline.

Now, concerning the retrogade tendencies at present at work among us, it must not be forgotten—and indeed it seems incredible that any mature American ever should for one moment forget—that, within a generation, we have been subjected, as a people, to the most powerful and direful of all *de-civilising* agencies; we have sustained the shock of a protracted civil war. That the social order of the rebellious and finally conquered portion of our country should have been completely subverted, was almost inevitable. It may have been an iniquitous order, not worthy to survive—that is not now the question—but an order it was, of which the few privileged members were, in some sort, highly privileged, while the mass of the unprivileged many were, I suppose, according to their capacity for enjoyment, far more comfortable and happy practically, albeit the theory of their position was an ugly one, than the masses under a strict oligarchy are apt to be. The long agony which has gone, among us, by the name of Reconstruction, and which is only now beginning to subside, resumed and included the agonies of death and birth; and I do not think the seriousness of the fact has always been fully appreciated at the North, that a civilisation did positively perish in the Southern States of America twenty years ago. Leaving aside all vain sentimentalism about generosity to a fallen foe, let us be simply just and admit that, to judge by its individual survivors, the character of that slain social order cannot have been wholly ignoble. I do not see why my own experience should have been a particularly happy one, and, so far as I know, some of the most effectually civilised of my generation at home were once champions of the *Lost Cause*. There is about the best of them, both men and women, a dignity and urbanity, an ease and simplicity in their manner of adapting themselves to enormously fallen fortunes, and that sort of inalienable grace and brightness which comes of intelligence *diffused through life rather than concentrated upon books*, which constitute, to my mind, one of the most interesting and endearing, as well as picturesque types of humanity which we have ever produced. Sorrow and death, loss, disappointment, failure, are doubtless great educators, but they are so only when the original material of the character is fine. While their specious prosperity lasted, the South produced nothing

whatever in the way of letters or art, where the North produced a little; but there are not wanting signs that the balance may some day be reversed. No great work has yet appeared there certainly, but spirited and interesting attempts are constantly being made; and I would like to entreat Mr. Arnold's attention, should they ever fall in his way, to the poems of Henry Limrod, of South Carolina (dead unhappily in his first youth), and to the sketches of Mr. George Cable, of New Orleans, in which the highly-romantic elements of the old Louisiana society, the fire and colour belonging to the French and Spanish creole elements, are handled in what seems to me an original and remarkable manner.

But the de-civilising effect of the war was not confined to the conquered states. Indirectly, yet none the less surely, to the same sad cause do I trace the concentration of such civilisation as we of the North have achieved in our few great cities, and the progressive decline of the "elegant and simple social order" once prevailing in so many of our country towns. Heavier taxes, higher prices, the thoughtless expenditure, and extravagant standard of living set up by those who have suddenly won great wealth, the decimation of one generation of bread-winners, the displacement from "elegant and simple" country homes and assemblage in the purlieus of great cities, or dispersion over the new lands of our remoter states of the next,—nay, even the petty but very real miseries attendant upon the much-mooted "servant question"—the extreme difficulty, between the reckless millionaire and the emigrant *entêté*, experienced by people of small fixed incomes, which represent each year less and less of comfort, of obtaining that modicum of household service on which any sort of social order, even the simplest, must rest—all these and other similar influences are helping to push fast to the wall the plain-livers and high-thinkers in our older provincial towns. It may be that when the new and more complex *post-bellum* civilisation, still fermenting in our great cities, shall have settled upon its lees, the result will be so surpassingly rich and beautiful, as to make it seem well worth while that any number of insignificant outlying civilisations should have been absorbed in its production. Some new and very noble elements are certainly at work. There has appeared among us, chiefly within the last decade, a development of artistic perception and an impulse to artistic production, slightly affected, it may be, in some quarters, and misdirected in others, but truly noteworthy in its universality. It is changing the aspect of our older cities, as by a transformation scene in a theatre, and imparting a singularly fine physiognomy to some of our younger ones. "Why," vivaciously demanded a French artist who visited us four

or five years since, "did nobody ever tell me that Boston is a *beautiful* city?" But it was still more beautiful when I saw it last than when he came to us. Not a whit less strenuous than the æsthetic impulse, though like that too, perhaps, a little irregular and lawless in its energy, are the movements in the direction of general education and practical benevolence. A good many—I think a majority of our *nouveaux riches*—appear to be smitten by a sort of passion of charity. The money which they coin with one hand, as if by some magic of the alchemist, they dispense with the other to their less fortunate fellow-citizens at a rate at which the careful and responsible possessors of inherited wealth stand simply aghast. These things are all fine, but they are but parts of chaos as yet. The cosmos has hardly begun to emerge.

I cannot, for my own part, help reckoning among the conditions of the problem that awaits a solution among us, the fact that America can never have a national religion; whereas history has not yet shown an instance of a national civilisation dissociated from the influences at once inspiring and conservative, of a national faith. Christian so far as anything, we are Christian only by a species of courtesy, without even the sort of hold on historic Christianity which England possesses by virtue of ancient edifices and common rites. Nothing so false as facts except figures. We may number—I hope we do—a goodly number of practical Christians to the square mile, but millions of Methodists, Baptists, Roman Catholics, and Presbyterians do not make a Christian people any more than many civilised individuals necessarily make a society. That is what the free peoples of the present day distinctly, and even solemnly, decline to be. The spirit of freedom, it is said, may not suffer it. I do not know which is more curious, the gravity with which Mr. Arnold quotes against us the statistics of the less enlightened "evangelical" sects, or the warm indignation with which our champion in the *Spectator* repels, on our behalf, the mortifying charge of general orthodoxy. Indeed, he, in substance, begs leave to assure Mr. Arnold the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis is as rare in America as the most advanced of her well-wishers could desire, and I suspect that he is quite right. Those voracious young readers of ours, those omnivorous consumers of contemporary English literature, have not made acquaintance with the *Zeit-geist* in the pages of Arnold, Kingsley, and perhaps Newman, to neglect the mere dazzling manifestations of that protean spirit in those of Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and Lecky. Among those foredoomed first settlers in our western wilds, of whom mention has already been made, who are laying down their lives to make a roadway for the forces of the future, while there

may be a good many of that sour and sorry Puritan type discovered by Miss Bird in Denver, a far larger number would probably have to be classed with the miners in Mr. Bret Harte's powerful sketch, who, when it came to bestowing a name on the child which had been adopted by their community, hit upon the following ingenious formula, combining the suggestion of a vicarious oath of civil allegiance, with a vague reminiscence of the rite of baptism: "In the name of the Constitution of the United States, I pronounce thee Thomas Luck!" I am entirely of Mr. Arnold's mind that there is an antagonism, perhaps an incompatibility, between the Puritan spirit under any name, and the highest forms of civilisation. I think that it wars blindly against "sweetness and light," and beauty in the social order. But ever so slight an acquaintance with the way in which things have actually gone with us in the localities where that spirit had once its strongest hold, might have relieved Mr. Arnold's anxiety concerning its ultimate prevalence. All along the shores of Massachusetts bay, where abide a more than respectable proportion of our most highly civilised individuals, that which is still sentimentally celebrated as "the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers" was virtually cast off by the reading and ruling class many years ago: here for the bloodless Unitarianism of Channing; there, for the high-sounding nebulosities of the so-called Concord philosophy. Neither of these ghostly forms of faith, or unfaith, could possibly have had a life-span longer than that of Jonah's Gourd; nor do I see any reason in the nature of things why the reaction in favour of Church of England forms, which is everywhere succeeding, should point to anything more permanent. Episcopalianism, as it is very properly called in America, always the fashionable religion of New York, is becoming that of New England also; but what thoughtful Englishman seriously occupied with the uncertain future of the English Church at home, the instant dangers which threaten her stability even in her native seat, would dream of regarding as an important factor in the problem of our far-away country's future, the tradition, imitation, or affectation of her forms which is finding local favour among ourselves?

This, however, is a matter not to be adequately discussed and disposed of in a single sentence at the close of a rambling dissertation, already perhaps too long. And the same must be said of the one practical suggestion offered by Mr. Arnold, at the end of his own *Word*, namely, that we need better secondary schools—public schools, I understand him to mean—maintained, or chiefly maintained, by the Government. Unquestionably we need such, but I doubt very much whether it would be wise for the State to supply the need. I have a suspicion that our youth have only too

much freely offered them now, in the way of public instruction. It is possible to make even knowledge so common as to cheapen it; and I incline to think that when the State has given its children the rudiments of learning—has furnished them, that is to say, with primary instruction of the very first order—everything beyond that, all secondary and higher education, is worth expense and sacrifice to the individual, and will be better prized, and better used, if obtained at such a cost, than if accepted as a gratuity. It has been frequently remarked among us in America that we made more scholars in proportion to our students, more men who remained their lives long thoroughly imbued with the love of humane letters, when we had no secondary or higher schools at all—nothing of a public sort between the district school and the university—than we do now. But those were primitive days; the palmy days, in fact, of the "elegant and simple social order" which is passing away, to make room, perhaps, for something vastly better.

M. Preston.

RADICALISM AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

In my last paper I endeavoured to point out that contemporary Radicalism, *as distinct from Liberalism*, is, in so far as it is a practical power in politics, not a national cause, and not a popular cause; but the cause, exclusively and essentially, of a certain section of the new middle class, the members of which, *in many important points*, are, to all intents and purposes, foreigners in this country—as strange to English life as if they had been born in China, and as hostile to it as if they had been born in Ireland. Thus Radicalism, I said, represents nothing that is really English at all—neither English patriotism nor English philanthropy, nor the spirit of English democracy; but the ambition, the temper, the uneasy animosity, and the imperfect education of that class within a class which I did my best to specify and account for.

When I last dropped the subject, however, I said I should have more to add. My charge was not complete; still less was my vindication of it. It so happens that in this task of completing it, the *Spectator* has been of signal use to me. The comments which that journal has lately made on my position as I have stated it thus far, form a better introduction than any I could have myself devised to those remarks that still remain for me to make. "Mr. Mallock's article," says the *Spectator*, "on 'The Radicalism of the Market-Place,' is really only an extension of the old taunt that the cause of Liberalism is envy. He says that a minority, the new middle class which has risen within thirty years, wants to oust the old families from their position in the land, and that this is the object of Radicalism, such as Mr. Chamberlain's. His object is not democracy, but middle-class sovereignty. All we can say in reply," the *Spectator* proceeds, "is, that if so, the object is sought in a very curious way; for the new Radicals are steadily, and as many think rashly, increasing the power of the workmen, whose love for the new aristocracy is very small. It is certainly not in the interests of villadom that they are enfranchising the agricultural labourers, whose votes, wherever they go, will certainly not go to

the kings of the counting-house. The whole argument belongs to another age than ours." *

More instructive sentences than these last, which contain, as the *Spectator* admits, "all that it can say in reply," would, I think, be hard to find. As to our point certainly they express the literal truth. They do contain virtually, as the writer says they do, "all" that the middle-class Radical "can say in reply" to my argument. My admissions, however, go much further than this. I admit them to contain the truth as to a point more important still. I admit that if the motives of the Radicals be what I say they are, "their object is sought in a very curious way" indeed. Nor do *I admit* this only; it is the main point I am leading up to. It forms, for practical purposes, the whole gist of my argument. My direct contention is, that the means used by the Radicals are means that, if effectual in any way, will defeat, not accomplish, the ends of those who use them; and that the passions and the principles which such Radicals as Mr. Chamberlain are appealing to, must in the end, if fully aroused and acted on, prove altogether fatal to such Radicalism as Mr. Chamberlain's. In other words, I assert that Mr. Chamberlain is doing his best to create a public opinion by which his own opinions would not be endured for a moment; and in the light of which himself, his class, and his career as a successful capitalist, would represent everything in practice that is monstrous, oppressive, and intolerable; and, as coupled with the aims proposed by him, everything that is dishonest. I do not for a moment say that Mr. Chamberlain would deserve such a judgment to be passed on him. I say, on the contrary, that the tribunal that would pass it would be mad. But I do say that such a mad tribunal is the tribunal which Mr. Chamberlain is himself trying to create.

If anyone thinks my language either violent or abusive, as it might be easily made to seem by quoting a single sentence, I will only ask him to consider the following case. Supposing a man, irreproachable as a husband and father, were known to have been married three times, and to be preparing to marry a fourth; and yet all the while to be diligently amassing a fortune by lecturing to ignorant audiences to the effect that marriage was infamous. I should certainly say that, in proportion as his lectures were believed in, he must appear to his converts as an infamous man himself. But I should certainly not call him infamous in his private life, for my own part. I might quite well admit him to be a model of domestic virtue, and I might even find means in the resources of charity or casuistry, to doubt if he were a hypocrite in the matter

* *Spectator*, June 9th, 1883, p. 746

of his public utterances. The application of this supposed case is obvious.

Having thus made my meaning clear, I may repeat without fear of offence that Mr. Chamberlain and the party represented by him are endeavouring to raise themselves into power by exciting passions, by advocating measures, and by propounding principles wholly at variance with their real aims and wishes, and the full operation of which would be to crush or assail themselves as the cruellest and most contemptible of all the many parties which, in the name of progress and government, have duped and plundered the people. The *Spectator* is right in saying that if such be the fact it is "curious." It is precisely because it is so "curious" that it is so well worth while to examine it.

In saying that Radicalism is the Cause of a section of the middle class, what I mean is this: I mean that (allowing for the exceptions which I have carefully and duly specified) the entire leadership of the Radical Party, both in Parliament and out of it, is in the hands of men who are Radicals and who are united as Radicals, not in virtue of any definite thoughts or principles, but only in virtue of the social class they belong to—in virtue, that is to say, of possessing certain prejudices, antipathies, ambitions, and social ideals, which outside their own special class would be meaningless, and which are as wholly alien to the interests and the thoughts of the people, as to those of the aristocracy or the great bulk of the middle class.

This critic of the *Spectator* will perhaps ask who and what are these Radicals I am alluding to? and in what sense is the leadership of the Radical Party in their hands? I will answer both questions. I have already, as types of Radicals, named Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings. It will be well to add in what sense I have called them types. I have called them types not because of their opinions only, but because of their social position and presumable habits of life; because in virtue of these they represent a class of men who subsist not on "wages," but on "incomes," or on "salaries"; who live in villas rather than in cottages; who patronize hotels rather than public-houses; and who in their homes, their meals, their dress, their manners, and their amusements, follow, at a greater or less distance, the conventional models offered them by the aristocratic classes, and avoid as much as possible those offered by the working classes. And I say that the leadership of the Radical Party is in the hands of men of this class, because to men of this class belong not only all the Radicals in Parliament, but the men who work the machinery by which such members are returned; who organize and preside at Radical meetings, not to be instructed by the people, but to instruct them;

who conduct Radical newspapers; who direct Radical agitation; who subscribe their guineas to the National Liberal Club; and whose names are chronicled in newspapers as being congregated in honour of Radicalism, to drink champagne at banquets either in town-halls or in aquariums. These men are, for the most part, either merchants or manufacturers, or substantial tradesmen, professional men, or capitalists of some kind. At all events they are not *working-men* in the usual sense of the word. They get their means of living in a totally different way; they live in a totally different way. They are conscious of standing and speaking on a distinctly different platform; and however loudly they maintain that the will of the people is supreme, at the present juncture at any rate they assume the office of educating the popular mind, of moulding it to itself, and of teaching the people what its will ought to be.

No reader, not even any middle-class Radical, will, I think, be inclined to doubt or question this when he takes it in connection with what I am about to admit further. Though I say that the Radical Party is led, and the Radical programme formed and formulated, by a section of the middle class, I admit that the power of Radicalism, whatever it may be, in this country, depends on the popular following which the middle-class leaders command. I admit further that, at the present moment, that following is very considerable. I say I admit these facts: but I do more than admit them; they are the very facts I insist upon, and that I am now preparing to discuss. The Radicals claim that, because they have this large following, and because they have gained it by means such as those the *Spectator* alludes to, therefore it is plain they must be the true popular party. That is exactly what I deny. Fully granting the premisses, I maintain we must draw quite different conclusions from them. The true conclusions are, I maintain, as follows.

In the first place, the fact that the principles urged by the middle-class Radicals on the people must, if logically acted on, be fatal to the Radicals themselves, proves, not that those who use them are, as a social class, unselfish, but that, as an ambitious faction, they are blind.

In the second place, the fact that Radicalism, as formed and formulated by its leaders, meets amongst the working classes with a very wide response, proves, no doubt, that the middle-class Radicals are spreading something; but it does not prove that what they are spreading is Radicalism. What I shall seek to point out is, that the language that is uttered by them with a certain aim, and with a certain meaning, takes quite another meaning as it enters the ears of the working classes, and presents to their minds aims

of quite a different kind; so that, when a Birmingham operative (for instance) applauds the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, he is applauding ideas, indeed, which Mr. Chamberlain's words have aroused in him, but which, if fully developed, would be found to differ from Mr. Chamberlain's far more than Mr. Chamberlain's differ from Lord Salisbury's.

To begin with the sort of blindness which I have just attributed to the Radicals; this, though it may possibly seem very astonishing to by-standers, and to the Radicals themselves a thing wholly monstrous and incredible, is in reality no abnormal phenomenon. History shows it to have been common to all excited reformers, theological, social, or political; nor can there be any *à priori* absurdity in attributing to gentlemen such as Mr. Jesse Collings a failing which was notoriously shared by Luther, by Henry VIII., and by Voltaire. The blindness in question is not caused by any defect in the vision of the individuals, but by the atmosphere of custom or prejudice through which their eyes look; nor are its conditions at all hard to specify. Whenever men have attacked either beliefs or institutions, which once seemed to themselves, and which still seem to society, to be part and parcel of the natural order of things, they have fallen nearly always into one of two errors. They have either under-rated the destructive powers of their principles; or they have over-rated the destructive powers of themselves. The former is the error of the Radical, as the latter is of the Revolutionary. With regard to the Revolutionaries, this must be patent to everyone. During the past half-century there has been hardly a single decade, during the past decade there has not been a single year, which has not seemed to certain bands of enthusiasts the last, the very last, of the existing social order. Two years ago, at a Socialistic Congress in London, it was prophesied that by last summer every monarch would be dethroned, every existing Republic would be overturned, and all private property abolished or re-distributed. During the present year it was declared with equal vehemence that the Czar should never be crowned, and that London would by this time be in ashes. And the whole history of the Socialistic movement is marked in each of its stages by the same exaggerated confidence, the same exaggerated hopes, and by the silent but cynical comments on them of their reiterated and monotonous failure. It may, of course, be urged, on the other hand, that events such as the first French Revolution have surprised a society of Conservatives as suddenly and as terribly as an earthquake. But that Revolution, which is the most memorable instance, if it surprised the Conservatives by its suddenness and by its terrors, has equally surprised the Socialists by its utter barrenness of results; and, nearly a century after the deaths

of Babeuf and Robespierre, there is still room in Paris for a Louise Michel. I am not now arguing with the Socialistic prophets of to-day, nor contending that their prophecies may not some day have their fulfilment. I am merely seeking to fix the attention of the reader on the fact, which can be denied by no one—not even by the most sanguine or sanguinary of conspirators—that the party of social revolution has been characterised hitherto by an astounding miscalculation of its own power of attack, and of the power possessed by the present social structure for resisting it.

Now the error of the Radical is this error of the Revolutionary inverted. Just as the Revolutionary regards the existing social structure as so weak and rotten that one violent blow will be enough to break it into pieces, the Radical regards it as so strong that he may widen its doors and windows and shift its party walls as he pleases, and even dig up a large part of its foundations, without rendering any portion of it rickety. To the Radical capitalist, or the Radical professional man, private property seems something so secure that it not only can never be permanently abolished, but that it cannot even be temporarily rendered precarious, and hardly even attacked. Such a feeling in men who think little about politics is, of course, perfectly natural, and even amongst politicians it is no doubt shared to a certain extent by many who are not Radicals; but in the mind of the Radicals it is far stronger and more deeply seated than in the mind of any other party. And it is so for the following reason. The Radicals being, as I have pointed out, a set of social foreigners amongst the English middle class, and their inspiring principle being a jealousy of the native English aristocracy, they alone, of all the propertied classes, despise themselves and their own position, from an uneasy sense that there are certain positions superior to it. Thus their main desire, as a class, being the destruction of whatever is socially above them, they acquire a fictitious sense (wholly denied to any other party) that they are siding heart and soul with whatever is socially below them. They fancy themselves, in other words, to be politically identical with the people. Discontented themselves, they find it easy to make the people discontented also; the discontent they thus find they can rouse, seems to them to be the same discontent as their own; and from the belief that they are at one with the people in hatred of rank, grows the belief that the people are at one with them in respect for property. My own belief is that a falser and more misleading conception was never formed by one class of another, than that formed by the middle-class Radicals of the English people; and that a falser and more misleading conception was never formed by any class of itself, than that formed of the

middle-class Radicals as to their own real aims and motives, and the nature and the grounds of the support which the people at present give them.

If the position of the Radicals be looked on in the light of the above reflections, it will be easy to understand what actuates them in their constant appeals to the people, and their demand for reforms, the apparent effect of which would be to give the people, and not the middle class, power. Three causes, which, though logically inconsistent, are yet perfectly consistent with the composite human character, combine, it seems to me, to produce in the Radicals a totally false *instinct* as to the results of their own actions. One of these causes is nothing more than the blind recklessness, common to all parties which are at once eager and selfish in their militancy, and which is at present most prominent in the Radical party, only because of all the parties now contending in England they at the present moment are the most narrowly and intensely selfish. The second cause is the fact that, were their estimate of the popular character true, to grant the people the increased powers they demand for them would be virtually to secure these powers for themselves. The third cause is, that from their undue belief in the security of the social structure, they professedly inveigh against institutions which they have not the smallest wish to alter, and make extreme demands in the confidence that they will never be granted. Their reasons for so doing I shall touch on presently. Here, then, are causes which, if the object of the Radicals be what I say it is, will account for what the *Spectator* calls "the curious way" in which that object is sought. They are, firstly, a perfectly explicable recklessness; secondly, a perfectly explicable miscalculation; and thirdly, a perfectly explicable, and perhaps unconscious, insincerity.

As to the recklessness, I need say little of that, it being, as I have observed, not peculiar to the Radicals. The miscalculation and the insincerity require to be explained farther.

I have said that did the Radicals not miscalculate the effect on the people of the passions they try to rouse, and the principles they try to spread amongst them, the powers they demand for the people would, if the people obtained them, be virtually transferred to themselves. My meaning is this: In any great community, to direct the affairs of State, and in many points even to form a judgment on them, is an exceedingly difficult and an exceedingly laborious task; and, even with regard to the broadest issues, it is only on rare occasions, as Mr. Gladstone said in Midlothian, that the people at large can afford to concentrate their interest and their attention on them. Political power, therefore, except for one single reason, inevitably tends, let a country be never so

democratic, to centre itself somewhere amongst the richer classes; because amongst these classes alone are men to be found with leisure and means to follow an absorbing and unremunerative calling. Nor would the payment of Members of Parliament, so far as I understand that proposal, do anything appreciable to alter or diminish this tendency: the idea in the mind of those Radicals who advocate it, being not, I believe, to make politics a road to riches, but to prevent their being a road debarred to a man by poverty. Thus, though in times of exceptional political excitement, there might, were members paid, be a number of poor candidates, in general such men—presumably men of energy—would devote themselves to some trade or profession which would certainly yield, for the same amount of labour, more material comfort for themselves and for their families. Such, I say, would be the case, even in an ultra-democratic country, but for a single reason; and that is, a feeling of jealousy, of distrust, or of antipathy, which the poor might feel for the rich. If a feeling of this kind were non-existent, if the poor were convinced, or took it as a matter of course, that between them and the rich there were no diversity of interests, and no likelihood that, were the latter in power, they would use their power in an oppressive or sectarian way, into the hands of the latter, inevitably and naturally, political power would go. Now the English Radicals think that against riches, as riches, any feeling of this kind is altogether out of the question. They not only think that it does not exist amongst the people at present, but that it is not a feeling which to any important extent is capable by agitation of being ever called into existence. But though they think it impossible that the poor should be made envious of riches, they think that the poor ought to be, and naturally are, impatient of rank; and that when properly awakened by their leaders to a true self-knowledge, they will, with a virtuous but discriminating indignation, spare the carriage, and only smash the arms or the coronet. Many Radicals would, no doubt, be maliciously gratified to see the aristocracy, not robbed, but impoverished; but they would none of them advocate what they really thought to be spoliation; and their main object, as a party, is not that aristocrats should not be rich men, but that they should be unpopular and politically-discredited rich men. Could this object be obtained, what would follow is evident. The Radical section of the middle class would be the political leaders of the country. Granting the premiss, which I shall come back to presently, that it is possible to turn into objects of popular hatred the highest distinctions that wealth can bring, and yet leave wealth itself an object of popular reverence, this is the conclusion which, consciously or unconsciously, his

instinctive logic must force upon every Radical. Here, in part at least, is the explanation of those constant appeals to the people, which the *Spectator* thinks so inconsistent with my theory of Radical selfishness.

But this is not all. In addition to the above right reasoning, on what, as I shall point out directly, is an unsound premiss, there remains the insincerity of which I have already spoken. This has for its basis precisely the same premiss. Thinking property safe, not only from all attack, but, considered merely as property, safe also from all unpopularity, the Radicals allow themselves to indulge in language and to hint at measures which suggest nothing to the people except some vague scheme of plunder, and move no passion in them except some vague desire for it. Such, for instance, was Mr. Chamberlain's celebrated attack at Birmingham on Lord Salisbury, whom he endeavoured to hold up to odium for no other crime than being the head of an old landed family. It is true that that particular utterance was plainly due, on Mr. Chamberlain's part, to a failure of temper; and even the *Pall Mall Gazette* thought it necessary to explain away its obvious meaning. Its obvious meaning was that to own land was immoral; the obvious, though unuttered implication was, that this immoral property should be confiscated. Mr. Chamberlain did not mean that; his hearers did not mean that; but the feeling, though not the thought, was certainly held in solution in the ringing cheers which the words in question were greeted with. The significance, no doubt, of these particular words is small. But their utterance, and the reception they met with, form a good example of the use made by Radicals of incendiary suggestions. which, if only expressed categorically, they would themselves be the first people to repudiate. An example yet clearer, though from a more obscure source, may be found in an address delivered at Plymouth, last May, by Mr. Walter Wren, the gentleman who was unseated for corrupt practices at Wallingford. Mr. Wren declared, with regard to the Radicals, that their great characteristic was their "moderation"; and that to say that "property" would be less safe in their hands than in those of the Tories, "was too much like what the Americans call 'high falutin.'" He was also careful to show that he understood the nature of rent—that rents rose and fell not according to the rapacity of land-owners, but according to economic laws; and he held it out to his audience as one of the most cheering hopes for the future, that "American competition (by lowering agricultural rents in this country) would bring about the downfall of the territorial aristocracy." And yet, having carefully shown that rent represented not the value of the work expended in land, but the value of the land worked upon, he

directly after declared that it was "the workers who were the creators of wealth, and the hereditary aristocracy who were the squanderers and wasters of it"; to which statement must be added his further utterance, that "it was all very well for Lord Salisbury to talk about political brigands; but if there were robbers and brigands in England at all, they were the peers—the body to which Lord Salisbury belonged."* Once more, to recur again to Mr. Chamberlain; I may remind the reader of certain recent oracular hints of his, thrown out by him during the Bright Celebration at Birmingham, concerning the new conceptions to be instilled into men's minds by Radicalism as to the "duties," as well as the "rights" of property. That, no doubt, had a very fine and popular sound; but, reduced to any definite form, what did it really mean? It could, as coming from Mr. Chamberlain, only have meant one of two things—either that the rich would develop a keener sense of their duty, voluntarily to look after the welfare of the poor; or that, voluntarily or involuntarily, they would be forced to contribute to it by paying a larger per-centage of taxes than they do at present. Now, if it was the first of these ideas that was in Mr. Chamberlain's mind, to call it a Radical idea in any sense was a misnomer: it was, on the contrary, nothing but the old idea of Feudalism, which, of all ideas, Radicals most resent and protest against. Whilst if Mr. Chamberlain meant that the rich would not give more to the poor voluntarily, but merely in their behalf be forced to pay more in taxes, the "duties" he was referring to were the "duties" of the State; they were not, properly speaking, the duties of property at all. His language, therefore, if any distinct sense was meant to be attached to it, either failed to express his meaning altogether, or contained a meaning which, had his audience understood it, they would have been far more likely to have hooted than cheered. The real fact of the matter, however, is plainly this. Mr. Chamberlain's language about the duties of property, is of precisely the same kind as his language about the position of Lord Salisbury. Logically, it had no connection with any definite theory or principle whatsoever. Its sole value was not in what it said to the intellect of his hearers, but in what it suggested to their imagination and their temper. It had precisely the same tendency, as in its more limited sphere Mr. Walter Wren's had, to create amongst those to whom it was addressed a demoralising fever of uncertain hope and passion, which they themselves did not understand distinctly, and which the speakers, who sought to trade upon it, would never consent to gratify.

* Address by Mr. Walter Wren, in the St. James's Hall, Plymouth.—*Western Morning News*, May 28th, 1883.

At another time, and in another place, I look forward to treating this special question in a more exhaustive manner, giving more instances, and from more quarters, to show how large a part is played in contemporary Radical propagandism by this *reckless insincerity of implication*. For the present I have said enough about its nature, and shall pass on to note its strategical value in application. Part of its use, no doubt, to the Radicals, is to gain for themselves directly a false popularity amongst the masses; but its main use is not so much to deepen the conviction that they are the people's friends, as to create the conviction that the Conservatives are the people's enemies. When speakers like Mr. Walter Wren use language about all property, which they mean to be applied to landed property only, and to landed property only as owned by a certain class, they do this with either a conscious or instinctive trust that their extreme suggestions will be safely nullified by the Conservatives; and that thus, while they themselves gain credit with the people for cherishing aspirations which they do not really possess, the Conservatives, on the other hand, will present themselves as the people's enemies by thwarting aspirations which the Radicals only dare to suggest because they are confident that the Conservatives thus will thwart them. Thus what the Radicals really mean by their vaunted confidence in the people, is confidence that the people will either not take them at their word, or will not be able to get what the Radicals imply they ought to get. Conservative writers and speakers have lately drawn many sneering contrasts between *Radical* promises and *Liberal* performance. They would be more right if they drew them between Radical promises and *Radical* performance. There are no doubt many measures which the Radicals would have passed by this time if their Liberal colleagues would have allowed them. But the difference between what the Radicals really wish to do, and what the Liberals will let them do, is as nothing to the difference between what the Radicals affect to wish to do, and what under any circumstances they would really do. Many timid people regard the Radicals as Socialists. There they are wrong. The Radicals, in their real wishes and intentions, hostile as they are to the Conservatives, are far more like Conservatives than Socialists. Their distinguishing feature, their most dangerous feature, is not that they hold Socialistic opinions, but they seek to gain the adherence of the people by a systematic appeal to Socialistic hopes and passions.

My meaning will be at once illustrated, and its truth corroborated, by the following observations made to me not long since by a certain well-known personage who had just been visiting Birmingham. This was a gentleman who, though not a party politician, has been

lately claimed as a Liberal by a number of Liberal newspapers, and he had paid the visit in question in a semi-public capacity. He had been hospitably entreated by the leading Birmingham Radicals, and had had ample opportunities of judging of their political standpoint. "My impression was," he said to me in the course of conversation, "that they thought the whole thing" (meaning the existing structure of English society in its main points) "so strong, that nothing would really shake it; and that thus there was no danger in even their wildest language. There was a lawyer there, for instance, who put the matter to me in this way: 'Look at me,' he said. 'Do you think I want to impoverish the landlords? Why, the greater part of my own income comes from them.'"

And now let me sum up what I have been saying thus far. The success of the Radical Party with the working-class depends on their implying that they *will* do far more than they intend to do, and far more than they believe seriously either ought to be done or can be done by anyone. And they venture thus boldly on inflaming popular passion, because they believe that beyond certain limits this passion will be powerless; and because they feel that its action, if only thus limited, will be to leave themselves—their own section of the middle class—masters of the situation.

If anyone doubts the truth of this view of the matter, if anyone thinks that the appeal of Radicalism to the people indicates any exceptional philanthropy on the part of the middle-class Radicals, I will ask such a person to refer calmly to history. Of all the measures that, during the life-time of modern Radicalism, have had for their object the benefit of the working classes, the most important and the most direct have been the Factory Acts; and to these Acts what did the Radicals say? Mr. Bright's words are on record, that if these Acts were passed, he, for one, would not care to live any longer in England. And what Mr. Bright said by speech yesterday, Mr. Chamberlain says by silence to-day. With regard to this matter, I will not rest on my own judgment. The passage I am about to quote is from an advanced Liberal newspaper. The writer is referring to Mr. Chamberlain's late manifesto at the meeting of the Cobden Club:

"Mr. Chamberlain," he says, "was silent upon nearly all social questions. Subdivision of property will not touch the poor that are always with us in the great cities. No word was said about woman's suffrage, whereby good men hope to extend the reign of legislative beneficence. Better dwellings for the poor, less temptation to drunkenness, the substitute that is to be found for certain discarded methods for the suppression or regulation of great social evils—every one of these questions is omitted from Mr. Chamberlain's speech. The moment this comes into view, the perspective is altered." *

* *Western Morning News*, July 4th, 1883

The above remarks, so far as their general tendency is concerned, may seem to be negatived by one fact. There is one point, though there is one point only, as to which the Radicals in their party capacity show any interest or activity in the alleged interest of the people. That point is the tenure of land. As to that, no doubt, they are active enough. The rights of the tenant, the rights of the poor man, are in this connection continually in their mouths. But it must be perfectly evident to any dispassionate observer that there is at the bottom of this no special love for the poor. The real cause of their eagerness about land reform is antipathy to the landlord, far more than sympathy with the tenant; and whatever sympathy there may be is certainly of a very cheap kind, since it consists in a wish to express it not only at the expense of others, but at the expense of others whom it is their great desire to humiliate. I am saying that all this must be perfectly evident, and I do not say so at random. I say so in view of the following broad facts. The Radical's conception of the social claims of the poor stops short with the conception of their claims on landowners. That they should have any similar claims on the trading and capitalist class, is a doctrine that forms no part of the Radical propaganda. Mr. Chamberlain would be glad to create a tenant-right in land. He says nothing about creating a workman's right in manufacturing capital. What land is to the aristocracy, capital is to the middle class; but about the re-distribution of capital Mr. Chamberlain says nothing. But if his principles are sound as to land, they are equally applicable as to capital; and if the welfare of the poor is what he really has at heart, their application to capital is, beyond comparison, more urgent. The annual income of the propertied classes in England is at the lowest computation some six hundred and fifty millions. Socialistic agitators declare it to be a thousand millions; but whichever be true of these two estimates, there is one estimate about which concurrence is general, and that is, that the income which the aristocracy draw from agricultural land is little more than sixty millions. Thus, for every pound that goes into the pockets of the class represented by Lord Salisbury, at least ten pounds goes into the pockets of the class represented by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings. It is plain, therefore, that if the poor have any claims on the rich, of a kind not at present recognised, and if these are what the Radicals really have at heart, the claims of the poor at large as against the aristocracy are as nothing to the claims of the poor against the manufacturing and capitalist middle class. If the Radicals, therefore, when talking of the duties of riches to poverty, leave wholly out of sight nine-tenths of the riches of the country, and declaim only about the one

particular tenth which is possessed by a class which they particularly hate and envy, it is sufficiently plain, as I have said before, that their energy in this particular matter is not due to any special sympathy with the poor, but is due instead to an antipathy to a special section of the rich. In a word, to refer once more to one of the Radicals themselves, Mr. Walter Wren, in the address I have already quoted from, like many an *enfant terrible* of the same character, lets the whole secret out with an unintentional honesty. Little thinking how much he was really admitting, he declared plainly to a delighted audience, not that Radicals should work for the downfall of the landlords in order that English agriculture might be ruined, but that they might confidently hope that English agriculture would be ruined, in order that the landlords might be ruined likewise.

If to any reader what I say seems violent and exaggerated, it can only seem so because he thinks I mean more than I say. I do not say that the Radicals *as men* are indifferent to the welfare of the poor. I only say that *as Radicals* they have it no more at heart than the Conservatives. I have a statement before me, as I write, of many kind offices done by Mr. Jesse Collings to the poorer classes at Birmingham ; and no doubt in this respect there are many Radicals like him ; but without wishing to draw any invidious comparisons, it may safely be said that the English landed aristocracy have had fully as much sympathy for the poor who live on their land, as the middle-class Radicals have had for the poor who are employed by their capital. As to this point Mr. Collings himself shall speak. Although "landlord oppression" and "landlord tyranny" are the daily catchwords of the school to which Mr. Collings belongs, and though he has himself continually expanded them into a fulness of bitter innuendo, he yet, in a moment of unusual calmness and candour, admitted, whilst addressing a meeting of his constituents at Ipswich, that the English landlords, in bad times, "often reduce their rents from five to thirty per cent., and sometimes wipe them clean off. The English landlord," he added, "lives in sympathy with those about him."* I have no wish, as I say, to draw any invidious comparisons, between the personal goodness or unselfishness of the Radicals and the landed aristocracy. I only say that whatever credit in this respect may be due to the former, they have never given either proof or hint by their conduct that they are, as a class, men of warmer hearts or wider benevolence than the latter. So much for their conduct and character as citizens. As to their conduct and character as politicians, other language must be used. The disproportionate prominence given by them to the land question

* *Suffolk Times and Mercury*, Friday, December 15, 1882.

(considering what really is its pecuniary importance), and, above all, the methods by which they commend it to popular attention, instead of showing any special desire to alleviate social suffering, show in themselves nothing but a desire to *exploiter* it for a political, not a social purpose; or if, in doing this, any solid bribes should be necessary, to extort these bribes from the pockets of their political opponents.*

Much has of late been written about the future of English Radicalism. It has not been my purpose, in making the foregoing remarks, to offer to the world any prophecy of my own. My aim has been rather to analyse this Radicalism as it is at the present moment, and to lead the way to some dispassionate judgment, not as to what it *will* do, but as to what, if unchecked and unchanged, it must tend to do.

Its effect at the present moment with regard to the Conservatives is to put them in a false position with regard to the people, since by falsely identifying itself with the people, and representing the popular voice as a factious and ill-tempered clamour for reforms that are either fantastic, needless, ruinous, or unjust, it does much to force the Conservatives into an attitude of simple refusal. Now, were this all, it would perhaps not be much. Mischief might be done for a time; but it would be mischief that could be easily remedied. The tendencies of Radicalism, however, are to produce a far worse national evil than any temporary misunderstanding between parties. What is really to be watched and dreaded in it is not any definite proposals which any Radicals make, nor any principles which they honestly and definitely formulate; nor is it even the proposals and the principles which they neither make, formulate, or believe in, but imply or suggest merely. It is something worse, and more insidious than these.

First, however, let me say a word about these implied proposals and principles. It has been continually maintained, and I believe with perfect rightness, that if the language and the conduct of the present school of Radicals were pushed to their logical consequence, they would inevitably conduct us to an attempt at the wildest and most anarchical socialism; and many people at the present moment believe that some day they actually will do so. Such a catastrophe, however, I do not fear, for my own part. It is possible, no doubt, but I do not think it probable. I believe, with Mr. Labouchere, that the English people at large "are not

* I must again remind the reader that even in saying this, I am not taxing the Radicals with any direct and conscious desire to *plunder* the landlords; but merely that through a blindness induced by an intense class-selfishness, they contrive to persuade themselves that their political opponents are debtors to the community in a way and to an extent peculiar to them amongst all the propertied classes

such fools as to think that the difference between the lot of rich and poor can ever cease to exist" ; and that they are never likely in any organized way to seek by violence a short road to Utopia. Mr. Jesse Collings said he had never known a set of English working men "even advocate a single immoral act." His meaning was much the same as that expressed by Mr. Labouchere ; and on this point I think Mr. Collings right. That the English democracy will convert itself into an army of brigands and incendiaries, is not what we have to fear. Nor do I think it probable that, under the *régime* of the Radicals, there would be realised even that modified and peaceable form of spoliation recommended by Mr. Labouchere—an income-tax of fifty per cent. on all very large fortunes. Supposing, however, that this scheme were realised, yet, unjust as it would be in principle, and disastrous in its indirect consequences, this is not the main evil, nor even the kind of evil, with which contemporary Radicalism menaces us, and the seeds of which it is every day sowing.

The evil I speak of is not any alteration or subversion of the existing social order, which would be regarded as such by any real Revolutionaries. It is not, I say, any alteration of the existing social order, but a chronic and aimless discontent with it. What modern Radicalism, as acting on the English character, tends to do, is not to assimilate classes materially, but to separate them morally ; not to make the poor rich, or the rich poor, but to prevent either having any healthy relations with the other. What it tends to do is not to remedy evils that are remediable, but to produce irritation at conditions that are unalterable ; and it tends to do so in the following way—not by any of the distinct proposals it puts before the people, such as universal suffrage, abolition of the House of Lords, the compulsory subdivision of landed property, and so forth ; not by all or by any of such proposals, but by the methods by which such proposals are commended to the people, and the passion and the temper that are appealed to in order to win acceptance for them. Theories and principles in abstract science and philosophy are to be judged on their own merits, independent of those who propound them. In the sphere of practical politics the case is wholly different. A political school, a political party, is not distinguished and characterised by any special proposals or principles, but by proposals and principles as made and advocated by a special set of men in a special set of circumstances ; and the real spirit and tendency of English Radicalism is to be sought, not in what the Radicals demand or enunciate, but in the temper and the manner in which they demand and enunciate it, and the corresponding temper which they excite and act upon amongst their followers. Possibly no special measure at this moment demanded by them is a measure

which, under conceivable circumstances, in a conceivable country, and a conceivable stage of civilisation, might not be beneficial; certainly no such measure is, in the abstract, diametrically bad. But the reason is this, that hardly any political measure has, in the abstract, any meaning at all; and even of measures which in a given case are manifestly uncalled for and injudicious, the effect of a political change on the health of a nation's life will depend far less on *what* the change is, than on *why* the change is made. To understand Radicalism, it is this that we must bear in mind. The importance of Radicalism is not in its form, but in its spirit; and the most valuable thing in this country that it menaces is the spirit, and not the forms that it would ruin. The real life, the real health of a nation, consists in things that cannot be written down—in the unwritten, the unformulated feelings that exist between class and class. A nation is great and strong when these feelings are feelings of mutual trust, and when each class feels and knows its own duties and position; and it is these feelings, and this instinctive knowledge that Radicalism is daily endeavouring to embitter, to invert, or to eradicate. Laws and institutions can be made and unmade. If abolished in one decade, they can be restored in another. But the character of a nation is like the character of a man. If this deteriorates beyond a certain point, years of pain and repentance may be needed before it can become what it once was; and it is more than likely that, though the pain be present, the repentance, after all, may be utterly unavailing.

W. H. Mallock.

CURRENT POLITICS.

The August moon had waned to its last quarter before the Parliamentary Session of 1883 was finally brought to a close; and this extraordinary prolongation of the labours imposed upon the Legislature has been the immediate sequel of an Autumn Session expressly convened to frame Rules of Procedure which should husband the time and shorten the months of Parliament. It is the unprecedented privilege of the present Prime Minister to fail in his principal undertakings, and to be no worse for the failure. Legislation is conducted with precipitation at the same time that the hours for legislating are multiplied; parliamentary institutions are discredited; our foreign policy is wayward and obscure; colonial policy we have none; the country is injured; the Empire is weakened; but the politician who is the chief cause of these various misfortunes is still a prosperous gentleman. It is a wonderful spectacle, and raises the presumption that there must be something rotten in the state of a community where it can be witnessed, by some with complacency, by others with indifference, by the rest apparently with a fatalistic sense of impotence. Critics there are who seem disposed to dwell upon the small number of Measures that have become law in the course of the Session, as compared with the imposing catalogue of Bills announced by the Speech from the Throne for the consideration of the two Houses. But this is a captious rather than a solid complaint. There has been legislation enough to satisfy any discreet and reasonable appetite. It is the quality, rather than the quantity, of the legislation that invites scrutiny and inspires doubt. The Bankruptcy Bill appears, at present at least, to meet with general approval; and if we remember the number of years during which the persons most interested in perfecting the measure, together with the best legal minds, have been occupied with this subject, there will be grave grounds for surprise and remonstrance if the Act should disappoint expectation. The only other Measures of importance that have received the Royal Assent are the Corrupt Practices Bill and the two Agricultural Holdings Bills. The first of these is regarded by the best and most competent authorities as an excessive affectation of virtue by those who are not virtuous; a pretence on the part of

the House of Commons to diminish the influence of wealth which the whole world, nevertheless, knows now divides with unblushing adulation of the many the means by which constituencies are wooed and seats are won. Whether the extravagant subtlety of several of the clauses of the Corrupt Practices Act will defeat the ostensible purpose of the framers of the measure, time will unfold. But it is not necessary to wait till to-morrow to declare that a disinterested spectator of the legislation of the past Session could more easily believe in the sincerity of the solicitude professed by the Government and the House of Commons to repress electoral bribery and corruption, were it not for the simultaneous but inconsistent phenomenon of the self-same scrupulous purists labouring, might and main, by the Agricultural Holdings Act, to bribe one entire class of the community. There is not a member of either House of Parliament that is not aware that the Bill, which, while professing to prevent landlords from robbing tenants, is in reality framed to enable tenants to rob landlords, was inspired by the Party purpose of thereby purchasing the agricultural vote. "I wish the Lords would throw it out," said a certain Cabinet Minister to a Liberal peer. "Why?" asked the latter, a trifle more unsophisticated than his leaders. "Because then," was the reply, "we should carry everything before us at the next General Election." That tenants should have the benefit of their unexhausted improvements is only common honesty. That they should be enabled to break contracts into which they have spontaneously entered is common dishonesty, and cannot be relieved of that character even by Act of Parliament.

The unconscionable and unparalleled waste of time of which the House of Commons, under incapable leadership, has been guilty during the past Session, has been attended by other evils besides those we have indicated. Bills have, in consequence, reached the House of Lords at a scandalously late season; and the Peers had to choose between refusing to consider them, considering them imperfectly, or keeping the House of Commons sitting all through the Autumn. No doubt this circumstance is neither disagreeable nor unwelcome to that section of the Liberal Party which seeks to reduce the Upper House to a mere Court of Record. But unless the Peers wish their chamber to be reduced to utter insignificance, they will do well to adopt some course, or at least to suggest some method, by which that consummation may be averted.

To sum up, therefore, the practical work of the Session, we should say that there has been ample legislation, of a questionable kind, imperfectly considered, and insufficiently debated. Such is the result of seven months of Parliamentary toil and Government mismanagement. Meanwhile, not a single question

of Imperial magnitude has been adequately discussed, though unhappily questions of that character, and not few in number, are engrossing the minds and troubling the breasts of all serious patriots. The Session has closed without our hearing from the lips of the Ministry any intelligible exposition of their policy in Egypt, their policy in South Africa, their policy in India. The administrative condition of Egypt is, according to the testimony of all competent and impartial authorities, a standing disgrace and an imminent danger. We are still trifling with our responsibilities, still refusing Egypt either government by the Egyptians or government by ourselves. Mr. Gladstone dare not withdraw the English troops from Egypt; for he knows that if he did, Tewfik would have to accompany them, and a condition worse and more perilous than that which took them there would quickly ensue. Yet he dare not avow this fact, or engage to protect Egypt and England alike from a notorious peril, lest his Radical wing should break into open insurrection. Thus the most pressing interests of the Empire are played with, in order that the insincere compact between Whigs and Radicals may not receive a shock, and that the factitious Government majority may still cohere. The important question of the construction of a second Suez Canal or the widening of the present one, is left *in nubibus*, because it would be extremely inconvenient to the Cabinet again to handle it. Well may a leading German journal write of us:

> Never did conquerors so foolishly waste their time and throw away advantages as the English have done. Before their very eyes M. de Lesseps is beginning to construct another canal, with the administration of which, despite their shares and their swords, they will have as little to do as with the first one. . . . . History has long since acquitted the English of their conquest of India; but neither their contemporaries nor posterity will forgive them for their bungled conquest of Egypt. . . . Apart from the dotations which Admiral Seymour and General Wolseley have received, the English, according to all present appearances, will soon have nothing substantial left to them of their Egyptian campaign. . . . . In order to chastise a king of Dahomey one of his villages may be burnt; but Alexandria ought not to be burnt and an army brought into the field merely to send Arabi Pasha to Ceylon as a pensioner.

It would be a waste of time to attempt to extract any definite conclusions from the various utterances of the Prime Minister and his colleagues, respecting our real relation to the Egyptian Question. All that can be safely concluded is, that the Government are striving to pursue two irreconcileable courses, and that the result must, in one shape or another, be disastrous. The explanations offered during the course of the Session of our dealings with the Ameer of Afghanistan suffer from the same vice of vagueness; but the substantial fact remains, that the Government are paying him £120,000 a year in the hope that he will listen to our counsels, and will lend a deaf ear to those of Russia. But the Cabinet repudiates the idea that he is absolutely obliged to do

so, and that we have made him our vassal. In other words, the Government have adopted the policy of Lord Beaconsfield in Central Asia, without adopting the proper means for securing its success. In India itself, Lord Ripon is still devoting his abilities to the breeding of future difficulties between ourselves and the native races; and though the agitation among the European population against the Ilbert Bill has increased rather than declined, not only the Viceroy but the Government at home cling impenitently to that mischievous measure.

We have by no means exhausted or even enumerated the faults in domestic and the blunders in foreign policy that have accompanied the Session to its close. Enough, however, has been said to indicate that, if the position of the Cabinet is not seriously shaken, it is through no lack upon its own part of errors and shortcomings. It must be added, however, that no shock has been administered to it from without. The Opposition, taken in its integrity, has been a singularly indulgent spectator of the sins of the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote reviewed their conduct in a speech of perfect accuracy and perfect moderation; but he ended with no motion, and proposed no resolution. It is evidently thought that nothing is to be gained by fighting battles in the House of Commons, the result of which is a foregone conclusion, that the country meanwhile is the best judge of the amount of wisdom with which it has been governed, and that it will, when the moment arrives, pass judgment on those who have betrayed its interests. We doubt the soundness of this conclusion. An old proverb says, "Heaven helps those who help themselves"; and we suspect that the country will be slow to condemn a Government, no matter what its offences, when those offences escape the vigorous censure even of its adversaries. In the various paragraphs of the Speech from the Throne with which the Session was brought to a close, the Government assume an air of tranquil triumph, which is in some measure justified by the forbearance of their natural critics. A more audacious statement was never introduced into a Royal Speech than is contained in the words, "The work of administrative reorganisation in Egypt has steadily advanced," and, but for the congenital capacity of the Prime Minister to believe or disbelieve anything as self-love and self-interest dictate, would have to be branded as deliberately misleading. The paragraph which follows, and which refers to "the aim of the temporary occupation of the country by my military forces," and to "the considerations which must supply the measure of its duration" is only one more attempt at ambiguity and mystification. "I can refer"—so runs the Speech in another paragraph—"with greater satisfaction than on some former occasions to the

condition of Ireland." What are the grounds of this "greater satisfaction"? Are they the growing power of Mr. Parnell and the Home Rule Party in Ireland, and the certainty that in the next Parliament they will command a still larger number of votes, and be in a position still further to hamper the action and lower the credit of the Legislature? We presume so. At any rate, it is worth noting that the *Freeman's Journal* records—also with "greater satisfaction"—that "the Session of 1883 is distinguished above all its predecessors by Ministerial announcements, direct and indirect, in favour of the now resistless national demand for autonomy, Home Rule, and the right of the Irish people to regulate their own affairs."

Our relations with "our ally," as Mr. Gladstone designates the French Republic, have, during the past month, been of a singular character, if we are to regard them as the natural result of close friendship and common interests. We pointed out in our last number that no importance should be attached to the sudden and unexpected ebullition of national spirit on the part of the Prime Minister respecting the high-handed action of the French Admiral at Tamatave. The words in which we conveyed this caution were hardly printed before Mr. Gladstone was playing the part ambitioned by Bottom, and roaring like any sucking dove. It was all a mistake, he explained. He had spoken hastily, and on insufficient evidence, and what he had said had better be forgotten. Then followed a series of questions, evasions, cross questions, and explanations, which would certainly have elicited from any judge in the Kingdom, had Mr. Gladstone been in the witness-box, the stern rebuke, "Don't fence with the question, sir; answer plainly." Unfortunately, there is no power in Parliament to make a man do that, except his own instinct, and of that instinct the Prime Minister is devoid. After an unjust captivity, which the British Government did nothing to curtail, Mr. Shaw has been released from the French vessel on which he was confined; but everybody is aware of the reasons that have dictated the tardy return of the French Government to a sense of equity. A sharp paragraph inserted by Prince Bismarck in the *North German Gazette*, has convinced our neighbours that they have only to quarrel with England in order not to have a single friend left. It has seemed to some persons that the rebuke administered to France by the German Chancellor is as unprovoked as it is irregular. We confess that we cannot share that opinion. Had the French Government assumed a hostile or provoking attitude towards Germany, to the French Government Prince Bismarck would then have addressed himself in the ordinary way, and by the usual diplomatic channels. But French public opinion, as manifested in

the French press, is something quite distinct from the conduct of the Government, which has, it is almost needless to say, been perfectly blameless. A person must have but a slight acquaintance with French journalism, who doubts that the tone lately adopted towards Germany has become sensibly less cautious, not to say more arrogant; and the paragraph in the *North German Gazette* should be regarded as an unofficial warning, spoken in time, to unofficial offenders. The result will certainly be to make the French press more circumspect, as far as Germany is concerned; and possibly, in the long run, this country will have to bear the brunt of most of the irritation that is thus denied a more natural channel. In the far East, France has suffered a slight reverse on the Red River, which is, however, more than counterbalanced by the successful bombardment of Huè. The capital and Court of Annam are more accessible than the rivers and the interior of Tonquin; and it is probable that France will strive to wring from the fears of the Sovereign what it is not so easy to extract from the bamboo intrenchments of his remoter subjects. The attitude of China in the conflict still remains ambiguous; but we still incline to believe that France will contrive to achieve ostensible success without becoming embroiled with the Celestial Empire.

The death of the Comte de Chambord introduces greater simplicity into French politics. What used to be called a chivalrous, and is now designated an impracticable temper, no longer stands in the way of the Monarchical Party in France. No doubt the Comte de Paris now represents the Comte de Chambord as fully as he previously represented the Orleans branch of the House of Bourbon; but he will secure the adhesion of many French politicians who would have hesitated to signify their fealty to the indomitable champion of the White Flag. Happily, moreover, the Comte de Paris is a man whom everybody respects, who has nothing of the character of the adventurer or the intriguer about him, but who will be ready at the proper summons to do his duty. No conscientious Royalist would disturb the domestic peace of France by plotting to overthrow the Republic and restore Royalty. But every conscientious Royalist will take care to retain his freedom for events which no disinterested spectator can doubt will, in the fulness of time, occur. Should the Republic in the long run commit some egregious folly, or exhaust its popularity, which it is pretty sure to do, if for no better reason than that, in France, *tout lasse*, *tout casse*, *tout passe*, and every Government in turn becomes weak or wearisome, there will, at any rate, be a King ready to embody the modern principles of Royalty.

The visit of the King of Roumania, first to Berlin and then to Vienna, following quickly upon the journey of the King of Servia

to the latter capital, proves how vigilant is the Eastern policy of two great Allied Powers of Central Europe. Some persons have seen, in the voyage of Prince Nikita of Montenegro to Constantinople, a set-off, devised by Russia, to those incidents. To us, the suggestion is incredible. If the Prince of the Black Mountains were to take any course distinctly disagreeable to the German Powers, he would be quickly bundled out of his liliputian territory. The King of Spain, likewise, is anxious to visit Berlin, and would already have carried out his wish had it not been for the abortive insurrection which he has wisely followed up by a Royal Progress through his dominions. If this be succeeded by a friendly reception at Berlin, he will at least have done everything in his power to strengthen his position.

THE EDITORS.

August 28th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

London: Printed by W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. S.W.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 8.—OCTOBER, 1883.

ARE PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS IN DANGER?

Though I am old-fashioned enough to be unable to share the taste prevailing at present, by virtue of which everybody's private history seems to be a matter of public interest, I ought, perhaps, to say just so much about myself as will enable my readers to form an idea as to what sort of person it is that is addressing them; what, generally speaking, are his antecedents in respect of the questions he discusses; what has been his experience; and what are likely to be his prepossessions, possibly his prejudices. If the Editors of the *National Review* continue to extend their courtesy to me, this is probably not the last time I shall sue for the hospitality of its pages.

I am a Conservative, or fancy that I am, but a Conservative who has retired from the fray. I shall exercise my right as a voter when election time comes round, and it will be given for the candidates that profess themselves followers of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. Indeed, my name has always hitherto appeared on the committee of the Conservative members for the county. When the hat is sent round, I contribute to the fund that makes the cost of victory somewhat lighter to them. Once upon a time, I was myself a Member of the House of Commons, having been sent there by a body of constituents who elected me partly because they knew my name, and were, I presume, disposed kindly towards me personally, and partly because I was recommended to their notice by a person of more consequence but less taste for public life than myself. My election cost me next to nothing; and undue influence was as little known in the constituency as bribery and corruption. No doubt it was what is called a pocket-borough; that is to say, its electors did what they

could to please one of their neighbours, who did what he could to please them. Accordingly it was disfranchised, on the plea that it was small and insignificant, and the vote it used to exercise was given to a manufacturing town, seventeen miles off, that had increased in size, and which returns a rich contractor, who finds it convenient to call himself a Liberal, though, in private, he denounces the leading spirits of the Liberal Party and all their works. He, in his turn, has done all he can to please the new constituency, by making it a present of a public park, by building a new wing to the new Hospital, and by instructing his wife to buy twenty times as many commodities at the various shops of the town as she knows what to do with, during the six months that are likely to precede a Dissolution. This, in his case, seems to be not only a perfectly legal, but a perfectly legitimate proceeding; though in what sense the new borough can be said to be not also a pocket-borough, I am at a loss to understand. True, it contains five times as many electors as did the place I once represented; but its member spends twenty times as much as either I or the person who brought me to their notice spent on the disfranchised constituents. I have never had the difference between the two cases explained to me, save by one critic, who reminded me that we live in an age of progress and enlightenment, and that evidently I am neither progressive nor enlightened; and by another, who observed that I forget that one who calls himself a Liberal may steal a horse, while a man who is foolish enough to call himself a Conservative must not even look over the wall.

It will readily be understood, however, that this imperfectly explained phenomenon disposed me to look upon a Parliamentary career and to contemplate our representative system with some misgivings. A little later, however, I was asked to stand in the Conservative interest for another borough, a Cathedral town, of considerable dimensions; and I began to think I must have been unfortunate in my particular experience, and that our political machinery is purer and more satisfactory, after all, than I had hastily concluded. But I was doomed to undergo a bitter disenchantment. At first, I was simple enough to believe that I had been asked to contest this important constituency, partly because the figure I had cut in the House of Commons, though modest enough, had caused its electors to think generously of my political rectitude; but mainly because they were burning to be represented by a person holding Conservative opinions. I was soon undeceived on both points. It was gradually, and with much diplomatic tact, explained to me, that though what are called the mere election expenses would not be heavy, say some seven or eight hundred pounds, the subscriptions to the various "charities" and

"institutions" of the place expected from a member were about six hundred per annum. If we reckon a Parliament to last five years, the honour of representing this Cathedral town would have cost me nearly four thousand pounds for each Parliament. That, moreover, pre-supposes that I should have been returned; for the subscriptions, it was explained to me, must begin at once, if I entertained any serious thought of winning the seat. At first I felt disposed to write a scornful letter to the Committee that had approached me with insinuating flattery, and ended by asking me to spend eight hundred a year in buying my way back to Parliament, and then to send the communication to the public prints. But partly because it always seems ridiculous —unless indeed one has the good fortune to be a Liberal, or to belong to a sacrosant family—to arrogate to oneself the possession of superior virtue, and partly because I did not wish to make other people uncomfortable, who had honestly intended, according to their notions of honesty, to render me a service, whilst at the same time endeavouring to secure a service for themselves, I forbore. A more practical politician was afterwards unearthed, who spent his money like a man, subscribed to everything and everybody, and was, at an off-election, returned at the head of the poll. All the leading newspapers had an article upon his success, which was triumphantly cited by one side, and mournfully recognised by the other, as an unerring sign of the growth of a Conservative reaction.

Such having been my experience, of what I may call the essence and foundation of our Representative System, I made up my mind that I could be no party to the misrepresentation. Nor can I doubt that there are many men scattered up and down the country whose experience has more or less resembled mine, and who have concluded, like myself, that political life under such circumstances can be dispensed with. If this be so, Parliamentary Institutions are suffering from one danger at least. I cannot think it is a matter of no importance that the more scrupulous individuals of the community, who would otherwise be likely to be called upon to represent their fellow-countrymen, should be deterred from a Parliamentary career by moral disgust. During the last Session a Corrupt Practices Bill has been passed; but it will not in the smallest degree amend or affect the evil I have indicated. The smaller become the expenses inflicted upon candidates at election time, the heavier will become the list of subscriptions to local charities and local institutions. It will, perhaps, be said that there is no way of preventing this. Obviously there is a way of preventing it, if the purists of political life wished to do so; for nothing could be simpler than to enact that no man could sit for a

borough in which he had expended a single shilling in private or public charity. If he is really benevolent, let him be benevolent elsewhere. If he is burning to give money to infirmaries, and cricket clubs, and benefit societies, let him subscribe to these things in some place in which he never sets foot. I am not urging the adoption of any such legislation. I am only pointing out that it is perfectly feasible, and that, so long as the Legislature shrinks from it, so long are Corrupt Practices Acts a mirage and an imposture, and wholesale corruption of the most overt, unblushing, and perfectly legal kind will go on, and will increase steadily. The cry everywhere is for "local" candidates; the demand not arising from any desire that the candidate should have knowledge of local affairs, but that he should be on the spot to be "bled" by the constituency, and should spend his income among and upon the people he represents. He does not need to be born in the borough or to have any antecedent connection with it. It is enough that he should buy or hire a place in the neighbourhood, and "nurse" the constituency; in other words, feed it.

I have said that some men are too poor, and others too fastidious, to pursue this course. But the number of men with abundance of money and few scruples is practically inexhaustible; and thus our Representative System is tainted at its source. It will, perhaps, be said that it always suffered from the same taint, and that I must be surely losing sight of the days when rival families expended thousands of pounds at election time in trying to win the seats in their neighbourhood. But there is a vast difference between the bribery and corruption of old days and the "nursing" system of to-day. In olden times it was well understood that the electoral battle lay rather between two families or two men, or at most between two political Parties bearing different names, but not distinctly divided by irreconcilable principles; and when the victor took his seat in Parliament, he never gave his constituents a second thought, but became a really deliberative member of the Legislature, giving it at any rate the benefit of his opinions, whatever they might happen to be. In these days, on the contrary, a man lives in constant terror even of the constituency he has bought; and, he having corrupted it, it in turn corrupts him. With all his efforts, all his subscriptions, all his "charities," he probably won his seat by a narrow majority; and he knows how precarious in his tenure of it, since another candidate of a rival set of opinions is doing precisely what he himself did, and is nursing the constituency with a view to the next electoral struggle. When a man openly bought the votes of the electors in order that he might find his way into Parliament, and, once there, serve his country, he at

least was neither corrupted nor degraded, however it may have been with the persons who had accepted his largesse. But a man who professes to enter the House with clean hands, and who does abstain from illegal bribery, while at the same time indulging lavishly in the various forms of legal corruption I have described, has degraded and demoralized himself by the wholesale hypocrisy and dissimulation to which he has stooped. He is, therefore, a ready instrument for further degradation; and having in reality bought his seat, he next proceeds to sell his opinions. For it is men of this sort, men who have entered the House in the manner I have indicated, who are the most readily intimidated into voting for Permissive Bills, for the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Act, and even into listening to the importunities of the Anti-Vaccinationists. Every step such men take in endeavouring to win and to retain a seat in the House of Commons tends to undermine their manliness and to demoralize their consciences. Their one aim and object is not to be thrown out of Parliament; and, for the sake of retaining their seats, there is nothing they will not vote for, or against.

Enlarged constituencies, it will, perhaps, be said, will remedy this mischief. To places like Manchester, or Leeds, or Bristol, it is immaterial whether a candidate lives near the borough or not, how many pounds of tea his wife buys, or how many blankets she gives away. As a fact, even these constituencies have shown a distinct preference for local candidates, and for local candidates who are well-to-do; and I have been informed, on good authority, that in a place like Preston, for instance, which contains 100,000 inhabitants, and some 13,000 electors, members are asked and expected to subscribe to charities and institutions to the tune of £600 a year. Every farthing so subscribed, if not subscribed by a person living in the borough and having his non-political interests there, is bribery and corruption, no matter how innocent it may be from a purely legal point of view, and, if subscribed by a local candidate, it is precisely what gives to his "local habitation" its value and potency.

But even if this danger, this demoralizing danger to Parliamentary institutions could be got rid of, I greatly doubt whether the corruption of the candidate himself, the corruption of men who aspire to sit in Parliament and who succeed in doing so, would be got rid of at the same time. For if local charities, and institutions, and this "nursing" of constituencies were done away with, the pliability, the servility of the candidates would remain unaffected. Under the old system, a man bought a constituency unblushingly, or he was returned for a constituency because he was recommended to it by a certain family; but once in the House, he did as he

pleased. At present, he buys the constituency in a roundabout way, though professing not to have done so; but, in spite of all his expenditure, he dare not call his soul or his opinions his own. If all forms of money bribery and purchase could be abolished, all that would remain would be bribery by the candidates through the surrender or modification of their opinions. But this, I submit, is the worst form of bribery of all, and the one most dangerous to Parliamentary institutions. It is calculated to flood Parliament with persons who have no sense of political rectitude and no political principles they are not prepared to relinquish in order to enter the House and keep there, and who are the supple slaves of the Caucus to which they owed their election. It has always seemed to me to be idle, and a waste of breath, to inveigh against the Caucus itself, which, after all, is merely a particular form of machinery devised by a particular set of men for furthering particular opinions and promoting particular legislation. If they are honestly bent on attaining these ends, and if these ends seem to them good ends, it appears to me most unreasonable to reproach them with inventing a form of organization that does this rapidly and effectually. The real blame ought to be attached to the candidate for a seat in Parliament who submits to the dictation of these Caucuses, who says "Yes" to their questions when he thinks "No," and who is the representative of opinions he distrusts and abhors.

But if he refused, he would not be returned? Precisely. And that is why he does not refuse. But, not refusing, he enters Parliament with his political conscience already corrupted. We may say what we like about "practical politics" and the necessity for compromise. But he is not an honest man, and he knows it. If he does not know it, that only shows his corruption and demoralization to be hopeless. It will be observed that I am not inveighing against any form of opinion, since every form of opinion, if honestly entertained, is deserving of respect and attention. What I am deprecating is the representation of men who hold certain opinions by men who do not hold them, but who are prepared to advance those opinions by their vote, rather than forfeit the chance of remaining in Parliament. Surely it would be much better that the men who hold certain opinions should be represented by men by whom likewise the opinions are shared. For my part, I should infinitely prefer to see constituencies that desire the abolition of the House of Lords represented by men who likewise actively desire it, than to see them, as one sometimes sees them now, represented by men who would dread such a change, but would unhesitatingly vote for it sooner than that their own share in legislation should be abolished. Government by honest men is a

thing that has frequently been asked for; and, properly understood, it is the only sound and, in the long run, only safe form of Government. But you must first catch your honest men; and where are they? Of course I am using the word honest in the political sense; and I confess that, as far as I can judge, most of our prominent politicians of the day fail to satisfy the test of honesty. They think one thing and say another; or they speak in one sense and act in another. If we were to suppose for a moment the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Derby, or Sir William Harcourt, saying, "I think so-and-so; these are my opinions, and by these opinions I intend to abide, whatever may be the political consequences to me personally," what a revolution, for the moment at least, would be wrought in the political situation! I once heard a colleague of Lord Hartington narrate how the latter said to him, "I have been reading over my own speech against the extension of the County Franchise, and I confess I find it unanswerable." I have little doubt he finds it unanswerable still; but he is a prominent member of a Cabinet that is at this moment preparing a Bill for the extension of the County Franchise. Let us imagine Lord Hartington declaring, as Mr. Goschen has declared, that he will not be a party to the passing of any such measure, and quitting the Cabinet in consequence. What would be the result? He would lose the support and love of the Radicals, and would to that extent weaken the Liberal Party and his own political position. But he would strengthen the position and increase the confidence of those who deprecate an unqualified extension of the suffrage, would encourage many to speak out who at present are silent, and would thereby raise the tone of public life. I take this simply as a case in point. Illustrations could be adduced almost endlessly. That master sophist, the Prime Minister, who sophisticates with himself as habitually as with others, avows in private life that he thinks it right, and almost a duty, for a statesman to bow to the opinions of others, and to subordinate individual convictions and preferences to the ascertained wish of the country. I may be very old-fashioned; but this seems to me systematised political dishonesty. It is the business of every good citizen to bow to the decision of the majority, when a decision has been taken, but to remain a member of the minority if he disagrees with the conclusions of the majority. It has, moreover, evidently escaped the observation of those persons who pacify their consciences by the above plea, that it is utterly impossible to know what the opinion of the country is, unless every man in the country proclaims his opinion and sticks to it. If, for instance, Mr. Gladstone had declared that, in his opinion, it would be a distinct misfortune to Parliament and the country to admit a

person to the Legislature who repudiates supernatural sanctions, can anyone doubt that thousands of Liberals who were hesitating upon the point would have hesitated no longer, and would have declared that such was likewise their opinion? It is the bounden duty of every individual, no matter how humble or how insignificant, to form a conclusion upon every matter of moment, to the best of his ability, and then to act upon it. But if this be a binding obligation on individuals who have to decide only for themselves, who have no followers, no adherents, no enthusiastic worshippers, but only their one individual conscience to satisfy, and their one individual vote to exercise, how much more urgent, how much more solemn, is the obligation in the case of those who are rulers of men, who occupy commanding positions, who have persuasive voices, upon whose accents multitudes hang as upon the mouth of oracles, and who, by their one word and one vote, can influence the vote of thousands, and so decide the fate of empires.

I have often thought an interesting paper might be written, by anyone who would think out the question, on "Public Opinion, its Formation and Value," and I am by no means sure that it would not turn out at last that what is called public opinion is in reality nobody's opinion, but the opinion which a certain number of people believe a certain number of other people to hold. But, this speculation for the moment left aside, it is obvious that it is idle to talk of public opinion so long as the most able and the most influential men in the country withhold theirs, or modify and even reverse it, in obedience to the supposed convictions of the multitude whom it is their business to convince. Nor is conviction conveyed by argument alone, or, indeed, mainly by argument. Facts, experience, character are important factors in the formation of anything deserving the designation of opinion, distinct from mere individual or class self-interest. When a person of confessed ability, uncompromising honesty, and elevated position says to a community, calmly and with dignity, "You may be right, and, since you are many and I am one, I grant the probability is that you are; but it seems to me you are not, and I can only act up to such lights as I possess. I cannot and will not vote for such a course, and will stand aside whilst others do so,"—when, I say, such a person holds such language, it is impossible that it should not produce some effect. But whoever dreams of taking this course, who occupies a position in which what he says and does is of real importance? But if statesmen only would! Sometimes surely it would happen that the sequel proved them to have been right; and then what service they could render to their country! It was by such a course that Prince Bismarck, carrying his head in his hand, brought about national unity. English statesmen prefer to

let their heads be carried in other people's hands, and to promote national disintegration.

Political corruption and the demoralization of the individual political conscience thus spread and spread, and become universal. Statesmen in high places, casting about them for majorities in Parliament, set the example; and candidates, casting about them for majorities in the constituencies, follow it. Thus gradually a sort of silent assumption is established that it is not the business of a politician to be independent and upright, much less intractable in his opinions, but rather to be pliant and docile. A man who refuses to be these is considered as impracticable, "cantankerous," and insensible to the necessity of daily and hourly compromise. Yet unless honesty be but a phantasm, and morality a phrase, a community in which politicians talk of their opinions when they mean the opinion, or the supposed opinion, of other people, must be experiencing a process of degradation.

It is idle, moreover, to suppose that the character of the persons who constitute the House of Commons can be lowered without the House itself suffering in public estimation. It is in accordance with a well-known trait in human nature that people despise those whom they have themselves degraded; and the very constituencies that begin by insisting that their representatives shall flatter and obey them, end by feeling for their members that contempt which tyrants invariably reserve for sycophants.

It may be worth while, in passing, to note likewise that men who take such extraordinary pains and make such extraordinary sacrifices, including the sacrifice of self-respect, to get into the House of Commons, naturally consider it incumbent upon them to be heard of when they get there. Hence the multiplicity of questions, and the prolongation of debates, which together produce upon the public mind that sense of weariness which tends to produce disgust and, finally, disdain. Certain it is that the debates of Parliament are less diligently read and less respectfully scanned than in former times; and only one of the London daily papers now thinks it worth while to report them *in extenso* with regularity.

The principal cause, however, of the comparative indifference with which we now read the proceedings in Parliament, unless they happen to be of a scandalous or of an exceptionally exciting nature, is to be sought in the appeal that is perpetually being made, not only by professed demagogues but by politicians of the highest standing, from the deliberations of Parliament to that extra-Parliamentary tribunal known as the supposed state of public opinion out of doors. The country has to thank the present Prime Minister for this dangerous innovation in the traditions of our political life. One has heard of appeals being made from

Philip drunk to Philip sober. It remained to that distinguished character to introduce appeals from Philip sober to Philip drunk. For there is no incompatibility between a sincere regard for the deliberate and tranquil conclusions of the nation at large, arrived at after careful consideration, and the feeling that opinions, or rather passions, suddenly called into activity by a stirring and sympathetic Party orator resemble rather a condition of political intoxication than one of political sobriety. Anyone who remembers that Edinburgh claims to be the modern Athens, and who recalls the famous campaign in Midlothian, will perhaps discern some pertinence in the application of the following lines to our "greatest living statesman" :—

> Per Graium populos, mediaque per Elidis urbem
> Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat honores.

After his orations in Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone not only claimed but secured so much of divine honour as it is within the competency of the Liberal Party to bestow. But if dispassionate self-examination, and a careful scrutiny of the consequences of his own conduct, were among the gifts of the right honourable gentleman, he would scarcely fail to perceive that his Midlothian campaign and its consequences dealt a more severe blow to Parliamentary Government than any previous occurrence in our history. As I write these lines, there falls under my eye an article in the *Economist*, a newspaper of tried fidelity to the Liberal Party, and that, as far as I know, has never indulged in gloomy prophecies or extravagant predictions. Here is what it says :—

> Not only does the recess afford an opportunity for the quiet working-out of administrative policy, but it is rapidly coming to discharge another function of still deeper importance. No one who has watched the course of English politics during the last ten years can fail to have been struck with the fact that it is in the recess that the great changes in the direction of popular opinion have been produced, or at least have first declared themselves. This, whatever may be its cause, is undoubtedly a symptom, if not of the waning faith of the democracy in representative institutions, at least of its growing desire to be brought into direct contact with the men who guide it, and to exercise an immediate control over the course of public affairs. In many respects this conversion of the recess into a huge political campaign is greatly to be deplored. It imposes a new tax upon the strength and the resources of our heavily burdened statesmen. By necessitating the constant employment of startling effects and highly-seasoned rhetoric, it tends to degrade and vulgarize political oratory to the American or Irish level. It is, however, of no use to lament the inevitable drawbacks of an accomplished change; and until there has been a miraculous transformation both in the range of popular intelligence and the temper of political warfare, it is idle to expect the party orator to forego the opportunity which these gatherings offer, and by which he is intended to profit. At the same time, one cannot abandon the hope that the greater speakers on both sides, while giving the combative instinct of their followers its legitimate satisfaction, will make use of the extraordinary influence which the new fashion of employing the recess gives them, to prepare the mind of the nation for the serious political issues which lie before it.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that the present leaders of the present

Opposition have neither the inclination nor the *perfervidum ingenium* that would drive them to attempt to repeat the Midlothian experiment. But one may see in the chafing ambition of fiery subordinates like Lord Randolph Churchill, that the *rabies* introduced by Mr. Gladstone, when in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, has spread. Moreover, I fear it must be admitted that though Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote may have too acute a sense of what is due to their own dignity, the decorum of public life, the welfare of Parliament, and the safe working of our institutions, to resort to the passionate expedients by which public opinion may be influenced, their forbearance is attributed by most persons rather to incapacity than to conscience and fastidiousness. The Electorate has tasted blood; and it is no longer satisfied with a farinaceous diet. It is perpetually craving for stimulating speeches, and it gives its confidence most freely to those who stimulate it the most. Obviously, this operation cannot be performed within the walls of Parliament itself, and hence the interest taken in the proceedings of Parliament has sensibly waned. Speeches outside Parliament tend to become more violent, and speeches inside Parliament—if we except those delivered by certain Irish Home Rule members—tend to become less lively and attractive. No man can long go on talking with real earnestness to an audience he fails to move; and the House of Commons is now slow to be moved, because it knows that what are called great popular movements are evoked and carried forward elsewhere.

What some of us, however, regard as a mischief insidiously creeping in, and the unforseen result of steps taken with a certain amount of inadvertence, politicians who have been nick-named by their opponents as "advanced," but who now seem to reap no small benefit and authority from the sobriquet, are busy declaring ought to be the aim of our electoral machinery and the end of our Parliamentary System. To bring members into closer relations with their constituencies, to make them live in fear and trembling of the opinion of the supposed majority in the borough or county they represent, to render them sensitive and swiftly amenable to the current of crotchets that may be permeating it, in a word, to turn the Representatives of the Nation into the obedient delegates of the particular body by which each of them happens to be chosen, such is the avowed reform of our Parliamentary Institutions, such the proclaimed amelioration of our Representative System, upon which advanced politicians have set their hearts.

Is it possible to doubt that, if they succeed, Parliamentary Institutions will thereby be greatly degraded, and, by their degradation, be in serious danger? This is the question I am trying to solve, and we seem to be approaching an answer. Some of us dread,

others among us greatly desire, a change in our political habits, which, if accomplished, can be demonstrated to be the greatest peril by which the Legislature has ever been menaced. For the moment, I forbear to inquire whether the result ostensibly sought after would be attained; whether, in a word, the turning of independent Representatives of the Nation into servile mouth-pieces and mechanical registers of the real or supposed wishes of their particular constituencies at a particular moment, would cause the country to be more faithfully and accurately represented. What it concerns me to insist upon here is, that there is no way of accomplishing this transformation without lowering the character, damaging the position, and in the end destroying the authority of Parliament. A body will not long be respected that ceases to be independent; and a deliberative body that does not deliberate is doomed. It is the foible of ardent reformers to be short-sighted, and to fail to perceive what will be the final outcome of their own success. Of to-day they may possibly have a clear vision; but they give little thought to the morrow, and the day after to-morrow has no existence for them. It is unnecessary to point out that the same persons who desire to transform Representatives of the Nation into delegates of the constituencies, desire likewise the abolition of the House of Lords, and they are strictly logical in their wishes. But it has never occurred to them that, in the pursuit of this latter object of desire, they are hastening the advent of a state of affairs in which the lower branch of the Legislature, the House of Commons, will likewise cease to exist, or, at any rate, fall into a condition of feebleness and discredit, to which total disappearance would be preferable.

For let us see what may occur, and what is certain to occur if the first steps in the programme be taken. At present the House of Lords is a deliberative body; and by the very fact of being a deliberative body it sometimes differs from the House of Commons. All persons that deliberate occasionally differ. It is only patrons and their *umbræ* that always agree. But the very complaint at present urged by advanced politicians against the House of Lords is that it deliberates, and hence sometimes arrives at a different opinion from the House of Commons. They demand that it shall never differ from the other House: in other words, that it shall not deliberate, or at least shall not be influenced by its own deliberations. The persons who advance this demand, and urge it as the only satisfactory condition upon which the House of Lords can be allowed to continue to exist, see clearly enough that, if they can impose this condition, the House of Lords will be thereby so degraded, its dignity will be so compromised, and its authority so utterly destroyed, that whether it continues to exist or not will be

a matter of no importance to advanced politicians. The Lords will have become the delegates and the echo of the Commons.

How is it, then, they do not perceive that, by carrying out their plan for transforming the Representatives of the Nation into the Delegates of the Constituencies, and for changing the House of Commons from a deliberative into a mere legislative body, they will produce upon the Chamber they profess to love precisely the same effect they avow they wish to produce upon the Chamber they dislike? Similar causes produce similar effects; yet they apparently fail to discern that the method of degradation and discredit they would purposely apply to the House of Lords must, if applied to the House of Commons, degrade and discredit it likewise.

Upon examination, therefore, it appears that the proposed reform of our Parliamentary Institutions is in reality a proposal for their abolition. Impatience is not only the most revolutionary, but the most destructive of the passions; and impatience is at the bottom of the agitation for the changes I am considering. It is an impatience of debate, an irritation against deliberation of any kind, a fretful desire to bring questions to an issue and to decide them by a vote without delay. To refer all questions for solution to the direct decision of the constituencies is to eliminate and prohibit deliberation altogether. For the constituencies are not deliberative bodies, and much less do they constitute one deliberative Body. They cannot communicate with each other; they cannot discuss each other's views and objections; and to refer grave decisions to them is to commit the verdict to chance or to a medley of passion. No doubt a certain amount of passion, of enthusiasm, of zeal, is desirable in the electoral body. But in the Legislature more tranquil qualities are to be looked for. As Pope says:—

> Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.

Advanced politicians would abolish the card altogether, and trust entirely to the gale. Any mariner can tell what would be the result of such single-minded confidence.

Unless, therefore, something can be done to prevent this so-called reform of our Parliamentary Institutions, I for one am of opinion that they are in grave danger indeed. The object of every true lover of Parliamentary Institutions, which are the best machinery for providing and securing a Representative System ever devised, should be, while taking care that Parliament does not lose touch of the constituencies, to keep the one distinct from the other, and to try to prevent the honest and disinterested deliberations of the Legislature being overridden by the momentary emotions or surging interests of the various electoral bodies. For though the Nation is made up of the people and the classes that

compose it, the Nation has interests and objects over and above the interests and objects of these constituent elements. For there is chemical action in politics as in physics; and that complex unit, the Nation, is something different from, and something more than, a mere aggregate of the simpler elements of which it is compounded. Hence the necessity for a free, independent, and deliberative Legislature. Hence the danger that, if it be not left free, independent, and deliberative, the Nation as distinct from its component and possibly discordant parts, will have no true Representation at all.

I am aware that to talk of anything being in danger has a tendency to raise a smile. I shall be told that we have heard, over and over again, of the Crown being in danger, the Church being in danger, the Country being in danger, the Empire being in danger, and that they all still exist. Let the objection stand for what it is worth; and, of course, it is worth something. But, though "Wolf" was cried several times without due cause, he came at last; and I have tried at least to show that the particular danger I deprecate is a danger which those who are threatening us with it do not perceive at all, while avowing that they desire to bring about a state of things from which the danger will infallibly ensue. I have no object in being an alarmist. As I have said, I am a retired politician. Like M. Ducis, the ardent French admirer and adapter of Shakespeare, I may say, "Je ne vis plus; j'assiste à la vie." I am a spectator, and I try to be a disinterested one; I am merely indicating phenomena that seem to me to portend mischief.

It is not an uncommon habit with Radical politicians, whenever forebodings such as the foregoing are expressed, to avoid the issue by seeking to create the impression that the persons who express them are rootedly averse to Parliamentary institutions, and are secretly longing for a return to forms of government of a more absolute or oligarchical character. I can only say, for my part, that my principal reason, as far as domestic politics are concerned, for being a Conservative rather than a Liberal, is that I am impenitently attached to liberty, and detest tyranny in every form. But it is only natural when one expresses alarm at the future of Parliamentary Institutions, and when one fancies one sees they will shortly fail to answer the purpose for which they were designed, to propound the inquiry what one would propose to substitute for them in the event of their disappearance or their degradation. I am unable to suggest for them any satisfactory substitute; and I firmly believe they are the wisest expedient ever devised by political experience and ingenuity for the government of mankind.

When Voltaire died, his successor at the French Academy made the happy observation: "Il est des grands hommes à qui l'on succède, et que personne ne remplace." I should be disposed to say the same of our Parliamentary Institutions. If damaged and destroyed —and how easy it is to damage and destroy!—some other form of government would have to succeed them. But they would not be replaced. Moreover, I fail to perceive how Parliamentary Institutions can be worked successfully, divorced from our traditional Party system. No doubt it is the exaggeration of Party spirit that is putting them in jeopardy. Is it wise, however, on that account to inveigh generally against Government by Party? I fancy I have observed a disposition to take this course by certain political writers; and if I understand him rightly, a brilliant contributor to the *National Review*, Thomas Tantivy, has exhibited some symptoms of it. Perhaps he will find an occasion to reassure me on this point. Party spirit, when carried too far—carried as far, for instance, as it was by the present Prime Minister and the Liberal Party generally, when Lord Beaconsfield was in office—degenerates into an attempt by one Party in the State to prevent the other from governing, or from conducting the foreign relations of the country with dignity, firmness, and safety. So applied, Party spirit must perforce endanger Parliamentary Institutions. We have grown so accustomed to liberty under our Representative system, that we have got to regard it as a sure possession, like the rising of the sun or the advent of the summer. In reality, it is much more precarious.

A Retired Politician.

GOTTFRIED KELLER:

The Modern Novel in Germany.

Few foreign countries at present attract so much attention as Germany. To the military reformer her army presents an ideal whose only fault is that it is too high to be closely imitated; her politics are, to most of us, a great and awful mystery, which is only the more fascinating because a certain apprehension is apt to mingle with our admiration; her scientific methods are adopted in our schools, and her philosophy has found careful students, and even enthusiastic adherents, in England. In fact, there is only one part of the intellectual life of the country which excites no interest among us, that is her imaginative literature. Less than fifty years ago, Heine could say, with much apparent truth, that, in dividing their gifts, the gods had bestowed on France power over the earth, on England rule over the sea, and on Germany dominion only over the realm of dreams. The practical man then thought her unworthy of serious consideration, her social life furnished the humorist with an unfailing subject for ridicule, her policy was regarded with a half pitying indifference, her philosophy was a jest, her science was ignored. It was the literary critic only who turned to the country of Lessing for instruction, only the lover of poetry who was attracted to that of Goethe. But these found an abundant harvest in the land that otherwise seemed so sterile. It is true that even they were scarcely satisfied with the banquet placed before them. The critic could hardly help feeling that the sentences pronounced by the Schlegels and their followers in the great intellectual tribunal of the nation were often based on abstract principles which were at least open to question; that their conception both of life and art was one-sided, and that their praise and blame was not unfrequently prompted by a mere intellectual caprice. But they were never dull, never shallow, never conventional in their judgments. Their very mistakes were instructive, and their errors suggestive. They never thought of estimating the poem or novel that was placed before them by the simple "I like," or "I dislike," of the young ladies' boarding-school, still less did they measure its value by a fixed standard like that which the eighteenth century had adopted. They brought to their task an intimate knowledge,

not only of classical literature, but of that of Italy, Spain, England, and France, and what for their time was by no means a superficial acquaintance with the poetry of India and Persia. They were ready to recognise true talent in the most uncouth garb, to scout incapacity though it was draped in the most venerable robes. Indeed it may be doubted whether any modern nation has ever possessed a public at once so choice and so catholic in its literary taste, as that of Germany in the years that intervened between 1820 and 1845. Not only were the plays of Shakespeare and Molière constantly produced; Sophocles was frequently represented on the public stage, Aristophanes was acted in Berlin, by order of the King, to a select audience; and even Sakoontalá, a Hindu drama, found actors to perform and a public to appreciate it. Hence the personal sympathies and antipathies of the leaders of the Romantic School were, to a great extent, corrected by a knowledge of the most important literary works of all ages and nations, which they had so largely helped to place before their fellow-countrymen; and the foreign student, while he might reject their conclusions, could hardly fail to profit from their disquisitions.

The simple lover of poetry stood in a very similar position. Even in the writings of Goethe there was much he could not simply accept as he did the poetry of Shakespeare or Dante. The admirer of Fielding could hardly look upon *Wilhelm Meister* as a perfect novel. If it was far greater than *Tom Jones* in one respect, it was far less in another. And if this was the case with the great master of German poetry and fiction, the foreign reader could not help feeling the inadequacy more acutely when he turned to the works of his contemporaries and his successors. Their schemes were frequently chaotic, their composition was incoherent, their style that of a man who stutters; and yet they attracted him, for beneath all the ashes and scoriæ he was conscious of the presence of the elemental fire. Every now and then it flashed out, suddenly illuminating some dark corner of human life, or throwing a weird half-light on human character and passion. The German poems and tales of that period are, for the most part, either fanciful or entirely disconnected in their structure, and either highly artificial or grossly crude in their external form; but they are full of ideas and suggestions, of single scenes that enchain the attention, of single thoughts that are the *sesame* of new intellectual worlds; above all, they are instinct with imagination, and stand in the closest organic connection with the intellectual and moral life of the age that produced them, or at least with some single side of it. These are exactly the qualities in which the English reader of to-day cannot help feeling that his

German contemporaries are somewhat wanting, and his condemnation gains only a greater force from the fact that he is honestly desirous of appreciating their merits, and that he finds it difficult to point out the faults to which he objects. He willingly recognises that the composition of the works which are now placed before him is perfectly clear and correct, and that their style is always flowing and frequently lucid. He is inclined to over-estimate the learning they display rather than to disparage it. He sees what care and pains they must have cost, and yet, to state the simple result in simple words, they weary him. He knows that this ought not to be, but, at the same time, he feels that it is the final result of his study of the fiction of a country which he is beginning to think heavy and prosaic, instead of mystical and somewhat light-headed as his grandfathers did.

If this dissatisfaction with the present condition of German literature were confined to foreign readers, it would be easy to over-estimate its importance. A great part of the poetry of every country must always remain the peculiar possession of the nation that produces it. Neither Wordsworth nor Shelley has ever found a large audience abroad, and the *Paradise Lost*, after having strongly influenced a whole epoch in the intellectual life of Germany, is now rarely opened there except by some conscientious professor, or a blue-stocking of unusual ambition. In the same way the general English reader often finds it difficult to understand the charm which Petrarch exercises over the imagination of his fellow-countrymen. Not only would he never think of comparing him to the great master of Italian song, but both Boccaccio and Ariosto seem nearer to him, even Machiavelli is nearer. The foreign critic who should venture to question the estimate which a nation has deliberately formed of one of its own poets, would therefore show far more boldness than judgment. Every language possesses subtle virtues, which no grammar can explain, and a music which only those who have learned it in the cradle can hear; and every race, like every person, is gifted with an individuality which compels it to attribute a peculiar, and perhaps an exaggerated value to a certain class of sentiments. These are the means which the true poet frequently finds best adapted to his purposes, and the feelings to which, at least at times, he loves to appeal; and though by so doing he must forfeit a part of the international recognition to which he might otherwise lay claim, he probably gains in the depth and fervour of the impression he produces more than he loses in the number of his audience.

But, unfortunately, foreign critics are not alone in their discontent. If we except those who have made literature their profes-

sion, and whose judgment is therefore to a certain extent biassed, it is hardly possible to find a German of refined taste who does not regret the condition into which the poetry and fiction of his country has fallen. Indeed, the complaints in which men who belong to the intellectual aristocracy of the nation frequently indulge are so bitter, as to appear exaggerated even to the foreigner. They had been taught by Gervinus and critics of his school to believe that the political unification of the country would at once impart a new stimulus to all the arts, and so they silently and half-unconsciously demanded of the re-established Empire not only influence abroad and prosperity at home, state railways and an admirable postal system, but the immediate appearance of a new and greater Goethe. But when we subtract all the irritation that may be due to the disappointment of unreasonable hopes, the fact still remains that there is now only one German author whose works are awaited by the most highly educated among the public with the eagerness with which we expect a new poem of Mr. Tennyson, or with which we used to look forward to a new novel by George Eliot. That author is Gottfried Keller.

Schopenhauer says that the great difference between a philosopher and a professor of philsophy is that the investigations of the first are prompted by a desire to find a solution for difficulties that he has met with in real life, while the professor is ignorant of everything that goes on outside the walls of his study, and cares only for the questions that are suggested by books. Whether this be true of philosophy or not, I cannot say; but it has a certain applicability to almost every branch of art. As soon as the Italian painters ceased to gaze eagerly on the busy life of the streets and the market place, on the simple charities of home, and the quiet reverence of those who knelt by some popular shrine, or some otherwise deserted tomb, as soon as they lost their delight in unstudied attitudes and unconscious expressions of the human face, they lost their imaginative power. We can still admire the cleverness and marvellous skill which works of the later schools display, and yet they seem empty and uninteresting. We feel that the task was both conceived and executed within the narrow limits of the studio. The figures, the attitudes, the expression, have all been carefully copied from hired models dexterously placed in the requisite light and position. The object of the painter is to show his mastery over all the resources of his art, to astonish us by the boldness of his foreshortenings, and to delight us by the perfection of his chiaroscuro, not either to express or to explain any mood of human feeling or any part of the external world. He has his reward. We are amazed at his power of delineating the forms he has chosen. But there our admiration ceases. His pictures

leave the heart unmoved; they never haunt the memory in lonely hours.

Now, it is the distinguishing merit of Keller, as compared with his German contemporaries, that the first suggestion of his stories always seems to come to him from the real world. He writes of things that he has known, of passions that he has felt, of scenes and conflicts which the actual life of his neighbours brought before his eyes, and he uses his imagination chiefly to explain and to complete his observations. The plots of his tales, it is true, are often fanciful, occasionally far-fetched, and at times even grotesque, but there is nothing laboured about them; we feel at once that they owe their origin to some whimsical thought that suddenly flashed across the author's mind, or some comical incident which forced itself upon his attention. He writes neither for the purpose of displaying his artistic skill nor of illustrating any psychological theory, but simply to record and explain those phases of life that have an interest for him, and he uses his strange inventions chiefly in order to bring certain sides of human nature into a stronger light. It cannot be denied that his satire occasionally verges upon caricature, at least in his earlier works, but such exaggerations are to be found in his incidents far more frequently than in his characters; they are rarely if ever to be discovered in his analysis of motives or his expression of passion. Besides this, his caricature, even in his youth, was never of the soulless kind which depends for its effect on the lengthening of a nose or the shortening of a leg. When he outstepped the modesty of nature, it was always to show to what absurdities, motives and feelings of which we all are conscious might lead, if they were not held in check by other considerations; and the force with which the ruling passion is depicted, as well as the vividness and accuracy of the details of the piece often tempt us to forget the improbability of the story.

This close connection between the fiction of Keller and the real life of the world around him explains the inequality of his earlier writings, particularly of *Der Grüne Heinrich*, the only long novel he has published. Many authors have produced remarkable poems and stories when they were little more than boys, but they have only succeeded in doing so when, like Chatterton and Keats, they took refuge in an ideal world, or, like Goethe in his *Werther*, they were content to depict the workings of a single passion. Whatever his genius may be, no youth can know the multiform interests and passions that rule and divide the world on whose threshold he is standing, and the strange complications and metamorphoses which they cause and undergo; still less can he form any just estimate of their comparative value. His whole attention is likely to be absorbed by those questions which appear to be of paramount im-

portance to the young, and in that case his conception of the world will be not only shallow but distorted. His pulses already quicken to the sound of the battle, he has chosen his side, he is eager to take part in the conflict, and though the best of war songs may spring from the lips of a combatant, it is not from him that we can expect a faithful account of the fray. His very gifts are apt to mislead him by inducing him to choose one of those ambitious subjects which the mature workman avoids, because he feels that they are beyond the limits of his powers and his experience. *Der Grüne Heinrich* might serve as an illustration of almost all the faults into which a youthful author of real genius is in danger of falling; but if it were nothing more it would hardly deserve the attention of a foreign reader. An Englishman, at least, has no need to go abroad if he is in search of crude thought and imperfect workmanship. It is true that the very excellence of Keller's later work lends a certain piquancy to the contrast between it and his first novel, that it is at least remarkable that the author, who, after he has attained to such a mastery over his art as no other German writer of the age approaches, is content to treat only of simple country life and of single episodes in the history of Switzerland, should have begun his career by endeavouring to handle a subject to which, perhaps, no poet since Shakespeare could have hoped to do adequate justice, and which Shakespeare would never have dreamed of attempting. The author's intention in this novel was evidently to portray the growth of a painter's mind. He could hardly have made a more unfortunate choice; the subject was not only for obvious reasons entirely beyond the writer's grasp, it is for the purposes of fiction at once pretentious and empty. We read the life of a great painter with interest because we hope to derive some further information from it as to the mind and character of a man whom we already regard with admiration; the smallest incident is of value because it may afford a clue to the working of his imagination, or throw some light on the peculiarity of his art. We are glad to hear what he said even on indifferent matters, for the words gain importance from the lips that uttered them. But this is a kind of interest which no novelist can create. We have never gazed with delight upon his hero's pictures; there is no charm in his work whose secret we are eager to learn. We can know nothing of him before we open the story of his life, and so it is only as a man that he can have any attraction for us. By making him a painter, the author excites our expectations to a dangerous height, while at the same time he increases the difficulty of his task. The lives of modern artists, like those of men of science and literature, are in general quiet

and uneventful; their highest aspirations find expression in works which no words can reproduce. There is but little variety in the society in which they move, when they leave the studio where their highest hours are passed. Their very success or failure is undramatic; it has neither the suddenness nor the publicity which attend the achievements and the overthrow of a soldier, a statesman, or even a rope-dancer. Where a novelist chooses to draw such a character, he is therefore obliged to concentrate his whole attention on the internal experiences of his hero, and studies of this kind are apt to become subjective and morbid, even when drawn by a master. It was not without reason that Shakespeare surrounded the most introspective of all his personages with the varied and animated life of the court of Denmark, and made him the hero of a tragedy which is fuller of change and incident than any other he produced, except Lear; for these dissimilar characters and circumstances are so many mirrors in which the different sides of Hamlet's nature are reflected, and they also constantly remind the spectator that the world of his dreams is not the whole or the real world.

Yet such subjects have a strong attraction for the youthful author, who is conscious of an internal life that is much more real to him than his experience, and whose hopes are far more vivid than his memories. Goethe himself had selected a similar subject in his earlier years, though with greater modesty and a finer literary instinct he had made his hero an actor and not a painter. After his return from Italy, where his taste had been matured and his judgment formed, it is true that the poet greatly modified his original design, and by so doing somewhat injured the unity of his tale. Wilhelm Meister, instead of celebrating great triumphs upon the stage, abandons it altogether from a conviction that he does not possess the gifts it requires, and that another career which seems to him more important is open to him. In the novel as it stands the theatre is therefore only a school through which the hero passes, in which his education is completed, and from which he issues into the world of serious thought and action. It was not by mere chance that a work which was originally destined to glorify the histrionic art gained in the course of its execution so different a character. In the years that intervened between the day on which Goethe laid his unfinished manuscript aside, and that on which he took it up again he had learned much—above all things this: that if a novel is to exercise a wide influence over the imagination of men, it must treat of broadly human interests, not of the aspirations of any single class or the technicalities of any profession.

It must be acknowledged, however, that if Keller's choice of a

subject was indefensible, he had many excuses besides his youth to plead in mitigation of our censure. For a German at the time when *Der Grüne Heinrich* was written, the temptation to choose some such theme was almost irresistible. Goethe was not only the greatest poet of his country, he was one of the most highly cultured men of his period. He had thought deeply upon many matters besides his art, and in his old age became desirous of speaking about them. The questions on which his mind dwelt were deeper than those which had attracted his attention in his youth and manhood, but at the same time his method of treatment was more abstract, and he frequently overloaded his tales with a quantity of extraneous matter. His later works are full of deep insight, profound reflection, and novel points of view; but they are wanting both in the unity and the directness which all imaginative writing should possess. It would be difficult to name more suggestive works, or worse models for a youthful author.

When the last scattered lights of the Romantic School had burned out one by one, and the inevitable reaction against Heine and Young Germany was at its height, the younger writers of the nation turned to the works of Goethe for instruction and guidance. They could hardly have sought a better master, if they had understood how to follow his example or put his teachings into practice. But, unfortunately, they imagined they could begin where he had ended. From the stormy passions of his youth he had passed to the strenuous activity of his manhood, and thence to the contemplative calm of his old age. His wisdom was the result of experience, his quiet that of a victor who reposes when the battle has been fought and won. They seem to have thought that both might be easily attained by repeating the precepts of their teacher and mimicking his attitudes. The Romantic poets had loved to dwell upon the eccentricities of genius, and had boldly asserted the right of a poet to live pretty much as he pleased. The leaders of the Young German School had made a boast of their real or imaginary vices, and revelled in lawlessness and indecency. The new generation of authors was eminently proper and respectable. Almost all of them were men of estimable character and blameless life; many possessed high culture and no mean literary gifts, but unluckily

> The common growth of mother earth

was too simple fare for these very superior young men. They were not content to be mere poets and story-tellers; they desired to be philosophers, historians, antiquarians, or at the very least politicians and social reformers as well. Each of their works must be based upon some deep psychological problem, and as their

knowledge of real life was generally limited to the doings of their own tiny set, which were rarely tempestuous, they were obliged to seek the grand ideas which were to form the foundation of their novels either in their libraries or in the burning questions of the day, with what results we have already seen.

It is not strange that Keller should in his youth have felt the effects of a disease from which the literature of Germany is still suffering. Men who possess a vivid imagination are generally gifted with strong sympathies, and they are therefore in more danger than others of being led astray, particularly in youth, if the temptation assumes an imposing and apparently ideal form. What is really remarkable in *Der Grüne Heinrich* is the way in which the talent of the author makes itself felt in spite of the difficulties of his task. The earlier part of the work is admirable: we should seek in vain through the whole wide range of German fiction for such a description of childhood and boyhood as this. Some critics might perhaps object to certain traits, as trenching upon matters they think it better to pass over in silence, but no one can fail to be impressed by the vividness, the simplicity, the truth of the picture, and the extraordinary subtilty with which the single characters and moods of mind are delineated. The drawing, too, is always firm, and there is no touch of that sentimentality which usually disfigures the best studies of child life. Nor is this all. Man's ignorance of his own nature has in all ages been a favourite text with the moralist, and it is more profound than those who are fondest of quoting their maxims generally perceive. It is not only that we desire to appear to ourselves, as well as others, in the best available light; our internal growth is silent and gradual, we find that our relations to our friends, our enemies, and the world at large have altered, we hardly know why and how. We have attained new and higher points of view without any exertion of our will—without, as it seems at the time, any effort of our own; nay, we not unfrequently know nothing of the change till some external crisis drives us back into the innermost sanctuary of our souls, and compels us to consult the oracle there. Now, the power of depicting not only the external character but the inmost nature of a human being, of showing us the life of which he himself is unconscious, is one of the rarest of literary gifts. If we put aside Shakespeare, who in this respect is incomparable, no English writer, perhaps, has possessed it in so high a degree as Sterne. A great part of his most delicate humour depends on the fact that he is constantly letting us peep into nooks and corners of Tristram's character, of which he himself seems to be entirely unaware, and we know My Father and Uncle Toby, Trim and the Widow, nay, all of his persons, far better than they know either themselves or

each other. Even in his earliest novel, Keller showed that he possessed this gift in no common measure. He not only perceived the silent and unconscious life of the children whose portraits he drew, but he brought it clearly, and yet unostentatiously, before the reader. Indeed, the subtilty of his treatment in this respect is worthy of the highest praise. He entirely abstains from long descriptions and laboured analysis. All his effects are produced by touches so slight as to be almost imperceptible, and yet so certain as always to tell. A distinct impression is made upon the mind of the most careless reader, but it is only by a careful study that we can discover the means by which it is produced.

In short, if *Der Grüne Heinrich* had been completed with anything approaching the power with which the first part of it is written, it would have been a novel of a very high order; but as soon as the boyhood of the hero is passed, and we expect the true interest of the story to begin, the characters fade into shadows, and their external and internal lives become equally unreal. Instead of the sharp concrete scenes of the earlier chapters, the author furnishes us only with wearisome disquisitions on all kinds of subjects, including the immortality of the soul. Even his psychological observations, though they are often true and striking, and evidently taken directly from life, are fragmentary and undigested, they are scattered here and there instead of being woven into the tissue of the tale. In fact, the book becomes a chaos, and it is with a sigh of relief that we turn the last page, though we there leave the hero in a position inconclusive and problematical enough to satisfy an American novelist.

Keller, however, did not persuade himself that the faults which were owing to his ambition and inexperience were merits; he set himself earnestly to work to remedy them, and though among his later works there are some that we cannot regard with unmixed admiration, he has never again published a crude or an unfinished tale.

During this period of his life he seems to have been greatly influenced by the works of Jeremias Gotthelf,* an author who has found but few readers in Northern Germany, and who, though he has been honoured by the high and well-deserved praise of Mr. Ruskin, is almost unknown abroad. The causes of this neglect are numerous. He was a man of an independent mind, who went his own way, and remained almost unaffected by the great literary movements of his time. A certain leaning to the Romantic School may be traced in some of his tales, but it is generally but slight, and wherever it appears it distorts them. Neither the classical

* His real name was Albert Vitzins. He was born in 1797. In 1832 he was appointed to the living of Lützelflüh, in Emmenthal, where he died in the autumn of 1854.

self-restraint of Weimar, nor the lawlessness of the young German poets, had any charm for him. In the political, social, and religious contests of the day he took the unpopular side, and these questions had a far deeper interest for him than literary methods or theories. In his youth, it is true, he had been a Radical, but as his knowledge of real life increased he became dissatisfied with his early creed. His position as a Protestant clergyman compelled him to ponder deeply on the moral conflicts and the spiritual difficulties of the simple peasants who formed his flock, and he could find no solution for these in the abstract system which had seemed so conclusive when he was at college, or in the watchwords of the Liberal camp. He tried his Liberalism by its applicability to village life, and found it wanting; and as that life and the questions it suggested gained a more engrossing interest for him from year to year, he became year by year more orthodox and more conservative. He was too honest a man, and he possessed too much common-sense to rush into extremes—he never became a political zealot; and though no one can fail to perceive the deep religious feeling that underlies all his work, if we except a few purely humorous stories, there was no touch of a visionary or an enthusiast about him. Yet he felt a natural desire for the spread of the opinions which he held, and he was still more anxious to guide and direct the practical lives even of those who were not his parishioners. These seem to have been the only motives that prompted him to write. His books were addressed not to the educated classes of Germany, but to the Swiss peasantry he knew and loved so well. Indeed, he may almost be said to have been a poet in his own despite. He wished to write a sermon or an essay, but the force of his genius moulded it into a story. Finally, his style is repellent. It is true it does not possess the worst literary faults, it is neither affected nor declamatory; but it is harsh and rustic, for the most part without charm or variety, and full of provincial words and expressions.

It therefore is not strange that the German critics should have treated Gotthelf's writings with neglect. His faults were those to which they were most sensitive, and his merits those on which they placed the lowest value. Yet those merits are not only real: they are of a high order. Writing as he did, for an audience of villagers and country-town people, stories which for the most part dealt with the life that was most familiar to them, he was compelled to aim at the greatest simplicity and truth to nature, and so his characters are neither young ladies and gentlemen disguised in the dress of shepherds and milkmaids, nor stage heroes mouthing it in the costume of peasants; they are men and women such as may still be met in many an Alpine valley, with humble ambitions

and narrow interests, but with warm hearts and strong passions, who often find it difficult to act rightly, or even wisely, and who are apt both to do droll things and to become involved in difficulties which are of vital importance, at least to them. Each of his village stories is a piece of popular life made not only visible, but transparent to us. This alone is a great thing, but it is far from being Gotthelf's only merit. His openness of mind and his intellectual honesty preserved him from the fault into which those who write stories with a moral are too apt to fall. He never dwarfs the world to make it fit into his theory, or distorts a character to enforce a lesson, for his opinions had not been learned from books; as we have seen, they, like his narratives, had their origin in a careful study of real life.

Few authors of any talent have ever weighted a work of fiction with such an amount of sermonising as Gotthelf constantly employs. But the sermons are always perfectly honest sermons: they pretend to be nothing else, and the reader can skip them at his pleasure without missing anything of interest in the tale. They are generally ethical reflections on the events that have been recorded, or satirical attacks on the writer's political opponents; they have rarely anything whatever to do with the development of his characters. These are brought before us with great force, and in the most concrete way, by means of little incidents and short conversations; their adventures are always interesting; and, as the moralist had no small share of humour, he is seldom happier than when he is showing how miserable we often make ourselves about trifles, or treating some such simple theme.

There were many things to separate Keller from his fellow countryman. He had enjoyed a far higher culture, and possessed a far purer literary taste; and he was inclined to regard the world from a point of view very different from that of a country parsonage. His political and religious opinions were opposed to those of the old clergyman. His knowledge of human life was at that time smaller, and he has always remained somewhat more restricted in the range of his subjects; but he was gifted in a much higher degree with the poetical power which enables a writer to lift his scenes and characters into "the finer air" of passion and imagination without depriving them of one whit of their truth and reality. His mastery over the language was even then remarkable, though it has since been carried to a higher perfection. His sentences, though easy and flowing, have always been marked by a force to which few of his contemporaries have attained. We cannot read a single page of his works without perceiving that he has carefully studied the great models of German prose, and yet his style retains that indi-

vidual flavour which lends a new charm to everything an author has to say.

Still there was much in Gotthelf's work besides its sincerity that could hardly fail to attract him. He, too, was deeply interested in the common life of his countrymen; he had been most successful when treating it in his early novel, and was again looking towards it for new subjects; he, too, keenly appreciated the humour and the pathos of simple lives; above all, he, too, possessed the rare faculty of seeing his characters as complex, many-sided organisms of flesh and blood—not as mere shadows, or abstractions which may be used to illustrate a philosophical theory, but, as soon as we approach them, make themselves into thin air and vanish.

It is impossible to trace in detail the effect that the works of one author produce upon another, particularly when, as in the present case, there can be no question of simple imitation, and it is the smaller who influences the greater artist; at least, an attempt to do so would demand space quite disproportionate to any interest that the subject can have for English readers. But it is worth while to remark that in Keller two intellectual currents meet, and that the correct and polished, but somewhat effete, literary forms of Germany thus gain a new life and vigour from blood that flows directly from the veins of the people. *Die Leute von Seldwyla* was the first book in which his full powers were displayed. It is a collection of stories of very unequal merit. In two of them, *Pancraz der Schmoller* and *Frau Amrain und ihr Jüngster*, the author adopts the didactic tone of Gotthelf, though for the purpose of teaching a different moral. In spite of some obvious and occasionally striking beauties, they are the least interesting of all his tales. *Die drei gerechten Kammacher*, on the other hand, is a satire of extraordinary power, which is directed not against any person or party, but against a type of character which will continue to exist as long as human nature endures—the just man who needs no repentance. The moral is, that "while a town full of unjust, or at least improvident, people, may continue to exist through all the changes of time and traffic, three just men cannot long live under one roof without coming into conflict with each other. It would be unfair to tell the story, amusing as it is, for that would give only a false idea of the piece. The graphic way in which the sordid details of selfish and poverty-stricken lives are brought out constantly reminds the reader of Swift, though there is no trace of mere imitation; and Keller's power of displaying the workings of a narrow, base, and self-seeking mind, its mean ambitions, its sluggish passions, its futile cunning, in such a way as to make us at once believe in its actuality, and shrink

from it in horror, is all his own. He evidently wrote this story in the wrath of his heart, but it was a wrath which sharpened instead of blunting his insight. The conception is highly original, and the execution throughout admirable; and yet it leaves an unpleasant impression on most readers. When Swift desired to lay bare the hidden deformities of our common nature, he wove his satire into a story too wild to impose upon the credulity of a child. In spite of the exactitude of the details, the vividness with which every scene is brought before our eyes, and those little touches whose consummate skill lend an air of actuality to the narrative, we never believe in the real existence of the Yahoos. The moment that the satire becomes painfully true, we are reminded that we are reading about adventures of no greater authenticity than those of Sindbad; as soon as we are inclined to fall into the humour in which we read the *Arabian Nights*, we are recalled by some thrust which we feel to be aimed directly at ourselves. The imagination is thus kept in a doze, similar to that which intervenes between sleep and waking. We dream on, but we know we are dreaming, and are conscious of the outside world as well, and in this condition we can pardon, and even enjoy, much which would be intolerable if we were wide awake. Now, Keller is entirely free from the grossness which even the warmest admirers of the great English satirist feel that they must forgive rather than applaud, but in vivisecting his comb-cutters, his hand is almost as pitiless, and yet he does not for a moment allow us to take refuge from our disgust in unbelief. There is a good deal of caricature in the piece, it is true, the tale itself is grotesque, Jungfer Züs is considerably over-coloured, and though this is not the case with the comb-cutters taken singly, it is incredible that three men so exactly alike should come together under a single roof. But it is only on reflection that these things occur to us. The improbability is not striking enough to dispel the impression of reality made by the careful details with which the characters are drawn, and the common-place atmosphere in which they move. The result is that the sensitive reader is inclined to close the book with a shudder, similar to that which we feel on viewing a base or cruel deed, which is no concern of ours, and with which we have no right to interfere, but which lowers our estimate of human nature. The tale, however, is, in its own way, a masterly piece of work, and it may be well to note at once that it is the only story of the kind which Keller has ever published. The commencement of the *Missbrauchten Liebesbriefe*, which appeared considerably later, in the second series of the Seldwyla stories, is, it is true, written with the same calm, clear-sighted scorn, and with even less exaggeration—though this English readers who have never made the per-

sonal acquaintance of the class of German poetasters here depicted will perhaps find it difficult to believe—but when we come to the end of the story, we quite forget the dissonance with which it opened in the perfect poetical harmony of its close. In his mature works, *Züricheer Novellen* and *Das Sinngedicht*, no trace of this bitterness is to be found. In *Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe*, which appeared in the same series as the story of the three just comb-cutters, Keller treated a very different subject, and proved that he was at least as great a master of pathos as of satire. His graphic power and his keen psychological insight are here displayed at least as clearly, but they are devoted to another and a far higher purpose, to the delineation of elemental passion in its simplest form. The childish play of Sali and Brenchen (Keller's village Romeo and Juliet), the wrong of which both their fathers are equally guilty, the strife that arises from it, the ruin that overtakes both families in consequence, the ill-starred love of the youth and maiden, their one day of perfect happiness which finishes with their self-chosen death, are all described with such truth and vividness that no one who has read the story can forget a single scene. The author's capacity for giving a direct expression to strong feeling, great as it is, is hardly more remarkable than the stern self-restraint with which it is used. All the talents which lend a charm to the first part of *Der Grüne Heinrich* reappear in this tale, but they are now under control, and used for a definite end. The story is told with perfect ease and apparent carelessness, yet no trait is wanting that could add to its force, it contains no line that could be omitted without injury.

It is generally thought that the modern reader will not endure a story with a sad conclusion, and some critics are inclined to blame him severely on that account; but a good deal may be said in defence of his objection to submit to the emotional torture which novelists occasionally delight in inflicting. A story of unbroken gloom cannot be cheerful reading, and the longer it is, the more depressing it becomes. When we have calmly submitted to having our sympathies stretched upon the rack of three long volumes, it seems a little hard that we should be blamed because we venture to suggest a wish that the bonds may be loosened at the conclusion of the operation. On the other hand, we have all benevolence enough to feel a little sorry if we hear that even a stranger has fallen into undeserved misfortuue, and so, if an author knocks a character, in whom we are interested, on the head out of pure wantonness, to make way for someone else, or merely because he does not know what else to do with him, we naturally resent so arbitrary a use of his power. If these feelings betray a certain weakness, it is surely more amiable than the strength of those who

are never so happy as when they can be in at the death of some interesting child or heroine.

The fact is that there is no branch of literature that demands so great an exercise of skill as tragedy. The subject is by its nature painful, and the more the writer succeeds in interesting us in his persons, the more painful it is certain to become, unless he also succeeds in showing us the absolute necessity of their doom, and making us feel that the very qualities that we love in them are those which, under the circumstances in which they are placed, must drive them on to their destruction. It is only thus that the heroic sentiment to which all true tragedy appeals can be awakened, that we can be brought to feel that death, after all, is not the greatest of evils, and that it is better that the grand or lovely creations of the poet should sink into the tomb than that they should be untrue to their own highest being.

Now, of all forms in which a tragic incident can be successfully treated, the most difficult is a prose narrative. The dramatist can at once concentrate the attention of his audience on the circumstances, the characters, and the passions upon which his plot depends. A few lines of stage direction are all that is wanted to indicate the dress and surroundings of the personages; their appearance, their looks, their gestures, may safely be left to the actor who performs the part, or to the imagination of the reader of the play. All these things the novelist must carefully describe. If he is chary of detail, his tale will appear unreal; if he indulges too freely in it, the necessity of the mournful conclusion, which it must be his great object to keep continually before the reader, will be obscured. Again, in the treatment of a tragic story, the poet possesses great advantages over the author who uses prose. His verse enables him, like the dramatist but in still higher degree, to fix his attention on the one thing needful to his success, and to pass the particulars over in silence; it allows him to use hyperbolical language without impropriety, it adds weight to the simplest and most natural words; above all, it from the first lifts his subject to a height far nearer than any prose description can come, to that elevation of feeling which the conclusion demands.

It is not, therefore, strange that a novel with a mournful ending is seldom satisfactory, and so the modern reader may be excused if he is inclined to view such books with suspicion. If he were really incapable of enjoying tragedy, it would doubtless be a sign not only of æsthetical narrowness but of moral enervation; but, in fact, it is the inadequacy of the treatment, not the grandeur of the conception, that annoys him. He complains that the story is sad, because the writer is either dull or capricious. Some years ago we were told that "Shakespeare spelt ruin" to the theatrical

manager. Mr. Irving has made his works spell a very different word; though, perhaps, the illustration would be more satisfactory if the end had been attained without so lavish an employment of sumptuous scenery and gorgeous stage effects. But, of course, an actor who gains rapturous applause in a farce might not succeed in drawing a house if he attempted to play Benedick, and in that case he might also fail to see that it was neither Shakespeare nor the public that was to blame.

It was by his *Romeo and Juliet in a Village* that Keller first became widely known to the German public, and the difficulties of the task he undertook lend an interest to the means by which he overcame them. The story is a short one, and this is of more importance than may at first appear, for nothing is more exhausting than deep feeling. We may go on reading a humorous or an interesting book, that does not affect us deeply, for hours; but when our emotions are excited to the highest pitch by the imagination, it is only for a short time that the excitement remains pleasurable; if too lengthened a stress is laid upon them, weariness and disgust ensue. Then, though the tale is deeply tragic, it is not gloomy. It resembles the gathering and outburst of a thunderstorm rather than the slow continuous drizzle of a rainy day. One half of the heavens is still clear, while the other is dark with the coming tempest, and there are rifts even in the clouds themselves, through which a ray of sunshine may gleam, or a hand-breath of blue sky appear. We are never for a moment allowed to forget the doom that awaits Sali and Brenchen, but they themselves are ignorant of it; they are full of life and youth and love, and eager to seize every opportunity of joy; and we are made to feel that their gladness is as real as their sorrow, and to share it with them. It is a history of wild passion, sharp pain, and sudden death, not of pining sickness and helpless misery. But the death, though it seems the result of a sudden impulse, is by no means due to chance; from the first scene to the last there is no point where the story could have taken another turn, or had a different ending. The conclusion is managed with consummate skill. Two courses of life are still open to the lovers, but the author has afforded us such an insight into both, that we feel they can only lead to degradation, and that the watery grave is in truth a deliverance.

It is probable that Keller acquired a great part of the skill in composition which he displays in this piece from a careful study of Shakespeare, and the effect of his interest in the drama is clearly to be traced in the whole of his treatment of the subject, though it is concealed with the greatest care. The narrative runs on so smoothly that on a first perusal it seems entirely artless;

but as soon as we look closely at it, we find that it falls into single scenes, each of which treats a crisis in the tale. In these Keller embodies as much as he can of the story, and he paints them with a vividness exactly proportioned to their importance; the passages that unite them are short, concise, and almost colourless. By this means he not only greatly reduces the length of his tale, but he lends it a force and vivacity which he could hardly have attained in any other way. The black fiddler, too, is an essentially dramatic figure. He is the man whom both fathers have equally wronged, and in the decisive moments he appears, much as Queen Margaret does in *Richard III.*, and for the same reason, that is, to remind the reader of the guilt both families have incurred, and which, though it has brought ruin upon them, is still unexpiated. Yet he is no mere piece of stage machinery; though we see so little of him, we feel he is a living man, and his character and actions are as natural as all the rest of the tale.

But though Keller had learned much from the drama, he never forgot that he was writing a story and not a play, nor neglected to avail himself of any advantage which that form of writing offered. Thus the characters pass from childhood to youth, and from manhood to old age before our eyes, which, though Shakespeare ventured to do something similar in his Histories, is obviously inconvenient in a drama. The scenes, too, into which the story falls are not cast into dialogue; indeed, there is proportionately much less conversation in this piece than in most English novels. The dramatist is obliged to make his characters say all they feel, and so it requires all his skill to prevent them from seeming gushing or impudent. The novelist, on the other hand, can record a glance, a sigh, a gesture, which would seem either theatrical or meaningless if they were reproduced upon the stage. Nothing in the mere technical treatment is more admirable than the way in which Keller first gains force and concentration, by dividing his subject into single dramatic scenes, and then works out these scenes with the greater fulness and delicacy that narrative art permits.

Here is a passage from one of them. Manz, the father of Sali, and Marti, the father of Brenchen, have ruined each other by law-suits. The former has been obliged to sell his house and land, and has opened a tavern in the town, which proves a failure; the latter has also sold his land, but still retains his house, which is falling into ruin. Neither has enough to eat, and so hunger and idleness induce both to go out fishing. They are attended by their children, who have hardly seen each other since the old days when they were playmates, and they meet on opposite sides of a brook. After some bitter words, "Marti sprang like a tiger down the

brook, looking for a place where he could cross. He was the angrier of the two, because he believed that, as Manz was an innkeeper, he had at least enough to eat and drink, and led an amusing life, while he was so unjustly obliged to dawdle the weary hours away in his desolate house. But Manz, too, strode wrathfully enough along the opposite bank. Behind him walked his son, but, instead of listening to the bitter quarrel, he was looking at Brenchen, who followed her father with her eyes fixed upon the ground, so that her brown curly hair fell over her face. In one hand she had a wooden bucket for the fish, in the other she had carried her shoes and stockings, and she had tied up her dress because the grass was wet. As soon as she saw Sali, however, she had let it down, and now she was obliged to carry all the things, and to hold up her gown as well, while at the same time she was bitterly distressed by the quarrel. If she had lifted her eyes and glanced at Sali, she would have seen that he, too, did not look prosperous or very proud, but seemed to have trouble enough of his own. While Brenchen was thus looking down in her shame and confusion, and Sali had eyes only for the slender form that was so graceful in the midst of all its poverty, and that moved so modestly and humbly along, neither remarked that their fathers had grown silent, and were hastening with increased rage towards a wooden foot-bridge that crossed the brook at a short distance, and had just come into sight. It began to lighten, and the sombre, melancholy marsh land shone in a weird light; it thundered, too, threateningly in the grey black clouds, and heavy drops of rain were falling when the two desperate men sprang at the same moment upon the narrow planks which trembled beneath their tread. Their faces were pale and quivering with wretchedness and rage, as they seized and struck each other with their balled fists. It is not a pleasant thing when men who are generally quiet and respectable are tempted by the high spirits and thoughtlessness of a moment, or compelled in self-defence to give and receive blows from strangers; but this is mere child's play if compared with the frightful feelings which overcome two old men, who know each other well and have known each other long, when out of a bitter hatred which is the result of a whole life's history, they fall upon each other. Fifty years had probably passed since the men as boys had last fought, and in all these long years they had never touched each other, except in the good old time, when they may now and then have shaken hands, though even that was rare, so dry and self-restrained were their ways. After one or two blows they paused and wrestled, trembling all over, but silent except when one of them drew a long breath or gnashed his teeth. They were trying to throw each other over the creaking railing into the water.

By this time, however, their children had come up, and saw the pitiful scene. Sali sprang a step forwards to assist his father, and to help him to make an end of his hateful opponent, who already seemed the weaker and likely to be overcome. But Brenchen cast everything away; she rushed with a long cry to her father, and threw her arms around him to protect him, though her weight was only an encumbrance. Tears were streaming from her eyes, and she lifted a beseeching look to Sali, who was just going to grasp and crush her father. Hardly knowing what he did, he caught hold of his own father instead, and endeavoured to free him from the arms of his enemy and to pacify him, so that the struggle paused for a moment, or rather the whole group swayed backwards and forwards without being able to separate. Thus the young people in striving to get between their parents were brought close to each other. At that moment a rift opened in the cloud, the strong evening light glowed upon the girl, and Sali gazed on the face he knew so well, but which had become so different and so far more lovely. Brenchen noticed his surprise, and in the midst of her tears and terror she glanced at him with a short sudden smile. But Sali, aroused by the exertions his father made to shake him off, suddenly manned himself, and, partly by force, partly by entreaties, he succeeded in separating him from his enemy. The old men breathed deeply and began again to scream out curses as they turned away; their children, however, hardly seemed to breathe at all, they were as silent as the dead, but in parting, unbeseen by their parents, they hastily clasped each other's hands, which were cold and damp from the fishing and the water."

This scene is more easily separated than most of the others from the context, but it is not one of the best in the tale, and it has lost more than half its force in the process of translation. The reader must judge it by the outlines only, for all the details which in the original are as clear and sharp as those of an old German print have become indistinct in the English. But if he makes allowance for this, he can hardly fail to see how dramatic in the highest sense of the word the above passage is, and yet how impossible it would be to reproduce upon the stage any one of the single touches on which its effectiveness depends. Keller has produced no other story which is quite equal to the one we have been examining; but the general level of his later work is higher than that of the *Leute von Seldwyla*. His talents have been matured, his humour has become more playful and good natured, and his old liking for fanciful plots and complications has to a great extent been overcome. In *Das Sinngedicht*, which by the way is written in prose, there is hardly a passage, excepting the conclusion of *Die arme Baronin*, that does not deserve high praise, and critics who

are impatient of every literary defect, even where it is accompanied by great power, will probably prefer this and the *Züricher Novellen* to any other of the author's books. For those who are tolerant of the waywardness and even of the caprices of genius, *Die Leute von Seldwyla* will always possess a peculiar charm. But both classes of readers will agree in considering *Romeo and Juliet in a Village* as the writer's masterpiece, for it unites the qualities which have a peculiar charm for each. Indeed, *Kohlhaas* is the only German story of the kind which displays so much intellectual power combined with such literary skill, and in several important respects the work of Keller is superior even to that of Heinrich von Kleist.

In a short article no adequate account can be given of the conscientious labour of a life-time, and it may therefore seem that we have been guilty of some injustice to Keller in devoting so much of the space at our disposal to the consideration of his least mature volumes; but it is hardly possible to form a just estimate of a foreign author without dwelling upon the intellectual conditions under which his work has been done, and it is in youth that his mind is most liable to be affected both for good and evil by extraneous influences. A novelist of real talent becomes more original as his knowledge widens and his skill is perfected, and this has unquestionably been the case with Keller. Yet even in his youthful writings his great and varied gifts were clearly displayed, and it is perhaps easier to appreciate them at their true value when they are thus exhibited singly, and with some of the recklessness which belongs to unbridled strength, than in his later tales, where they have been perfectly harmonised and disciplined. At any rate, the reader who takes up the *Leute von Seldwyla*, is not likely to rest satisfied until he is acquainted with all the writings of an author who in good and evil fortune has remained true to his literary ideal, whom a long neglect did not discourage, nor a sudden though late popularity tempt into carelessness, and who not only stands at the head of the imaginative literature of his own country, but has strong claims to an honourable position in that of Europe.

CHARLES GRANT.

THE NEW LAW OF ELECTIONS.

HER MAJESTY'S Speech, delivered at the Prorogation of Parliament, on the 25th of August last, contained the following paragraph :—

> The new law, relating to corrupt practices at elections, will not only tend towards extinguishing the grosser forms of mischief, at which it is particularly aimed, but will, by reducing the expense of Parliamentary Elections, give increased freedom of choice to the constituencies, and thus promote the more efficient representation of all classes in the great Council of the nation.

Sober as is the language in which this interesting and important intelligence is conveyed, it may yet be said to express, albeit with prudent reserve, and with the semblance, at any rate, of a somewhat chastened joy, such well-warranted self-congratulation as attends the completion of a very deep-laid scheme. If it may be permitted to examine its phraseology, not indeed in the carping spirit too frequently to be observed in those who claim, in our day, to wear the mantle of the late Mr. Cobbett, but with the humble earnestness which becomes the seeker after truth, even in places where it is so rarely found as in a Ministerial Allocution, we shall find, if not that which can be accurately described as the object of our search, at least something which may reward our labour. The twofold character of the measure on which stress is here laid has indeed been constantly put forward by its advocates throughout the discussions which attended its progress. Any Ministry might be supposed capable of bringing in a Bill for correcting the malpractices of unscrupulous candidates and corrupt agents. Nor did it require that superhuman virtue which, happily, distinguishes even the minutest details of the policy of the present Cabinet, to frame a Schedule which should diminish the prospective expenditure of the gentlemen who were to be invited to enact it. But it is a happy prerogative of the present administration to proceed, in all cases, upon a new interpretation of the old saw which warns us never to do things by halves. This axiom, as interpreted by the subtle yet fervid intelligence to which we owe so much, has come to signify that in every development of policy, or act of legislation, there should be dangled before those particularly interested, a *quid pro quo*. Just as in Ireland the stringency of a Coercion Act has been tempered by the *bonus* of a Land Bill, and as in Egypt, the English occupation has been sweetened to French palates by

the recognition of M. de Lesseps' pretensions to a monopoly of the Isthmus of Suez; so in the discharge of a painful duty, fraught with possible consequences of a very unpleasant description at no distant time to many a loyal supporter of Liberal principles, a benevolent Government has supplied what Mr. Disraeli once called "a paramount inducement" to members of the House of Commons, in provisions designed to cheapen, as well as to purify their future contests.

Sic pueris olim doctores crustula blandi.

And it is not without interest to the candid student of human nature to observe that those who endeavoured to reconcile the Irish people to the abrogation of civil rights, by the confiscation of private property, and to console the irritated vanity of France by a *bonne bouche* out of the pockets of the British tax-payer, have even, in the supreme moment of conscientious severity and conscious virtue, been not unmindful of the frailties of that poor human nature which they are obliged to correct. Thus we see that the balance of compensation is still considerately measured between that half of a policy which is to be a terror to evil-doers, and that other half which appeals to the more sordid instincts from which even purists are not altogether free.

It will be necessary, when we come to scrutinise more closely the provisions of our new law of Elections, to revert to this not very agreeable side of the picture. But before we commence any such more particular investigation it may be well to take note not only of its general and leading features, but also of some of the circumstances which preceded and attended its introduction. It is, as we know, the natural inclination and uniform custom of the defeated Party to attribute their overthrow at the polls to the unprecedented employment of corrupt means by their successful adversaries. The General Election of 1880 certainly afforded no exception to this general rule. Whatever were the resources expended by the rival Parties on that occasion (and there is reason to suppose that they very largely exceeded the sums usually placed at the disposal of Election managers), it must not be forgotten that an element of corruption, not, indeed, exactly new, but probably for the first time fully felt, was then present in the determination of a great number of contests. The enormous additions to the numbers polled in many a constituency which had been keenly enough fought at the election of 1874, and others preceding it, must be held to indicate that a large percentage of the electorate used their franchise for the first time; and it may be not unfairly inferred that these electors now first came forward to vote because they had not been satisfied, until the experience of their neighbours in more than one General Election had assured them, as to the

absolute secrecy of the Ballot. These men, presumably belonging to the poorest and most dependent classes, whose abstention must in the past have been largely due, if not to the exercise, at least to the suspicion of undue influence, and whose patriotism had not been equal to incurring the risk of any actual advantage or of some prospective gain, were scarcely the material out of which the public-spirited and incorruptible elector so dear to the imagination of Radical reformers was likely to be fashioned. And the largely augmented numbers in which these patriots, who had not on former occasions found it worth their while to vote, did find it worth their while to go to the poll in 1880, is a fact which may be left to tell its own tale so far as experienced politicians are concerned; although a different construction may be, and, indeed, has been elsewhere put upon that noble awakening of the popular mind of which the Election Commissions have afforded us such instructive glimpses. It may be said that the General Election of that year took place after a period of prolonged depression in trade and its subsidiary industries, and that many electors who would not have cared enough about public questions to vote rushed to the booths to expel from power a Ministry whom they had been taught to regard as the authors of their sufferings. Leaving this, if true sufficiently sinister, phenomenon for the present unquestioned, and allowing to those who insist upon it all the comfort which they may derive from its acceptance, it must be pointed out that the elector who votes for a particular candidate, not because he has received or is promised a couple of sovereigns for so doing, but because he has been led by some demagogue or by some publication to believe that he will obtain a direct personal benefit as the consequence of his vote, in the shape of legislation devoted to his interests, differs from his more simply corrupt brother not in kind but only in degree. And it may be safely affirmed that some of those most highly placed in the Party which owed so much to their appeals to the natural cupidity of the poor, did more to debauch the national conscience than those of their colleagues who carried the bag, and ten times more than any legislation against corrupt practices can ever countervail.

Nobody will suppose that these incidents of the last great electoral struggle have escaped the careful consideration of those who are responsible for the management of the Party in power. Penitence is always an edifying thing; and when it takes the form of devising precautions against other people doing that by which you have yourself profited, and by which it is undesirable that they should profit at your expense, it may be not only edifying but also extremely serviceable. Those who act and think for any ministry whose fate depends upon a democratic constituency have

always in framing their election campaign to contend with two great difficulties. The first of these is the vague discontent necessarily attaching to the inability of any Government to avoid offence, or to succeed in gratifying the aspirations of more than a few of their supporters; but as the *momentum* which this force may acquire depends upon causes which no ministerial manager could control, viz. the past performances of the Government and the eloquence and unscrupulosity of their opponents, he will, if he is a wise man, abstain from any elaborate contrivance to circumvent it. The second is to be found in the deeply-rooted disinclination of men to spend as much money in defending their seats, as they were willing to throw away in obtaining them, coupled with the inveterate vanity and stupidity of popular representatives who are pleased to believe that they have secured those seats by their personal merits and past services. To those who, hampered by these drawbacks, have no more substantial advantages to counterbalance them than such as attend present possession of a seat together with that experience of the ways of the constituency which is implied by possession, it may well appear a blessed thing to live under a new dispensation which shall preclude future competitors from ingratiating themselves with the electorate by any such liberal expenditure as must hereafter be associated exclusively with the names of those who were the last to practise it. It has always been recognized as one of the first considerations of a strategist to devise how to meet with 5,000 the enemy that cometh against him with 10,000. And if Mr. A., who spent £1,000 in 1880, was then defeated by Mr. B., who on that occasion disbursed £2,000, a new statute which will prohibit Mr. B., and equally Mr. C., and the Hon. L. S. D. from spending more than £500 at the General Election of 1884, may, with some show of reason, be regarded by the anxious B., and the wire-pullers of his Party, as the best of all possible Acts of Parliament, since, while it enables them all to pose as the patentees of purity of election, it at the same time improves the prospects of the sitting members' re-election and curtails the outlay required to secure it. Who can wonder that legislation of so beneficent a character was carried through the House of Commons by immense majorities in which the ministerial phalanx was largely augmented by other gentlemen who had seats to lose and money to save; and that legislators whose names and constituencies have been connected in former days with a profuse if not prodigal expenditure at elections, should have vied with each other in the display of that vicarious virtue which is to preserve at the same time the political morality of their future opponents and the existing balances at their respective bankers.

It is perhaps cruel even to hint that hopes so respectable, and apparently so reasonable, may possibly prove to have been fallacious. And, indeed, as far as concerns the economy with which the next Parliamentary elections must be conducted, the pleasing anticipations so generally formed will probably in some measure be realised. Electioneering experts usually require one or two trials of an Act of Parliament before they can see their way to drive the proverbial coach and four through it with tolerable security. Doubts may indeed be entertained whether the laudable scruples of the Attorney-General with regard to the wearing of ribbons, though embodied with preposterous particularity in our electoral law, will exercise any appreciable effect upon the profits of drapers or the purses of candidates. But the provisions which prohibit the payment of services which rich men require and poor men cannot always afford to give, may perhaps be found operative at least on the first occasion, so far as immediate and direct remuneration is concerned. Whether the position of candidates who will thus become indebted to scores and hundreds of needy supporters for important assistance which cannot be paid for in a simple, natural, and straightforward manner, will consequently become less onerous, or, indeed, in the long run, less expensive, may perhaps be questioned. There is generally to be found among volunteers a certain disposition to regard themselves as entitled to something in the shape of a capitation grant; and even the volunteers on whom future candidates must depend for their elections can hardly be expected to furnish an exception to this rule.

But it is not by overt breaches of the new law that we may expect the expenses of candidates to be in the first instance re-augmented. We have given credit to those whom the Government must have consulted, for an ordinarily intelligent appreciation of the circumstances which general experience has shown to operate favourably or adversely upon the candidature of ministerial members who seek re-election. And we may be allowed to infer that these considerations have not been wholly absent from the minds even of the great and good men who have recently devoted themselves to purging the elections of the future from "those grosser forms of mischief" to which Her Majesty's Speech so delicately alludes. But, as everybody knows who has been obliged to investigate the workings of electoral corruption, the malpractices by which constituencies are now-a-days debauched, are only in cases comparatively rare employed at Parliamentary elections. Not only are they dangerous on these occasions, but the occasions themselves occur at such uncertain, and sometimes such distant intervals, that the manager would find it difficult to establish

thrcugh them those continuous and confidential relations with the voters whom he has to manipulate, and on which he must rely to consolidate his Party. But the patriotic wisdom of the Liberal statesmen of the last generation has provided for the exercise of his craft, opportunities less conspicuous, but more frequent and regular. The municipal elections which every November brings round, supply the occasion for celebrating, with all the rites of our electoral Saturnalia, the anniversary of that deity which presides over the choice of town-councillors. When the necessitous, the indifferent, the jovial, or the brutal elector has learned that he can sell himself once in every year, and that though the market value of his suffrage may vary between a pot of beer and half-a-sovereign, he may always find a purchaser, it does not require any very elaborate skill on the part of the manager to get together and to drill his political majority. Hence it has arisen that the electioneering practitioner, even of the most corrupt constituency, may, and usually does, dispense with the "grosser forms of mischief" at a Parliamentary election, whenever he has succeeded, by the systematic employment of kindred agencies at municipal contests, in keeping his Party together. But it may be said that the Election Petitions and Commissions of 1881 did not disclose any great prevalence of corrupt practices thus applied to constituencies. And this is quite true, because where the system has succeeded in sufficiently saturating the electorate by its annual application, the Parliamentary candidate who reaps its consequences has been able, as already pointed out, to win his election without direct employment of similar methods. It has only been in boroughs where the game has not been kept up with unflagging pertinacity that the agents have been driven to employ the grosser forms of mischief at the Parliamentary election itself. And so the censure which the electioneering crows escape has been directed only against the soiled doves, whose peccadilloes provoke an indignation sometimes not entirely unmingled with pity. Corrupt practices of this description, though not yet universal, are daily becoming more general; and as the representation of the wards in our great towns becomes every year more frequently the occasion for a Party battle, each succeeding November serves further to extend their rapidly increasing area. Their employment is, however, notorious; their influence upon Parliamentary elections undisputed. It might then have been expected by some unsophisticated politicians that the great measure which was to purify elections would have dealt in an effective and exhaustive manner with this common sewer of the realm. And such persons may be therefore somewhat surprised to learn that our immaculate friends have declined to devote one

clause, one line, or one word of the heroic legislation now happily achieved, to the suppression, detection, or punishment of bribery, treating, personation, or undue influence as systematised by the professors of these black arts in the conduct of municipal elections.

It is painful to think that perhaps some of those who have found patience so far to follow the thread of these observations may have begun to entertain some little suspicion of the sincerity of the authors of the new morality. Let us, however, not be in a hurry to think evil of those who claim to be our betters, and let us suspend our final judgment until we have examined more carefully the provisions of their new Act. Few are unaware that the penalties against corrupt, as distinguished from illegal practices have been rendered more severe, and that expenses which previously were regarded rather as irregular—or, at the most illegitimate—have now been generally defined and proscribed as illegal. For the benefit of those who are not versed in the mysteries of electioneering, it may be as well to point out that corrupt practices now include not only bribery, undue influence and personation (which is a felony), but also treating, not only by the candidate himself (as was the case previously), but also by any other person on his behalf. Illegal practices may be said roughly now to include every other means of promoting an election hitherto known or practised, when employed beyond the very narrow limits expressly imposed by the words of the Statute. And the penalties attached to these proceedings, though smaller as regards the consequences of conviction on a criminal charge, are almost indistinguishable from those attaching to corrupt practices so far as they involve political disabilities. At the same time, it should be observed that, as regards the more serious class of offences—at least, so far as treating or undue influence is concerned—a considerable latitude of construction as to the intention of the acts incriminated is left to the election judges.* Allowing for the possibilities of escape which such loop-holes may afford, any candidate reported by an election judge as having been a party to any of the offences above mentioned is incapable of ever being again elected for the county or borough in which it was committed; and because a life-long ostracism from the representation of a constituency in which he may be the largest owner of property, the most considerable employer of labour, and the most generally respected inhabitant, appears to the existing House of Commons an insufficient punishment for a proffer of a glass of beer, or a plateful of cold meat to some indigent voter, which an election judge may have regarded as corruptly intended, the criminal is to

* Sections 1 and 2.

be disfranchised for seven years, and to be incapable during the same period of holding any public or judicial office, or of sitting for any other constituency in the House of Commons;* but, in order to save trouble, and to avoid the risk of a jury declaring not guilty the culprit whom the election judges have unseated, a very noteworthy departure from the recognised principles of English law here provides that these disabilities, hitherto consequent upon the verdict of a jury, shall attach to the offender without recourse to any such tedious and obsolete formality. Yet, let not the offender imagine that in undergoing these rather serious consequences of his offence he will purge himself from his delinquency. If his misdeed has been any other than that of personation (which, though more ferociously punished, is one scarcely likely to be committed by the candidate himself), he is further liable on conviction by a jury to be imprisoned with or without hard labour for a term not exceeding one year, and to be fined any sum not exceeding £200.† It is impossible not to feel a sort of thrill of virtuous complacency when one remembers that one belongs to a nation which can denounce such retribution against any one of our fellow-countrymen who may have tampered with the conscience of an elector by the gift of a cup of tea to that elector's grandmother, or the sinister suggestion of a day's holiday to the elector himself. Let not, however, the public, which may naturally be expected to enjoy the spectacle of an offending candidate on the treadmill, or some useful member of the House of Commons ejected, not only from the great council of the nation, but also from the magisterial bench or Board of Guardians, which may not be contaminated by his presence—let not the public imagine that these provisions have not a direct interest for those who never have been, and never will be, Parliamentary candidates. The peculiar merit of these provisions is to be found not only in the additional severity with which they press upon corrupt candidates, but more particularly in the fact that they embrace within their scope anybody and everybody who may take an active interest in a Parliamentary election. Let the wives and daughters of sitting members and of prospective candidates take heed to their ways. Henceforth if they aspire to play the part of Lady Bountiful, they must do so at the risk of reaping the reward of their nefarious proceedings, when, with nicely cropped hair, they are cleaning the floor of the county gaol. Nor let the friends of the wretched man who sought to represent his borough in Parliament, nor those who, without any claim to his personal friendship, yet supported his candidature because they shared his principles; nor even the enthusiastic working-man, whose zeal may sometimes

* Sections 4 and 6. † Section 6.

out-run his discretion; let none of these good people suppose that Part 1 of our new Act is not destined to have a very immediate interest for them after the next election.

An attempt was made, when the Bill was in Committee, to procure some definition of the time within which acts usually harmless, and which, indeed, form the staple of the daily relations between kindly people in comfortable circumstances and their humbler neighbours, were to be stigmatised as criminal. But the unbending rectitude of the Attorney-General would not listen to any such proposal. Subject, therefore, to the limitations contained in a subsequent Section,* the law renders liable to the consequences to which we have adverted any act done at any time either "before, during, or after an election," which words appear, as was said in the debate, to cover not only all time but all eternity.

Before leaving this part of the subject it will be necessary to add, although with an apology for the communication of a fact so much less interesting to the world at large than the matters recently under our consideration, that the penalty incurred by a candidate who, while personally acquitted of any complicity with corrupt practices, is yet unseated in consequence of their commission by some of his agents (and this has been, as we all know, in the past a frequent, as it may in the future be the almost universal, result of a contested election), has been increased from exclusion from the representation of the corrupted constituency during the current Parliament, to an exclusion for seven years, which will necessarily preclude his candidature at the next General Election.

Although the earlier sections to which reference has been made are fuller of matter attractive to the ordinary observer, there can be no doubt that those relating to illegal practices and illegal employment, &c. were discussed with keener interest by the House of Commons. A sacrifice had, it was thought, to be made at the altar of electoral purity. A scape-goat, perhaps even a little herd of scape-goats, would have to be driven into the wilderness. In an assembly who are all, or very nearly all, conscious of some little irregularities, or who at least suspected that if they knew a little more they could not avoid such consciousness with regard to former elections, and where everybody believed his neighbours to have been somewhat more irregular than himself, it was not unnatural that each legislator would willingly turn from provisions which appeared far too dreadful to come true in his own case, in order to devote himself to those clauses which were to have the doubly delightful effect of diminishing his future expenses, and of protecting his future candidature by a careful system of buoying the electoral channel.

The *bonne bouche*, it is true, was to be reserved for the last in the

* Section 51.

shape of a delicious schedule, by which a procrustean limit was to be fixed for election expenses. Experienced members, nevertheless, might have hesitated to regard as an unmixed boon the enactment of a scale requiring the exercise of supernatural self-restraint, unless the weakness of human nature was to be fortified by the assistance of the strong arm of law. Difficult indeed, and dangerous in some degree, it must be feared would be the navigation even after the best efforts have been given to perfect the chart devised by the ingenuity of the law officers. But, to those who have had to submit to the tyranny of election-agents who were not to be disobeyed in prescribing their candidate's necessary expenditure, there was unquestionably a very pleasurable sensation to be derived from framing clauses which should prohibit every method hitherto practised for piling up election bills. It is hard to say whether those who joined to prohibit any payment, or contract for payment for the conveyance of electors, the exhibition of addresses, the engagement of superfluous committee-rooms, or in satisfaction of any demands in excess of the maximum allowed by the schedule, seriously believed that by such enactments they could so alter the conditions under which elections are held, as to produce any permanent effect upon the outlay accompanying them. At least it may have been thought that the familiar drains upon a candidate's purse should be blocked, and the ingenuity of election-agents might be left to discover new methods for depleting their principals' resources. It is not unlikely, if we may trust universal experience, that the adroitness of our legislators may be more than matched, when it comes to a trial of skill, by the devices of those who will conduct their elections. The agents who have hitherto discharged that function will probably, in very few cases, be disposed to retain their trust under an Act which multiplies the perils, while it practically abolishes the remuneration of such a post. Some of them may have been sad rogues, and few perhaps were as active as they might have been in keeping down the expense of a contest. In a great majority of cases they were solicitors, possessing a certain professional *status* and income—and it is not to gentlemen so circumstanced that we should look for the most scrupulous appreciation of the merits of parsimony in the conduct of business. Constituencies, of course, widely differ, not only in extent but also in their character and demands; and an election-agent, if selected, as usually is the case, from among the leading local attorneys of the party for which he is to act, brings to his duties that local knowledge which includes *inter alia* an acquaintance with the traditions of what sort of expenditure the constituency expects.

Successive Acts of Parliament have in their turn declared the illegality of various modes formerly employed to make a candidate acceptable; and a wary and experienced agent, who has mastered the law of Corrupt Practices, while careful not to infringe its provisions, has, at the same time, except in very peculiar cases, felt it necessary to recommend his principal to the electors by an outlay not very far short of that to which they have been accustomed. An electioneerer who must not bribe, and may not treat, at least without very considerable risk, can nevertheless get rid of a good deal of money, after a fashion sufficiently popular, in the employment of clerks, messengers, runners, watchers, inspectors, and personation agents; in printers' and publishers' bills; in sandwich men, and other advertising *media*; in the hire of necessary and unnecessary committee-rooms, and in securing all the cabs of the constituency for the conveyance of voters to the poll. It is against this sort of practices that the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General, the members who have smarted, and the candidates who do not wish to smart under them, the purists, prigs, and philosophers, and, of course, the pleased public, have combined to protect the State. And few could quarrel with such laudable zeal. With the exception of an extremely modest and very strictly-defined *quota* of these auxiliaries, the whole apparatus has been, with painful particularity, declared illegal. And as the precise amount which any candidate may expend is rigidly fixed, high hopes are entertained that we have seen and heard the last of all such irregular and illegitimate methods of courting popular favour.

It is a long time since Horace committed himself to the assertion that nature, even when expelled by the pitchfork, will yet make her way back to her wonted haunts. Moralists will probably assure us that the remark, if ever true, is not applicable to the enlightened days in which philosophers have abandoned the acts of persuasion for the more frequent employment of the police. Still it remains to be seen whether a system under which money was allowed to be spent in methods comparatively harmless, and subject to the public scrutiny and hostile investigation attendant upon the publication of the election accounts, was more fertile in corruption than one under which the petty sums licensed by law for the conduct of an election will, in a very great number of cases, be supplemented by an expenditure of indefinite magnitude, because necessarily secret. Selfish as have been the objects, and sordid as was the eagerness displayed by many of those who sought by the machinery of law to tighten their own purse-strings, there is nobody who will not desire to see these efforts crowned with success by effecting such a reduction of electioneering

expenditure as shall, in Her Majesty's gracious words, "give increased freedom of choice to the constituencies." At the same time, those who believe that the first step towards securing purity of election consists in obtaining the greatest publicity for all the doings of those engaged in conducting a contest, may be allowed to doubt whether corrupt practices will be effectually checked either by the enactment of penalties so frightful as to render their general application impossible, or by the establishment of a standard of expenditure at least equally remote from possibility, if experience can be trusted.

There remain the schedules. Other sections indeed the Act contains of considerable, and one at least of very peculiar interest. But it may be possible to take note of these when we come to survey once more the Act as a whole. And although it contains several parts, it may be considered to resolve itself broadly into three main divisions, viz. those relating to (1) Corrupt Practices (2), Illegal Practices, &c., and (3) the New Tariff of Expenses. This last, as has been said, constituted the main attraction to both sides of the House; and, indeed, there are few things more delightful than to fix for yourself the price of any article for which you may have to pay, without having to take into account any consideration beyond that of your own convenience. No portion of the measure naturally is more familiar to those whom it immediately concerns; and to those who have no such direct interest in it it may not be necessary to examine its details with the same minuteness. Schedule 1 contains five parts. Part 1 prescribes the number of *employés*. And here it may be observed that the staff permitted is based not upon the polling districts according to which it must necessarily be distributed, but upon arbitrary figures. One clerk and one messenger is allowed to each five hundred electors in a borough, a number so absurdly inadequate as to cause a regret that they were not altogether prohibited, as the work must obviously be done entirely by volunteers. But assuming that these functionaries are necessary attributes of a committee-room, as they must be in the opinion of those who framed the measure, it may be asked what is to become of the eleventh and twelfth polling districts in a constituency of 5,000 electors, which is divided into twelve wards, inasmuch as the Act tolerates the existence of such a staff only for ten units of 500 each.

In many county districts, however, where the population is sparse, and the area large, just as the necessity for the services of such subordinate agents is increased will the probability of obtaining them be diminished. No doubt the reduction of expenses in county elections will be very much greater even than that in

boroughs; and it may be supposed that it was to the facilities thereby to be afforded to the candidature of popular demagogues as soon as the county franchise is extended to all resident rate-payers, that the significant words at the close of the paragraph which has been more than once quoted are directed. The dilemma was a disagreeable one for the county members. Cheaper elections, though very tempting in themselves, must bring with them a great multiplication of contests, and contests probably of a much more aggravating and serious character than those hitherto waged between the Whig and Tory magnates of the same shire; and it is hardly, perhaps, too much to say that the scale, regulated, as it has been, rather by considerations of economy than of efficiency, has regard rather to the amount which is likely to be subscribed to send Mr. Joseph Arch, or one of his *congeners*, to Parliament, than to the experience gained by those who on either side have managed the recent elections in keenly-contested counties.

Some attention has been called to the published account of the expenses incurred by both candidates at the Hastings election, which took place while the Attorney-General was pressing his Bill through the House of Commons, and in time for the successful exponent of the policy of purity to gain the seat, and to contribute his vote to more than one division in its support. The constituency of Hastings amounts to 4,282; and the expenses of Messrs. Ince and Warner were returned, I think, at a sum a little in excess of £3,500 between them. The amount which each of them would have been allowed to spend, had the election taken place under the Act, would have been £440, which would seem to imply either that this contest was extremely, though certainly not exceptionally lavish, or that the standard now fixed by law is altogether inadequate. But the disparity between the past performances of candidates professing the most scrupulous purity, and the theory of future expenditure which has produced the standard now enacted, might be illustrated by examples far more glaring. It would be invidious to cite particular instances, and, indeed, unfair, when there is so little to choose between the numerous cases which might be adduced.

It may, however, be taken to be the fact that the sums admitted to have been spent in the published accounts of the last general election (and these, of course, do not include the amount devoted to actually corrupt purposes), exceeded those which will be lawful on the next occasion in the proportion of not less than four to one. As it may be assumed that the outlay did not exceed what was required by the constituencies, and thought necessary by the agents, considerable interest will attach to the solution of the problem propounded by the new law. It may be expected that most of the

experienced and respectable people hitherto concerned in the conduct of elections will give up the conundrum, especially when it is remembered that the forfeit for an incorrect answer to this modern Sphynx will involve the loss of credit and even of liberty, and that it will on the whole be a good deal safer to take to forgery or burglary, or at any rate to petty larceny, or wife-beating, than to the professional conduct of a Parliamentary election.

But if the occupation of an election agent, as formerly understood, is gone, and with it that influence for good which must be exercised upon any business by the participation therein of many of the most esteemed members of an honourable and learned profession, a tenderly considerate Ministry has at least found an opportunity of compensating all the black sheep hitherto engaged in this vocation by a formal and unconditional amnesty for all their past offences. To those who have not read the Act, this statement will, I know, appear incredible. But it is true. Whatever may be the electoral offences of the future, no Royal Commissioners will henceforth be permitted to pry into those which preceded the passing of this Act.* The dozen or more of victims who were constrained to expiate their offences in 1880, have done so, at such cost of fortune, of liberty, and of health, as is sufficiently notorious; but the enormous majority of corrupt electioneerers who remain, as yet, undetected, may draw a long breath of relief, and thank Heaven that they live under the purest Administration of any time or country. Just as when Pharaoh, after he had hanged the chief baker, sent for the chief butler to give again the cup into the royal hand, so may these worthies hope to minister again to the requirements of their employers in many a happy year to come. And it is not unlikely that in the paradise created by our new law, there will be space and scope for the energies of more than one serpent of this description. The unregenerate persons who fail to appreciate the immense encouragement afforded to purity of election by the wholesale absolution of all the bribers, bullies, and blackguards who have hitherto escaped conviction, can scarcely consider themselves up to the epoch in which their lot has been cast. Did not Mr. Gladstone, before he commenced his Irish reforms, deprive the law, as far as he could, of its terrors for evil-doers; and for the success of that experiment, is it not written in the pages of state trials and in the confessions of Mr. Forster? Who can wonder at the repetition of such a master-stroke of policy, or fail to see that the consummation of virtue is most fitly reached by the condonation of crime? But that there may be no doubt as to the theory of ethics entertained by the Government, Her Majesty's advisers have not been slow to multiply examples of it.

* Section 49.

It is an ancient aphorism that the best of laws may be made pernicious if administered by bad judges. And by that curious perversity which we have noticed in the construction put by our Ministers upon maxims of this sort, the key-note in the penal sections of their new Act is to be found in the conviction that even the worst of laws may be rendered tolerable by the interpretation of such good judges as adorn our bench. If your election judge is a man with any experience of elections or knowledge of the world, if he has any intuitive perception of the real distinction between small and great offences, if he is not altogether devoid of ordinary humanity or of common sense, it may have been in the thoughts of our moral reformers that he will decline to give practical effect to their Draconic legislation. And that there may not be wanting a hint as to the way in which he is expected to go—and, be it remembered, his discretion as to what constitutes the crimes with which he will have to deal is entirely unlimited—a dispensing power has been most significantly introduced whereby the election court may relieve a member from the unpleasant consequences of an adverse report, when they are satisfied that the malpractices which would otherwise unseat him were committed contrary to the orders, and without the sanction or connivance, of such member or his election agent, that these gentlemen took all reasonable means to prevent such malpractices, and that the offences reported were of a "trivial, unimportant, and limited character."* It is true that this section does not include cases where bribery or personation has been committed; but with such a pregnant indication of the spirit which animated the Legislature, no judge (unless we have another like the eminent lawyer who unseated the member for Launceston because he allowed his tenants that privilege of shooting rabbits which a Liberal Minister has since made universal) will fail to read between the lines of sections which are intended only to serve as legislative scare-crows. There is yet another and perhaps equally significant symptom of the mind of Parliament conveyed by the almost ostentatious omission of Ministers to press the measure introduced in the preceding session for the punishment of the "peccant boroughs." And certainly, if all the electioneerers of Hereford and Taunton, of Shrewsbury and Barnstaple, are to evade investigation, it might be thought a little inconsistent to press with stern severity upon their brethren in Oxford or Canterbury. Moreover, it must be owned that from the outset Ministers have leant to Mercy's side in dealing with these strongholds of the Amalekites. They have shown every disposition to spare the best of these constituencies, though that which was vile or refuse, like Sandwich or

* Section 22.

Boston, they were not unwilling to destroy utterly. Nobody, we may be sure, would wish to see the respected and estimable member for Gloucester share the fate of Agag, and we may be certain that no Samuel is likely to be found among the Liberal ranks who will put him in so unpleasant a position.

This seems to make the thing almost complete. It is contrary to Parliamentary usage to impute any motives which he would disclaim to any politician; and those which in this question have actuated Her Majesty's Government must therefore be left to a charitable imagination. What we see is, that, under the name of a measure to secure electoral purity, they have passed an Act containing penalties far too awful to admit of general application, together with a scale of expenditure so irreconcilable with recent experience as to provoke a fear that it will render occult agencies the rule instead of, as heretofore, the exception. But we see, also, that by proscribing the comparatively legitimate influence of wealth at elections they have greatly facilitated the prospective candidature of persons, whom an English borough constituency may generally be trusted to appraise at their real value, but who, under an extended county franchise, may not unfrequently provoke the less experienced peasantry to incendiary violence. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the occasion of the enactment of this purge of Parliament has been celebrated with cynical effrontery by the deliberate absolution of all the corrupt persons at this moment in existence, and appears likely to be followed by an exhibition of similar indulgence to those very constituencies whose proved offences were supposed to have supplied the original cause for the introduction of stringent legislation. It will be for those who watch the working of the new law to estimate the additional reinforcements which it brings to the cause of purity of election, but it is scarcely necessary to look so far ahead to appreciate the advantages which it is likely to secure not only to the Liberal Party, but also to those to whom many Liberal members are indebted for their Parliamentary position.

HENRY CECIL RAIKES.

THE ERA OF THE TORPEDO.

STATISTICIANS, alarmists, patentees, and Ministers of State, have airily alluded on different occasions, and in diverse keys, to the "revolution" which has been wrought in naval warfare by the invention of the torpedo. No one, however, seems anxious to investigate his thought further, and weigh the probable meaning of that word "revolution" in this connection. When the history of the future comes to be re-written from the materials of the present, every syllable and every letter of the "revolution" will no doubt be carefully picked out, identified, labelled, and quoted as evidence of the blindness of this generation, who closed their eyes to the plainest hand-writing on the wall. But our statisticians, alarmists, and others, are no Daniels. The chain of hard facts, that back-bone of true history supporting the mass of high-complexioned narrative, and all the minute articulation of cause and effect, always traced out so carefully by historian-anatomists, lie coiled up as yet among the unborn births of time. Still, from a solitary vertebra the man of science can build up the full outline of a vast form which he has never seen, and the present is, after all, only a single joint linking the past to the future; and the warnings of to-day merely the preface of that great history that will soon be written in large lines upon the face of Europe.

"About the year 1883," the chronicler of the twentieth century will probably remark, with the sapience begotten of after-knowledge, as he takes up his electrographic substitute for a pen, "with the introduction of the torpedo into actual service, opened the fourth and last chapter of the history of naval warfare." "It had not been observed," he will continue, "by the men of that time, how great a change was thus at last effected; how naval engines had passed, like every other organism, animate or inanimate, through their several stages of evolution, and had finally attained approximate perfection in the torpedo." Then, blissfully unconscious of the certainty that a century later another historian would be making merry over his own blind boast of "approximate perfection," he would proceed: "Like the amphibious monsters of

prehistoric times, navies were, at first, nothing more than armies on the water. Ship-loads of soldiers fought with sword, spear, and shield, and triumphed by courage or by numbers as on land. Imperfect navigation required that sea-fights should be fought almost in sight of the shore. Thither the wide-bellied, swan-necked ships retired, after each bout, to repair their injuries, sunning themselves, like huge plesiosauri, on the margin of the sea and sand. Gradually, however, parallel changes to those which are ever at work among the productions of natural history, took place in the structure of war-vessels, and the second chapter of maritime warfare commences with the differentiation of their fighting organs—the distinction of a crew of sailors from a regiment of soldiers. No longer then was an army an amphibious force, adapted for service by sea as on land; but, just as the gigantic lizard-folk of the earlier periods had given place, on the one hand, to whales, even larger than themselves, that rioted in the sea, and to huge mammoths and woolly elephants that waged war upon the land; so the amphibious legions of Rome's early days were supplanted by the more highly-complex and ponderous battalions, which, with the pachydermatous armour and the specialized science of the Middle Ages, devastated Christendom; and by the monstrous two, three, or even five-deckers, that churned the sea beneath the Spanish flag in every corner of the known world, and the bellowing of whose guns had been heard from time to time by the terrified land-tribes on every coast of Europe. Then gradually these cumbrous shoals of whale-like monsters began to succumb to still more highly-differentiated and heavily-armed, but smaller and more active combatants, which played havoc among the five-deckers, like sword-fishes among the whales; and, with the introduction of vessels of moderate size, rapid movement, and improved offensive weapons, commenced the third chapter of the history of naval warfare, and the supremacy of England.

"In all these changes it is to be noted as a significant fact, throwing light on changes still to be accomplished, that the precedents of nature had been closely followed in more ways than one. Not only had warlike armaments by land and sea followed advancing lines of equal divergence from their common amphibian prototype, but each forward step on either side had been exactly reproduced upon the other. Thus the giant saurians had yielded to the mammoth on one side, and the whale upon the other; and these, in turn, to the tiger and the sword-fish. But, on land, the tiger has given place to man, whereas no creature has yet arisen from the deep to exercise man's empire. This is the most significant feature in the whole comparison. Throughout their history,

the creatures of the sea have indeed followed the same lines of evolution, but have always remained, and still remain, in their highest development, one stage at least behind the highest terrestrial form. The same holds good with human armaments. In the days of the Roman Republic, the massive Macedonian phalanx had been overthrown by the active Roman legion; but not before the era of the Spanish Armada was the corresponding triumph won at sea by the English navy of comparatively insignificant, but rapid and free-sailing craft. As early, again, as the time of the Conquest, the strength of a land force had been discovered to lie in a few mail-clad knights mounted on mail-clad chargers; but only in the latter part of the nineteenth century was a parallel innovation wrought at sea by the construction of magnificent ironclads, each a tower of strength in itself, like an armoured knight among a herd of naked churls. Finally, before the close of the Middle Ages it had been discovered that plates of steel could not keep out the bullet; that defensive armour, impenetrable to the rude weapons of an earlier age, could not resist the increasing offensive strength of gunpowder; while even in 1883 the world had yet to learn this same lesson in maritime warfare. For three hundred years the courage, seamanship, and accurate artillery practice of the English navy had enabled her to retain the empire of the sea on the old lines, and exact humiliating courtesies to the flag that floated over her wooden walls, alike from Spaniard, Frenchman, and Hollander. Time passed, however, and gradually the idea gained ground that it might be possible by means of heavy armour and heavier guns to render individual vessels at once irresistible in onslaught and impregnable in defence. That the idea was an impossible one would have occurred at once to the thinkers of to-day. In nature no creature exists, or can exist, possessing at one and the same time the ferocious strength of a tiger, the speed of a race-horse, and the ponderous invulnerability of an elephant. Among marine creatures the sword-fish has, it is true, a deadly weapon for 'ramming' other sea monsters; but if the sword-fish were burdened with a suit of armour strong enough to resist a weapon like its own, it would lose at once the speed and activity which render it dangerous. In almost every province of natural history the same experiment of defensive armour has been tried, with the invariable result that the creatures which were thus furnished, whether they also possessed offensive weapons or not, have ultimately proved the weakest, and have gone to the wall. The hardest-shelled beetles are not only helpless before their light-armed and ferocious cousins, the tiger-beetles, but are the habitual prey of innumerable insignificant insects. Of fish, the ganoid tribes, encased in plates of bone, are almost extinct.

Among reptiles the mail-clad tortoise is the most helpless of all, and can do nothing to prevent smaller reptiles from biting off its feet. In bird-dom the experiment has not been tried, for Nature, wiser than man, knew that rapidity of movement in a ponderous suit of armour was impossible. Among mammals the hedgehog and the armadillo, the elephant and the rhinoceros, are all isolated relics of once powerful families, hiding in out-of-the-way holes and corners from the bustle of a struggle for existence in which they are out of date. In defiance of all such analogy, however, the nations of Europe, following the example of England, for many years devoted their attention to encasing vessels in plates of iron thick enough to resist the most powerful ordnance, and then to constructing cannon strong enough to pierce those plates, repeating the alternate process until, in the end, the main strength of all the powerful navies in the world appeared to consist of some half-dozen leviathans, costing many millions, and so complicated that even to steam over the measured mile without accident was regarded as a triumphant feat. Man, in fact, had, as he thought, accomplished what Nature had not dared to attempt. He had modelled a creature of his own which seemed to combine the weight of the elephant with the claws and teeth of a tiger, the speed of a race-horse with the armed snout and impenetrable hide of the rhinoceros. Unfortunately, no serious naval engagement occurred during this period of wasted energies, else had there been a great saving of national grief for the subsequent loss of thousands of lives and so many millions of money to no purpose. For all this while an invention was gradually being perfected by the side of, and apparently in close alliance with, these pachydermatous ironclads, but destined at the first trial to extinguish them suddenly and utterly, and drive them to that limbo whither the mastodon and the plesiosaurus, and other obsolete monsters, had been consigned. This death-dealing invention was, unlike the ironclad, built upon Nature's own lines, and was simply an unconscious adaptation of the marvellous offensive weapons given to certain small creatures, such as the gymnotus and the torpedo-fish. It was, in fact, neither more nor less than the fish-torpedo.

"When, in 1805, Fulton imparted to Admiral St. Vincent the secret of his great discovery, that shrewd sailor at once prophesied, perhaps not without regret, that in his imperfect torpedo lay the germ which should ultimately reduce the fleets of all nations to nearly the same level. He recognised at once the tardy realisation of Cromwell's dream of a ship-destroying and peace-compelling machine, and the practical embodiment of that ideal engine of which the German, Dr. Knuffler, and King Charles II. alone knew

the secret; or of that other spoon-shaped vessel filled with *aurum fulminans*, which, according to another German doctor of the period, would, when thrown upon the deck of a ship, strike downwards through the hull and sink it without the slightest recoil or inconvenience. In spite, however, of the prophecy of Admiral St. Vincent, and the shrewd estimate made by Cromwell, several hundreds of years before, of the momentous results of such an invention, those who were responsible for the construction and management of the navies of Europe continued to build larger vessels every year, with stronger armour and heavier guns. They did not, however, in the meantime altogether neglect the perfection of the torpedo, so that in the year 1883, before the outbreak of the great war, all the navies of the world presented the curious spectacle of a miscellaneous assortment of experimental vessels of all degrees of size and ponderosity, side by side with a certain number of comparatively minute torpedo-boats.

"Nor were warnings of what would happen wanting. About the year 1880 experiments had been carried out at Cherbourg, and there, although the entire squadron and all the forts were on the *qui vive* watching the movements of the torpedo-boats, one of these insidious little craft succeeded in entering the arsenal itself by passing over the beam which closed the entrance. Fortunately, it was only an "experiment," and Cherbourg was not destroyed. Even this direct warning seemed to have little effect; for though some few statesman and thinkers, in and out of Parliament, occasionally gave expression to their uneasiness, the English and other governments, notably that of Italy, seemed to give their whole attention to fresh experiments of gigantic ironclad rams with 100-ton guns and armour of almost incredible thickness. Another impulse in this wrong direction was also given by the comparisons made in several quarters about this time of the relative strength of the French and English navies, although those in England who ventured to state their fears were howled down as alarmists, and no attention was paid to the boast of the French Minister of Marine who, in 1882, declared that if any person said that the French navy was not fully equal to the English navy in every respect, he said that which was not true. Still, an uneasy feeling was abroad, and when the Navy Estimates for 1883 were presented to Parliament loud complaints were made of the inadequate time allowed for discussion. Some journals, it is true, professed to rejoice that the Admiralty had been content with a moderate outlay, upon the old lines, and displayed none of the 'activity of panic.' These were the same journals that had seen no necessity for misgiving when Lord Beaconsfield had warned the country of the ominous condition of Ireland; that had found nothing but good

in the Kilmainham episode; and had applauded the Boer Convention. The nation should have known how to value such advisers; but men have always been blind to the signs of coming changes. Some excuse, moreover, might be found for this suicidal apathy in the fact that on those few occasions previous to 1881, when the torpedo had been deliberately employed for purposes of destruction, the destruction had always been conspicuously wanting. There was some doubt, it is true, whether during the Russo-Turkish war of 1878 a Turkish monitor in the Danube had not been exploded by means of a torpedo; but when, during some Peruvian disturbances, the English war-ship, the *Shah*, aimed an old model slow Woolwich fish-torpedo at the ironclad ram *Huascar*, nothing was ever seen or heard of the torpedo after it had left the ship's side; and in a subsequent war between two South American Republics torpedoes were found to be very awkward things to handle, being too apt to return in a horrid elliptical course towards the vessel whence they had started. In the latter part of 1882, however, a grand Naval Review was held at Spezzia, and the accounts forwarded to the English Government by Sir Augustus Paget, then the English Ambassador in Rome, ought to have received more attention. On that occasion the monster ironclads, *Dandolo* and *Duilio*, steamed out of the gulf, and commenced an imaginary bombardment, becoming in a very short time so densely enveloped in smoke that two torpedo-boats were able to approach, unnoticed, within the distance necessary for launching the torpedo. Fortunately, or, perhaps, unfortunately, seeing what subsequent disasters the world might have been spared, this was 'only a review,' and the great ironclads escaped unharmed. At the bombardment of Alexandria, again, the smoke around Sir Beauchamp Seymour's ships became, immediately after opening fire, so thick that nothing could be seen, as he himself stated in his despatches, at 200 yards distance. But the Egyptian leader had no torpedoes. About the same period a Report was published in the *Marine Ferordnung's Blatt*, stating, as the result of scientific experiment, that a few torpedo-boats lying along the coast would always be found sufficient to paralyse the action of the most powerful squadron, and prevent the possibility of serious operations, such as a blockade, or even a prolonged bombardment. These warnings, however, were unnoticed, and thus the catastrophe which followed so shortly, was totally unexpected, although not a few of those who had been loudest in decrying 'alarmists' and 'panic-mongers,' became suddenly very wise after the event. The causes, however, of the disastrous war in 1884 are sufficiently complex to demand a separate chapter; we will therefore close this one here, with a wish that it had been in our power to have warned England of the gulf before her feet,

and of the fate in store for her magnificent ironclads—a fate aptly enough described in a social simile by Carlyle. 'Have we not seen,' he wrote, 'persons of weight and name coming forward with gentlest indifference to tread such a one out of sight as an insignificancy and a worm, start ceiling high and thence fall shattered and supine to be borne home on shutters when he proved electric and a torpedo?'"

With some such sage reflections, doubtless, will the chronicler of the next European war endeavour to persuade his readers, after the manner of historians, of the imbecility and blindness of their predecessors.

E. Kay Robinson.

SISMONDI'S POLITICAL IDEAS.

It was once said that, apart from the fame of Calvin, Geneva is absolutely without distinction in its records. It would be easy to show the injustice of such a remark. Even its political affairs have been not wholly devoid of interest, though the proverbial description of "storms in a tea-cup" was not inapplicable to its internal conflicts. But a larger community might be content with the long roll of names distinguished in science and letters which, even apart from its greatest title to fame, have made its intellectual influences felt widely over Europe. Among the most eminent of its children in later times was J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, whose writings, and especially his political philosophy, his birth amid the associations of Geneva, impressed, we are disposed to think, with characteristic differences from the speculation of the majority of Continental writers, particularly those who employ, like him, the French language. Those who are influenced by the political ideas of France, whatever cause they espouse, but especially if they accept the ideas of 1789, as a fountain-head of truth, seem imbued with a dogmatic spirit, almost eclipsing that of ecclesiastical controversialists. Absolute principles are assumed and applied not as practically convenient in ordinary cases, but as truths to be developed in all their logical consequences as tests to try all existing institutions or proposed changes. If legitimacy is upheld on one side, not because of the advantages of stability and permanence, but of indefeasible hereditary right, the sovereignty of the people is asserted on the other, not as the only security in the mind of its assertors for freedom and good government, but as an inherent right of the people, any restraint on which is a usurpation.

We ourselves were once accustomed to believe in the merits of a mixed system of government, in which no one absolute principle prevailed. But the false method of criticising institutions so prevalent elsewhere seems, in some degree, to be making its way in England. It is one which, as we shall see later, Sismondi, in common with most English politicians down to the present day, altogether repudiates.

Another feeling prevalent ever since the first French Revolution, traceable perhaps to the abuses of the complicated legal and

administrative system formerly prevalent in France, is the fanaticism for uniformity. Any appearance of anomaly, any breach in the uniform regulations applicable to all citizens everywhere, is regarded as an evil not to be endured, even if it cause no inconvenience; scarcely to be tolerated even if large classes or districts would seriously resent its abolition. The same cry against anomalies, hitherto of minor significance, is becoming louder among ourselves. We shall see, in analysing Sismondi's later writings, what he saw to be the errors of uniformity of system, apart from uniformity of conditions. The freedom from such a prejudice was probably, among other causes, due to his acquaintance with the conditions under which the neighbouring commonwealth of Switzerland had long enjoyed liberty and good government.

Sismondi was a grown-up man when France was drawn into the circle of the French Revolution. When the French Republic made a descent on the nest of aristocrats, as they called the Republic of Geneva, Sismondi and his family withdrew from their native city to the country of their origin. It is singular that the first event in the life of one who always called himself a Republican, was this exile by the Republican arms; but it is essentially characteristic of the difference between Sismondi's sympathy with the Republican name and the ideas of the Revolutionary Republican party of Europe. He alludes to himself as one the fate of whose fathers had identified them with two Republics. He speaks, in another place, of *les souvenirs d'amour de devoir, et de reconnaissance qui ont lié tous les miens aux Republiques de Pise et de Genève.* To him Republicanism was a matter of traditional sentiment of family and patriotic recollections. He had no sympathy, hostile as he was to absolute monarchy, with those who desired any needless break with the past of a nation.

The family of Sismondi had formerly belonged to Pisa, where they had been one of the leading families of the commonwealth in the Middle Ages. Dante's allusions have given fame to an unfortunate event in their history, their share in bringing about the fate of the unhappy Count Ugolino and his family. In his *History of the Italian Republics*, Sismondi alludes to an attempt of a French writer to rehabilitate this deed, and observes, "we have, perhaps, still more reason than the author to wish to put in a word for the Ghibelline families of that time"; though he regards the case as hopeless.

The family, however, had been famous at a much earlier time, tracing their origin to the few German houses, who were the beginning of the *noblesse* or patriciate of Pisa. The heroine, Chinzica Sismondi, at a date far back in Pisan annals, is said to

have saved the city by giving an alarm when the Saracens had nearly surprised it, and her remote collateral descendant piously vindicates her tale from Muratori's scepticism.

In settling in Tuscany, Sismondi therefore felt himself in the vicinity of what was historically his home. He resided more or less for many years at Valchiusa, near Pescia, where his mother lived till her death. He resumed, however, after a few years, his connection with Geneva, which ultimately became his only place of abode. In one of his later letters to the Comtesse d'Albany, after his mother's death, he alludes to the improbability of his again visiting Italy. But, during the greater part of the period of the French Empire, he passed much time there. It was then he produced the work for which he is best known to the general reader, his *History of the Italian Republics*. It is through its pages that mediæval Italy, its fine cities and its despots, the rise and fall of its liberties, is chiefly familiar to those who have not studied its contemporary authors in the great collection of Muratori. But, as Hallam complained, its extreme length rather repels all but persistent students from perusing from end to end its eighteen volumes. It must either be the object for a while of exclusive study, or of occasional reading for an almost indefinite period; but, in the latter case, such perseverance is repaid, for it becomes a companion of which the reader regrets to take leave at its close. We cannot agree with Hallam as to its unnecessarily prolonged reflections. It is the embodiment of the author's own feelings and opinions on a subject interesting him warmly which constitutes its power.

This may be said without overlooking the errors into which these sympathies appear at times to lead him. His ardent belief in the virtue and happiness of the Italian free city compared either to other states in their own days, or to Italy in later times, give a one-sided character to parts of this great work. Yet it is not like the one-sidedness of another, perhaps equally great historian. Mr. Grote always appears as holding a brief for Athens and Democracy against all ancient or modern critics, from Aristophanes and Xenophon to Mitford or Wachsmuth. His tone raises something of combativeness in the mind of any reader whom he does not altogether carry along. But Sismondi, even when least convincing, inspires some sympathy, though his own wider range of feeling which can appreciate loyalty to a ruling race, as well as fidelity to a commonwealth, can do justice to the better as well as the worse side of feudalism, and honour the virtues of the opponents of some of the causes which he himself prefers. His indignation is chiefly directed against cruelty, injustice, or treachery. If he incline the balance to one side, it is from over-indulgence to errors

arising from mistaken zeal for some public object, rather than in harsh judgment of the honest upholders of any principle.

He has to deal in his early volumes with the struggles of the Emperors with the Popes. The cruel wars which attended them inflicted devastation and suffering for years on Italy and Germany. But he unexpectedly throws a bright colour over the picture of an unhappy time. What impresses him is how each city and each independent seigneur, called upon to judge which party was entitled to their conscientious devotion, had at once the right and duty of making a free choice between them, of dedicating all their powers, if need be sacrificing their existence, to the principle which they believed to be that of right. To his mind the free and ingenuous individuality, the self-devotion to a great cause for which these troubles gave scope—merits which might be equally attributed to almost any time of civil commotion—outweighed all their indubitable evils by the moral greatness attending them. Again, speaking of the perpetual wars between petty states, inseparable from the subdivision of Italy, he reminds us how the soldier then fought almost in sight of his native city, expecting, if not slain on the field, either shortly to be welcomed home n triumph, or, if need were, to be nursed and cared for among fellow-citizens. Present to his mind was doubtless the contrast of his own time. It was then that, by the conscription for distant service in the wars of the empire, many of the youth of France and Italy were swept off to perish on some far-away line of march or field of battle in Germany, or the wastes of Russia.

His eager sympathy for the mediæval free commonwealths gives him, no doubt, an undue bias against the petty princes who in some cases rose on their ruins, and leads him to exaggerate the evils of the change resulting from the foreign invasions of Italy which close its mediæval period. The author of the *Lives of the Dukes of Urbino*, accused Sismondi of regarding democracy as the only legitimate form of government. This, indeed, is a total misconception. Sismondi was as strongly convinced as any writer of the evils of pure democracy. Few, too, have been more convinced of the fallacy of imagining that any particular form of government was suited to all countries alike. It is true, also, that some of the Italian petty princes were among the worst rulers the world has known. But it is to be regretted that he should, as Roscoe long ago remarked, have been led into something like approval of political assassination, and have a word of apparent sympathy for a conspiracy like that of the Pazzi at Florence.

When, after arriving at the close of the period to which his history had been devoted, Sismondi casts a glance over Italy in later centuries, it is one of mingled indignation and sorrow. He

sees only the blighting of all the promise of earlier ages, the stifling of the moral virtues and intellectual greatness of mediæval Italy, the destruction of all the wealth and prosperity which had distinguished them from Transalpine "barbarians." He denounces the barbarian's religion of revenge, adapted, he said, from their Spanish conquerors, which made assassination honourable, and in some cases a kind of family duty, which for a long time made hired assassins the ordinary retainers of each noble house, and left its traces in the feeling of every Italian that he might some day under strong temptation be a murderer, and that a criminal punished for murder deserved rather pity than abhorrence. He complains of the education conducted by the ecclesiastics of the time, as at once crushing all individual exercise of thought, and by its artificial and casuistic morality confounding all ideas of right and wrong. The conventual training of women he describes as being wholly inapplicable to their life in the world, and so leaving them with no principle to guide them in a society all of whose standards were corrupted. The family arrangements, while they made the younger sons dependent on the elder, did not, as elsewhere, encourage them to seek careers of their own, and produced the combined evils of assumed sanctity and idleness.

Sismondi knew well, no doubt, the Italians of his own day, of whose character as a nation his opinion was apparently as bad as his estimation of their ancestors was exalted. Yet even if this terrible picture of Italy for the last three centuries were mainly just, the contrast is probably overcharged. The mediæval history of Italy is stained with atrocities which stand out in the stronger relief from the comparative elegance and culture around them. It is not enough to say that these atrocities were the work only of a few tyrants. The tyrants grew up under the influences of their nation, and their crimes were the byword of Europe. The atmosphere was laden with treachery. Wars were chiefly waged by the help of mercenary bands, under captains ready alike to sell their employers or appropriate their territories; men to whom causes were as indifferent as to Scott's Dugald Dalgetty, while they were devoid of his sense of fidelity to engagements. It may be remembered, too, what a picture is given by Cumines, of Italy immediately before Charles VIII.'s invasion: Naples oppressed by the degenerate princes of the Arragonese line; Lombardy, a country which, if well governed, would be, he said, the finest in the world, groaning under the tyranny of Ludovico Sforza, a usurper even among a line of usurpers; Pisa eager to revolt against its Florentine conquerors, discontent and dissension everywhere aiding the task of the invaders. It is true that the immediate sufferings caused by the wars of the Transalpine nations on Italian soil

can hardly be over-rated. The memory of these miseries probably led men of later days to look back to the years before Charles VIII.'s banner was displayed in Italy, as an age of peace and prosperity for ever vanished. But, perhaps, the unexpected success with which in our own day Italy has established and maintained her nationality and liberty, is some refutation of the dark colours with which the immediately preceding centuries are painted; ages in which every influence was purely degrading to a nation's character could hardly have left behind them a people fit for self-government.

We have a mirror of Sismondi's thoughts and impressions, while his history was being written, in his correspondence of many years with the Comtesse d'Albany. The widow of Charles Edward had probably most interest for him as the friend of Alfieri, whom he speaks of as one who belonged by mind and soul to the great bygone days of Italy. He would, had Alfieri been living, have dedicated to him the first volumes of his history. He sends them to her as to the friend who consecrated her life for the future to the worship of a great man's memory. At a later time he lays before her the part of his work on the Literature of Europe which deals with Alfieri, expressing his anxiety lest his criticism should not seem to do him justice. He appeals to his known admiration of Alfieri's merits as entitling him to speak freely of anything he thought a defect. He dealt with him, he said, as with any great writer of a former age. Her reply, which I believe is not extant, "relieved his scruples and did him good." Their letters embrace every variety of topics, literary, political, and personal. It is curious to find him at a later date speaking of *Waverley*, then just issued, as a book which would be interesting to "une Stuart."

During Napoleon's supremacy, Sismondi and Madame d'Albany agree perfectly in their dislike of the empire. Speaking of animals, he says on one occasion, "I like them all, except the Imperial Tiger." When the news arrived of the uprising against the French in Spain, he writes, with an ambiguity apparently imposed by the circumstances of the times, that he wishes he could speak of the combats of *bêtes féroces du Midi*, and that at Geneva they believed in the success of the "Toreadors." But he changes his tone as the tide turns against France. He had, as he says, wished never to be confounded with the nation whose language he spoke in the hour of its triumph; but he felt himself involved in its humiliation. He seemed to belong, he says, to the "French nation," though at the same time to the "Genevan people." He was pleased at the prospect of his native city recovering its separate existence; but in the designs of the coalesced Powers he had little confidence. His dislike of the modern Italians was strengthened by their readiness to turn against the falling power of France. It

was not diminished by what took place when Murat, having joined the Allies, invaded Tuscany with a Neapolitan force, and a violent popular rising broke out in his favour. Anyone, he says, who was not a Roman Catholic, or who spoke French, was exposed to danger; and a carpenter and a basket-maker, who could stir up the "cabarets," were for a while the kings of Pescia.

It was this French bias, when France was warring against odds, which led him into what was, perhaps, the chief error of his life. Being at Paris in the Hundred Days, he was induced to join with his friend Benjamin Constant, who at first had declared for the Restoration, in accepting Napoleon's Acte Additionelle as a guarantee of free government, and becoming a pronounced advocate of the Empire. It is true that, when admitted to an interview with Napoleon, he preserved an attitude of independence suitable to his own past. He would not be diverted from pressing on the Emperor the necessity of a total abandonment of his former system. But only a strong prejudice against the Allies, and a government established by their arms, could explain his confidence in Napoleon's intentions to become a constitutional sovereign. A man of his penetration might have been expected to doubt at least whether, if relieved from the pressure of the moment, the ruler whose former despotism he had little loved would persevere in a new path.

After his return to Geneva, Sismondi divided his time between literature and the active duties of a citizen of the restored commonwealth. On his other historical works, including his elaborate *Histoire des Français*, we shall not now dwell. Space compels us to hasten to the work which contains the kernel of his political philosophy, *E'tudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*. It was published about 1836. He was then more than sixty years of age. It was the summary of the opinions of a life devoted to political study and observation, a life which had included the whole term of the Revolution, the Napoleonic Empire, the reaction after 1815, the series of popular movements which began about 1820, and the changes in many parts of Europe, of which the French Revolution of 1830 was the harbinger. The work is, perhaps, less well known than it deserves to be; yet I venture to think that few of the continental writers who have dealt with similar subjects have produced anything more worthy of attentive study. As a commencement, he speaks of himself as one who, though during a long life he had thought and written much on politics, did not wholly identify himself with any school or party. To the idea of liberty he had always been devoted, but he had recognised as fully the evils of a despotism resting on usurpation as of a despotism based on the idea of legitimacy. He saw the faults of the party of revolution as clearly

as those of the ultra-royalists; he saw, as might be expected from one who remembered the Committee of Public Safety in France, that the worst despotism might be clothed in democratic forms. His glance at the state of Europe and the nations of European origin at the time at which he wrote, was not a sanguine or satisfactory one. Spain and Portugal, where constitutions had lately been introduced, were still unsettled, the former still torn by civil war. It is characteristic of Sismondi, but remarkable in a work written in French, to find the more liberal party in Spain censured for oppressing, in the pursuit of a *vain uniformity*, provinces who clung to old privileges and customs. In France the ultimate result of the Revolution of 1830 was uncertain, and all parties were more or less dissatisfied. In England the outcome of the reform of 1832 seemed equally difficult to appreciate, except that everything was for the time unsettled. His strong feeling with regard to slavery, and his hatred of mob law, made him look with little complacency on what he heard of the United States. He found comfort chiefly in the thought that the monarchies which least professed it were making progress. Prussia and Austria were more or less avowedly influenced by public opinion. Even Russia was moving with the times, so as to be something very different from the Asiatic despotisms on which it hardened.

He criticises the two political theories which were becoming current in Europe: "All for the people, nothing by their means," and "All for and by the people." He regards it as a march of progress since the days when nations were thought to exist for the sake of their masters, that the former should be current among those most opposed to popular power, though he regards it as falling short of what the welfare of the people demanded. But when he comes to the rival doctrine of the democratic school he expresses its fallacies at least as ingenuously. He shows that the will of the people is often a fiction. He compares a majority, ignorant of the real merits of the question to be decided, to persons in a ship in the Pacific Ocean ignorant of their whereabouts and of the nearest lands. If asked to vote for steering towards China or towards California, they would at first be only puzzled, but perhaps eventually vote for China as the shortest name and easiest to remember.

Again he reminds those who speak as if the people who make a decision were an unit, that a people is made up perhaps of different races, probably of different religions, generally of different classes and interests. The right of the most numerous of these to dictate to the rest is itself only a creature of convention, adapted for convenience and to be judged by its fruits. It is a fiction to say that a man exercises a share in sovereignty if he has one vote among

many for a deputy who does not represent his wish, or who, if he does, is still in a minority in the body which makes the laws to which he is subject, or even because, like a citizen of ancient Athens or modern Uri, or Unterwalden, he is one of an assembly of the whole number of inhabitants of the territory, among whom his single voice must be lost if opposed to that of the many.

Scarcely anyone, it is curious to see, has less respect for the mere supremacy of numbers than the admiring historian of the Italian Republics. It is a mistake, he thinks, to reckon on the great body of a nation as progressive. Frequently it is altogether retrograde. He illustrates his remark from the knowledge of the little Republics of Switzerland, whose institutions perhaps generally receive less attention from students of government than they perhaps might justly claim. The primitive Cantons forming the nucleus of the Confederation had always been pure democracies, and under their religious narrowness they retained almost to the present day the use of torture in their tribunals. On a larger scale he calls attention to the phenomena of Spain and Portugal. In each country, as he believed, the intelligent and enlightened part of the people were on the side of a freer and better order of things, while the masses led by priests, whom he calls the most dangerous of all demagogues, were, in the former country, ready to revolt against all improvement, and in the latter attached devotedly to what he regards as the odious cause of Dom Miguel, with a constancy worthy of admiration if directed towards a worthier object. He adds, still mindful of the fallacies of the carpenter and basket-maker of whom he had written twenty years before to Madame d'Albany, that the young Italians, now ready to risk so much for independence, could not, like him, remember when the people had risen to the cry of "Viva Maria, Morte alla Libertá," and welcomed the return of the Austrian standards. Of course these instances might be applied both ways, either to the discredit of the popular judgment or the vindication of the reactionary causes which could thus rely on popular support. Any sympathisers with these now "lost causes," would have read with amused triumph the admission that the so-called "unerring instincts" of the people had been on their side. But by democrats who consecrate the decision of the multitude as final the reply is unassailable.

After examining the basis of representative government, he comes to the conclusion that as regards electoral systems the question is not one of principle but of expediency. The right of the individual is not to a vote but to good government, though he may require some share in political power to protect his interests. He often repeats that the right of being heard is often more important than that of taking part in a decision. The duty of

representative assemblies is as much to deliberate as to vote. They bring together advocates of differing interests and opinions who have thus an opportunity of modifying each others' views and arriving at a result by some mutual concession.

In words which might have deserved attention during the debates on the Clôture, he says that respect for independent opinions, that is to say, the protection of the minority, is one of the most essential of all liberties. He condemns speakers who purposely embitter discussion, but blames equally majorities who are provoked to close a discussion and crush out *à coup de suffrages* all who differ from them. It is easy to see what he would have thought of Mr. Labouchere's view of English Democracy, *i.e.* that Parliament should carry out as speedily as possible what discussion out of doors had decided.

In another essay he argues that any system of free deliberation is especially bound to protect minorities in debate, so that they should neither be intimidated nor interrupted in stating their case. But he admits that if a minority becomes tumultuous and provoking—if, we might perhaps say, it adopted the tactics of Mr. Parnell—the same protection is due to all. He ascribes sovereignty, not to the people as usually understood, but to the national reason. Such a reason is only formed when the opinions of the most intelligent of all classes have been fully brought face to face.

He considers the most obscure and complicated of political problems to be the proper share to be assigned to each private citizen in public powers. He inclines decidedly for its solution to the representation of classes and interests, and to what among us are called "fancy franchises." Just now in England the absolute assimilation, without any correction or counterbalance, of the county and borough franchises, is coming to be regarded as an immediate pressing reform. Anomalies are more and more being looked upon as in their nature indefensible, and it is forgotten that an anomaly may be but the equitable correction of a rule which, like most human rules, is imperfect. It is worth while to point out the light in which the representative systems of England and of France, as it then was, appeared to so eminent a foreign critic. The equal and regular classification of France had, he said, been contrasted with the old multiform system in England. To him it appeared that the English system, whether before or after 1832, gave a share of representation to all, while the "*simple mais decevant*" system of France (then a uniform taxpaying qualification) neither represented the whole people nor the intelligence of the country. He observes, too, that as the total number of voters was increased, the proportion of electors who made use of their privilege became smaller. When he suggests the outlines of a better

system, he proposes to give two-fifths to the democratic element by a very low qualification, a large part being chosen by departments, while, again, the largest towns in France would have deputies of their own, chosen as in Westminster and Preston in the days of scot and lot voting. Two-fifths more he would give to the bourgeoisie of towns, elected by those educated in the higher schools and with a certain income, and, lastly, one-fifth to the highly-educated class who had taken an academic degree.

Such a fancy system he gives only as an example. What he particularly advocates is, that the members should obtain their seats "*a titres diverses*." In another place he argues that a working man accidentally returned for a local constituency might neither possess or deserve to carry much weight, a representative would be most valuable who could be chosen by a whole class of working men, by the vine-growers both of the Saone and Garonne, by the artisans alike of Muhlhausen and St. Quentin. In England, no doubt, we have two or three working men sitting for particular boroughs, but regarded as the spokesmen of labour. But this is only an accident. If the labourers of each town insisted on returning one of their own class, all other classses would be crowded out of the House of Commons. But, on the other hand, those who represent a constituency of miners or pottery workers, may have no claim to be the spokesmen of those who belong to any other branch of industry. In Sismondi's opinion, the Church, the academies, the learned professions, all were entitled to special representation. Such a suggestion has been made among ourselves, and though it is difficult to give it practical effect, the theory which it rests upon has much to commend it. For though many members of these professions (the clerical are excepted) may be returned by local constituencies, they owe their seats not to the confidence of their professional brethren, but to their political opinions or local influence. They do not perform the special function suggested; for there may be many cases where their seats are the more sure the less they represent the several views, or, as they may be called, the prejudices of their colleagues in their professions.

In concluding his remarks on French institutions, Sismondi foretold that if ever universal suffrage had civil and religious liberty at its mercy, kings and priests would have their own way, and liberty would be lost. During the time of the Empire, such a prophecy might in a great measure seem to have been realised. Of late, things have worn a different appearance. If it may be questioned whether France does truly enjoy both civil and religious liberty, it is certainly not in the interests of kings or priests that they are restricted. Yet such is the uncertainty of popular

election, that it would be difficult to pronounce whether the present tendency of universal suffrage in France is temporary or permanent. Certainly as yet parliamentary institutions have taken root most firmly where the suffrage has been either wholly or in part restricted.

It was through a share in local administration that Sismondi thought the people could best be prepared for political power. The administration of the commune deals with matters which come home to the poor; while a practical acquaintance with its working corrects the notion, natural to the ignorant, that a well-disposed ruler could cure all evils by a stroke of the pen. But even here he sees the danger of giving absolute supremacy to those absorbed in daily labour, or allowing the varied interests of different classes to be altogether in the power of one. The mediæval system of guilds, each possessing an equal share of power irrespective of their numbers, seems to him to have been the best devised remedy for the evil of either excluding or giving absolute supremacy to the multitude.

In later essays he discusses the powers which should be independent of the people, the "prince or executive," and the "aristocratic element," which he calls also the Conservative power. That these should exist in some shape or another he thinks essential to good government, and shown to be so both by former experience and a consensus of the opinions of greatest weight in all ages. There are functions best discharged by a single man, and there is also need of a power in the State which preserves its continuity by knitting the past with the future. At the same time, his preference is apparently for a Senate renewing itself by some method of self-election. Similarly, after examining all the known methods of constituting the executive power, he prefers theoretically the republican or elective form. But he limits this preference practically to cases where such a form is already established, or where the old institutions of a State are utterly broken up. But this last case he regards as a great misfortune. He repeats again and again that each nation should build on the foundations of what they have been accustomed to respect and value: *Quand il y a un roi il faut le garder.* A State, he says, is not to be boiled down in Medea's cauldron in the vague hope of making it again young. Institutions need "the file, and not the hatchet." Where there is a hereditary nobility he would make it a part of the constitutional order. He sees an evil, too, even in changes in the order of succession in a monarchy. Though he prefers a Salic law as preserving the real continuity of a dynasty and avoiding the risk of the absorption by marriage of the natural existence of one state in another, he recognises that if the opposite system is identified with national feeling and tradition

the nation does well to uphold it. In resisting, too, any arbitrary attempt to change an established succession, the nation is defending its own rights and liberties.

He recognised that, at the time when he wrote, an imprudent eagerness to move too fast had thrown back the prospects of constitutional liberty in Europe. He advised its friends for the present to be content with a limited programme, including all for which some nations were, perhaps, prepared, and at any rate all that was attainable. Within the fifty years since he wrote most nations, except Russia and Turkey, have advanced beyond what he then contemplated. But he especially deprecated all violent and revolutionary courses. The ancient monarchies of Europe, resting as they did on received belief in right and supported by ancient and deep-rooted sentiments, could not without rashness be overthrown in a vague hope of replacing them by republics. Almost in the same language as that of Burke, he points out that as such a revolution dissolves the whole political order, it leaves no principle of national obligation or unity, no bond compelling a minority, especially if it be a local one, to obey the decision of the majority. As the only rallying points would be found in the local institutions, he thought that if such a revolution was anywhere inevitable it would naturally end in Federalism. If in recent times the tendency has been rather to consolidation, it is, perhaps, exactly because in the two most conspicuous instances the changes have been effected under monarchical guidance.

Sismondi's last public act was opposing the establishment of universal suffrage in his native Geneva. The change was effected by a popular revolution, of which he spoke with deep regret. The corrupt quasi-dictatorship of M. Fazey, the present *democratic autoritaire*, under M. Carteret, with its arbitrary encroachments on personal and religious liberty, illustrate his views as to the tendency of universal suffrage to tyranny. He died in 1842, the year after the change whose results he did not live to see. His writings, therefore, belong to a by-gone generation. But the lessons of much of his political teaching have lost little of their value. Of the opinions on which we have dwelt many would often be set aside as mere prejudice if found in the works of a Royalist, Conservative, or a so-called Reactionist. They can hardly be so treated when coming from a man like Sismondi, who proclaimed himself a Liberal, even a Republican, though he certainly added, not a Democrat, and whose zeal for freedom and the happiness of the people no one could dispute, although he doubted if either were to be advanced by the rough and ready methods of Radicalism.

COLCHESTER.

POINTS FOR CONSERVATIVE CONSIDERATION.

I.

THE REPRESENTATION OF IRELAND.

"WELL, well," said Grattan, "the day will come when poor Ireland will have her revenge. She will send fourscore rapscallions into your Imperial Parliament."* This prophecy bids fair to be fulfilled, and the next General Election is not unlikely to result in a fresh accession of strength to the Irish irreconcileable party, even should the full quota allotted to them by Grattan not be reached. Ireland has indeed been having her revenge inside the Imperial Parliament during some years past, though its full measure has not yet probably been meted out. A certain section of the representatives of Ireland, while disagreeably notorious by their conduct, have persistently tried to arrogate to themselves the distinction of being exclusively considered as "the Irish members" or "the Irish party." There is too much reason to fear that they have not been wholly unsuccessful, and that there are numbers in England who sincerely believe that Mr. Parnell and his followers do really represent the opinions of the constituencies of Ireland. It is even to be feared that in England there are still many—though I trust their number is rapidly diminishing—who as firmly believe that the great majority of Irishmen sympathise with crime, promote outrage, and foster disloyalty. Mr. Trevelyan lately—to his credit—took care to point out in no uncertain language the difference between the greater Ireland attached to the cause of law and order, and the lesser, though far more noisy Ireland, which identifies itself with atrocities and crime. Yet this lesser Ireland alone it is which supplies the recruits to Mr. Parnell's party, and, while falsely pretending to represent the feeling of the whole country, obstructs and paralyses the business of the empire. I propose to endeavour to prove by reference to figures that this extreme party which usurps the title of "National" really represents but a small percentage of the electors of Ireland. The figures I quote are taken throughout from Thom's almanac, and are those given for the General Election of 1880, and corrected down to 1st February 1883. In one of the three following tables will be found enumerated all the representatives of Ireland—with three exceptions. The three excepted are Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Lever, and Mr. P. J. Smyth, all

* *Curran's Contemporaries*, by Phillips.

of whom I have found it difficult to classify. The two former by their Home Rule proclivities cannot be classed among the Conservatives, among whom they might otherwise possibly rank, while Mr. Smyth by his outspoken denunciations of the Land League has clearly separated himself from the extreme Irish party, and at the same time, owing to his advanced nationalist views, cannot fairly be numbered among the Constitutional Liberals. Let us first consider this "Nationalist" party and the number of electors it represents. In the following table A, containing forty-four names, will, I think, be found all those who can fairly be considered as constant or occasional supporters of the advanced party. Some of these gentlemen may possibly object to rank in any way as even occasional followers of Mr. Parnell, and repudiate the connection. If any such are included, I must apologise for the mistake, and the withdrawal will only strengthen my case.

Table A.

No. of Electors.	Constituency.	Name of Member.	Votes obtained.
291	Carlow	C. Dawson	149
309	Dungarvan	F. H. O'Donnell	139
263	Ennis	M. Kenny (late Finigan)	136
207	Kinsale	E. Collins	112
255	New Ross	J. Foley (now Redmond)	165
373	Tralee	The O'Donoghue	187
272	Youghal	Sir J. McKenna	133
408	Clonmel	A. Moore	244
239	Mallow	W. O'Brien *	185
516	Wexford	T. M. Healy (late Redmond)	292
1,024	Galway	T. P. O'Connor	487
634	Kilkenny	J. Smithwick	318
1,446	Waterford	R. Power	661
,,	,,	E. Leamy	,, †
1,982	Co. Louth	P. Callan	902
2,744	Co. Kildare	J. Leahy ‡	1,002
2,484	Co. Carlow	E. D. Gray	1,218
,,	,,	D. H. McFarlane	,,
3,159	Co. Sligo	T. Sexton	1,550
,,	,,	D. M. O'Conor	,,

* Bye-election—a gain to Home Rule Party.

† Here, and throughout, where both the members for any constituency appear in the same list, I count the votes given for the senior member, each elector having two votes.

‡ Where the two members appear in different lists I give to each the full number of votes he polled. There are seven such cases of division—three between Liberal and Conservative, four between Liberal and Home Ruler; in no case between Conservative and Home Ruler. Though certain electors are by this means counted twice over, the result scarcely, if at all, affects the proportional strength of the three parties.

No. of Electors.	Constituency.	Name of Member.	Votes obtained.
3,276	Co. Roscommon .	Dr. Commins . . .	1,585
,,	,, .	J. O'Kelly	,,
2,863	Queen's County .	R. Lalor	1,686
,,	,, .	A. O'Connor. . . .	,,
3,395	Westmeath Co. .	T. D. Sullivan . . .	1,621
,,	,, .	H. Gill	,,
3,088	Co. Mayo . .	J. O'Connor Power . .	1,645
,,	,, . .	C. S. Parnell (now I. Nelson)	,,
3,248	King's County .	B. C. Molloy . . .	1,712
4,858	Co. Kilkenny .	E. M. Marum . . .	2,707
4,764	Cork . . .	J. Daly	1,923
,,	,, . . .	C. S. Parnell . . .	,,
2,525	Co. Longford .	J. McCarthy . . .	2,525
5,732	Co. Cavan . .	C. J. Fay	3,097
,,	,, . .	J. G. Biggar . . .	,,
5,544	Co. Wexford. .	J. Barry	3,075
,,	,, . .	G. M. Byrne . . .	,,
5,260	Co. Clare . .	The O'Gorman Mahon. .	3,283
,,	,, . .	W. H. O'Shea . . .	,,
3,711	Co. Meath . .	C. S. Parnell (now E. Shiel)	2,283
,,	,, . .	R. H. Metge. . . .	,,
5,713	Co. Limerick. .	W. H. O'Sullivan. . .	5,713
,,	,, . .	E. J. Synan. . . .	,,
8,949	Co. Tipperary .	J. Dillon	8,949

79,527 total electors. 44 members of Advanced Party.
49,684 total votes.

We thus find that these forty-four members were returned by 49,684 votes, or by considerably less than one fourth, or by about 23 per cent. of all the electors of Ireland, 228,278. The gross number of electors in the constituencies they represent amounts to 79,527, or to about 33 per cent. of Irish electors. In the case of unopposed returns I credit the member or members with the full strength of the constituency. This tells more in favour of the Home Rule party, who gain the large constituencies of County Limerick and County Tipperary, than of either of the other parties, who gain the Counties of Kerry and Galway, and the County Dublin and Dublin University respectively, County Longford being credited equally to the Home Rule and Liberal party. Thirty-one constituencies are therefore wholly or partly represented by members numbered to a greater or lesser degree amongst Mr. Parnell's disciples. Four of these members, representing three constituencies, were returned unopposed. In the remaining twenty-eight constituencies, returning forty members, the elections were contested. The gross number of electors in these twenty-eight constituencies amounts to 62,340, of whom only

32,497 voted for the successful Parnellites, while 14,997—mostly Conservatives—voted against them. These forty members, therefore,—returned by about the same number of electors as are found in the single constituency of Liverpool—only obtained between them a gross majority of 17,500 votes. And yet this insignificant faction have been allowed to determine and shape all legislation for three sessions, to increase the public expenditure in Ireland, and to plunge the country into anarchy, to reduce the House of Commons to a chaos, and to dictate the treaty of Kilmainham to the Queen's Government.

TABLE B.

No. of Electors.	Constituency.	Name of Member.	Votes obtained.
6,923	Co. Armagh	J. N. Richardson	2,738
345	Athlone	Sir J. Ennis.	163
441	Bandon.	R. Allman *.	216
14,949	Co. Cork	W. Shaw	5,354
,,	,,	Colonel Colthurst	,,
4,484	Co. Donegal	T. Lea.	2,274
,,	,,	Dr. Kinnear.	,,
13,580	Dublin	M. Brooks	5,763
,,	,,	Dr. Lyons	,,
670	Drogheda	B. Whitworth	670
570	Dundalk	C. Russell, Q.C.	263
289	Dungannon	J. Dickson	132
4,465	Co. Galway	Major Nolan	4,465
,,	,,	M. Henry	,,
5,066	Co. Kerry	Sir R. Blennerhassett	5,066
,,	,,	R. P. Blennerhassett	,,
2,744	Co. Kildare	C. Meldon, Q.C.	1,245
4,854	Co. Kilkenny.	P. Martin, Q.C.	2,674
3,248	King's County	Sir P. O'Brien	1,893
2,395	Co. Leitrim	Major O'Beirne	737
1,916	Limerick	J. O'Shaughnessy	1,109
,,	,,	D. Gabbett	,,
5,647	Co. Londonderry	Sir T. McClure	3,012
,,	,,	The Attorney-General	,,
2,525	Co. Longford	G. Errington	2,525
5,280	Co. Monaghan	J. Givan	2,818
,,	,,	W. Findlater	,,
8,465	Co. Tyrone	T. Dickson	3,500
3,074	Co. Waterford	V. Stuart	1,757
,,	,,	J. A. Blake	,,
3,199	Co. Wicklow.	W. Corbett	1,433
,,	,,	J. C. McCoan	,,

95,129 total electors. 32 members. 49,807 votes obtained.

In the second list will be found Liberals, and those moderate Home Rulers who may be generally considered as belonging to the

* Bye-election—a gain to Liberals.

Liberal rather than to the "Nationalist" party. It is possible that again amongst these there may be a few who prefer to range themselves under the banner of Mr. Parnell and the Land League, rather than on the side of Constitutional Liberalism. Though in such a case I consider that no apology would be required from me, the proportional strength of the two parties might be slightly varied by the change. The line between advanced Liberals and obstructive Anarchists is sometimes so finely drawn as to be almost indistinguishable. These thirty-two Constitutional Liberals are returned by 49,807 votes, or by a slightly larger number than those which return the forty-four members of the advanced party. The gross number of electors in the constituencies they represent amounts to 95,129, or to rather less than 42 per cent. of all the voters in Ireland.

Table C.

No. of Electors.	Constituency.	Name of Member.	Votes obtained.
11,765	Co. Antrim	J. Chaine	5,124
,,	,,	E. Macnachten	,,
626	Armagh	G. Beresford	626
6,923	Co. Armagh	M. Close	2,614
21,805	Belfast	W. Ewart	8,132
,,	,,	J. P. Corry	,,
1,467	Carrickfergus	T. Greer	591
431	Coleraine	Sir H. Bruce	222
12,619	Co. Down	Lord A. Hill	5,873
,,	,,	Lord Castlereagh	,,
308	Downpatrick	J. Mulholland	176
4,982	Co. Dublin	Right Hon. Colonel Taylor	4,982
,,	,,	I. T. Hamilton	,,
4,003	Dublin University	Hon. D. R. Plunket, Q.C.	4,003
,,	,,	Right Hon. E. Gibson, Q.C.	,,
403	Enniskillen	Lord Cole	204
4,498	Co. Fermanagh	W. H. Archdale	2,479
,,	,,	Lord Crichton	,,
2,395	Co. Leitrim	A. L. Tottenham	1,038
841	Lisburn	Sir R. Wallace	841
1,945	Londonderry	C. E. Lewis	964
1,202	Newry	H. Thompson	587
141	Portarlington	Hon. B. FitzPatrick	118
8,465	Co. Tyrone	W. E. Macartney	3,808

84,819 total electors. 24 members. 42,382 votes obtained.

In this table are the names of the twenty-four Conservative members. They are returned by 42,382 votes, or by nearly 20 per cent. of the electors, and represent constituencies with a gross total of 84,819 voters. These figures speak for themselves, and show the unfair proportion of seats now held by members of the extreme party.

The first twenty-four names on the list of the latter obtained between them 11,153 votes; they are able to neutralise the whole Conservative representation of Ireland, and yet they secured fewer votes than were polled for three unsuccessful Conservative candidates in the cities of Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. The votes given throughout Ireland for the unsuccessful candidates are equally instructive. Where there were several in the field, I have only taken into account those given for him who *proxime accessit.* They stand thus: for the advanced party, 3,493; for the moderate Liberals, 16,743; and for the Conservatives, 36,801. And these figures, therefore, when added to those given for the successful candidates—including unopposed returns—show as the result of the voting at the last election a gross total of only 53,182 for the "Jacobins," as against 66,550 for the Liberals, and 79,181 for the Conservative candidates. The proportion of representatives to which the "Jacobin" and the Conservative element should be respectively entitled would, therefore, be about twenty-four to thirty-four. But the actual numbers are forty-four to twenty-four. In other words, the former party hold twenty seats more, and the latter ten seats less, than the strength of their respective parties among the electors of Ireland would allow them, were the seats fairly apportioned between them.

I have, I hope, so far succeeded in showing that, judged by the radical test of mere numbers, the existing representation diminishes by nearly one half the due proportion of Conservative representatives, while increasing by nearly the same amount that of the extreme party. When judged by the test of wealth, intelligence, and material prosperity, the result will be the same. Few who understand the economic condition of Ireland, will deny that these exist to the greatest extent in the province of Ulster. There the industry of the people and their greater respect for law have encouraged the development of commerce and manufactures, and the investment of capital withheld through a feeling of insecurity from the rest of Ireland. There are 94,730 electors in Ulster, who return twenty-nine members. Leinster has thirty-four members with only 58,439 electors; Munster twenty-six members, and 53,649 electors; while Connaught has twelve members, and only 17,407 electors; or a much smaller number than are found in the city of Belfast alone. Ulster thus contains nearly nine-twentieths of the voters of Ireland. Her due proportion of representatives should be about forty-four, while she has but twenty-nine. The other three provinces (exclusive of Dublin University) would together be entitled to fifty-seven. They return seventy-two. In short, in order to represent in fair proportion not only the wealth and intelligence, but even the mere numbers of the industrial hive

of Ulster, the three other provinces should be deprived of fifteen representatives, who should be transferred to Ulster.

I have now shown to what an extent the existing system favours the extreme "Jacobin" party, and how the industry and intelligence of the north are negatived by the over-representation of the squalid poverty and decayed villages of the south and west. Fifteen members deducted from the representatives of the three other provinces, and added to those of Ulster, would give the latter province her due share of representation.* The allotment of such new seats need not be difficult. Belfast and Londonderry are each clearly entitled to an additional member.

All counties with upwards of 6,000 electors might have increased representation. Antrim and Down might be divided, and each given four members; Tyrone and Armagh might each be given a third or minority seat. There are also in Ulster many thriving and increasing towns, far more worthy of separate representation than many now possessing that privilege in the south. The County Antrim in particular, owing to the recent development of its minerals, bids fair to contain many important commercial centres within the next few years. Even at present Ballymena might claim a member, Lurgan and Newtownards might each do the same. The system of grouping several towns together to form one borough, which at present exists in Wales and Scotland, might also be adopted, and Antrim and Larne, Ballymoney and Ballycastle, Portadown, Banbridge, and Gilford, Lifford, Omagh, Strabane, and Newtown Stewart, Clones, Belturbet, and Newtown Butler, or many others, might be formed into groups of boroughs. There are also four existing boroughs in Ulster in which the electors do not amount to 500. These, in any new distribution of seats, would probably have to be grouped with some other towns, or their seats given to the counties. In Leinster there are four boroughs, and in Munster eight, to be treated in a similar manner. The Land League has even contrived to provide a fresh reason for the abolition of such small boroughs by the tactics lately adopted, for threats have been held out that fairs will be "Boycotted" in such towns if a Nationalist be not returned, and a system which has proved remorselessly cruel against individuals, is now to be enforced against communities. It is remarkable that of the representatives of these twelve insignificant towns in the south, nine belong to Mr. Parnell's party, which would therefore be the chief sufferer by their disfranchisement. While, however, there are several places in Leinster that should lose representatives, there are others with a clear right to gain them;

* There are, to start with, the two vacant seats for the disfranchised boroughs of Cashel and Sligo available for transference to Ulster.

e.g. Rathmines and Rathgar, Kingstown and Dalkey; Dublin also should have a third member. Some of the counties, also, in Leinster, such as Carlow and Louth, are scarcely entitled to two members. In Munster at least eight small boroughs should be disfranchised or grouped together, or with other places; Waterford should lose one member, while the claim of Queenstown to separate representation might be maintained. County Cork might be divided and given four members, and County Tipperary a third or minority member. Connaught, with its 17,400 voters and twelve members, would also have to resign some of its representatives; some of the county members there as elsewhere might possibly be transferred to Ulster, and one member would suffice to represent the "City of the Tribes." Moreover, in any new distribution of seats, the Royal University should not be forgotten.

Such are the outlines of a scheme which an examination of the figures shown by the last General Election would seem to suggest. There can be no doubt that such an examination reveals two salient points—(1) the under-representation of Ulster as compared with the other three provinces; (2) the undue share which this misrepresentation gives to the extreme "Nationalists." For while Mr. Parnell can only claim two members from Ulster among his followers, he has about forty from the other three provinces, containing only a slightly larger number of electors, and the increase in the representation of Ulster would therefore be effected at the expense of the "Irreconcileable" party. Various schemes alternating between Home Rule on the one side, and the total disfranchisement of Ireland on the other, are sometimes urged by theorists who, panic-stricken at the possible obstruction of Imperial business to be caused by the "Irreconcileable" party, can see no simple remedy. Yet a remedy could be found in a just and practicable manner by such a transfer of representation to that greater Ireland of peace and order, as would enable it effectually to check and subdue by constitutional means the lesser Ireland of turbulence and crime. It is certain that before very long the subject of a redistribution of seats will seriously engage the attention of Parliament. Then will be the occasion to apply the remedy —a constitutional *clôture* in an effectual form—by a transference of representation to the industrious and the orderly, and at the expense of those constituencies which, by proving themselves unworthy of their privileges, and by disgracing the trust confided to them, have nearly succeeded in making Parliamentary government impossible. This, therefore, is not a party but an Imperial question, and one affecting the vital interests of all ranks and classes. It should be considered from the broadest possible point of view, and apart from the probable gain or loss to either Liberal

or Conservative, for both constitutional parties are alike in the presence of a common danger; and that danger will be increased if, as is now certain since the Government have accepted the principle, the franchise is reduced in the Irish boroughs. It may become intolerable if the franchise is also reduced in the counties, unless at the same time the distribution of seats is materially altered.

There are, however, other remedies, as well as the one I have pointed out, which might also be applied, and would assist to mitigate the evil. There is no part of the kingdom where the representation of minorities is as much required as in Ireland. Salutary as such a system would be at present, it will become absolutely essential under a household suffrage; and even at times of popular excitement and ever-recurring agitation, it would ensure a hearing to the voice of reason and order—otherwise, the total disfranchisement of the more stable and intelligent classes could only result in their withdrawal from all interest in public affairs, and in the monopoly of authority by the "Invincibles" of the future. M. Taine's* description of the elections in France in 1791, and the means by which they were effected, might be accepted as prophetic of a similar state of things in Ireland. Yet another remedy is sometimes suggested, but a partial one only, and not likely to be acceptable to any party, or even to any section, in Ireland. A large reduction in the number of Irish representatives is often advocated. This would be a direct violation of the Act of Union, and as such should, from an Unionist's point of view, be resisted to the uttermost.

But as that Act has been already seriously tampered with by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the plea of its sanctity could alone be no longer available; and the proposal, if ever seriously brought forward, should be resisted on other and further grounds. The "Nationalist" party, too, who would certainly oppose such a diminution of Irish representatives, and whose very *raison d'être* is hostility to the Union, would scarcely choose its inviolability as the basis of their arguments.

Sentimental reasons, however, have of late been so large a factor in Irish legislation that they could not now be safely disregarded; and Irish national sentiment would be certain to revolt at such a suggestion.

> "ζυνώμοσαν γὰρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν,
> πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα."

And, however Ulster and Munster might desire to wrench the representation away from each other, they would be sure to unite cordially in order to oppose its transference to Great Britain.

I am fully aware that the proportion of representatives as allotted

* *Conquête Jacobine*, ch. iii.

by the Union can no longer be defended. The population of England has increased by about 16,000,000, while that of Ireland has considerably diminished. Still, it could not be politic to create a new Irish grievance; and it would certainly be asserted by the "Nationalist" party—probably not by them alone—that England, having knocked Ireland down, was now proceeding to kick her for falling. Reduction of the number of Irish representatives may therefore be regarded as impolitic, if not impossible.

Again, another remedy might be found in the temporary or total disfranchisement of such constituencies as persist in sending to the House of Commons men whose conduct clearly shows them to be unworthy of taking part in constitutional legislation. It would be only just that in such cases the constituency itself should be held liable, and suffer for the wilful abuse of its privilege. Some means must before long be found to allow the real voice of Ireland to be heard, and to ensure to the great body of electors who support law and order that political power to which they are rightly entitled. A continuance of the present system can only assist in maintaining the fictitious importance of the advanced "Nationalist" party. Few have an idea of the amount of pressure that can still, even under the boasted secrecy of the ballot, be exercised on voters in Ireland. The extreme party use every means in their power to ensure the return of their candidates, and those means are not always legitimate. I have already alluded to the threats of "Boycotting" which are now so largely made use of to induce voters to support the Nationalist nominee, or, at least, to absent themselves from the poll. The power of the Church is also brought to bear, and the ballot-box which protects the voter from the influence of his landlord or employer in no way impedes the clerical terrorist. I have myself seen a priest stand at the entrance to the polling booth, marshalling his flock, and directing how the voting-paper was to be marked; and I was told by a member of that flock that he would never again have been allowed to attend mass had he dared to absent himself on that occasion. By such means the "Nationalists" can count with certainty on the presence and votes of their supporters; and the stern discipline and terrorism of the Land League ensures far fewer abstentions from voting amongst its members than can be claimed for either the Liberal or Conservative organization. Probably, if a true record could be obtained of voters who were absent during the elections of 1880, it would be found that the vast majority were men of moderate opinions, and that the full number of the Land League supporters were accounted for.

Few who have any regard for the real welfare of Ireland can wish to see more power committed to classes who, by their choice

of representatives, have already proved their unfitness for it; and theories of *doctrinaires* will only be carried into effect at the expense of the peace and prosperity of the country should such further power unhappily be granted. Though I write as a Conservative, I still hope that much I have said will be acceptable to those who call themselves Liberals; for in Ireland the two parties are before long likely to merge into one another, and to find themselves united in opposition to anarchy. There have been lately many indications of such a coalition.

There can be no greater mistake than to assume, as is too often the case, that Irish Conservatives are of necessity all landlords or Orangemen. There is, in truth, no such isolation of the Party, nor are its ranks by any means so narrow and rigid. They draw recruits from all classes, and every shade of religious opinion may be found represented amongst them. Conservative enthusiasm is as strong and earnest amongst the shipwrights and weavers of Belfast as amongst the tradesmen of Dublin, the gentry of Leinster, or the graduates of Dublin University. True Conservatism is not represented in Ireland by sectarian bitterness or class privileges, and its circle is daily widening.

Ireland has too long been the battle-field of the two great English political parties; and, now that a common enemy has arisen, we must hope that both will fairly recognise the real state of the case.

Regardless of minor party differences, they must support the great majority of all that are true and honest in Ireland, and combine to defeat the rising faction of disorder and anarchy.

Otherwise the prospect must indeed be gloomy.

R. Staples, Jun.

II.

WHY CONSERVATISM FAILS IN SCOTLAND.

It is hardly needful to say that in Scotland Mr. Gladstone's monarchy is practically absolute. Of the sixty seats the country possesses, only nine are held by Conservatives; and the most sanguine observer will not be inclined to predict that the next General Election will end in any material change. So deeply seated, indeed, are their Liberal convictions, the Scottish people, it may be said, have almost no interest in politics. It takes two to make a quarrel, and when one of the two shows no spirit in his antagonism the onlooker becomes indifferent. It is thus with party politics in Scotland. The Conservatives are so weak that,

saving in a few constituencies, the public looks upon their cause as a thing of the past. The Scottish people, it is true, are not unintelligent. They read the newspapers, and they post themselves well up in public affairs; but they do so for no practical purpose. The country may be in difficulty or in danger; but that does not distress the Scot, who goes about his business or his pleasure with no anxious thought about the matter. Mr. Chamberlain gives voice to sentiments the Radicalism of which is more than ordinarily sound. In England there is some public excitement about what the Member for Birmingham has been saying; but, merely smiling with amused approbation, the Scot holds his peace. Lord Salisbury ventures the opinion that in the spread of Conservative doctrine the aristocracy have really less personal concern than the middle and the working classes. The *Spectator* Radicals south of the Tweed are up in arms at once; but "Sandy" disposes of the matter by an incredulous pinch of snuff. The Scottish indifference, however, is not so real as it seems. It rests upon a conviction that, as it were, Liberalism is part of the divine order of things; and it will go when that conviction is removed or shaken.

That is merely a common-place statement of familiar facts. The very familiarity of these facts is apt to obscure their strangeness. Although as a whole they vote faithfully with Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, Scotsmen are really the most Conservative portion of Her Majesty's subjects. Their sentiments are precisely those of which Conservatism is the philosophical expression. The people of the North are industrious, enterprising, and religious: the ideas of property, of order, and of God are constantly in their minds. They are so deeply possessed of the spirit of Conservatism, however, that no land legislation, no Crofters' Commission, no abolition of the divine sanction of public rectitude, can suggest to them any occasion for alarm. That every man is entitled to the possession and enjoyment of his own; that trade can be properly carried on only in conditions of social calm; that all conduct, public and private, must be in accordance with the Confession of Faith: these are axioms in the North. Scotland, moreover, is greatly rich as an inheritor of military and romantic tradition. What "situation" brought about by the warlike Earl of Beaconsfield can be compared as regards unreasonableness of loyal ardour with the Jacobite affairs of little more than a century ago? In what part of her Empire is the Queen more loved than in the land that produces servants like John Brown, and regiments like the Black Watch? We need seek for no further illustrations. In every habit of thought and of social life Scotland is Conservative.

How is it, then, that, as we have seen, the Scottish Conservative candidates adopted by the constituencies can go together to St.

Stephen's in a single first-class railway carriage?* Conservatism embodies all the most firmly rooted instincts of the people. Why do the people repudiate it? The reason has already been partially indicated. The disagreement partakes largely of the nature of a lover's quarrel. It is an affair of misunderstanding rather than of genuine repulsion. The Conservatives have "lost touch" of the people. The local leaders of the party cannot understand the matter at all; the national leaders are too much occupied otherwise to trouble their heads about it. Certain misfortunes of administration brought the Roman Catholic Church into a disrepute from which it still suffers in the regard of thousands who unawares acquiesce in the great principle Catholicism postulates.† The same evil hap has befallen the Conservative cause in Scotland. That country has had a troublous career. Until within comparatively recent times she has been almost continually at war; and in that way it has come to pass that, as the National ballads abundantly testify, the stirring idea *freedom* is constantly at work in the calm, but by no means stagnant, imagination of the people. Unless a tyrant is believed to be falling at every blow‡—unless his every political act or attachment is felt to be in opposition to some fancied usurpation of power—the typical Scotsman is not at rest. Now, the Conservative party has unhappily become identified with certain historical contentions at variance with that spirit of independence. The first Householder Bill, it is true, was carried by Mr. Disraeli; but that does not remove the popular belief that the blessings of the extended suffrage were conferred by the Liberals. The Disruption of 1843 was undoubtedly determined in large measure by impetuous ignorance§; but it is none the less true that the duty of defending the custom of patronage, repugnant to the popular feelings, fell to men known mainly for their Conservative predilections in politics. The most sensitive characteristic of Scotland is precisely that which the withholding of the suffrage and maintenance of patronage were certain most severely to shock. I allude to what may be called the individual pride of Scotsmen. That pride springs partly from the inclination, quite natural to a race that has never been conquered, to protest against the assumption of superior governing capacity; and partly from the erroneous notion of the Scotsman that he cannot away with the Popish abomination of authority.

* As matters now stand, the carriage has three seats too few; but there is no harm in repeating Lord Rosebery's little joke.

† To those acquainted with the Scottish people, the aphorism that "Presbyter is but Priest writ large" is singularly suggestive.

‡ "Tyrants fall at every blow!"—"*Scots wha ha'e.*"

§ See the very interesting pamphlet on *Spiritual Independence* lately published by the Messrs. Blackwood.

That aversion to Conservatism is aggravated by the means employed in order to its conciliation. Conservative organization is a delusion to those who maintain it, and an insult to those whom it seeks to influence. Let us see what it exactly is. A few men, ardent Conservatives or gentlemen of leisurely positions in life, become awake to the fact that the interests of their party are being neglected, or take it into their heads that they may find some diversion in electioneering. They arrange a meeting of those in the district known to share their political opinions. The hour of conference arrives, and about a dozen persons of apologetic mien appear at the trysted place. A chairman is appointed. That gentleman makes a speech. The first half is devoted to re-impressing his friends with a due sense of how melancholy their prospects are. Radicalism, he says, is in the air. The working men are Radical. Believing that on that account their businesses would suffer were they to ally themselves with the Tories, so are the merchant middle-classes. The Dissenting denominations are Radical, and the Church of Scotland is more democratic than its Voluntary rivals are. Episcopacy and the professions, it may be, are not so bad; but what influence have they? None! Then the speaker goes on to lament the progress of destructive legislation. Measures have been forced upon them, he says, at the thought of which the Liberal statesmen of the last generation must be turning in their graves. Freedom of contract has been abolished; the value of property is arbitrarily determined; in short, revolution is approaching. As Conservatives, the chairman continues, it is their duty to do what they can to stem the flood that is sweeping away the landmarks of their social and political systems. They must do their best; but they have an up-hill battle to fight.

The speaker resumes his chair amid the feeble noise of a few hesitatingly tramping feet. His snuff-box is passed round; and he will be glad to hear suggestions. Someone thinks that to form themselves into an Association is the proper step to begin with. A motion to that effect is unanimously adopted; then there is another pause. By-and-by it is perceived that an Association requires office-bearers, and it is proposed that the excellent chairman should be made president. The chairman feels highly flattered at the honour; and, as nobody else seems inclined to have it, he will be glad to do all he can to discharge the duties of the position. Vice-presidents and a secretary are appointed; and, as "Committee" is a word of imposing, business-like aspect, the whole of those present are formed into a body of that name. Then "refreshments" are called for. During the evening the spirits of the meeting become perceptibly brighter. To be a

member of a political organization, it is thought, is, after all, a thing of considerable account: to hold office in it is really almost as good as being an Elder of the Church or a Deacon in the Trades. The meeting comes to an end; and the worthy gentlemen part with expressions of their fixed resolve to use their influence on behalf of the Crown and the Constitution. They will report progress at the next meeting of the Association, which is to take place in three months.

It may be that in different places the party organization will be built up in slightly different ways; but I think no one will say that the description I have just given is in any important respect inaccurate. The fortunes of Conservatism in Scotland can hardly be sadder than they are: so there can be no reason why the discussion of the matter should not be in the plainest words. Scottish Conservative organization is false in theory and worse than ineffectual when at work. It is based upon the very assumption that is most irritating to the people with whom it takes to do. It does not see in Radicalism a political system to be respected for its power while it is attacked for its impropriety. It takes a loftier ground. The members of Associations such as that whose genesis I have described are all more or less dominated by an idea that has done much to damage the cause they seek to advance. They take it for granted that they are socially and intellectually superior to the masses lapsed as regards political virtue; and into any proselytising mission into which they enter they carry a bearing certain to defeat their purpose. The assumption of superiority to which I have referred may be warrantable; but it is nevertheless indiscreet. "Conservatism is capable of a defence and a vindication such as few Conservatives are themselves informed of." * There is no denying that; and it follows that the so-called working members of our party are unfitted for the task they have undertaken. They have been made working members in order that they may not be offended, not because they have any special capacity for the functions of their position. Their political faith is such that they are not encouraged to enter deeply into the science of politics: for Conservatives, as it were, are the normal factors in government; and, in so far as they are called upon to think at all, their thoughts are directed towards the discovery of proof not that they are in the right but that their opponents are in the wrong. On the other hand, the holding of Radical opinions in itself indicates that some amount of intellectual endeavour has been devoted to the subject. It thus comes about that the people at large regard with contemptuous irritation the assumption upon which Conservative missionary activity

* *St. James's Gazette*, August 1881

is based. The holders of that assumption talk largely about Church and State; but, as a rule, they are able to do little else. The lapsed masses, on the other hand, are inspired with living ideas which, if not original, are at least their own; and "thousands of untaught shoemakers, who have long brooded over the matter, are able to defend with vigour and eloquence" the modern anti-Conservative ideas of which Mr. Chamberlain believes himself to be the inventor.* The general result is a melancholy failure, very well illustrated by a casual remark dropped by a working-man Conservative at a recent meeting. "Should we not get up a kind of 'debating society'?" it was pathetically asked, "and read papers about such questions as 'Why am I a Conservative?' You see, although I feel our principles are all right, I can't well explain them; and that's not nice when these Radical fellows tackle you."

It should now be plain that, as I ventured to affirm, our organization is false in theory. The evidence by which that is established shows, also, that it is of necessity worse than useless. It works evil, however, in ways apart from those of which we have been speaking. The science of politics is one whose domains are made very distressful by the energies of the untiring amateur. In the matter under review that person is conspicuously to the fore. It never occurs to him that experience or professional necessity count for aught against his own intuitive "capacity for affairs"; and thus, besides failing to conciliate his opponents, the working member of the Conservative Association does his considerable best to breed dispeace among his friends. He lectures the professional agents of the party; he is of opinion that the Press is mismanaged; and, as all in the open secrets of the subject know, the coldnesses and disunions among Conservatives themselves are almost as marked as, and much more discouraging than, the opposition of the people at large.

The state of Conservatism in Scotland, which I have been describing as faithfully as I can, must be deplored by all that have at heart the welfare of the country. As Lord Pembroke has skilfully argued,† there is no arbitrary principle by which to settle every political question as it arises; but that is no reason why we should cease from party activity. The destiny of nations, social and imperial, is not shaped by the rude actions of rivalling political sects; but the fact remains that these forces are essential in progress. However much they may differ as to means, Liberal and Conservative, it will be conceded, are striving to attain the same end. Both wish to see the nation prosperous, powerful, and happy It is, therefore, for the good of neither that in any part of the

* *St. James's Gazette*, June 30, 1883.

† *National Review* for May 1883.

country the functions of Party should be abrogated; nor, which is more important, is it for the good of the community at large. What, then, is to be done?

Nearly everywhere in Scotland there are Conservative parish Committees, whose duty is to watch the comings and the goings of the voters, and to supply the professional agents with the facts upon which they are to speak at the registration courts. Those Committees are admirable institutions: they ought to be maintained and strengthened. In their sphere there is no room for personal opinionativeness: what has to be dealt with is purely matter of fact; and thus registration has always been attended to carefully and successfully.

Those Committees, which are the only useful part of Conservative organization in the North, should be made the basis of an entirely new arrangement. All Conservative Associations should become primarily registration Associations, and leave the task of spreading Conservative opinions to such as are professionally or specially qualified to teach. Of the teachers alluded to, the principal, of course, are the gentlemen who are championing the cause as candidates for election to Parliament. Here we are brought face to face with another difficulty, or, rather, with the old difficulty in a new place. To say that as a rule the Scottish Conservative candidates are not well fitted for their tasks is merely to make a personal application of what has been said as to the deficiencies of the party as a whole. Hackneyed as the phrase undoubtedly is, we live, it must be repeated, in times of education and enquiry. The sentiments that inspired the people of the last generation are practically without virtue now. Time was when such a question as Mr. Kegan Paul's "What were the uses of Waterloo?"* was sufficient to overcome any scruple there might be as to projects for chastising the nation's foes, and when the squire and the parson were inviolate in every well-conditioned regard. That time is past. We may regret that it is so; but it would be suicidal not to act upon our recognition of the fact. What spirit is it, then, that has displaced the old? It is the spirit of reflectiveness. Through the cheap Press, the vastly-increased leisure for abstract thought that has resulted from the accumulation of individual wealth has changed the habit of the national character. As regards all its concerns, society is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; and in no department of life is that so strikingly true as it is in politics. Imperial glory has lost much of its old fascination; neither monarchs nor ministers are now allowed to have any shadow of divine right to rule. I must not, however, enter into the alluring realms of speculation. All

* *Nineteenth Century* for April 1883.

that needs to be insisted upon is that, in order to be successful, Conservative methods must be altered to suit the circumstances of the time. The British Constitution is, no doubt, as glorious as the most ardent Tory would have it; the Throne is beyond the reach of any terms of praise known to the most enthusiastic Royalist; and the Church—long live the Church! Let them be never so resounding, however, mere roaring extollations of those institutions will not now suffice to persuade the masses that the Constitution is of necessity glorious, the Monarch of necessity desirable, the Church of necessity necessary. As imparting literary variety, declamation is very good; but by itself it is apt to incur the heedlessness of regard that, as we all know, springs from familiarity.

"Salisbury is marvellously clever—a deep thinker, a clever seer, a hard hitter; but he has two grave and insuperable defects. He will not bellow, and he cannot gush. The utmost he can do is to speak with polished disdain of those who do. That is a charming accomplishment—among accomplished people. But as far as securing votes is concerned, one quotation from Scripture, even though inaccurate, by Sir William Harcourt, is worth it all."*

If that hint can be applied to the Conservatives of England, how valuable it must be to the Conservatives of the North! There is not a Radical candidate in Scotland who, when in difficulties, does not turn the whites of his eyes upwards in appeal to the witness of heaven. That, indeed, would be an evil day on which the champions of Conservative principles resorted to meretricious devices such as that; but this is an evil day, when they blindly ignore the fact that those to whom they address themselves can be persuaded only by logical reasoning. What I mean needs few further words of explanation. The people of Scotland are deeply influenced by the religious instinct: let Conservatism be advocated from the religious point of view. They are naturally intensely patriotic: let it be shown that readiness to fight for their Queen and their country is consistent with, not opposed to, their rarely expressed but always present desire to do the will of God.

"An empire without God cannot stand; for such an empire has no longer the principle of unity. It will, by a natural law of dissolution, return to the dust; it will sink lower than the old world; for an apostate world is lower than a superstitious world. When the relations of authority, and obedience, and brotherhood, and the obligations which bind men to God and to each other, are stripped of their divine sanction, the Commonwealth is death-struck; the vital spark may linger for a while, but the life has fled."†

These are considerations such as Scotsmen can understand and

* "Sangfroid," in the *National Review* for July 1883.

† Cardinal Manning, in the *Contemporary Review* for July 1883.

be touched by; but they are such as one rarely hears in the North. Let them be urged, however, conformably with the first principles and the proper dignity of Conservatism. We must court favour by no trick of clap-trap or of maudlin emotion. "The popular mind is in a transition state, loosened from its ancient moorings, without having acquired any fresh anchorage as a substitute. That education will supply the want we are bound to believe; but until it does one must be cautious of being led away by phrases or of supposing that the people will, by any magical process, recognise the advantages of inequality such as now prevails in this country. Tradition, example, the national character, respect for institutions administered by men worthy of respect, may, in the absence of disturbing causes, keep them loyal to the existing system; but they cannot be relied upon under the pressure of immediate temptation; and, therefore, some less vacillating social force is necessary to the interests of the constitution than is supplied by democratic Toryism.*" By all means let the Conservatives adhere to the fundamental tenets of their system; but let them speak of their principles in words intelligible to those that have lost hold of them. To-day the people of Scotland vote steadfastly with the Radicals; but when they have been shown that they do so under misapprehension they will vote even more steadfastly with the Conservatives.

WILLIAM EARL HODGSON.

* Mr. T. E. Kebbel, in the *National Review* for July 1883.

EVOLUTION AND A PRIORI ETHICS.

Is it really true, as Mr. Leslie Stephen tells us, that "Feeling determines conduct?" Maybe, if we assume that the human race, since there has been a human race, has consisted of practically homogeneous units, only differing in circumstances or maturity; as rich and poor, well-bred and ill-bred, young and old, healthy and diseased. The late Mr. Mill hardly shrank from this paradox, but probably even in his life-time he stood alone. His surviving disciples, less consistent than their master, commonly take climate, differences of disposition, and the like, for granted, and yet maintain that moral rules rest upon experience; *e.g.* the rule that prescribes courage upon experience that cowards are oppressed, the rule that prescribes temperance upon experience that drunkards impair their health and fortune, the rule that prescribes truthfulness upon experience of the convenience of being trustworthy and having to do with trustworthy people.

As it is observed that most decent people seem to start with some inbred repugnance to cowardice, drunkenness, and cheating, it is assumed that evolution will help at a pinch; that if people object now to the grosser forms of misconduct without trial of their results, it is because they inherit their wholesome instincts from the experience of ancestors who tried misbehaving and did not like it; so that the proverb ought to run, "The child whose father burnt his fingers dreads the fire." The hypothesis is sometimes stated in a different form with a cheerful confidence that it is the same hypothesis. It is argued that ancestors who accidentally happened to be inclined, no matter why, to the practice of courage, temperance, truthfulness in ordinary emergencies, had a considerable advantage in the struggle for existence, and transmitted their good inclinations to their posterity all the more surely that they were confirmed in them by experience of the happy effects of acting thereupon. This has the double merit of leaving a back-door open for the appeal to experience, and postponing the awkward question, Where do the good inclinations come from? by spinning out the easier question, How do good inclinations come to prevail? it being assumed that good inclinations are such as are profitable to the

race, and enable it in health and wealth long to live, and strengthen it to vanquish and overcome all its enemies.

At best the doctrine leaves us to guess how a particular race comes to take to one paying quality rather than another, to be gregarious rather than carnivorous, or carnivorous rather than gregarious—it does not pay to be both; wolves are always hungry.

Fresh difficulties meet us when we come to mankind. Puppies crawl very much like babies and crocodiles. You infer that dogs and human beings are descended from some creature not so unlike a crocodile. Well and good; but then remember that when a dog is firm upon its feet it goes upon all-fours, and when a child is firm upon its feet it goes upright. Is that because the child had ancestors who tried going upon all-fours, and tried turning somersaults, and settled that it was easier and more comfortable to go upright? No doubt an arboreal animal so big that it could traverse a forest more easily by grasping branches overhead than by trying to run up trees or along branches, left its descendants little choice if they ever returned to *terra firma*. The erect posture would be forced upon them. It is gratuitous to imagine a struggle for existence in the wood or on the ground, and survivors who learnt to swing or go upright. There was no room for variations in all directions; there was room for progress in one at a time; the most vigorous, the best nourished, went forward in that.

The erect posture is universal now; courage, temperance, and truthfulness are not, but so far we might fairly conclude that they are reached in very much the same way. People who are brave and temperate and truthful, are so upon the first opportunity, as soon as they can fight, or talk, or feed themselves, without waiting to observe the results of their action. There are some whom a blow naturally disposes to hit back, others whom it naturally disposes to run away. There are some people to whom the torpor which follows a full meal, when all the power of the organism is absorbed in the work of digestion, seems a beatific trance; others to whom it seems a state of sordid clogging obstruction. The typical temperate man has not been educated by indigestion, or the typical brave man by insult, or the typical truthful man by mistrust. Occasional experience of these evils helps to make average people amenable to the discipline of the brave, the truthful, the temperate; repeated experience of them occasionally reforms cowards, gluttons, drunkards, liars.

There is a very large class of our actions which, if we look at them simply, depend entirely, or almost entirely, upon inward development, and have little or nothing to do with experience, or desire, or fear. They are pure, or nearly pure, products of organic evolution,

just as it has been hinted courage, temperance, truthfulness, and other virtues may be. We walk, without wishing to be there rather than here; we talk, without wishing to change the hearer's mind, without any admiration of what we are saying, just as Americans whittle now and St. Olaf whittled long ago, without caring what they cut out; and these are only samples of our automatic activity. It is quite true that prolonged restraint on any form of it is painful, just as the arrest of any physiological process is painful; but the pain, or the anticipation of it, is not the motive of the activity: whoever supposed that animals digest because indigestion is painful? In truth, we discharge an accumulated energy without any object of our own. People who are not under lock and key can always go out and walk nowhither, they seldom wait for pain to drive them; people who are much alone are always well-pleased to have someone to talk to, though very likely solitude has made them barren; hearing nothing, they have little to say, and to every new comer they say it over and over again, without pleasure if new comers come too thick, after pain if new comers have to be waited for long. So, too, we commonly eat without awaiting hunger, partly no doubt from habit, partly because when the stomach is ready to act, it sets the rest of us in motion. So, too, a cow may flick her tail without being teased by flies, or graze without the attraction of the grass, just for something to do, as horses and dogs run about, and kittens and lambs frolic. A creature that is not decrepit finds it easiest, great part of its time, to be doing.

It is true, of course, that automatic activity may be reinforced by rational considerations; a man may take his daily walk to enable him to digest his dinner, or, if more vigorous, for the sake of the glow of exercise. He may talk to keep up his acquaintance, or because he likes the sound of his own voice; but the automatic activity is still the essential thing. Automatic activity is evidently disinterested, mechanical activity may be disinterested too. A man goes regularly to his business, and misses it if he retires too soon; not because he likes his work, or because his mind is much set upon the use it is supposed to be, or upon the wages he expects to get, or the fortune he half fancies he may make, for then the efficiency of the work would vary with the strength of his desire for its results, but because he must be doing, and after a little hesitation decided, or let it be decided, that he might as well be doing that. How little pleasure counts for is seen again in this, that people often abandon what gives them greater pleasure at the moment for what they know gives them less. The experience of the higher pleasure gives the activity which leads to it all possible support; and yet it is not enough, it is a relief to fall back to the lower level. In the days of her imperfection St. Theresa found it

harder to set herself to mental prayer than to any penance, and yet her constantly renewed experience of the delights of it, was exactly what gave the keenest edge to her self-reproach. Here the sensibility was ready, but the activity was not, and gradually one grew up to meet and heighten the other. More commonly the lower activity persists by its own momentum till it kills out one higher sensibility after another and goes on at last mechanically without any sensibility at all.

In general, action may be instructively compared with growth: in the simplest known animals the two cannot be distinguished. An amœba throws itself round its food, or grows over it (and away from the water that contains no nourishment), whichever way we please to put it; in higher animals the first exercise of each organ is determined as much by the internal nutrition as by the external stimulus, the subsequent growth is determined by the exercise. If we consider growth and action, as we ought upon evolutionist principles, as a continuous series through all orders of observable being, we shall see at once that success is an incidental result of the process of evolution, not the directing Principle, which is to be sought elsewhere. Nobody imagines that a shapely tree or a perfect crystal, in growing to the perfection of its kind, is directed by the necessity of overmastering competitors. In fact, where the struggle for existence is severe, crystals and trees submit to all kinds of deformities in order to survive; the perfection of an elm tree in a meadow comes of its having had an easy life, so does that of the giant trees in the Californian valley. Growth and activity, and the perfection of either, are more primitive than any high degree of sensibility. It is only in the highest stages of evolution that sensibility can count for anything in determining the direction of the process of evolution. Yet utilitarians assume that there, at any rate, it counts for everything. They forget that the products of inorganic evolution have their perfection as well as those of organic. The beauty of a crystal is like the beauty of a flower, the beauty of a flower is like the beauty of a sunset. Was the colour of the ruby or the cloud acquired to please the eye of a bee? Then why the colour of the rose? At any rate, you say the *beauty* consists only in the adaptation to our eyes. Even that is begging the question, it would be just as reasonable to say that it is the existence of lines and colours in a certain objective order which, by its constant pressure on our growing sensibility, gradually begets the sense of beauty in us just as light and heat colour a flower, a gem, or a cloud.

If the notion of perfection be objective, that is no reason why the perfect should not frequently coincide with the comfortable, any more than the coincidence, if it were universal (as it would be in a

perfectly orderly universe), is a reason for deriving our notion of perfection from our experience of comfort. And here we touch the real dividing line between ethical theories. An *à priori* theory of ethics does not require any apparatus of intuitions at all, it does not require a concrete intuition that this or that action is pleasing or unpleasing to the moral sense, or an abstract intuition that this or that principle of action is conformable or unconformable to the moral reason; it does not, at least it need not, challenge our assent to any doctrine as self-evident. It leaves just as much scope for observation and inference as an *à posteriori* theory. Only the observation and inference have a different object. An *à posteriori* theory may inquire whether this or that action, or this or that class of action, or this or that temper, will be beneficial to the individual or to the community; an *à priori* theory will inquire whether actions or tempers are conformable to the general development of human activity, since this conformity may plainly in each case depend upon individual exertion and reflection; as a drill-sergeant or dancing-master forms by gradual study and observation a general notion of what is a proper carriage, in order that each may train his pupils to acquire it; but neither forms the notion from a study of what carriage is found comfortable, though this may come in by the way, as when a round-shouldered pupil is informed that he does not give his lungs proper play; nor does either teacher lay exclusive stress upon public opinion, for a slovenly pupil often says it does not matter, there is no one to see, and is rebuked and told that what is proper is proper in sight or out of sight.

Now, good character and good conduct are clearly moral, while good carriage is of itself unmoral, though considerations of obedience or usefulness may make it a duty in special cases to cultivate it. Where, then, does the difference lie? In the first place good conduct and good character imply good intention, a man must know and mean what he does; conduct which is merely mechanical is not exactly virtuous or vicious, though it proceeds from habits formed by actions which in some degree were one or other. But good carriage at its best is quite natural, unconscious, and unintentional; we say that a man's attitudes would be perfect if they were not conscious or studied. Again, and this is more important still, carriage in itself is not of a nature to give rise to feeling of any kind; but conduct, especially, is always apt to be accompanied by feeling of a peculiar kind.* An awkward man is quite at ease in

* Preciser definition must be left to physiologists. Very probably the psalmists spoke experimentally of the reins and the heart. The connection of the liver with the conscience is also well known; whatever troubles the conscience commonly upsets the digestion, while the conscience is frequently relieved by a purge which relieves the stomach; so, too, it is often literally true that the sight of peculiarly gross misconduct turns the stomach; and it might be possible to distinguish the feeling of turning sick with disgust

his own den or in company of his mates, it is only when he comes into elegant company that he is stiff or uneasy; but an uneasy conscience is troublesome everywhere, and a sinner is most at ease in a crowd of those who do not know his guilt or share it. So, too, we may compare the feelings of a man who has leapt a chasm, and of a man who has committed a murder. Macbeth's words serve for both:

> I am afraid to think of what I've done,
> Look on't again I dare not.

But there is a serious difference: in all probability half-an-hour's rest will set a man's nerves right after such a leap, almost certainly a night's rest will do it; but a murderer's nerves may be upset for weeks or months, even though he has the best reason to believe that nobody saw him or is likely to suspect him. Part of this discomfort, no doubt, is due to the unfamiliar situation of a man who knows that the police would catch him and hang him if they knew what he had done. But part of the discomfort is due to the feeling that he has done violence to himself. The pain felt after committing a crime may be illustrated by the difficulty of committing it. Many more people contemplate crimes than commit them. The majority, as a rule, are withheld not by fear of consequences, or by fear of remorse (a man hungry to satisfy greed, lust, revenge, cannot imagine the reaction), or by fear of any kind, but simply by incapacity. In some moods it is as attractive to gloat over the triumphant issue of some impossible crime, as to gloat over the raptures of some impossible sacrifice. In such cases, the activity is tame, orderly, and cautious, while the imagination and the desires are either greedy and vindictive, or romantic, or both by turns. It is useless to inquire what motives we have to restrain us from following such desires; we cannot follow them; that is motive enough to keep sensible and serious persons from brooding upon them, which is the worst mischief likely to come of them; for

from the feeling of turning sick with fright, as when a woman sees a baby on the edge of a precipice or a severe operation just beginning. Here, if anywhere, one might apply the distinction of the physical and the social medium: as though the physical impression were the same in both cases, while in one it was left to itself, in another complicated by social considerations. We may say that we know the temper of the shameless or cruel person is anti-social, while the temper of the baby is not, and the temper of the surgeon may be positively benevolent; or we may say that the temper which resents the sickening pain inflicted by the profligate or the tyrant, and not the pain inflicted by the unconscious baby or the beneficent surgeon, is itself a social product. If, however, we examine by what social process this temper is produced, we only find that social development is favourable to disinterested and leisurely observation, and, therefore, to all appropriate feelings; and we have to distinguish between the feelings which every member of a well-developed society has simply by reason of being well-developed, and those which he acquires by intercourse with elders and contemporaries, whose judgment represents public opinion; these either judge by results at first or second hand, or try as well as they can to agree with the vigorous persons who like and dislike as soon as they have leisure before experience.

the more one broods on anything, good or bad, quite out of reach, the less chance there is of taking active measures for anything, good or bad, in reach. Sometimes the opportunity comes for a profitable or necessary crime, and finds men still unready. Utilitarians have been much exercised with the case of a gentleman, married, with a family, who had managed the estate of a near relative for many years with a tacit promise of succeeding to it in time. At last he took possession in due course, and afterwards alone, in some repository of old papers which he was searching for another purpose, he came upon a will which left everything to another relative, no nearer than himself, who knew little or nothing of the testator. He might have destroyed the will with impunity, he might have left it upon the chance that no one else would find it, or that the finder would think it no business of his to disturb a deserving gentleman in the enjoyment of an estate which he had every right to expect, or he might have communicated himself with the heir, which he did. Of course, everybody agrees that the last was the only proper course, that the second course would be pitiable, though opinions might differ as to how far it was pardonable for a man to spare his family's comfort and prospects at the expense of his inward peace. Yet it is obvious that it would have been for the greatest happiness of the greatest number to burn the will and put the matter out of his head. It would be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number if every possessor of an estate in the like case were to do the like. To promote the security of heirs without expectations cannot be represented as an essential part of public policy; indeed, on grounds of public policy, it might be well upon the whole to favour heirs-at-law against heirs-at-will. The rule he would have broken never works very well; a rule that works well generally works just as well after it has been secretly broken; good rules would be as safe as the public requires if they were left to the support they would receive, in the great majority of cases, from the good who approve of them and the many who find them convenient. The public gains nothing by investing them with what consistent utilitarians must think a superstitious sanctity. If it is for the public happiness that men should make wills, that happiness is less impaired when a will is secretly suppressed than when it is annulled in open court. If it be said that the law-abiding temper, the law-abiding character are valuable in themselves, utilitarians who generally call themselves liberals cannot deny that the insurrectionary temper is valuable too, just as they maintain that the self-asserting temper is as necessary as the self-sacrificing. Which ought to be subordinated, in what measure, and when? The value of the law-abiding temper depends upon the perfection both of the law and of the machinery

for enforcing it. Lynch law is sometimes necessary, and would be impossible if everyone—but criminals—were perfectly law-abiding. Even in ordinary times the interest of the community is that everybody shall be law-abiding up to about the same point, not that people of fine natures shall be so much more law-abiding than others as to put themselves at a disadvantage.

But then it may be said that to a man himself his character is more important than anything else. Now, the plain answer to this is, that it is quite as easy to argue that a man who makes a sacrifice is the worse for it, as to argue that he would be the worse for not making it. All that is called self-esteem when it comes into consciousness is, no doubt, when it exists in the state of sub-consciousness, a very important constituent of well-being, and all this receives a wound that never heals without a scar when a man does something important which is not to be avowed, especially for the first time; but the pain of that wound and the injury to the general health vary much—perhaps they vary more than the pain and injury that come from the thorns of circumstance. If it seems a man's duty in the conventional sense, which is so much clearer than all the explanations, to ruin himself and his family late in middle life, and he does it, no doubt he gains this much, that duty thenceforward fills a larger proportionate place in his imagination. On the other hand, he is likely to think the worse of life, to discourage his neighbours, perhaps to depreciate them—all the more because his standard is higher. Instead of superintending large and familiar business with mastery, he has to commend himself to new masters by the bungling good-will with which he sets about drudgery; he goes along with nothing to admire or to be glad of except the thought of others who have sacrificed more; he is almost sure to be less of a man than he was before, though what there is may be better; at the best he is like a man who enjoys a long grace before a bad dinner.

It is idle, then, to say that a man who publishes a will by which he is disinherited is moved by a rational desire of the temporal good of the community, or of his own spiritual good; the touchstone of the occasion simply shows of what metal he is made; he is sure, after living the life of a model country gentleman for twenty years or more, not to have the *virtu** of an Italian of the Renaissance, who would very likely have impaired his character less by a prompt and neat suppression of the will than a man who had the virtue to publish it without hesitation, for the hardship

* It is said that traders in difficulties not seldom have the *virtu* to tide over a crisis by a forged acceptance, taken up in time, without the "virtue" which would obtain sufficiently elastic credit upon the strength of a known character.

he suffered at the hands of the testator and the heir would tell upon him whether he grumbled or no.

It would be easy to multiply other cases, where all but the best people are the worse for doing their duty—as a good child who goes on submitting to a selfish parent; a good wife with a bad husband; a good husband with a bad wife; in all alike the profitless endurance seems to take all the colour and work-a-day worth out of the character; their devotion is above praise, and they are as dull as ditch-water. All would be worth more, in a common-sense point of view, if they would once do wrong and break loose; on the other hand, innocent bigamists who have reason to love each other would be better, in the same sense, if they had the courage to hold together. But it is needless to go on; one crucial instance is enough if well considered.

If, then, activity is independent of experience, of desire and fear, of pleasure and pain, if it has a direction of its own, which it fulfils when normal, as a tree fulfils the law of its growth, if it is capable of persisting in this direction, without regard to the advantage of the agent or the community, activity may fairly be called autonomous. The autonomy of activity is not by any means a "metaphysical" principle, like "Free Will"; it does not imply that any form of human activity is incalculable, or that a man in presence of an alternative creates a preference for one side or other. "Free Will" may be true or false—to my thinking it is true—but the less ambitious principle of the autonomy of activity will go far to explain the facts to which advocates of "Free Will" appeal. A necessarian is quite at liberty to maintain that spontaneous activity would be accurately conditioned by the degree of development attained, even if it were quite unaffected, as it never is, by desires or experience, by circumstances or training; but, perhaps, he may have to acknowledge, that however it is conditioned (most probably, he would think, by personal and ancestral nutrition), it is independent in some measure of the things which do affect it. And within the sphere of spontaneous activity we can still distinguish something that corresponds to the old distinction between propensity and will. There is, for instance, a difference between being active and being industrious, between being good-natured and being forgiving, and the like. In general, when a man does what he is inclined to naturally, we think there is less merit in his good works and less demerit in his bad, even though the inclination may be quite disinterested. An active man need not think much of the reputation he is going to get, or the improvements he is going to effect, or the happiness he is going to diffuse, nor need a meddlesome man look forward to the large crop of mischief which he is certain to raise. Both may be disinterested, and yet we are only glad of the useful

busybody, without thinking him good, and angry with the mischievous busybody without thinking him wicked. Yet, on the other hand, it is a drawback if virtue be practised against the grain. An indolent person who is always trying to be industrious, a censorious person who is always trying to be forbearing, seem in some way to come short. When the impudent ensign said, as the fighting began, "Why, Colonel, you are afraid," we think the colonel had the best of it when he answered, "If you were half as much afraid, you would run away"; but we do not think the colonel a hero. All such laborious virtue seems, in a certain way, more meritorious than the virtue to which a man is inclined, in another way less satisfactory. Nor is it exact to say that we admire most the man who can do without an effort what costs common men a great effort, through a sort of confusion, as if he both made an effort and did not make it. In fact, what we admire is precisely that he makes a great effort with ease. Here, too, a physical analogy may help us. A good oarsman or a good pedestrian in good condition has his natural stroke or his natural stride; after a bad start he gets into it, after a good start he settles down to it; he has also the power of putting on a spurt. The best pedestrian or the best oarsman is he, whose natural stride or stroke being fastest, is also able to put on the quickest spurt and to keep it up longest with the least distress. A man of heroic virtue is always ready for a splendid spurt. Now, in considering our athlete, it is obvious that the energy which sustains his natural stride or his natural stroke is organised in his well-nourished well-exercised limbs, but the spurt obviously comes from some store of unorganised energy; the common metaphor of "putting on more steam" is exactly to the point as far as it goes: when a man who is rowing or running well puts on a spurt, there is no change in the direction of the machinery, only in the amount of driving power. Even in a boat we can see that putting on more steam over-taxes and deranges the machinery; when the stroke puts on a splendid spurt, the boat probably travels faster, but more than one of the crew get wild. But the engine which drives the bark in the race of life is much more subtle; one may reverse the engines by getting up more steam.

It is needless to prove at length that this reserve of energy is something specially human; it is by this that we combine impressions into ideas, and are able to think of things as wholes, to generalise and discover universal principles. The higher animals, at their best, live in the action or impression of the moment; their habits are a train that goes off when it is fired; their memory is a kind of dream. But the same central store of energy which gives us more or less dominion over the impressions of the

moment and makes us rational beings, gives us more or less dominion over the activity of the moment, and makes us voluntary agents. It is to the will, to the central store of energy, that moral judgment, in the strictest sense that can be discussed, the moral judgment of the best races at their best times, does as a fact apply. A great man, in the full sense, is a man in whom this store of energy is large; a good man, one in whom it is rightly directed of itself. So, too, a man is free in the full sense which makes him a proper subject of moral judgment, when he acts of his own will, unfettered by hindrances inward or outward. A man who is not his own master is a poor creature at best, whether it is the world or his own organisation that is too much for him; very likely he is something worse, and yet he is not so bad as a man who does evil out of a wicked will. So, too, good impulses, good training, good circumstances, will make a very fine fellow, a character above suspicion, with more staying power perhaps than another who puts forth his virtue from within till taxed beyond his strength. And yet the latter, while he is good at all, is good in the higher sense of the two.

Of course, if the principle of evolution be sound, this central store of energy must be accumulated by the same process which determines the evolution of the race. It agrees with this, in that it varies immensely in different individuals. Men have strong and weak wills as they have strong or weak backs; they have vigorous or feeble reasons as they have keen or dull senses. A man may have weak impulses and a strong will, as he may have a strong constitution and weak muscles; or strong passions and a weak will, as he may have strong muscles and a frail heart; he may have great acuteness and a weak judgment, as he may have good eyes and a poor head. Again, though the spiritual growth does not seem to be cut short with the bodily, yet it would be difficult to name a mortal who does not pass his spiritual prime if he lives out his life: the best and wisest gather new gifts and graces to the last, but always upon a smaller scale. Their consolation is to believe that in their prime they laid up much treasure in heaven. When faith waxes cold, many will think that as every known race of animals has a bigger brain in the old age of the race than in its youth, and as the human race, even if we accept Archbishop Usher's authority as final, certainly existed for thousands of years before it became capable of any general spiritual development; so it is natural in the human individual also, for what is evolved last to go on evolving longest.

However this may be, when the will, strong or feeble, upright or perverse—for this difference, too, sometimes seems innate—is once evolved, it seems to exhibit a curious detachment from any

origin we think to assign to it. As was said long ago, He created man and delivered him into the hands of his counsel. One may compare the activity of man to the water of a stream: some of it is turned hither and thither, backwards and forwards, to irrigate a meadow or the like; some of it is carried in and out, and up and down, in the pipes of a water company; some of it runs in the channel it has worn for itself, and maybe turns a mill-wheel; and some fills the boiler which drives a steam-engine. Very likely this is the least part of the water, and does the most work; but no knowledge of hydrography in general, or of that stream and its valley in particular, will enable one to foretell what the water, when it gets into the boiler, will do. A man's action can be calculated, so far as it depends upon his disposition, his circumstances, or his interests. The better we understand all these, the more allowances we make for him, whenever we notice, as we often have occasion to do, that in one thing or another he is behaving worse than we should do; the more allowances we make for ourselves when, as occasionally happens, we are forced to notice that he is behaving better; but when it appears that his action proceeds from his own will, we make no allowance for him or ourselves.

This undoubtedly has the air of a paradox. Necessarians are never weary of insisting (when they can be got to discuss a question which they prefer to beg) that, at this rate, no action can be meritorious in the full sense unless it is capricious too. Upon this, it is to be observed, in the first place, that voluntary energy, like all energy, is exhausted in its original form by work.

A man is responsible for his character, so far as it has been fashioned by purely voluntary acts; but when his character has been completely fashioned, if it ever is completely fashioned and fixed before he dies, his power of voluntary action is gone. He may still have abundant energy and commanding influence; but he and his energy and influence are henceforth entirely committed to a given course, and this course is as calculable as a comet's; and a good way short of this most men who are past middle life have their characters so far formed that those who know them well can reckon upon them for good or bad in many things, so long as they have to act in familiar circumstances. When a change in circumstances calls for a new effort, those who know them best may be most uncertain whether they are still capable of a new effort to meet the danger or no. It is to be observed, in the second place, that as a man's will is a name for the sum of his unorganised capacity of action, and as this capacity is organised or if so be disorganised by action; so it receives a moral character,

and becomes the subject of praise and blame by the same process by which it is organised or disorganised. This depends upon the fact that voluntary activity has not a special set of objects of its own; the objects of voluntary choice are the same as those of instinctive desire, except so far as they may be transfigured by rational thought. Inclinations for incompatible objects are felt simultaneously or alternately (physiology might not inconceivably determine which); the man wavers between them until his will throws its weight into one scale or the other, and we judge him by the choice.* It is to be added that, as we know that the water in the boiler is free of all that governs water in the brook, we know that it is subject to all that governs fire and steam; if, as we know that the will is free of what the rest of us is subject to, we knew to what the will itself is subject, we should cease to judge. We judge what we do not know the reason of, because we do not know it, which has often been assigned as an excellent reason against judging.

Still, whether the notion of responsibility has more than a provisional value or no—whether we ever come *quod absit* to think of bad men as we think of bad trees, which we improve, if we can, or else get rid of, if we may—it is clear that, for the present, the conception of responsibility does exist, and that it attaches to voluntary activity—that is, to the activity of the energy, which accumulates because it is evolved faster than it is organised. It is obvious that this is only an explanation of the object to which a certain rule is applied. What is the explanation of the rule itself? What is the meaning of right and wrong? Now, if we assume that we are parts of a whole, and that in this whole a process is always going on which brings forth more and more life—life not necessarily easier or pleasanter, but fuller, more varied, occupied with larger objects, more strenuous, more stable—several inferences follow, of course. First of all, as we are parts of the whole, what goes on in the whole tends to go on in us, and the movement outside us affects us of itself to an extent which is not limited by the degree in which we share it.

* Unless, as happens often enough, the matter is decided for him by his autonomous activity. Almost all waste time in deciding what is preferable; and when, at last, they put themselves in action, do what is easiest, against their judgment, even against their inclination: they do not what they ought, not what they think best, not what they wish, but what is in them to do. Even then they act, in a way, of their will: it is their will to end suspense, and to let that come which they half foresee. The same holds of yielding either to temptation or discipline: the man, will and all, holds out up to a certain point, for good or bad; then the enfeebled will throws its weight into the scale that is growing heavier. Again, if the will is strong, it may persist against inclination, and break through habit and conquer circumstance; and the observation of this is taken for a great proof that it is "free," as was powerfully argued by the late Dr. Ward in his theory of "anti-impulsive effort."

When a piece of cliff breaks up and falls, each fragment has a momentum of its own, and each receives added momentum from the rest. Next, as soon as we come to be capable of thought, it is clear that we must perceive that the normal direction of our activity lies in conformity to this process. This does not mean that we necessarily have, in some mysterious manner, an unconscious or semi-conscious conception of the process of evolution, or that the final definition thereof, whatever that may be, is somehow latent in our minds, and only waits to be elicited by sufficiently wide and detailed experience, or sufficiently subtle dialectic. It only means that the process goes on, in fact, with certain results, some of which we share, some of which we observe, and are more or less affected by both. Voluntary activity is right when it conforms to, or, it may be, anticipates, the normal—it might be better to say the appointed—direction of involuntary activity. This direction may be determined, as has been said and shown—in some measure—without any reference to pleasure or pain, since its development is analogous to the normal growth of a crystal or tree, which are incapable of either.

It would be interesting to trace the subject further, to inquire how the Principle which governs the order of evolution also originates in us the peculiar feeling called conscience, which is sometimes imagined to give their whole peculiar content to the twin words, right and wrong; and the inquiry might throw light upon the connection of evolution with the value of spontaneous normal judgments, a matter which evolutionists are oddly content to imagine finally settled by Locke. For the present it may suffice to resume the points already suggested.

Feeling does not determine conduct; nutrition* determines activity; activity results in action; action gives rise to feeling, and forms character; feeling may influence conduct, but character determines it effectually; normal character depends upon normal activity; the development of normal activity may be studied apart from the feeling which accompanies it, as the normal growth of sentient beings may be studied without reference to growing-pains. It may be added that as the experience of feeling is not the primary determinant of conduct, so neither is the expectation of feeling; fear and desire in their elementary forms being prior to experience or imagination. Much action, moreover, is uninfluenced by any or all of these from the first, as all action tends to be independent of all these at last. Men abstain from crime not because they judge it unprofitable or perilous, but because they are incapable of flying in the face of their training and their history.

* If it be asked what determines nutrition, no answer has been given half so complete or plausible as the old one—the Providence of the Most High.

Disinterested action, especially when it is regretted, proves that activity is autonomous, that it goes on of its own nature, independent of wishes and motives; as a watch, when it is wound up, goes without the inducement of being cleaned. Activity may be not only autonomous but voluntary when it is the outcome of a central store of energy. It is to voluntary action in this strict sense that the idea of responsibility attaches. The idea of responsibility implies a *de facto* sympathy on our part with the general order of the universe to which normal action conforms.

G. A. Simcox.

MISS AUSTEN AND GEORGE ELIOT.

Miss Austen seems to have taken her proper place in public estimation quite within our own day. The knowledge of her merits had been limited for a long time to the world of letters, when, owing partly, perhaps, to a reaction against both the sensational and psychological schools of fiction which had so long reigned supreme in that department of literature, partly to the interesting memoir of her published by Mr. Austen Leigh, partly, perhaps, to the knowledge that Lord Macaulay vied with Walter Scott in admiration of her, Miss Austen emerged from her seclusion, quietly took possession of her rights, and has now, we may say, become the fashion. Her novels first saw the light at a trying moment for a *débutante*, for they were all published between 1811 and 1818, contemporaneously with the earlier *Waverleys*, and no wonder they paled for a time before the flood of glory which then burst upon our literature. That they were not extinguished by it is a demonstration of their sterling merit, and that they should sooner or later push their way through the ruck of competitors who occupied the vacant field after the death of Scott, is now seen to have been a certainty. Among the six or eight great names who have distanced all rivals in the race during the last fifty years, none so far above the others as to claim undoubted supremacy, yet all worthy of the palm, Miss Austen has now been enrolled; and while it is possible that she may be destined hereafter to a still higher rank, it is certain that she will never take a lower.

The coarseness of one class of novelists who have enjoyed a very wide circulation within the last quarter of a century, has, no doubt, quickened the public relish for the purity and elegance of Jane Austen. But these are not her only or her chief claims on our admiration. Her wit, humour, and dramatic power are of the highest and rarest kind; and as the recent issue of her works in a very convenient and readable edition, by Mr. Bentley, has helped, perhaps, to make the present generation better acquainted with her, I hope I shall find a good many readers to take an interest in the following observations.

Miss Austen was the daughter of a country clergyman who held the

livings of Deane and Steventon in Hampshire, and at Steventon Parsonage she was born on the 16th of December 1775. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, of the family of the Leighs of Warwickshire, likewise the daughter of a clergyman, the vicar of Harpsden, near Henley. Her youth and womanhood were passed in the kind of society which these connections necessarily imply—the society of the rural clergy and gentry, who, before the introduction of railways, rarely left home for any time, and formed a social circle by themselves, which was seldom broken in upon by strangers, either from above or from below. Her writings are a faithful reflection of it, and no one acquainted with its peculiarities could doubt for a moment in what station of life Providence had placed Miss Austen. She had brothers who hunted and shot, and took orders and went to sea, and behaved like other members of their class. She had a handsome sister to whom she was devotedly attached, and affectionate parents, and a happy home affording her all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Here her character was formed, here her habits of observation first took root, and here were the people who made the earliest impressions on her mind. Here she lived till she was twenty-six years of age; and here she wrote *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*, though none of them were published till some years after they were written. In 1801 she removed with her family to Bath, and afterwards to Southampton, finally settling down with her mother and sister at Chawton, a village in Hampshire about a mile from the town of Alton. At Chawton she resumed the occupations which Bath and Southampton had interrupted, and began to prepare her two first novels for the press. In the course of the next six years she wrote all the remainder, and they duly made their appearance in the following order: *Sense and Sensibility* in 1811, *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813, *Mansfield Park* in 1814, *Emma* in 1816, and *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* in 1818 after the writer's death. Her biographer says that she only lived to see the first three novels of Sir Walter Scott, but that she used playfully to declare that Scott, whom she detected at once, had no business to write novels, "taking the bread out of the mouths of other people, whereas he had fame enough as a poet." By her own novels she only cleared, while she lived, the small sum of seven hundred pounds. *Pride and Prejudice* was rejected by Cadell. *Northanger Abbey* was sold to a publisher in Bath for ten pounds, who did nothing with it, and gave it up again to the family on the repayment of the money some years afterwards, little knowing it was by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. Miss Austen died at Chawton on the 13th of June 1817, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral. Hers is a life altogether on which one loves

to look back as a little calm spot on the troubled waters of literature; a life without disappointment, and without distress; untroubled either by vanity or by poverty; innocent and useful from the beginning, and sunny and happy to the last.

The distinctive excellence of Miss Austen has, of course, been too frequently described to make it easy to say anything original upon that point. My present object is rather to show that she is still unapproached in that peculiar power of describing common-place characters so as to give each of them an individuality, which attracted the homage both of Sir W. Scott and Lord Macaulay, and that in this, as in some other respects, she has not been equalled even by one who is often thought to have excelled her, I mean the authoress of *Adam Bede*.

I know not if it has been observed that Miss Austen's power of interesting us in the common-place is not confined to the characters she introduces into her stories, but extends also to the stories themselves. What can possibly be simpler than the story of *Emma*, or of *Mansfield Park*, or of *Pride and Prejudice*, or of *Northanger Abbey*. The first and the last here named are, I think, the most interesting of Miss Austen's novels; and how is the interest produced? To begin with *Emma*. Setting aside the episode of Jane Fairfax, which I have always thought spoils the plot, the whole interest, independently of the portraiture of character, centres in a few persons, the heroine herself, her *protégée* Harriet Smith, Mr. Knightly, Caroline, and Mr. Elton. Emma, as we know, is a pretty, lively, very clever girl, living with a valetudinarian father, and thrown into almost daily intercourse with a Mr. Knightly, an excellent gentleman with many very attractive qualities, but with nothing either heroic or romantic in his character. He is, moreover, seventeen years older than Emma, and has watched over her from early childhood. They are rather in love with each other without knowing it; but their attachment runs smoothly and easily, and provokes only an amused smile. Emma herself is a born matchmaker, and has set her heart on inoculating her young friend Harriet with a taste for better society and more refined manners than she has hitherto been accustomed to. Harriet, who is the illegitimate daughter of some man of property of whom we hear no more, has been placed as a parlour boarder in a neighbouring ladies' school, and when first taken up by Emma casts many a longing lingering look behind on a family of excellent farmers, the female members of which had been her school-fellows, and with whom she used to pass the holidays. Their brother is secretly in love with her, and Harriet would soon have been in love with him but for Emma's interference. The girl is soon taught to fancy that she ought to look higher;

and then follow a series of mistakes which read her mistress a rather sharp lesson. Harriet, who is now ready to fall in love with anybody, is taught at first to look up to Mr. Elton, a young clergyman with a good living in the neighbourhood, but vain, conceited, and impertinent, and, more than all, with an eye to Emma herself. The young lady encourages his visits, thinking they are meant for Harriet. He is extremely polite to Harriet because she is the friend of Emma. But he misinterprets the smiles of Emma as much as she misinterprets his; and the climax is reached when Mr. Elton proposes to Emma, when the lady reproaches the gentleman for his treachery to Harriet, and the gentleman reproaches the lady with the insult to himself, which such a supposition involves. But nobody's heart is broken. The cards are shuffled, and they all begin over again.

Next time it is Harriet herself who makes the grand mistake. She only knows that she is expected to fall in love with somebody; and is perfectly ready to do her duty. Emma now designs Harriet for Mr. Frank Churchhill, a very eligible young gentleman who rescues her from the insolence of some gipsies. Harriet has the presumption to conceive a passion for Mr. Knightly himself, who had taken pity on her at a ball, and asked her to dance when she seemed likely to go without a partner. As no names are mentioned between Harriet and Emma, as often as the former alludes to the great obligations under which the object of her affections has placed her, Emma supposes her to be referring to the gipsies, while all the time she is thinking only of the country dance. Emma again goes off upon a false scent, and this time, of course, her punishment is far worse: when Harriet by slow degrees lets out the real truth, and adds that she has some reason to suppose her affection is returned, the state of her own feelings is revealed to Emma in a moment.

> A few minutes were sufficient for making her acquainted with her own heart. A mind like hers, once opening to suspicion, made rapid progress; she touched, she admitted, she acknowledged the whole truth. Why was it so much worse that Harriet should be in love with Mr. Knightly than with Frank Churchhill? Why was the evil so dreadfully increased by Harriet's having some hope of a return? It darted through her with the speed of an arrow, that Mr. Knightly must marry no one but herself! Her own conduct, as well as her own heart, was before her in the same few minutes. She saw it all with a clearness which had never blessed her before.

Her trouble, however, is only of three days duration. Circumstances bring about an understanding between herself and Mr. Knightly. Poor Harriet has again to be disenchanted, and eventually consoles herself with the handsome young farmer for whom she has always had a sneaking regard. Mr. Knightly and Emma are not long in getting married. And the Eltons, of course, are profuse in their compassion for the bridegroom.

Now, I think, my readers will agree with me that this is genuine comedy of the highest order; our old eighteenth comedy in a new dress, but such as Goldsmith and Sheridan might have envied, and Cibber, Colman, and Murphy would have gazed on with despair. Indeed, as a writer of pure comedy we hold Miss Austen superior to them all. If we limit the word wit to jests and repartees, Sheridan, no doubt, must be allowed the first place. But if we mean by it the power of making a great variety of characters, grave or gay, wise or weak, elegant or vulgar, utter the particular sentiments appropriate to each shade of difference, in language as proper as the thoughts, the palm must just as certainly be awarded to the authoress of *Emma*. There is not one of her novels which is not infinitely more true to nature than either the *School for Scandal* or *She Stoops to Conquer*; nor which is not equally amusing without either the false brilliancy of the one or the broad farce of the other. It is difficult, of course, to keep the plots and the characters separate in one's mind, so as not to say of the former what is only applicable to the latter. But for the present we wish to be understood as referring only to Miss Austen's stories, and the means which she uses for creating and sustaining our interest. She deals in no extraordinary situations or startling discoveries. She takes the every-day events of ordinary English life as she saw it in the upper middle class, and weaves them into narratives of such exquisite literary grace, and of such absorbing interest, that even after the tenth or eleventh perusal we find it hard to lay them down unfinished. Among English writers in the region of domestic comedy she reigns without a peer.

One secret of her peculiar excellence is, that she was a true artist. Her art was all in all to her; she had no moral end in view, no great lesson of life or conduct to inculcate; no great spiritual problems to investigate or analyse. She belongs to the pre-scientific period. She exhibits a combination of purity and piquancy which is almost without a rival; but purpose, alas! she had none. The profounder and more earnest spirits of the present day might even pronounce her frivolous, and say that in this melancholy world in which kings and priests and tories are plotting against the interests of humanity, it is a sin to waste an hour on such triflers with existence as Jane Austen. Jane, however, I should say, must have found this world a very pleasant one, and certainly in her writings we find no glimmering of a consciousness that she was charged with any mission to amend it.

In the novels of George Eliot we find ourselves at once in a totally different atmosphere. In her, as in Charlotte Brontë and Charles Kingsley, there is always some great purpose in the background which throws its shade over the story, heightening its effect

sometimes as a thunder-cloud in the distant horizon sometimes heightens the effect of a landscape, but lifting it at once out of the region of comedy, however humorous may be the incidents. It is not, however, between the plots of Miss Austen and George Eliot that I wish to institute a comparison, for that would be a superfluous task. It is George Eliot's object, in her best-known and best works to show us that as deep tragedies may be enacted in a cottage as in a palace; that laughter and tears walk side by side through the world, from the cradle to the grave; and that in every rank of life wrong-doing brings its inevitable retribution. With George Eliot, indeed, "the moral law" plays the part of Fate in the Greek tragedy, and she teaches her lesson by means of such solemn catastrophes as are calculated to promote what Aristotle calls the proper end of tragedy: the expulsion or castigation of those passions which form the subject of the drama. A young man or woman reading *Adam Bede* is frightened at the consequences of seduction, and moved by pity for the sufferers at the same time. Hetty arriving at Windsor to find Arthur gone, Arthur arriving at Hayslope to find Hetty in gaol, and the particular passions which led to this accumulation of misery—desire, vanity, ambition—stand rebuked in the presence of it. In the emotion of pity there is always a conscious or unconscious reference to our own prospects: we descend in imagination to the position of those whom we compassionate, and pity for them passes into fear for ourselves. Miss Austen's treatment of the same kind of immorality produces no such impression. By the elopement of Lydia Bennett with young Wickham in *Pride and Prejudice*, we are more amused than shocked; and if the fall of Miss Rushworth in *Mansfield Park* is not amusing, as little can it be called tragic. We feel neither pity nor terror, for we see neither grief nor retribution.

We may say, then, that so far as their views of human life are concerned, Miss Austen and George Eliot are divided from each other by the whole width of the gulph which separates comedy from tragedy; and we do not imagine that the position is likely to be contested. But there is another point in which it is sometimes assumed that George Eliot was the equal—if not, indeed, the superior—of Miss Austen; and to that I would now call special attention. The *locus classicus* on the subject is in a passage in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary* for the year 1826, in which he says of Miss Austen:—

> That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is, for me, the most wonderful I ever met with. The Bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now a-going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the descriptions and the sentiment, is denied to me.

George Eliot's latest biographer * has very properly quoted this dictum, and applied it to her own heroine. But many other people who knew nothing about Miss Austen have said the same thing of George Eliot; and the very characters singled out by Miss Blind are those which were at once recognised by critics as the most powerful illustrations of that particular faculty. But let us hear what this lady says, and I think it will be found to suggest the very contrast between the two writers which I am anxious to develop:—

> In her delineations of life she carefully eschews the anomalous or exceptional, pointing out repeatedly that she would not, if she could, be the writer, however brilliant, who dwells by preference on the moral or intellectual attributes which mark off his hero from the crowd, instead of on those which he has in common with average humanity.

But then, again, hear what she says of the Dodson sisters, whom she rightly selects in exemplification of this trait:—

> They are in their way among the most amazingly living portraitures that George Eliot ever achieved. Realism in art can go no further in this direction. These women, if present in the flesh, would not be so distinctively vivid as when beheld through the transfixing medium of George Eliot's genius. For here we have the personages, with all their quaintnesses, their eccentricities, their odd old-fashioned twists and ways—only observed by fragments in actual life—successfully brought to a focus for the delight and amusement of generations of readers. There is nothing grotesque, nothing exaggerated, in these humorous figures. The comic effect is not produced, as is often the case with the inventions of Dickens, by some set peculiarity of manner or trick of speech more in the spirit of caricature.

But surely "quaintnesses, eccentricities, and odd old-fashioned twists" are not exactly what Sir Walter Scott was thinking of when he spoke of the "ordinary common-place things and characters" in which Miss Austen had the art of interesting us. I fancy George Eliot's admirers have fallen into the very natural mistake of confounding the word common with common-place. The Dodsons belonged to what may be called common people. Their station in life was common, prosy, unromantic, essentially vulgar, presenting none of the exceptional and poetical aspects which great wealth or great poverty, or high birth or eminent abilities, present. But I deny that their characters, personally and individually, are common-place—common-place, that is, in the sense of being externally just like everybody else, and exhibiting no salient distinctions for the hand of the draughtsman to lay hold of. No educated person could have been in the company of Mrs. Tulliver, or Miss Pullet, or Mrs. Greg, for five minutes, without saying afterwards what an odd person she was. The quaintnesses which garnish their conversation are like the knots or excrescences on the trunk of a tree, of which every climber knows the benefit; and however common-place they might appear to equals and to

* Mathilde Blind. W. H. Allen & Co. 1883.

contemporaries, they are not common-place to *us*. Now, Miss Austen's characters are. In Mr. and Mrs. Elton, in Miss Bates, in Mrs. Norton, Lady Bertram, Mrs. Allen, Tom Thorpe, Mr. Tilney, Edmund Bertram, and a host of others, we have none of those same quaintnesses and eccentricities—none of those jutting peculiarities which give the writer a grasp upon his or her characters, and which, being once mastered, rob portraiture of half its difficulties.

These personages have externally, and at first sight, nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common herd; and to recognise the latent personality of a character like Mr. Elton's, so as to create an individual instead of a type, to see as with a microscope all the subtle lines and veins which elude the naked eye, and make the man to be what he is, demands genius of a different order from that which created Mrs. Poyser, or Mrs. Patten, or Dinah Morris. Why is it that such characters as Lady Bertram, in *Mansfield Park*, or Mrs. Allen, in *Northanger Abbey*, or Mr. Woodhouse, in *Emma*, are not utterly insipid and uninteresting? The only reason I can think of is that they are so truly human and so truly natural, and that there is no human character, however apparently insipid, totally devoid of all elements of interest if we have only the power and sympathy to appreciate them. The common characters of Miss Austen, in a word, would be indistinguishable from the rest of the crowd by any ordinary observer; and in reading her novels we seem to be listening to the shepherd, telling us what it is which enables him to distinguish every face in a flock of five hundred sheep, though to anyone but himself there is not the smallest difference between them. In Miss Evans, on the other hand, though she possessed the same talent which Miss Austen carried to such perfection, we see that even those characters which have excited the greatest admiration have peculiarities which lie upon the surface; and that their ideas and modes of expression, though common to a large class, are sufficiently unlike those of ordinary persons in educated society to attract attention by themselves. We might meet the Eltons and the Bertrams and the Bennets in any country drawing-room to-morrow, and not perceive that they had in them material for a novelist. But we could not meet Miss Evans' principal characters in any society without being struck with them at once, and noticing their marked idiosyncracies.

Miss Austen does, at times, of course, draw characters exceptionally odd, such as Mr. Collins, in *Pride and Prejudice*, and Mrs. Jennings, in *Sense and Sensibility*. But though the comedy here is broader, the talent which it demands is less rare. Of his kind, however, Mr. Collins is irresistible. His litttle speech to

Elizabeth Bennett, declining to believe her serious in rejecting his offer of marriage, shows the same kind of humour which Dickens occasionally presses into the service of caricature :—

"When I do myself the honour," says he, "of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established rule of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and, perhaps, you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these :— It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small, that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

Mrs. Jennings, in her efforts to console Marianne Dashwood, who is pining for a faithless lover, is little less delightful :—

"What now? Your poor sister is gone to her own room, I suppose to moan by herself. Is there nothing one can get to comfort her? Poor dear! it seems quite cruel to let her be alone. Well, by-and-bye we shall have a few friends, and that will amuse her a little. What shall we play at? She hates whist, I know; but is there no round game she cares for?"

"Dear ma'am, this kindness is quite unnecessary. Marianne, I daresay, will not leave her room again this evening. I shall persuade her, if I can, to go early to bed, for I am sure she wants rest."

"Ay, I believe that will be best for her. Let her name her own supper, and go to bed."

I hardly know whether Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Bennett and Miss Bates are to be included in the same class. I am inclined to think they are. Certainly an old gentleman, even a valetudinarian, who talks in the following strain, must be allowed to have marked peculiarities :—

"Miss Bates, let me propose your venturing upon one of these eggs. An egg, boiled very soft, is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than anyone. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else; but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see,—one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you to a *little* bit of tart—a *very* little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half glass, put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you."

Generally speaking, however, Miss Austen does not attempt to draw humorous characters as whole and distinct individuals, in the sense in which Mrs. Poyser and Mr. Macey are humorous

characters. Her humour is diffused over the whole piece, and brings one up suddenly at the most unexpected corners. We read on unsuspiciously, with nothing to warn us of what is coming, when, on a sudden, the fly is lightly thrown over us, and, with a little jerk of the wrist, we are hooked in a moment, and in fits of laughter before we well know what has happened. In *Mansfield Park*, Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram are very great people, who have two very fine daughters, of whom they are both very proud, together with a niece residing in the family on the footing half of a cousin, half of a humbler companion. The eldest Miss Bertram—Maria—makes a grand match, and leaves home; and then little Fanny Price, who has grown a very pretty girl, has an offer from a very eligible suitor, which she is supposed to have accepted, chiefly, it would seem, because nobody thinks it possible she could refuse him. Sir Thomas and his Lady, a good-natured, dull, lazy woman, absorbed in her dress and her pet animals, are highly delighted; and the lady congratulates her niece in the following terms:

"I will tell you what Fanny," said she. "I am sure he fell in love with you at the ball. I am sure the mischief was done that evening. You did look remarkably well. Everybody said so. Sir Thomas said so. And you know you had Chapman to help you dress; I am very glad I sent Chapman to you. I shall tell Sir Thomas I am sure it was done that evening." And still pursuing the same cheerful thoughts, she soon afterwards added: "And I will tell you what Fanny—which is more than I did for Maria—the next time pug has a litter you shall have a puppy."

Here is another touch from *Sense and Sensibility* of the same kind:

Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract by her conduct her most favourite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as seventeen, and, with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another; and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married, and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

Miss Austen occasionally touches a deeper chord. In the character of Anne Elliot, one of the most interesting of her heroines, the influence of disappointed affection on a girl of sense and spirit, is exhibited with a degree of power for which we might not have given the authoress credit, had we never read the story of *Persuasion*. We see the worm-i'-the-bud preying on her damask cheek, and the picture is all the more striking from its contrast to the lighter tone in which she usually speaks of such subjects. Comedy, however, does not reject pathos, and is sometimes improved by it, and Miss Austen's occasional appeal to our compassion militates nothing against the position here assigned to her in fiction.

Where Miss Austen stands on a lower level than George Eliot is,

as might be expected, in that region where the poetry and prose of human life commingle with each other, where sentiment confronts logic, and in which a man communing with his own spirit becomes aware of influences and sympathies which he cannot shape into words, but which stir him to the lowest depths of his nature. There are two passages, both in the *Mill on the Floss*, which, for mingled sweetness and sadness, I have always thought without an equal. The first I shall quote is Maggie's outburst of grief when she finds that all her books have been sold at the execution:

"Oh, but Tom," said Maggie, her eyes filling with tears as she rushed up to the table to see what books had been rescued, "our dear old *Pilgrim's Progress*—that coloured with your little paints; and that picture of Pilgrim with a mantle on looking just like a turtle—O dear!" Maggie went on, half sobbing, as she turned over the few books. "I thought we should never part with that while we lived. Everything is going away from us; the *end of our lives will have nothing in it like the beginning.*"

The second is from a much earlier chapter, breathing exactly the same sentiment:

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping on the grass; the same hips and haws on the autumn hedge-rows; the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that *sweet monotony* where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

The wood I walk in on this mild May-day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedge-rows—such things as these are the mother tongue of the imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle, inextricable associations which the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them.

The italics are mine. Yes: what *is* worth that "sweet monotony"? Here we have the real fountain which is the source of that moral conservatism which can only perish with human nature: which appeals to the heart and the imagination, without which political creeds are but questions of arithmetic, and laws and institutions but houses built upon the sand.

Of all this we, of course, find nothing in Miss Austen; she looks out upon life with a perfectly self-satisfied glance, unconscious of that world of feeling which lies "too deep for tears": assuming that everything round about her is quite as it ought to be, and likely to continue as it is. To borrow a fine saying of Mr. Morley's upon Lord Macaulay, there is no "touch of evening" in her writings. There is no to-morrow, no suggestion of any possible change in the habits and order of society; a defect, perhaps, which can hardly be called a fault in a writer of comedy, but is certainly one charm the

less. But so it is, and the narrow limits within which lay all her experience, and all the stock of observation on which her works are founded, must have contributed largely to its absence. She never looks beyond one particular section of society, neither above nor below it.

Nec doluit miserans inopem aut invidit habenti.

She sees no extremes; she moves solely among the well-bred and prosperous classes, who have neither had struggles of their own, nor witnessed those of others, nor have ever risen so high as to come in contact with the wider and more elevated ranges of thought, of which dwellers in the great world, on the confines, if not within the pale, of the governing circle, necessarily catch occasional glimpses, and hear passing echoes. But within her own sphere, and given her own ideas of life, her work is almost perfect. It is carving on a cherry-stone; but the finish is exquisite, and the effect a miracle of art.

Her novels, too, have a value of their own, quite apart from their literary merit. As records of rural manners at the commencement of the present century, they are invaluable. The squire and the parson, together with those comfortable families, more common we fancy a hundred years ago than they are now, who without being either landowners, or clergymen, or professional men of any kind, lived upon their means, and were recognised as quite distinct from "trade," form her staple materials. Now and then a man of fashion drops down upon the little circle, the admired of all beholders; or some naval officer covered with the laurels of Trafalgar, and rich with the spoils of French merchantmen, appears upon the scene to remind us of the great days when every Gazette contained a victory. But such stars are few and far between. The society to which we are introduced is that quiet old-fashioned country society which flourished in its integrity down to the death of George IV.; quite unsuspicious of its own shortcomings, and quite convinced that it performed all the duties which could be expected of it. Railways, Reform Bills, and the tracts for the times have completely revolutionised it. Such a village as Highbury is no longer to be found. And such clergymen as Edmund Bertram and Mr. Tilney, young men of excellent principles, who hunted, shot, danced, and dressed like other people, all in perfect good faith, are as extinct as Squire Western.

We see the same class of men in the pages of George Eliot, but not as they appeared to their contemporaries. That is what constitutes the superior utility of Miss Austen's portraits, namely, that we see not only the men themselves, but also what society thought of them. We see that they were accepted as all that clergymen need be, and this fact alone

is sufficient to show us the immensity of the gulph by which we are divided from the days of our grandfathers. Miss Austen lives in her quiet little Berkshire or Hampshire home, to which no whisper of Evangelicalism, no mutterings of Dissent, ever penetrate. To judge from her works, she must have lived on in happy unconsciousness of the existence of such disturbing elements; and here is evidence that they must have played a much smaller part in the country life of many parts of England than it is customary to suppose at present. Miss Austen, who had lived among clergymen all her life, and gives them such prominence in her stories, never places a word in the mouth of any one of them relating to the religious questions of the day, or indicating that Wesley and Simeon, or Hall or Irving, were anything more to them than the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. It may be said, perhaps, that Miss Austen lived in a part of England in which Dissent has never flourished; and that had the scenes of her stories been laid in the Eastern or the Midland counties, she would have told a different tale. It may be so; but the same cannot be said of her silence on another subject, namely, the condition of the peasantry. It was in the south-western counties of England that this was at its worst; yet neither in Miss Austen, nor, what is more remarkable, in George Eliot, do we find the slightest allusion to the existence of discontent among the poor. Miss Austen, indeed, never mentions them, yet it is odd that her attention should never have been drawn to facts which are said to have been so flagrant.

It is clear, however, that the society which this lady represents reposed at that time in a state of the most absolute security, apprehensive of no evil either from within or from without; and, as I have said, totally unconscious that anything more could be expected of it than the life which it had always led. The feeling in question is well illustrated by the memorable statement of Mrs. Patten, who complains to her friend and confidant, Mrs. Hachett, of the new clergyman's rudeness in telling her of her sins. "Now, Mrs. Hachett," says the good old soul, "I never was a sinner." What she meant was that her cheese was always to be depended on. This profound conviction that the fulfilment of certain positive and formal obligations is all that can be required of us, was characteristic of every class of society before the deeps were broken up by the great religious and political changes which occurred between 1828 and 1832. The influence of the French Revolution on the higher aristocracy had been considerable. But it had not penetrated much lower; and what that great event did for them, the events we have just mentioned did for the class just below them. Between the middle and

upper middle classes in 1825 and in 1845, there is as wide a difference as between the country gentleman of the reign of Queen Victoria and the country gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne. Miss Austen lived before the change, and before it was even thought possible. The little village hierarchy—the clergyman, the squire, and the farmer, whether tenant or yeoman—was bound together by the closest ties. The squire represented the political and military elements of the British Constitution, which had saved us from a French invasion, and had brought "Bony" on his knees. The parson represented the great national bulwark against Popery on one side and Puritanism on the other, which were alike hated by the vast majority of Englishmen; and, compared with his services in this great public capacity, what was a little worldliness in his private life, or a little negligence in the discharge of his parochial duties, even supposing that anyone was sensible of it? Not a feather in the scale. This is the secret of the existence and even of the popularity of the old race of top-booted clergymen, who hunted two days a week, shot partridges, danced quadrilles, and drank port wine, praising God, and ready to say with Miss Patten, that as far as their clerical office was concerned, at all events, "they never had been sinners."

The ideas and manners of these bygone days are brought before us very vividly in these delightful pages. Even clergymen, we see, might take "rather too much of their host's good wine," without the offence being considered a serious one, even by a lady. When a gentleman of birth and breeding, and accustomed to the best society, comes to call upon a lady in a rather agitated frame of mind, she at once, and as the most natural mode of accounting for it, supposes he is "in liquor." What a phrase from the lips of an "elegant female"! But it was in constant use among our grandmothers, who saw too much of the reality of the complaint to be very nice about the name. The dinner-hour seems to have been four, or, at the latest, five o'clock; and supper, as we gather from *Emma*, was beginning to go out of fashion, though still kept up by a few old people who loved the ways of their youth. The men remained some time over their wine, and on joining the ladies sat down to a round game, at which a little extra hilarity was always regarded as seasonable, no matter how it was produced. The party would break up between ten and eleven, and drive home as many miles to bed; and next Sunday the vicar, who had been the most reckless gambler at "speculation," and had drunk his bottle of port two nights before, would appear in the pulpit, rosy, clean-shaven and clear-eyed, and deliver an excellent discourse on the evidences of the Christian religion, a theme to which his hearers listened in the spirit of the Northern farmer, never having clearly

understood that Christianity required any proving, but still pleased to be reminded that it was all right, and that all their old convictions were still sound and good, and might be relied upon to last them their lives.

Survivals of the ancient régime lingered long—perhaps still linger—in remote country-places; and those who are old enough to remember its departing footsteps, will be able to form a perfectly clear conception of the society in which it was the rule, and will find an undying relish in the works in which it is embalmed. The principal object which I proposed to myself in writing this essay was to vindicate Miss Austen's title to the highest place in our modern literature, as a painter of common-place characters and incidents, invested by her genius with the interest which seldom attaches to any but uncommon and romantic ones. I think that in this particular department of literary art she has not been equalled by George Eliot, superior as is the latter in passion and pathos, and those more violent convulsions of human nature which form the materials of tragedy. Of the wide difference between Miss Austen and Miss Burney, Lord Macaulay has said all that is necessary. I cannot see that either Miss Ferrier or Miss Edgeworth have approached at all nearer to Miss Austen. I should be half inclined to say that both Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Trollope had gone nearer than any of them; for certainly Mr. Ormsby and Lord Eskdale, Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Sowerby, and John Eames merit much the same kind of praise as we bestow on the characters of Miss Austen; but still it is *longo intervallo*. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray profess to enter the lists with her. Major Pendennis, for instance, does not exhibit himself, but is only exhibited, with incomparable art, no doubt, by the showman. Miss Austen, then, in my judgment, remains the Queen of modern comedy. Most of her stories could be converted into plays with very little trouble, and we have actors and actresses on the stage now who would do them full justice. What a Miss Bates or Mrs. Jennings we might have in Mrs. Bancroft; what a Darcy in Mr. Bancroft; what an admirable Emma in Mrs. Kendal; and what an Elton or Mr. Collins in her husband! Elizabeth Bennet and Catharine Morland, and Mary Crawford, and Anne Elliott, and Harriet Smith need want for nothing while the two Misses Terry are on the stage. But my enthusiasm is carrying me away. What I mean is that in fixing Miss Austen's place in literature we must measure her rather by our great dramatists than by our great novelists, and that in pure comedy she will be found second to none except Shakespeare.

T. E. Kebbel.

TO A CAPTIVE THROSTLE.

Poor little mite with mottled breast,
Half-fledged, and fallen from the nest,
For whom this world hath just begun,
Who want to fly, yet scarce can run ;
Why open wide your yellow beak ?
Is it for hunger, or to speak—
To tell me that you fain would be
Loosed from my hand to liberty ?

Well, you yourself decide your fate,
But be not too precipitate.
Which will you have ? If you agree
To quit the lanes, and lodge with me,
I promise you a bed more soft,
Even than that where you aloft
First opened wondering eyes, and found
A world of green leaves all around.
When you awake, you straight shall see
A fresh turf, green and velvety,
Well of clear water, sifted seed,
All things, in short, that bird can need ;
And gentle beings, far more fair
Than build on bough, or skim through air,
When all without is wet and bleak,
Laying against your cage their cheek,
To make you pipe shall coax and coo,
And bud their pretty lips at you.
And when the clammy winter rain
Drips from the roof and clouds the pane,
When windows creak and chimneys roar,
And beggars wail outside the door,
And stretch out fingers lank and thin,
You shall be safely housed within,
And through the wood-fire's flickering glow
Watch drifting leaves or driving snow,
Till Marian pulls the shutters up,
And you go sleep, and I go sup.

But now suppose I let you go,
To rains that beat, to winds that blow,
To heedless chance and prowling foe?
Mayhap this very day, alas!
You will be drowned in tangled grass:
Or, that escaped, some slinking stoat
May seize and suck your speckled throat;
Or hawk slow wheeling in the sky
Your fluttering feeble wings descry,
And, straightway downward flashing thence,
Relish and rend your innocence.
Should you survive, and glad and strong
Make autumn spring-like with your song,
You will be lured, the very first,
Where netted berries bulge and burst,
And, by their guardian caught alive,
You may, before I can arrive
To bid him not be so unsparing,
Have paid the forfeit of your daring.
Time too will come, there will not be
Berry on bush, or pod on tree,
Stripped be the hawthorn, bare the holly,
And all the boughs drip melancholy;
And you will have to scrape for food
Amid a frosty solitude.

Which shall it be? Now quick decide!
Safety confined, or peril wide?

Then did the little bird reply:
"'Tis true, as yet I scarce can fly;
But oh! it is such joy to try!
Just as you came, I was beginning
To win my wings, exult in winning;
To feel the promptings of the pinion,
The dawn of a divine dominion
Over the empty air, and over
Fields of young wheat and breadths of clover,
Pledge of a power to scale, some day,
My native elm-tree's topmost spray,
And mid the leaves and branches warm
Sing far beyond the reach of harm.
And shall I barter gift like this
For doled-out joy and measured bliss?
For a trim couch and dainty fare
Forfeit the freedom of the air?

Shall I exchange for punctual food
April's sweet loves and summer's brood ;
The dewy nest 'neath twinkling stars
For crushing roof and cramping bars ?
No ! Come what chance or foe that may,
Menace of death this very day,
The weasel's clutch, the falcon's swoop—
What if these kill ? they do not coop ;
Autumn's worst ambush, winter's rage,
Are sweeter than the safest cage."

Off ; little mite ! I let you fly,
And do as I would be done by.

Nature within your heart hath sown
A wisdom wiser than my own,
And from your choice I learn to prize
The birth-right of unbounded skies,
Delightful danger of being free,
Sweet sense of insecurity,
The privilege to risk one's all
On being nor captive, caged, nor thrall,
The wish to range, the wing to soar
Past space behind, through space before,
The ecstasy of unknown flight,
The doubt, the danger, the delight,
To range and roam, unchained, unvext,
Nor know what worlds will open next ;
And since Death waits both caged and free,
To die, at least, of liberty.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

July, 1883.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Organisation.

In two papers which have appeared in the *National Review*, I have endeavoured to show what the Church of England has accomplished during the present century in providing material fabrics in which her members may worship, and elementary schools in which her poorer children may be educated. There is still left the more difficult task of attempting to show what has been done towards developing a higher moral and spiritual life. This is a subject which does not admit of statistical tables and accurate calculations. My object will be to show, by such evidence as is available, that there is working in the Church the vital principle of true religion, of which external organisations may be taken as signs, and without which Christianity cannot successfully accomplish its mission in an age like this; but which require to be pervaded by the Spirit of its great Author to make them really effective, to secure their continuance, and to preserve those who take part in them from the condemnation pronounced on the Pharisees.

At the outset I acknowledge the impossibility of nicely measuring the spiritual results which have been secured, or demonstrating the amount of spiritual progress which the Church has made. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit,"* is teaching that has an application to Churches as well as to individuals. But whilst we may not confidently dogmatise about causes from results, or venture to pronounce judgments which must rest upon appearances, and which may be inaccurate; it is quite possible to ascertain what efforts are being made to promote the moral well-being, and quicken the spiritual life of a community, and to describe what plans are being pursued for the furtherance of these objects. Moreover, it is only equitable that we should place a charitable construction upon the motives from which actions proceed, and, in forming our opinion of the life and zeal of the Church, attribute to its members the possession of that singleness

* S. John iii. 8.

of aim and high principle to which their conduct points. I turn, therefore, to an examination of the organisations by which the Church is seeking to manifest its power and make its influence felt, in order to gauge the reality of the presence of that living Spirit by which its members believe that it is inspired. These certainly show faith and self-sacrifice on the part of those by whom they are carried on; for many of them demand a concentration of thought on spiritual things, and a continuance in prayer and meditation, which would speedily become intolerable to men whose hearts were out of sympathy with such employments; or they require a surrender of time and money, and of the ordinary ambitions and enjoyments of life, which people would shrink from making if they were not enthusiasts in the cause.

Perhaps the strength of the religious current now flowing in the Church may be most accurately gauged by what is being done in our cathedrals, and to these I would first call attention. The government of a cathedral is essentially different from that of a parish church. In the latter the will of one man is generally supreme; within the limits prescribed by the law of the Church, it mainly rests with him to determine what amount of zeal and energy and devotion shall be manifested in the services in the Church and organisations in the parish; for these are under his control. With a cathedral it is different; its affairs are regulated by a dean and by residentiary canons, and comparatively little can be successfully accomplished without a considerable amount of unanimity. A bare majority can effect little in improving its services, or infusing a higher tone into them, because an opposing minority would effectually paralyse their efforts by letting disagreement be known, and so degrading the forms of worship into occasions for party strife. It is to be noted, too, that while the incumbent of a parish may be young and enthusiastic, and represent only his own and his patron's views of what is best for the Church; a cathedral chapter consists of men of mature age, appointed by the Crown or the Bishop of the diocese, and therefore not likely to represent a chance wave of thought, or a rising school of doctrine. Public opinion demands that the dignitaries of cathedrals should be chosen out of the more prominent clergy in the Church or of the diocese; so that they must have taken some part in moulding the opinions or in guiding the practical action of those by whom they are surrounded, and must be in sympathy with a certain portion of them.

Looking at the cathedrals from this point of view, it is difficult to estimate the importance of the change which has come over the spirit by which they seem to be animated. At the beginning of the century it is not too much to say that their offices were considered as little more than dignified sinecures. There were certain

routine services continued within their walls, but little was done to make even these attractive, and nothing to make them influential in moulding the spiritual character of the nation. When the Cathedral Act was passed in 1840, the debates were remarkable for the absence of all attempts to show that any spiritual benefit was accruing to the country from the action of cathedral bodies. The opposition of those who resisted the proposed changes was based upon the possibility of good which cathedrals might effect, but this implied that their administration must be altogether different from what it then was. The large naves of magnificent cathedrals were practically useless, they were not much more than outer courts to the choirs in which all services were held; and these sufficed, and more than sufficed, for the scanty congregations which assembled on Sundays, and the still scantier ones which were found there on week-days. Holy Communion was celebrated in few of them more frequently than once a month; and in some of those where there was professedly a better rule, it was not unknown for a verger to be sent to the two or three intending communicants with a request that, as they were so few, they would not put the minor canon to the trouble of remaining to celebrate for them. The cathedral was practically ignored as a diocesan institution, it had no part or share in such spiritual work as might be carried on within the diocese.

This state of things has happily passed away, and gradually something better is being substituted for it, to the satisfaction of those who feel that our cathedrals have a special work of their own to fulfil in setting before the diocese an ideal of worship, and in otherwise influencing for good its spiritual life. There is not now a single cathedral in England or Wales in which Holy Communion is not celebrated every Sunday. In many cathedrals there is an early celebration, as well as a later one during the ordinary morning service. This is the case at St. Paul's London, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, York, Durham, Winchester, Chichester, Ely, Gloucester, Manchester, Rochester, Salisbury, and Worcester. In some of these, the later celebration is choral; whilst in a large number of the other cathedrals there is a second celebration on one or two Sundays in the month, and upon high festivals. On Saints' days there is a celebration in most cathedrals, and amongst them are included all the Welsh Cathedrals except St. David's. At Manchester and Worcester, and at Christ Church Oxford during term time, there is also a celebration every Thursday, and at St. Paul's on every day in the year.

The naves are now being recognised in a continually increasing degree to be intended for public worship. In some cities the cathedral is the parish church; this is the case at Manchester, Ripon,

and in Wales, and the nave is therefore ordinarily used as part of the church. At Chester the south transept was employed from time immemorial as the parish church of St. Oswald, but, through an arrangement happily made by Bishop Blomfield, when Bishop of Chester, this is no longer the case. At Ely the Lady Chapel is still used as a parish church, and has been so used since the time of Queen Elizabeth, when an order was made to that effect for the better accommodation of the parishioners of St. Cross. At Hereford, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, the Lady Chapel is used for all services by the parishioners of St. John's. At all the cathedrals, except Canterbury, and at Carlisle where it is too small to be available, special services, such as choral festivals, diocesan anniversaries, gatherings of Sunday-school teachers, are held in the nave. At St. Paul's, Chichester, Durham, Hereford, Oxford, and Salisbury, it is used for all services. At York, Chester, Ely, Exeter, Lichfield, Lincoln, Rochester, and Worcester, congregations are gathered in it once on every Sunday, and on special occasions.

At most cathedrals the services are more frequent than they are statutably required to be. On Sundays there are three services in nearly all, in addition to an early celebration in many; and at Westminster Abbey, Chester, Chichester, Gloucester, Ely, Exeter, Lichfield, Lincoln, and Salisbury, morning prayer (in some cases a shortened form) is said daily at an early hour in addition to its being chorally rendered a little later; whilst at St. Paul's, besides such a repetition of morning prayer, there is a short service at mid-day, and another in the evening, daily throughout the year. These short services have been framed in accordance with the provisions of the Act of 1872, and have been approved by the bishop of the diocese. Early morning prayer has been said ever since the re-building of the cathedral after the great fire, and probably much earlier than that; the other services have been recently introduced at the request of laymen whose business or residence lies near the cathedral. In every cathedral except St. David's, where the population is only 213, there are additional services during Advent and Lent. These are generally held in the nave, and for the most part distinguished preachers, unconnected with the cathedrals, are invited to assist at them. The number of such additional services varies from one a week during Lent in the less populous cities, to nine additional sermons weekly at St. Paul's. For the most part they are held in the evening; but at St. Paul's and at Manchester, besides evening services, there are sermons at mid-day for business men. During Advent the extra services are less frequent. Harvest Thanksgiving services are almost universal. Besides the services which have been enumerated, there are other

musical ones in some cathedrals. Thus at St. Paul's, and Chester, Spohr's *Last Judgment* is sung in Advent, and Bach's Passion Music in Holy Week. At Worcester, Passion Music, with a shortened service, is sung daily on the first four days in Holy Week, and part of the *Messiah* on Good Friday, and other parts of the same Oratorio on Christmas-day. At Ripon, Haydn's Passion Music is sung in the nave during the evenings of Holy Week. At Canterbury, in Easter week and at Whitsuntide, there is a special week-day evening service, when parts of the *Messiah*, the *Hymn of Praise*, &c. are sung. At Hereford part of the *Messiah* is sung on Christmas Day. At some other cathedrals similar services are held, but with less frequency and regularity. To assist those who wish to realise more devotionally the events of Good Friday, addresses on the seven words spoken by our blessed Lord on the cross are given about mid-day at St. Paul's, York, Ely, Lichfield, Manchester, and Worcester; whilst at Salisbury and Winchester there are meditations on the same solemn utterances during the afternoon of that day; at Carlisle the bishop of the diocese preached upon them in the evening, with intervals for silent prayer, litanies, and hymns. At Canterbury, one of the canons has held a meditation in the choir at noon on each day in Holy Week.

Efforts of other kinds are being made by members of various cathedrals to influence for good those who live within their reach. It had long been a cause for reproach that large portions of the inhabitants of our cathedral cities were estranged from the Church; the cathedral authorities are now seeking to do what they can to win back those who may have been thus alienated. It is so in the case of the cathedral with which I have the honour of being connected. In 1871, lectures on ecclesiastical and other appropriate subjects were delivered in St. Paul's on week-days by members of the Chapter. These were intended exclusively for the young men of the City, who came to them in large numbers. They were invited to inscribe their names in a book at the chapter house, and were subsequently entertained at a series of soirees, where the dean and canons had an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with them, and of ascertaining from themselves in what ways they could most effectually minister to their welfare. The soirees have been continued during the winter months of every subsequent year. The popular lectures were superseded after a time by classes, conducted by some of the minor canons, the subjects of the lectures being arranged to meet the wishes of those who desire to attend them. The dean and canons have recently rented a house in which a club and reading-room has been opened for the convenience and amusement of those with whom they are thus brought into contact. Beside this an eccle-

siological society has been formed in connexion with the cathedral. It numbers about 300 members, chiefly city men, who meet frequently to hear lectures, or to visit churches or buildings of interest under the guidance of some skilled cicerone, who is often an eminent London architect. Lectures on ecclesiastical subjects, not unlike those at St. Paul's, were given by one of the canons at Worcester, and more recently by the same canon at Westminster, where also the dean collects a number of the younger clergy in the precincts of the Abbey every week when he lectures on Butler's Analogy. At Bristol one of the canons gives annually a similar course of lectures; and another a course on the Psalms, in one of the transepts, and about 100 young men attend. At Bangor the dean collects in the cathedral every Saturday several hundred children for instruction in Holy Scripture or the Catechism. They are first divided into about fifty classes, and prepared by as many teachers for being publicly catechised. To secure uniformity in the instruction given, the dean meets the teachers on the Friday evenings, and goes over with them that portion of Holy Scripture or the Catechism on which he will question the children on the following day. After due preparation by the teachers, he catechises the assembled body of children from the pulpit, after which they sing a number of hymns. As a considerable proportion of the children attend board schools, this is all the definite religious instruction they receive during the week. To judge from appearances, the class is very popular. Besides this, the dean has a monthly gathering of communicants. At Chichester the dean, and at Lincoln one of the canons, has a weekly Bible-class; at Ely one of the canons has Bible-classes on Sundays at the Theological College; another lectures at times at the Working Men's Institute; and another has weekly Shakespeare-classes in the evenings, during his residence, for young shopmen. Besides this, the dean and two of the canons have in successive years delivered courses of lectures on ecclesiastical matters in the transept of the cathedral; and on Bank holidays the organist gives recitations on the organ, when the cathedral is thrown open, and one of the canons is in the way to explain matters of interest connected with the history or use of the building to the people. At Exeter one of the canons delivers a weekly lecture on the prayer-book at the girls' high school; another visits weekly the central school; and one of the priest vicars has been in the habit of giving lectures to the pupil-teachers of the city, though the attendance has recently fallen off. At Gloucester one of the canons, during his months of residence, attends on one evening in the week at the Working Girls' Club in connection with the Church of England Young Women's Help Society, and gives

religious teaching; one of the minor canons practically acts as its chaplain. At Lichfield there is "a day of devotion every Eastertide, as well as Rogationtide services, and various festival services, *e.g.*, choral, foreign mission, home mission, guilds, temperance, Sunday schools." At Lincoln one of the canons has night-schools on a large scale for men and boys in the city, which he superintends; he has also an institute for rough lads. At Llandaff, where the cathedral is the parish church, the minor canons assist the vicar of the parish in performing services at a chapel of ease within the parish. At Manchester there are occasional services in the evening, with sermons for working men, and a mission-service on one evening in the week; and once a month there is a service for a guild of nurses. At Oxford one of the canons has weekly gatherings of young University men at his house, which are partly instructive, partly devotional. At Peterborough there have been classes for exposition in the cathedral. At Ripon the succentor has a large class of adults on Sunday afternoons, and superintends various societies, such as temperance societies, working men's institute, &c.; there is also a church institute. At Rochester the Biblical Society meets at the house of one of the canons; besides this, a recreation-room for young women engaged in business has been established by members of the chapter to supply such women with a quiet room on Sundays and after working hours; one of the canons proposes to give them religious instruction, and to provide them with opportunities of improving their education. At Salisbury the dean lectures on Sunday evenings at the training college for schoolmistresses. At Wells there are children's services in the nave once a month during May and June, and sermon with short prayers for working men on the Sundays in August; there are also classes to prepare candidates for the two confirmations held in the cathedral every year. At Winchester two of the canons have undertaken courses of lectures in the chapter-room, or north transept of the cathedral, on some book of the New Testament, or the Church of England doctrine on the Holy Communion. At Worcester one of the canons has instruction classes for men in the cathedral on two evenings in each week during Lent; there are also short meditations with Litany twice a week during the same holy season.

Increasing efforts are being made to improve the status of the choristers, and wherever funds have sufficed, schools have been established for them where they are boarded as well as educated; at some cathedrals this is done without any charge to the boys, at others the authorities have been compelled to require a small payment. Such schools have been established at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, York, Chichester, Exeter, Lincoln, Llandaff,

Salisbury, and Worcester; at the other cathedrals the education provided for the boys has been much improved, and in some instances a payment is given to enable them to board with some respectable person in the cathedral city, or to put them forward in life when their voices break.

The result of these many efforts to make our cathedrals centres of spiritual life, has been that they are now regarded as the fitting places for all diocesan gatherings, except in dioceses such as St. David's, where the cathedral is so inconveniently situated as to be difficult of access. Moreover, there is manifestly a growing interest in the work and welfare of the cathedrals throughout the dioceses, and contributions are given for their development and embellishment which would certainly have been refused some years since. The congregations which assemble in them may now be counted by hundreds where they used to be numbered by tens. I only refrain from speaking of the improvement in their services because I have had occasion to mention this in a previous paper. The erection of a cathedral in so poor a diocese as Truro, as the first great work of its first bishop, is stongly confirmatory evidence to what I have said.

It is only fair to add that some cathedrals have to accomplish their work under special disadvantages. At York, Ripon, Chester, and the Welsh cathedrals, there is only one residence house, so that the canons can only reside during the term of their official residence. In several cathedrals the endowments of the canonries are too scanty to enable their holders to live upon them; whilst occasionally, as at Manchester and partially at Westminster Abbey, large town parishes are united to the canonries, and render it impossible for their occupants to undertake other work. In every case but one the deans, and in many some of the canons hold no other preferment; and then they are frequently found assisting the work of the Church by preaching for the clergy on special occasions, taking part in public meetings for religious or philanthropical objects, and helping to manage diocesan or other societies. It is almost unnecessary to add that being present, sometimes officiating at the services of the cathedral, and frequently preaching there, besides supervising its business affairs and all that relates to its administration and fabric, make heavy demands upon the time and thought of those responsible for them. In the Welsh cathedrals some of these obligations are made considerably heavier by the services having to be duplicated for the benefit of the Welsh and the English speaking portions of the population.

There has been growing up, side by side with the increasing vitality of our cathedrals, a deeper sense of the corporate life of the

Church. People are beginning to realise that their interests in spiritual matters must extend beyond the care for their own salvation, and beyond the limits of their own parishes, because one member of the Church cannot suffer without all the members suffering with it, nor one member be honoured without all the members having cause to rejoice with it. Evidence of this is found in the efforts which are made to develop and deepen the religious life of the clergy, and to strengthen them by mutual consultation and prayer. Probably the earliest recent effort in this direction was the periodical gathering of the clergy of particular districts at clerical meetings. At first the interpretation of a portion of Holy Scripture was discussed at these meetings, and they were opened and closed with prayer. Then it was thought desirable that some time should be devoted to the consideration of practical difficulties which the clergy had to encounter in their parishes, so as to secure more uniformity of action. For a time these meetings were of a party character; only those were invited who adopted the same shibboleth. Gradually this party spirit is being eliminated, and men of different views gladly meet each other under the presidency of the rural dean, and discuss in a friendly and Christian spirit their points of difference as well as of agreement. The division of dioceses into rural deaneries, and a judicious selection of men to occupy the office of rural dean, has done much to foster this better spirit. Not infrequently these ruri-decanal meetings commence with a service in church, when the Holy Communion is administered, and after this the members discuss questions which have been referred to them by the bishop or the Diocesan Conference, or which have been selected by themselves. Beside and beyond this, men of all schools have learned to realise the importance and value of a short retirement from the ceaseless engagements of active ministerial life for purposes of devotion. Such retirement most frequently takes the form of what is called a "quiet day," when, under the guidance of one of their brethren, the assembled clergy of a rural deanery or neighbourhood partake of the Holy Communion, unite in prayer, and listen to and reflect upon meditations intended to arouse in them a deeper sense of their past shortcomings, and to excite them to a more lively faith and complete dedication to the service of their great Master. Occasionally gatherings of this kind extend over a few days, and then men of one school of thought call them "retreats," and men of another school "devotional meetings." The complaint made by an enemy of the Church against the clergy of the last century has certainly no application to the greater number of those who minister at the present day. He says: "People might sink or swim; the hireling does no more than the law obliges; the

clergy don't come near the people from Sunday to Sunday. He just comes to read the service, and when it is done, the horse is ready at the hatch to carry him off."* When efforts were first made to secure better provision for the spiritual wants of the people by parochial organisations, those who made them had to encounter strenuous opposition. The Rev. C. Simeon inaugurated meetings of his parishioners, and the manner in which he defends, or rather excuses his action, shows the feeling of the time. He says in 1796 :—

I judged it expedient to continue meeting my people all together in one body, because there was not now the same necessity as formerly, and because he (Mr. Thompson), no less than myself, would be involved in any obloquy that might attend it. To have some opportunities of meeting my people I considered as indispensable; for how could I know my sheep if I did not see them in private, and how was it possible for me to visit so many at their own houses, and to find out all their different states and trials? If there were regular seasons for us to meet together, I could from time to time invite them to state to me, either before others, or in private, whatever they might wish to say. I could learn by conversation something respecting the state of their souls before God. I could learn, too, whether they were in danger of being drawn away by the dissenters, or were acting in any way unworthy of their holy profession. I am aware that even such societies as these are by many accounted irregular, and that very few of the governors of our Church would sanction them; indeed, it is a curious fact that the establishing of such societies is generally supposed to indicate an indifference towards the Church, when it actually proceeds from love of the Church, and a zeal for its interests.†

It is instructive to compare the position of all well-cared-for parishes with these descriptions of what existed not a century since. Wherever an incumbent takes a real interest in his flock and in his work—which, happily, he is now found to do in most parishes—services are multiplied to the utmost extent of his powers. Beside early celebrations, which are becoming very general, there are seldom less than three services on the Sunday in the churches of populous parishes; one of these is frequently a service for children, or a public catechising. Mission services in the more heathenish parts of a parish, or in distant hamlets, are often held; sometimes these are in chapels built for the purpose, sometimes in school rooms or school chapels, or other fitting places. An obviously very imperfect list‡ shows that during the last ten years 2,756 additional places were licensed by the bishops for this purpose. In the metropolis there are 286 churches in which there is daily service, 525 in which Holy Communion is celebrated weekly, and 47 where it is celebrated daily, whilst there are only 122 churches out of 920 in which there are no week-day services. There is every reason to believe that the other parts of England would show as encouraging a list of services as the metropolis.

* Chubb, quoted from Abby and Overton's *English Church of the 18th Century*, vol. ii. p. 14.

† *Life*, 3rd edit., pp. 108, 109.

‡ *Official Year-Book of the Church of England*, p. 617.

This certainly proves a great difference between the present estimate of a clergyman's work and that which existed at the beginning of the century. But on this head it is desirable to adduce further evidence.

For the edification and instruction of their people Bible-classes and communicants'-classes are deemed essential. Sometimes, where there are many clergymen in a parish, separate classes are provided for the older men and the older women, for the younger men and the younger women. Confirmations are not infrequently held annually, and this secures individual instruction during several weeks or months for those who wish to be presented to the bishop. Sunday-schools are found nearly everywhere, whilst in some parts of the country they have assumed great proportions, and are a valuable instrument for teaching definite religious truth. To make them effective it is necessary to secure competent teachers, and to prepare them beforehand for instructing their classes. This can be accomplished only by the clergyman devoting one evening a week to assisting the teachers to prepare for their Sunday work. And, again, the pupil-teachers cannot be neglected without serious injury to their own spiritual welfare, and that of the classes entrusted to them, and for them provision is very frequently made. Beside such classes for direct instruction, the clergy often find it useful to band the members of their flocks together in societies or guilds to strengthen their purpose of leading a religious life by the added mutual help and sympathy which they thus afford to each other, and by the special interest in their work and welfare which such union tends to secure from the clergy of the parish. It is probable that the idea of such associations was revived amongst us by the formation of temperance societies, and it is almost unnecessary to say that they differ one from another in name and in the manner in which they are conducted. Their design is thus described in the report of one which I have before me :—

> It was first known as an union of churchmen ; its object being, as stated in its constitution, to promote the glory of God by individual holiness and some useful work undertaken in His name. The members are bound together by the common keeping of a simple and practical rule of life, by the daily use of the guild prayer, and the meeting together twice every month : once at an early celebration of the Holy Communion, and once for a devotional meeting.

Such is practically the basis on which the rules of most guilds for men are framed ; those for boys are somewhat different. The following are all that are laid down for one such guild :—(1) To say prayers kneeling night and morning ; and (2) To attend church at least once on Sundays, and for those who are confirmed to communicate at least once a month. Its objects are thus described :—To give the boys a definite link with the parish ; to encourage them to undertake, if possible, some work for God

in it; to arouse in them *esprit de corps*; and to afford them the advantage of meeting with all the members of other guilds, both at general devotional meetings in church and at social gatherings elsewhere. To assist them, "guardians are appointed over sections of the guild, who act as friends to the boys placed under their care, being ready to help them both in the business and pleasures of their life, coming with them to the meetings of the guilds, and making inquiries in the case of absentees." In like manner there are guilds for women and girls, and in some places for the promotion of some special object, such as the missionary work of the Church at home or abroad, looking after the most miserable parts of a parish, providing for the decent interment of the dead, &c.

To help in these various works the clergy call in earnest laymen to a much greater extent than formerly. There is a recognised body of lay-readers in many dioceses, who have been set apart by the bishop to minister in unconsecrated buildings, in outlying hamlets in country parishes, and in the more neglected and squalid parts of towns. There is likewise a body of Scripture-readers who are usefully employed in parish visiting, and where much mission-work is needed their help is invaluable. In carrying on guilds, and many of the institutions which have been named, the co-operation of lay-helpers is essential to success. So fully is this assistance recognised, that in the diocese of London there is a society of lay-helpers; they now number 3,599 associates, of whom 167 are lay-readers, and are all engaged in some active work in their respective parishes. Similar associations exist in other dioceses, but not on so large a scale. In some places parochial councils have been formed to aid the clergy in their work by advice and active co-operation.

Beside these ordinary methods of promoting the spiritual welfare of a parish, there are others which may be regarded as extra-ordinary or occasional. Chief amongst these are parochial missions, in which the whole or the majority of the churches in a large town, or rural deanery, frequently join. Their object is to arouse the careless and indifferent, and to excite to increased earnestness and devotion those who make a profession of religion. For months before a mission is held preparation has to be made for it. Those interested meet periodically and pray for its success, and visit the people in the district specially entrusted to them to enlist their sympathies, and to secure their attendance at the mission services. Enthusiasm affects many who are callous to other influences. And when local effort is sustained by eloquent and sympathetic addresses from the clergymen who conduct the mission, the effect is often very great, and not a few are won

over to a religious life, or aroused to greater diligence and self-dedication. At the time of the mission the manufactories and other centres of work are visited, and the people are addressed at their dinner-hour, or at some other suitable time; every class of the community has special instruction offered to it; and if such instructions are wisely adapted to the trials and wants of those for whom they are intended, they rarely, if ever, fail to secure some good results.

To leave untended those who are thus won over to care for religion would seriously diminish the hope of abiding good results. It has, therefore, often happened that the classes of which I have previously spoken have been formed for carrying on the work commenced by the mission. "Quiet days" have been established for lay-persons, similar to those for the clergy already described; whilst to encourage those who after long neglect have begun to frequent public worship, and to increase their number some clergymen begin services with their choirs in the open air, as at St. Mary's, Charterhouse, or hold a service in the streets after that in church is concluded, as at Beverley. Out-of-door services have been systematically arranged for the mixed crowds of hop-pickers who are collected for a short time in the autumn of each year in Kent and elsewhere; and for men employed in constructing railways: for the spiritual wants of such persons no special provision was made till recently.

The estimate of the church work now carried on, and of the organisations under the direction of the parochial clergy for elevating and christianising the people would be very imperfect if we were to limit our record to agencies of a purely spiritual character. Many have learned that active work for the good of others is profitable to those who thus dedicate their time and energies, as well as to those for whose benefit they labour; and the clergy often impress this truth upon their people by assisting them to select and perform works of mercy. We now very frequently find organised bodies of district visitors co-operating with the clergy in ministering to the surrounding poor. To them is often entrusted the difficult task of distributing alms, as well as of advising and helping those who need assistance in other ways, whilst it is part of their duty to bring under the notice of the clergy those who need their spiritual counsel and advice. The separation of rich and poor into different quarters in large towns often creates a special difficulty, because many who would gladly visit their poorer neighbours live in one parish, whilst those who would be benefited by their visits live in another; but even this is now frequently overcome by good people consenting to labour at some distance from their own homes.

To supplement their work, and sometimes to systematise it,

mission-women are employed in many parishes. At first it was supposed that a religious woman of their own rank would form the missing link wherewith to bring under the influence of religion the great mass of those who were neglecting its ordinances. This expectation has been only partially realised, but still these workers have proved very useful. About 187 are employed in various parishes, under the auspices of a Society which provides part or the whole of their stipends, whilst many others are sustained by local resources. It is part of their duties to assist poor women to procure better clothing for their families, and to collect them weekly at mothers' meetings, where under the superintendence of a lady they are taught how to make and to mend their clothes in the best and most economical manner; besides which they receive some religious instruction whilst they are so assembled.

In addition to this work the mission-women are helpful in times of sickness, by themselves assisting to nurse those who are destitute of friends, or by showing ignorant well-meaning relatives how to nurse, and so saving the sick from much unnecessary suffering. This good work has been still more successfully prosecuted by sisters of mercy and deaconesses who labour in some parishes, and who are for the most part trained and skilful nurses. These excellent women have also established and sustain extensive orphanages, penitentiaries, convalescent hospitals, cottages for convalescent ladies of limited means, houses for the temporary refuge of the homeless, and superior schools of various kinds.

Similar institutions, as well as cottage-hospitals and choir-schools, are occasionally founded by the exertions of the parochial clergy; and it sometimes happens that two of these objects, *e.g.* orphanages and choir-schools, are united.

The organisations for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people, which I have named, are far from including all which exist in connection with the Church. Thus at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, there is a home for the aged and deserving poor of the parish, which also serves as a dispensary of comforts to the sick, and the centre of a nursing association. There is also an association for the care of friendless girls: its objects being to protect them from falling, and to rescue those who have fallen. There is also "a house-boy brigade for training destitute boys, in good health and of good character, between eleven and fourteen, and who have passed the third standard, for domestic servants and for teaching them trades." In a very poor parish in Southwark (All Hallows) some houses have been hired, in which a number of rough girls employed in neighbouring manufactories are lodged, and are brought under civilising and religious influences by ladies

who devote their evenings to the good work. In a West End parish some provision is made for poor gentlewomen, by providing them with lodgings at a very low charge. In St. Peter's, Vauxhall, there is an orphanage in which the orphan daughters of professional men are trained to become teachers in elementary schools. In St. John's, Newbury, there is a home for the reception of friendless ladies, suffering from incurable disease, who are able to pay towards the cost of their maintenance; and in Kilburn there is a similar home for women of a poorer class.

During recent years, working men's clubs and institutes have been promoted to a great extent. Their object is to preserve men and boys from temptation, by providing them with innocent and rational amusements. Cricket and football clubs are often found in connection with them; and efforts are not infrequently made to lighten the dulness of winter evenings by concerts and penny readings; whilst for the most part they possess a library for the use of their members. In the last year of last century the first savings' bank was opened in England by a clergyman, in order to promote thrift amongst the poor people by whom he was surrounded. Since then such institutions have become general throughout the country; but latterly their importance has been diminished by the beginnings they made having developed into more organised efforts, and now facilities for the little banking transactions of the poor are offered by the Post Office Savings' Banks. The hardships of the poor during winter are lightened in many parishes by clubs to assist in purchasing clothing and fuel; and by soup kitchens, and kitchens for providing food for the sick, or for destitute children. All these undertakings are largely supplemented by money collected by the clergy. In many towns the poor are encouraged to cultivate flowers in their windows by the offer of prizes; whilst in country places a like inducement secures better care and cultivation for cottage gardens. Latterly also parochial exhibitions of works of art, produced by the people of the district, have excited in them much interest, and brought talents to the surface which would otherwise have been hidden. There have been several exhibitions of the kind at St. John's, Kennington, and probably at other places.

In exceptional neighbourhoods bolder attempts are sometimes made to relieve the surrounding poverty. Needlework societies, to supply poor women with one or more fairly paid day's work in each week have become very general. Sometimes the garments they make are sold to the makers, or their poor neighbours, at the cost price of the material, whilst at others it is disposed of on more advantageous terms. Some years since I knew more than one clergyman who undertook Government

work for the army, so as to secure for the poor women all that was paid for making the garments on which they were employed, without the intervention of middle men, who swallow up a large portion of the price paid. More than 100,000 shirts, beside woollen clothes, were thus made in a year in one parish. Doulton's pottery ware, which has attained so great celebrity, and which now employs 250 women and girls for artistic purposes, sprang into existence from Mr. Doulton's desire to utilise the talent which had been educated in an art school in Lambeth, of which he was one of the managers, and which was founded by a clergyman for the benefit of the artisans of his parish. This roll of philanthropic, as well as directly religious works, set on foot in connection with the Church, could easily be lengthened; but my object has been not to present an exhaustive list, but to illustrate the different ways in which the Church has shown her vitality by working for the people. Moreover, it has frequently happened that similar institutions to those I have named exist under other management than that of the parochial clergy, or those connected with them. But, with the exception of parochial mission-women, I believe that all have originated with them. In some cases their example has been followed by philanthropists, whilst in others wider organisations, enlarging what they had commenced, have relieved them from pecuniary responsibilities which it would have been unreasonable to expect that a succession of clergymen would be able to bear. As might be expected, some of the works for which clergymen are responsible have features which cannot approve themselves to sober-minded churchmen; thus, to give one example, in a parish at the east end of London, after an evening celebration of Holy Communion, a lady has read extracts from Shelley's poems from the steps in the chancel.

It must not be supposed that efforts of the kind I have named exhaust the zeal of Churchmen. To say nothing of what is done for foreign and home missions, Church extension, education, and other objects of general Church interest, it is worthy of remark that the contributions in Church for objects of a philanthropic character far exceed what is collected elsewhere. I take as evidence of this the amounts given on Hospital Sunday in a few places from which I have happened to be able to gain information. In London there has been a Hospital Sunday since 1873; and there has been collected in churches, during the intervening years, £174,662; in all other places of worship, £62,610. In Manchester, in 1882, there was collected in churches, £2,942; elsewhere, £2,026. In 1883, in Lincoln, there was collected in churches, £955; elsewhere, £94. In Liverpool, in 1882, the collections in churches amounted to £3,807; elsewhere to £3,577. In Leeds, where

there have been such collections since 1768, the amount received in churches last year was £1,469; elsewhere, £1,052. And in Birmingham, where one would have expected the Church to be far surpassed by others, there was collected in Church, in the years 1881 and 1882, £5,626; and elsewhere, £4,133.

I have said little of the success which has attended the efforts to which I have called attention: partly because it is patent —for no one can attend our cathedrals or churches without observing the marked change which has come over them, and the increased interest which is taken in them; and partly because every reader is able to form a judgment on this point for himself. That much has been accomplished I think admits of no question; that much is being done is equally certain; that very much is being imperfectly done, or not being done at all, is not less true. There is cause for thankfulness, but there is great room for improvement. I have not offered statistics to prove the points I have advanced, partly because it would be impossible to make them complete, partly because they could not be conclusive, inasmuch as it would be impossible to invent a standard by which to determine, with any approach to accuracy, the successes and the failures. But there is an objection sometimes urged against the reality and the results of Church work which I would notice. It is asked, "How are we to reconcile the existence of bitter hostility against the status and teaching of the Church, and the scepticism and unbelief which prevail, with statements of Church progress and improvement, and of successful devotion to the great Master's work on the part of His servants?" To me, such opposition and unbelief seem the natural consequences, or at all events attendants, upon a closer resemblance of the Church to her Lord. He warned His disciples, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."* The results of His own life and mission upon earth illustrate this, and teach us what to expect. The presence of holiness provokes antagonism: it was so when Christ was upon earth; it is so now; and until the end we must anticipate that as the good becomes better, the bad will become worse; that as the Church of Christ more faithfully fulfils the work committed to it, and exemplifies it in the lives of its devoted members, the more it will be misrepresented, hated, and opposed.

ROBERT GREGORY.

* S. John, xv. 19.

CURRENT POLITICS.

September is generally the quietest month of the twelve for politicians, and, as far as our domestic politics are concerned, it has this year justified its normal reputation. On the moors and in the stubble, in the yacht or on the Continent, wearied legislators have for a moment eased their minds from thoughts of party issues, and the country in general seems to be only languidly awaking to a sense of those political difficulties of which the approaching Manchester election promises to give us a sharp warning. The preparations for that contest have certainly illustrated, in a very striking, and almost comic, manner, all that has been said in this Review respecting the nature and composition of the Liberal Party. At first it seemed as if Mr. Houldsworth would be allowed to succeed, without opposition, to the seat which had been held by Mr. Birley. Considerations, magnanimous, or prudent, or both, determined the Liberal Association to abstain from putting forward a candidate. But neither magnanimity nor prudence is a virtue which can restrain the ardour of Radical conviction. Dr. Pankhurst, a Radical of what we will gently call "pronounced views," presented himself to the constituency with a programme that all the metropolitan and provincial organs of Liberalism at once pronounced to be "impossible." On one point alone the Doctor seemed to oppose himself to the wishes of a considerable number of the electors. He was all for doing justice to Ireland, but to yield to the demand for Home Rule did not seem to him conducive to the interests of the Empire. Presently, however, it appeared that, under these circumstances, the Irish vote would not go to Dr. Pankhurst; and the discovery produced a change in that gentleman's opinions equally sudden and complete. He is now prepared to grant the Irish a Parliament of their own in Dublin. But this is not the most astonishing conversion that the force of numbers has effected. While Dr. Pankhurst was supported by the Radicals alone he seemed to the Moderate Liberals an "impossible" candidate. But when it became clear that he was to have the vote not only of the Radicals but of the Irish, and that the Radicals and Irish might be expected to join hands in favour of similar candidates in all the large towns, a new

light broke in upon the "Liberal" mind. The "moderate" Mr. Mason proclaimed himself in favour of Dr. Pankhurst, and sent a cheque of £100 towards defraying his expenses. Many Liberals of the same order may be expected to follow Mr. Mason's example. And the same journals which had derided Dr. Pankhurst's opinions as being quite out of "the range of practical politics," now declare that he must be supported against Mr. Houldsworth because—the latter is a follower of Lord Salisbury! A fine text indeed for the "Retired Politician," who has done us the honour to send us his reflections on the prospects of Parliamentary institutions!

The sole disturbance to the tranquillity of the earlier part of the month has been produced by the characteristic restlessness of the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone was supposed to be in need of repose, and to have gone on board the *Pembroke Castle* in order to obtain it. It must be owned that for a man honestly desiring rest he took one of the oddest routes imaginable. *Try Norway* was the title of a book addressed a few years ago to people in search of recreation in fresh fields and pastures new, but we are not aware that anybody ever exhorted jaded lawyers or over-wrought stock-brokers to "try Copenhagen." But the Prime Minister not only selected the capital of Denmark as the goal of his ocean wanderings, but chose it at a moment when it was crammed with political personages of eminence, the most conspicuous among whom was the Emperor of Russia. He would be a bold man who would assign a limit to the enterprises of which that ardent and mercurial spirit is capable. At the same time, we should require very tangible evidence—and at present there is none—to convince us that in paying a visit to the Danish capital Mr. Gladstone had any political object in view. It has been suggested that he availed himself of the opportunity of the visit to render the relations between England and Russia more intimate, and that this step was taken with the object of weakening the influence of the Austro-German Alliance. To a serious English politician the suggestion is incredible. We do not profess to know what are the views of the Prime Minister upon Foreign Policy and the interests of England *vis-à-vis* of other Powers. In all probability he has none, now that Lord Beaconsfield is removed from the scene, and that he cannot shape his ideas by "the law of contraries;" but it is quite certain that the English people, much licence as it may extend to the Premier, would not tolerate his indulging in any emotional freaks of the kind ascribed to him. He may learn, however—if, indeed, he is teachable on that side—by the commotion his visit to Copenhagen has excited in political circles on the Continent, that a Prime Minister cannot with propriety or prudence take even his holiday with quite so much

irresponsible freedom as a private individual. It has been one of the grave defects of Mr. Gladstone, and it is a defect that has advanced with his years, not to recognise with adequacy the burden of restraint of various kinds imposed upon persons of political eminence. His more ardent admirers ascribe this foible to the simplicity and guilelessness of his disposition; his less ardent admirers are sometimes inclined to attribute it to vanity. Possibly it springs from a combination of the two qualities. That he can be very much in earnest, and that earnestness usually implies an absence, for the moment, at least, of self-consciousness, would hardly be denied. Impartial spectators of the right honourable gentleman's career, more especially during its last decade, would find equal difficulty in denying that he seems to be animated, in some measure, by the passion to which Tostig the Dane gave expression when he exclaimed, "May I be ever in the mouths of men!"

Of more modest nature, but compelled by his position and the inexorable law of modern life to be almost equally active, Sir Stafford Northcote has likewise gone off for a short sea-trip before paying his long-promised visit to the north of Ireland. During the first week of October he is to meet delegates from the various political centres of Ulster, and at Belfast is to deliver a series of speeches. Once the Leader of the Opposition in the Lower House has appeared upon a public platform, the autumn Party campaign will have commenced in good earnest. This year it is to be on us betimes; and we shall have nearly three months of political recrimination before Christmas arrives. That seems an exorbitantly long period to dedicate to such a purpose. A suggestion has been thrown out by the *Standard* that there might be a fixed date assigned for the opening of Party oratory during the recess, as there is for flushing pheasants or angling for salmon, and that Lord Mayor's Day would be a convenient date to fix upon. Theoretically, the suggestion seems a good one; but who will enforce it? The gain to politicians would be immense, and the increase of public quiet incalculable. No one could prevent the minor personages of the political world from appearing at public meetings; and the very fact of its being understood that no Cabinet Minister or ex-Cabinet Minister would speak in public between the rising of Parliament and the 8th or 9th of November, would give the younger and rising spirits on each side of the House better and fairer opportunities of making themselves heard, and of demonstrating their capacity. At present the leading London daily papers report the speeches delivered in the Recess not according to the merit of the words spoken, or the freshness of the arguments employed, but according to the rank of the orator.

If it so happens that a speaker of Cabinet rank is on his legs in one place, what he says is reported *verbatim*, and there is no room for a report *in extenso* of the utterances of men who have yet their spurs to win. Would it not be wise, therefore, in the juniors, to approach their elders with a round-robin, deprecating October speeches from them, on the ground that their health is too precious to be frittered away in excessive extra-parliamentary oratory? It is to the excessive loquacity of the Liberal Party that torrents of talk during the recess have hitherto been mainly due. But Conservatives are driven by political necessity to follow their example. The Constitutional Union is on the eve of holding its annual gathering, which this year is to take place at Birmingham; and preparations on a gigantic scale are being made for the occasion. We cannot but rejoice at these indications of vitality and vigour on the part of our friends. But a quiet life is no longer possible for a politician; and looking upon the manner in which his time is marked out all the year round for co-operation in some Party task or other, we are almost inclined to echo the question put by a Quaker to Southey, who was boasting of his indefatigable round of occupations: "And, friend Southey, when dost thou think?" Perhaps a modern politician does not require to think. Other people think for him. But who is it thinks for *them?*

The political question that has attracted most attention and elicited most comment during the past month is the yet pending state of the negotiations between France and China as to the future of the province of Tonquin. Events have justified the warning addressed to France by Mr. A. K. Colquhoun in the June number of the *National Review*, and it may be worth while to reproduce his words, as they were the first note sounded upon this now menacing question. "The issues involved by the expedition to Tonquin," said Mr. Colquhoun, "seem absolutely uncomprehended by the French public. They have been blinded by the dream of the easy creation of a vast Indo-Chinese Empire, and the moment is said to be opportune for the birth of this Nouvelle France. The annexation of Tonquin is regarded as a mere bagatelle, not involving the discharge of a single musket, and the idea of an armed expedition, a campaign, an adventure ever arising from it is ridiculed. The injury which would be the result, to the enormous commerce of Europe and America, of a war with China, seems not to be considered a factor in the case. Should, however, the occupation of Tonquin not lead to a Chinese war, as I believe it certainly will, the French will have not only the Tonquinese to deal with, but Anam, and—a fact ignored by the few Frenchmen who are aware of it—after the subjugation of Tonquin and

Anam, there will still remain between them and China the hardy and resolute hill tribes, who have, to this day, remained unsubdued before the most absorbing nation in the world, the Chinese."*

If war has not yet broken out between France and China, it is only because the French Government has, at length, hesitated in the course upon which, at one time, it seemed resolutely bent. M. Jules Ferry and M. Challemel Lacour now thoroughly understand that, though the Cabinet of Pekin might be induced to consent to the practical absorption of Anam by France, under cover of a Protectorate, it will insist upon Tonquin, or the better part of it, being left as a neutral zone between France and China. It is not easy for France to assent to such an arrangement, after the blood that has been spilt, and the military checks that have been experienced. Yet everybody has become convinced that, if an active participation by China in the conflict is to be prevented, French public opinion will have to be reconciled to a considerable abatement of its original pretensions. It is of importance to this country above all others, but in a minor degree to all Powers that trade with China, to effect some agreement between the disputants, and Earl Granville may be trusted to do all in his power to promote that end. If the peculiar amity that is supposed to exist between England and France is worth anything at all, it ought at least to be equal to the task of saving Europe and the United States from complications with China through the aggressive levity of the more ill-informed section of French politicians.

The anxiety exhibited by German statesmanship to abet France in the disposition she has lately manifested to transfer her restlessness to remote quarters of the globe, has given rise to a newspaper controversy as instructive as it is diverting. "You never can hope to get back Alsace and Lorraine," say German politicians, "so carry your superfluous energy to Tunis, to Madagascar, to Tonquin." English politicians offer different advice. "Why waste your strength," they say, "in Tonquin, in Madagascar, in Tunis? You desire to remain a great European Power; yet how can you hope to resume your proper position in Europe, if you fritter away your energies in distant and unconnected expeditions?" So long as the real meaning of this language on both sides was discreetly veiled, no harm was done, and no room was left for complaint. But the *Times* inadvertently seized the occasion of the lecture recently read to French journalism by the *North German Gazette*, to protest in turn against what it described as an unwarrantable rebuke administered to perfectly innocent people. Thereupon the *North German Gazette* tore off the veil from its

* *England and France in Indo-China*, by the author of "*Across Chrysê.*" *National Review*, No. 4, page 505.

adversary while discarding its own, and declared, with true Teutonic roughness, that certain people in England keep instigating France against Germany, in order to prevent France from seeking a legitimate expansion for its energies and legitimate openings for its commerce, in parts of the globe where France would be brought into competition with England. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands; but it will perhaps bear some fruit if it teaches certain guides of public opinion how difficult an operation it is to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. It is all very well and wise to endeavour to remain on good terms with France and Germany alike; but it might be better and still wiser for us to make up our minds on the question whether to extend the balance of our confidence and sympathy to Germany or to France. We are not aware that Germany meditates any designs incompatible with the interests of England. But if the "Honest Broker" once persuaded himself that we are insensible of the fact and of the advantages it procures us, he might easily modify his transactions on the political Exchange, and conceivably to our detriment.

The commanding position Germany at present holds on the Continent of Europe has never been so conspicuously or imposingly exhibited as during the past month, at the Military Manœuvres over which the aged but still active Emperor has presided. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh have both appeared in his suite; and the Kings of Spain, Roumania, and Servia, with various other princes and potentates, have stood at his side. It has been a new "*parterre des Rois*"; but on this occasion it is not a theatrical representation, but the mimicry of war, that has brought them together. Foreign critics seem to be at a loss for adequate superlatives with which to extol the German army; and it is very natural that such a magnificent manifestation of organised force should draw minor satellites into the political orbit of the Fatherland. It may be doubted whether the King of Spain, who is to spend three days in Paris on his way home from Vienna and the German Head-quarters, has actually "joined" the Austro-German Alliance. But he has at least committed himself to joining no rival combination; and Roumania appears, for good and all, to have determined to lean upon the German Powers, and to shape its policy accordingly. The consciousness of this fact was perhaps not foreign to the singular exercise of influence recently attempted in Bulgaria by M. Jonin, the Russian Commissioner, and by Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars, acting in the same interests and under the same inspiration. They attempted to reduce Prince Alexander to a cipher, while professing to be warmly interested in the constitutional liberties of the Bulgarians. Fortunately Bulgarian politicians of all shades

of opinion saw through the ruse, and combined to come to terms with the Prince without the intervention of their foreign patrons. A Liberal Ministry has been formed, at the same time that the leader of the Conservatives has been nominated President of the Chamber. For the moment, Russia affects to desist from further action; but she has transferred her energies to Servia, where the extreme Radical Party has just secured a striking majority at the elections, not to be counterbalanced by the nominations to the Chamber granted by the Constitution to King Milan. Austria looks on quietly, but not without anxiety; for the States of what it is the fashion now to call the Balkan Peninsula, constitute the ground upon which the duel to the death between her and Russia will have to be fought out. Meanwhile, Austria is troubled with disturbances on her own territory. Croatia has been greatly disturbed through the repugnance of the Croats to admit the rule of the Hungarians; and now Dalmatia is exhibiting signs of restlessness. Italy alone, of all the Continental States, has not called attention to itself during the past month. The Italians have quietly and unostentatiously celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of the completion of their national unity. Since the death of Garibaldi, Italy has led a more tranquil, and therefore a more prosperous, existence. Its revolutionary elements, never really numerous nor strong, are becoming sensibly fewer and weaker.

THE EDITORS.

September 27th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

London: Printed by W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. S.W.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 9.—NOVEMBER, 1883.

LABOURERS' AND ARTISANS' DWELLINGS.

The condition of the dwellings of the wage-earning classes has occupied public attention for many years, and many efforts have been made to improve them; but very much still remains to be done, and, in spite of the exertions that have been made, the question in some of its aspects becomes more urgent every day. In one sense, it is in a position peculiarly favourable, just now, for practical attempts at dealing with it. It excites more general attention than has ever been drawn to it before, and the grave injury, both to morality and health, caused by over-crowding, is more generally recognised. On the other hand, it has not yet become the subject of acute political controversy. When once it is mixed up with questions which bring powerful sections of the community into conflict, practical remedies will be postponed for a very long time. At present, however, there is nothing to damp or weaken the earnest desire which exists among all classes to put a stop to this fruitful source of manifold evils.

A generation back more solicitude was devoted to the condition of the cottages of rural labourers than of those who live in towns. Many will remember the profound sensation created by the letters of S. G. O. on this subject in the *Times*. The case of the rural labourers has now fallen comparatively into the background, because it has become far less urgent than it was; and this result is greatly due to the deep impression which those letters made. It may almost be said that the wealthier classes had never realised before how much not only the barest comfort of their poorer neighbours depended on the character of their dwellings, but also how deeply it affected the most elementary conditions of morality. Since that day very much has been done, though of course the progress achieved has varied greatly in different parts of the

country. Legislation has done something, especially by the application of union rating to a large part of the Poor Law expenditure, by which the institution of "close parishes" has been extirpated. But the improvement has chiefly been voluntary, and therefore shows all the variety and irregularity which is a favourable characteristic of spontaneous movements. It has necessarily lagged the most where there were the least means for carrying it on. On the estates of the landed gentry the old type of hovel has been to a very great extent replaced by good cottages, and the process is every day becoming more complete. Where complaint is now made of agricultural dwellings, it usually has reference to rows of cottages which have been built or bought by a small owner as an investment, which were generally ill-built at the outset, and are often in an advanced state of decay. This is the type of cottage described by Mr. Jessopp in a remarkable article published last month. Though investors of scanty means show no desire whatever in this country to become peasant proprietors by the acquisition of small patches of arable land—a reluctance which does honour to their judgment—the case is quite different with cottage property. In many rural districts it is a favourite form of investment for small savings; and as the investors make a large part of their living out of the rents, they cannot afford to spend much on the maintenance of their property. They repair as little as possible, and continue to let the cottage as long as it will hold together. Dwellings of this class, however, cure their own defects by decaying rapidly, and when at last they become quite unserviceable, it does not, at the present prices of building, seem to pay the small owner to replace them.

The character, therefore, of the accommodation provided for the labouring classes in the rural districts is steadily improving. The improvement, no doubt, might be more rapid than it is. There have been several hindrances. Since the agricultural distress commenced, the landowners have had smaller means at their disposal, and cottage building in some districts has suffered in consequence. Again, some uncertainty hangs over the future of agriculture. A million acres have been withdrawn from the plough during the last ten years in England and Wales, and no one can guess how far this process is likely to go. Of course, the transformation of arable land into grass land diminishes the demand for labour; and, so far as farm cottages are concerned, building is discouraged by the uncertainty whether in the immediate future there will be an agricultural population large enough to occupy them. But the most effective drag upon the general improvement of cottages at the present time is the indifference, sometimes even the aversion, of a large part of the labouring class themselves.

The approval of the new order of dwellings is by no means universal or instinctive. It is a matter of education, and of habit slowly gained. The older people, especially, often prefer a cottage of the old sort. Even where the rent remains the same, the old mud hovel has its superior attractions. Earth and thatch are warmer than brick and slate; and a small building may be less wholesome and less decent, but it requires less fuel to warm it. It has been not an infrequent experience to those who have had much to do with cottage building, to be prevented from pulling down cottages in an advanced stage of decay by the entreaties of the inmates that they should not be forced to exchange the old cottage for a new one. And when the new one is built and occupied, the most serious difficulty is to prevent it being overcrowded again by the admission of lodgers. It is such an easy and obvious way of making money. Of course it is possible for landowners, by constant supervision and some harshness, to prevent, or greatly hinder, the admission of lodgers. But this involves an amount of tutelage, which is not easily defensible on principle, and is much resented by those to whom it is applied. The evil will doubtless, in due time, be cured by more exacting ideas on the subject of accommodation among the cottagers themselves; but this influence will hardly be felt until a more educated generation takes the place of that which now exists.

The most unsatisfactory point in the cottage system, as it at present stands, is, that it depends on the existence of a class of landowners sufficiently at ease to disregard exact considerations of profit and loss. The cost of a healthy cottage at present prices may be put at an average of £150—a very rough approximation, for the price of bricks and of labour varies enormously in different localities. To pay four per cent. interest on this sum, and to lay by two per cent. for repairs and replacement of capital, the rent must not be less than £9 a year, or three and sixpence a week—a sum which is beyond the ordinary means of an agricultural labourer, if it be true, as is generally assumed, that a man cannot pay, without embarrassment, more than a sixth of his income for his lodging. A builder might build the cottages for £110 or £120, but he would not sell them for that sum, and he would not be satisfied with less than ten per cent. interest on his money. It appears from the agricultural reports that rents, practically, vary from eighteenpence to half-a-crown. It follows that the cost of new cottages is, for about two-thirds of it, an investment; for the other third, a gift. It is sometimes contended that cottages are to be regarded as part of the apparatus of agriculture, and that part of the rent of the farm on which their inmates work should be treated as interest on the outlay incurred in building them.

This consideration, however, can only apply to a small proportion of the dwellings required for the rural population. The bare requirements of agriculture, even in the corn districts, will be met by a dozen cottages to the square mile, and in the pastoral districts a much smaller number will suffice. We are therefore driven to this dilemma: that the dwellings of the poorest class in the country, as they fall into decay, will either not be replaced at all, or must be replaced by an expenditure partially gratuitous. There is no practicable remedy for this state of things until wages rise to a higher point; for the cost of building is not likely to fall. But it must tend to restrict the supply of cottages, in some degree to reduce the rural population, and will constitute a temptation to the admission of lodgers among those who remain. The evil, however, is not a very serious one, and must diminish rather than increase. The admission of lodgers will cease with the progressive culture of the class. The labourers themselves will resist it, as their ideas of comfort rise, and they are better instructed in sanitary facts. As for the diminution of population, it is just now the fashion to treat it as a great calamity; but it seems to be the natural remedy for evils arising out of the low standard of wages. Those who take Goldsmith's view of the subject should remember that "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," lived in hovels of mud and thatch which they had probably erected for themselves. The modern and very salutary ideas which have decided that they must live in better, and therefore dearer, houses, involve a diminution of their numbers, unless the very improbable contingency should occur of a sensible increase in the profit of cultivating the land.

The housing of the poor in our great towns, especially in London, is a much more difficult and much more urgent question, for the increase of prosperity tends rather to aggravate the existing evil than to lighten it. It is, in fact, directly caused by our prosperity. In the case both of the rural and the urban population, the difficulty arises from the dearness of lodging. But the dearness arises in the country simply from the cost of building; while in the town it is due to the cost of building and the cost of land combined. As competition becomes closer, the sufferings of the poor from bad housing become very severe. Thousands of families have only a single room to dwell in, where they sleep and eat, multiply, and die. For this miserable lodging they pay a price ranging from two shillings to five shillings a week—a larger rent, on the whole, than the agricultural labourer pays for a cottage and garden in the country. It is difficult to exaggerate the misery which such conditions of life must cause, or the impulse which they must give to vice. The depression of body and mind which they create is an

almost insuperable obstacle to the action of any elevating or refining agencies. A tale told the other day by the Chairman of the London School Board illustrates the terrible character of this struggle for house-room. Three schools were taken, and the condition of the children was ascertained. They came from 1,129 families. Of these, 871 families had only one room to live in. In the majority of these cases the families living in one room contained five or more persons—in some cases as many as nine. Philanthropists have long desired to find a remedy for these evils; they have stimulated the exertions and the generosity of many energetic and generous men, among whom the late Mr. Peabody stands conspicuous for the splendour of his munificence. Parliament, also, has devoted much attention to the subject. High testimony is borne in the evidence given last year before the House of Commons, to the value of the Acts passed by the exertions of Mr. Torrens and of Sir Richard Cross, by which unhealthy blocks can be purchased and cleared away, and replaced by wholesome dwellings. But it appears, from the evidence taken before that Committee, that these efforts, though beneficial in a high degree, have only affected a small proportion of those whose condition most calls for relief. The question remains whether more can be done by Parliament than has been done, and if so, in what direction ought it to move? A more important subject of inquiry could hardly be suggested; for it concerns, directly or indirectly, the well-being of hundreds of thousands, and it touches an evil that is not only grave, but continually growing.

Some persons may be disposed to enquire, at the outset, whether it is right that Parliament should interfere at all. I see a statement in the newspapers that the Liberty and Property Defence League are preparing to denounce any such interference as unsound in principle. I have the greatest respect for the League. They preach a wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times. But, if this account of their views is a true one, I think they have, in this instance, gone further than sound reasoning and the precedents of our legislation will justify. At present, no proposal has been made, as far as I know, to give assistance for this purpose except by way of loan; and surely it cannot be maintained that loans for public objects are against the practice of this country, because their first effect may be to promote the interest of individuals. Without entering upon disputable ground by quoting Ireland and the West Indies, it is sufficient to recall the advances made by various Governments, but especially by that of Sir Robert Peel, for the extension of drainage in this country. A very large sum was advanced to landlords at an interest which secured the State from loss, but lower than their own credit would have

obtained. It was duly repaid, after having done its work. That work was, in the first instance, to increase the rental of the land; in the second, undoubtedly it served the useful purpose of giving employment under the agricultural depression caused by the repeal of the Corn Laws, and of increasing the general production of the country.

In the case before us, also, the loan would be justified by imperious considerations of public policy, even if all thoughts of humanity were cast aside. These over-crowded centres of population are also centres of disease; the successive discoveries of biologists tell us more and more clearly that there is in this matter an indissoluble partnership among all human beings breathing in the same vicinity. If the causes of disease were inanimate, no one would hesitate about employing advances of public money to render them innocuous. Why should the expenditure become illegitimate because these causes happen to be human beings?

But this unhappy population has a special claim on any assistance that Parliament can give. The evil has, in a great measure, been created by Parliament itself. If London had been allowed to go on as it was half a century ago, many benefits of vast importance would have been lost, but the intense competition for house-room would not have existed, and the reformation of "rookeries" would have been a much less arduous task. But "improvements" on a vast scale have been made, and those improvements, in too many cases, have only meant packing the people tighter. New streets, railways, viaducts, law-courts, and other public buildings, made compulsory under the authority of Parliament, have swept away the dwellings of thousands of the poor; and in that proportion have made the competition more intense for those that remain. Many tenements have let for a high price which, if no artificial compression had been used, would have found no tenant. Under these circumstances, it is no violation even of the most scrupulous principles to ask Parliament to give what relief it can. *Laissez faire* is an admirable doctrine; but it must be applied upon both sides.

I do not believe that there would be any serious conflict on the question whether an advance of public money ought to be expended in providing a remedy, if there were any general agreement as to what the remedy should be. The discordance of opinion among authorities of equal weight, in the evidence taken before the Committee which reported last year on the subject, is very remarkable, and certainly suggests the conclusion that a more complete investigation is required. There are two chief schools among the experts who prescribe for this social malady—those who would seek for more room by greater elevation of building, and those who would

seek it by going farther afield. Both have very cogent reasons and a certain amount of experience on their side.

The plan which has received the most systematic trial is that of seeking more accommodation by a greater elevation of building. It seems surprising at first sight, in view of the experience of our neighbours on the continent, that we should have been so late in trying it. One principal reason probably is that for several centuries we have not been compelled to restrict our cities within the fixed boundary of a wall—at least in the southern part of the island. In Edinburgh and in Newcastle, where civil security is of later date, the need of economising space was imperious, and resulted in the same lofty style of building as that which we see in foreign towns. Moreover, the plan of living in flats is far thriftier: and that is quite a sufficient reason to account for its not having been generally adopted in England. The edifices which have been built of late years by various philanthropic bodies and persons for the purpose of housing artisans, and which do house some 60,000 souls, have not been unsatisfactory in their financial results; but they have rather tended to show that, as a matter of business, this kind of accommodation can only be offered to the better class of artisan. The results obtained by the Peabody Trust give the safest indication of the maximum that it is possible to effect by this kind of agency at the present time, both because their operations have been larger and their experience has been more recent. The houses of Sir Sydney Waterlow's company and Mr. Gatliff's company were, many of them, built under cheaper conditions than are now attainable. Within the last twenty-five years, not only has the price of sites risen, but the cost of building is half as much again as it was. Moreover, as by the rule of the trust, the Peabody buildings only earn 3 per cent. upon the capital employed, all question of commercial profit is eliminated in their case.

In the Peabody buildings, the tenement most commonly consists of two rooms, at two shillings each, and the share of a wash-house; but as the average number of persons inhabiting a tenement is between four and five, it is to be presumed that artisans with large families are not often to be met there. There is a small proportion of rooms let singly; and a certain number of larger tenements bring up the average rent of the tenements throughout to 4s. 4d. It is curious that the cost of building is just £75 per room; so that the cost of the ordinary two-roomed tenement, as far as building goes, is £150—just the same as the usual price of erecting a four-roomed cottage in the country. The price of the land is a very different matter. It is not easy to make an exact comparison, because the price of particular blocks, both in town and country, is affected by so many accidental

circumstances. But it may be said generally that, for their more recent purchases, the Peabody Trust have paid 5s. a square foot; and that each room represents about a hundred square feet of site. In addition, therefore, to the £150 which is the cost of building, the two-roomed tenement costs another £50 for land. In this respect the country cottage has a considerable advantage. Assuming that land can be obtained for buildings of this class at £300 an acre within ten miles of London, £50 would pay for a sixth of an acre, which, allowing 100 square yards for the cottage, would leave a handsome residue for a garden.

Is the price for which the Peabody trustees have been able to do their work, a fair test of the cost of providing respectable lodgings for an artisan with a small family, if the work had to be undertaken on a larger scale? Probably, in respect to building, their standard of expense will not be exceeded. They build magnificently, with a view to permanence; and, working with gift-money, and not with ordinary capital, they do not feel that spur to parsimony which is applied by the consciousness of having to meet a room-full of sanguine shareholders twice a year. Sir Sidney Waterlow's company has built at an average of £51 a room; but then, much of his building was done before the great rise in prices. Mr. Gatliff's company, quite recently, built at £61 a room as against the £75 of the Peabody trustees. It may be hoped, therefore, that any public body charged with this duty, would be able to keep within this maximum. It is more doubtful whether land would be obtained at so low a rate in a tolerably central situation. The Peabody Trust have been able to purchase about nine acres of the Board of Works for 5s. a foot, because Parliament compelled the Board to sell for this purpose and this purpose only. But the Board itself, taking the land compulsorily, paid not 5s., but a guinea per square foot, including all expenses. It is estimated that, by this restriction upon the disposal of the land cleared under Sir R. Cross's Act, Parliament has caused the Metropolitan Board of Works the loss of half a million of money; which is, in effect, a contribution by the ratepayers to the erection of artisans' dwellings in central situations.

Another, and a serious, objection may be made to the acceptance of the work of the Peabody trustees as the exclusive standard of future procedure in this matter. In spite of the lowness of the interest they accept, they have not been able to reduce their rent sufficiently to meet the wants of the class for whom help is most sorely needed. The average earnings of the head of the family in each of their tenements is £1 3s. 4d.; and as the average rent is 4s. 4d., it bears a high proportion even to this rate of wages.

The other proposal, which finds many adherents, is to build th

improved lodgings in country districts near London, and to organise a system of cheap trains, by which the workmen could come in daily to their work. This seems an obvious and natural resource. It is adopted freely by all the classes above those who live by manual labour. In Glasgow and other provincial towns, where the distances are not great, the removal of the workmen's dwellings to the suburbs has answered very well. But in London, the actual experiment, so far as it has gone, is disappointing. Neither the Peabody trustees nor Sir S. Waterlow's society have tried the plan, and Mr. Gatliff's society, out of six thousand persons whom it houses, has only tried it with 168, who live at Beckenham, seven miles out of town. These men live in five-roomed cottages, for which they give 7s. or 8s. a week; besides 2s. a week for their season-ticket by the railway. Unless they pay a very imprudent proportion of their means for lodging, they must be men with an income of more than £100 a year; and are therefore not the class with whose difficulties we are dealing.

There is one circumstance in the Beckenham experiment which would certainly be fatal to its success, even if the houses were cheaper, and that is the high price of 2s. charged for the weekly ticket. Except where the railways will consent to reduce this charge to 1s., or 1d. per journey, for journeys below ten miles, there is little chance of their being extensively used for this purpose by the working men. So far as the merely material conditions are concerned, the proposed rate would not involve loss to the companies. Many railways find their profit in carrying coal over the same distance of ten miles for less than 5d. a ton; and five average workmen do not weigh even half a ton: a difference which ought quite to compensate for the difference in the carriages used in these two kinds of traffic. But the railways show no inclination to accept this kind of traffic at this price. One of them, the Great Eastern, undertook the obligation to do so, as a consideration for certain powers it obtained from Parliament many years ago. But the General Manager, Mr. Birt, is by no means satisfied with the result, and complains of the burden this traffic inflicts upon the railway. The number who avail themselves of the right every day are about 7,000; and the principal complaint in respect to them is, that coming from their work they are necessarily dirty; that they spoil the carriages, repel other and more remunerative passengers from the stations; and prevent people whose neighbourhood would be more profitable to the railway from living in the districts where they congregate. At the same time he would be willing to put up with these inconveniences, if the railway were allowed to earn 2s. instead of 1s. a week per head by enduring them. It is probable, therefore, that the other railways would not

accept the 1s. rate unless some other inducement were held out to them. The 7,000 workmen who have in this way solved for themselves the difficulty of finding house-room in London, are said to be of a class earning about 24s. a week. The houses they live in, at Tottenham or Edmonton or Enfield, are houses without a garden, containing six rooms and a kitchen, which are occupied by two families, the kitchen being used jointly; for which accommodation each family pays 3s. 6d. a week. The worst account is given of these houses. They are run up by speculative builders; they are built upon dust heaps; their drainage is not connected with the main sewer; for want of a damp course they are unwholesome from damp; the bricks are put together with mortar which is little more than mud or sand; and the building is of a style so insecure, that an Irishman leaning rashly against the party wall of his new house suddenly found himself an involuntary visitor in his next-door-neighbour's bedroom. In short, they are the production of the "jerry builder," the representative and the creature of fierce competition.

The Peabody buildings, on the other hand, though actually the result of private munificence, may be taken as a favourable specimen of what State interposition would produce. For though called into existence by a splendid gift, the Peabody trustees have not used it as a gift. They have, with sound judgment, preferred to use it as a perpetual advance of capital at a low rate of interest. They stand, therefore, financially very much in the position which would be occupied by a public body, to whom such a duty was assigned. They expect, and receive from their outlay, the interest —three per cent.—at which the State could borrow. At the same time they work under peculiar advantages. The public character of the trustees protects them from any suspicion of jobbery, and enables them to conduct their business unhampered by the wooden routine, and the minute responsibility, which makes the action of public departments costly, and detracts so much from their efficiency.

By the side of these two types of rival agencies there are other societies, which, while furnishing sound buildings and respectable lodgings, have to a great extent succeeded in procuring a return of five per cent. for the money they have employed. But they can hardly be spoken of as competitors. The artisan families who live in the houses of Sir S. Waterlow's Company, are earning—many of them—from 35s. to £2 a week, while the average of their earnings is 28s., and even for houses of this class, built in the nearer suburbs, the Company is beginning to find the competition of speculative builders too severe for it. Mr. Gatliff's Company finds itself pushed hard both by the speculative builders and

by the Peabody trustees, and has resolved to desist from further undertakings for the present. General Scott's Company has only been in existence for a few years, and has derived exceptional advantage from a site sold to it by the Government at a very low price. We may thus take the Peabody Trust and the speculative builders of the suburbs, as representatives of the two agencies which are at present available for the relief of over-crowded London. If we ask what class it is they relieve, it is curious to note the close correspondence of their figures. The average rent of a tenement in a Peabody building is given, in the report published in the Blue book, as 4s. 4¼d. a week. The rent of a tenement (three rooms) at Tottenham or Edmonton is given by Mr. Birt as 3s. 6d., which, together with the weekly price of the railway ticket, makes 4s. 6d. At that time, therefore, the Peabody tenement was just seven farthings cheaper than the tenement at Tottenham. In the same report the Trustees give the average income of their tenants as £1 3s. 4½d. Mr. Birt gives, as the average income of the artisans who travel backwards and forwards by the Great Eastern Railway, £1. 4s. 0d. Private enterprise, therefore, and charitable effort are closely on a level, both in respect to the price of the article they offer, and the class for whose custom they compete. It is fair to say that the public body has the advantage. Their trade is only limited by the supply; the trade of the builder is limited by the demand. The tenements of the Peabody Trust are always full, and many applicants are waiting, while the builders have many houses unoccupied. This very circumstance, however, indicates that private enterprise cannot offer a cheaper article than that which is in the market. If the builders could afford to take a lower rent they would undoubtedly be glad to do so in order to stimulate the slack demand. Nor, on the other hand, is there any ground for believing that the Peabody Trust could work more cheaply, without sacrificing something that is more important than cheapness. Both, probably, are already serving as poor a class as it is possible for them to reach.

But is this the last word of the question? It would be a fairly satisfactory state of things if the mass of our urban population were earning £1 3s. a week. We know little—far too little—of the material condition of the vast masses who are congregated into modern towns. But we may assume with confidence that there are multitudes whose nominal wages fall short of this sum; and if the intervals when work is not to be had are taken into account, the number of those to whom the Peabody buildings would be inaccessible is more formidable still. To be able to pay the average Peabody rent, without spending more than a fifth of

his income upon his lodging, a workman must earn £55 a year: and the proportion of a fifth is a severe tax upon his resources. But the number of labourers and artisans in London who earn this sum are probably far from being a moiety of the whole labouring population. Yet this is the most which the existing agencies can do for them. A Government or a municipality, or any other public body having the command of rates and taxes, would hardly succeed better than the Peabody Trust. They could not borrow under 3 per cent., and they would have to put aside at least ½ per cent. as sinking fund to replace their capital. Building is not becoming cheaper; the later undertakings of the companies appear to have uniformly cost more than the earlier. In the same way, the later purchases of land have been more expensive than the earlier.

This is the real knot of the difficulty: the experiments that have hitherto been tried have contributed only partially to its solution. Something has been done—because a considerable number of the better-paid workmen have been housed; and they have ceased to add to the pressure by competing with the poorest class for the accommodation that exists. But beyond this, nothing has been done for the housing of this poorest class, whose need is the greatest, and who furnish most of the terrible cases of over-crowding of which we read such deplorable descriptions. And the difficulty in their case, as in that of the agricultural labourer, is their poverty. Until their wages rise they cannot pay for the bare cost of decent lodging, such as existing agencies can offer.

It is not easy for anyone to say in what manner effective help is to be brought to them, still less easy for those who only look at the matter from the outside. The difficulty is greatly aggravated by the singular absence of accurate information on the subject. Statistics on this point are absolutely silent. That London is over-crowded we know; and that the ill effects of over-crowding, both on health and character, are very terrible. But we do not know even approximately the number of the sufferers, or where they live, or what they earn. How are we to judge of the measures required to remove this evil, if we have no notion of its extent, or how far it is the offspring of mere poverty? It ought to be within the means of our central or local authorities to throw some light upon the circumstances and conditions of the hardships to which a vast multitude of the inhabitants of London are probably exposed—hardship which is known to be acute, and is believed to be growing. Such information, if it were procurable, would in many ways make the task of mitigating the evil much less arduous. It is probable that so formidable a difficulty is not capable of any single solution. It would be more satisfactory, no doubt, if there were some heroic

plan, by which a sound and effective remedy could at once be applied. But no such plan has as yet been suggested; and, in the absence of it, the best thing to be done is to attack the evil on as many sides as possible. Though they do not actually reach the most necessitous class, the results that have been achieved by the Peabody trustees cannot fail to be beneficial, not only in withdrawing from the competition for house-room the better-paid class of artisans, but also in giving a pattern of working men's lodgings, by which others may be guided. Their good work will continue: might it not be extended? They have already assumed an almost official position in their relation to the Metropolitan Board of Works. If Parliament should see its way to authorise loans of public money, for the purpose of meeting this difficulty, whether on the security of rates or taxes, no fitter body for the expenditure of such additional capital could be found; and, of course, the lower the rate of interest at which the money could be properly advanced, the more extensive would be the benefit conferred. It has been suggested that the expenditure of such advances should be confided to "municipal bodies,"—that is to say, to some governing body of an elective character. The Metropolis already possesses a directly elected body, whose financial management has been watched with much interest—the London School Board. Many virtues have, with justice, been attributed to them; but no one has ventured to describe economy as the salient feature of their administration. A body frequently changed by election is not the best suited for maintaining a vigilant check over the small details of a large expenditure. The officials by whom the expenditure is conducted will generally be permanent; and to their minds, economy is a less urgent necessity than that of spending with credit and effect before the public eye. The advocates of profusion, æsthetic and philanthropic, do not change, and do not relax their pressure. In the face of so many enemies of thrift, the expenditure of public advances could not be safely entrusted to a frequently changing body. The Peabody Trust, though their financial management has been quite successful, have shown no disposition to stint the work they have undertaken; and public assistance could hardly be more usefully bestowed than in enabling them to expand it.

There are also modes by which the efforts of their competitors, the speculative builders in the suburbs, might receive both guidance and assistance. They should be placed, as the Committee have recommended, under sanitary supervision as effective as that which exists in the metropolis. At the same time, access to all the suburbs might be rendered as easy as it is to those which are now served by the Great Eastern Railway. Under an Act of last

Session the Government acquired power to offer the remission of the Passenger Duty to every railway as the consideration for the establishment of an efficient system of workmen's trains; and if, by these means, it could be arranged that there should be on all the railways that have a terminus in London a train-service to the suburbs at suitable hours, with weekly shilling tickets, it is probable that very many thousands would avail themselves of it from various parts of the metropolis; and all these would be so many occupants withdrawn from London lodgings, and from the competition by which their rents are raised. As yet, however, it does not appear that these expedients would help the poorest class, except —and it is an important exception—by making room for them. Where the difficulty arises from the wages being too low to pay the bare cost of providing lodging, it is evident that so long as wages remain at this level it is not possible that through existing agencies, at least, relief can be afforded by any expenditure that assumes to be a remunerative investment. It must, however, be remembered that precisely the same difficulty has occurred in the rural districts, and, to a considerable extent at all events, has been overcome. The owners of property, who are the employers of agricultural labour, have been generally impelled, partly by their own interest, partly by other considerations, to provide suitable lodging for those who cultivate their land. There is no reason why these motives should operate in the business of agriculture alone. The same thing is already done by many mine-owners, and many manufacturers. In London it is stated to have been done by Messrs. Combe, Delafield, and Co., by Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, and by one or two others. Probably the practice would be far more general in London, if the circumstances of the great pressure for house-room which exists were more accurately known. Many employers of labour would find, if not a profit, at all events a convenience which would be indirectly profitable, as well as a satisfaction for their benevolent feelings, in the provision of decent lodging for the poorer class of those whom they employ, at a price within their means. The Government might fitly lead the way. They employ in the Post Office, in the Police, in the Custom House, and at other Government establishments a large number of people whose wages are considerably below the £1 3s., which is the average income of the Peabody tenants; but I do not believe they have made any provision worth speaking of for the housing of these people. It has never been held to be their duty to do so; but in the present exigency it is a task which they may well be called upon in the public interest to fulfil. If the example were set by them, it would probably be followed before long by the large companies, who, by virtue of the great

position which Parliamentary powers have given to them, fill a quasi-public character—dock companies, railway companies, and the like. There can be little doubt that if provision to this extent were made, the stress upon the dwelling market would be greatly relieved, and the residue of the labouring poor would find it much easier to obtain cheap lodging than they do now.

Such measures, at all events, will be palliatives, though an entire cure may be very distant. Perhaps it will ultimately be found in an agency of a totally different character, of which a brief indication, rather than a description, is given in the evidence of Miss Octavia Hill. There is something very striking in the contrast between the statements made by this lady and the rest of the evidence given before the Committee. Most of the operations described are those of large and powerful public bodies with considerable funds at their command, acting through official machinery and on a great scale. Miss Hill and her fellow-workers seem to have had nothing to rely upon except their own exertions and contributions. But with all this difference between their means and apparatus, the benevolent ladies have solved the problem over which the great corporations have failed. They have not been deterred by high-priced land; they have reached the poorest class; and they have made the operation pay. Miss Hill expresses her astonishment at the statement in which many other witnesses agree that the construction of artisans' dwellings cannot be made to pay if the land costs more than 3d. a foot ground rent—equal to 5s. a foot for the fee simple, which is the price at which the recent Peabody purchases have been made. She has had to pay as much as 9d. a foot, and yet has been able to make four per cent. on her expenditure. When the ground-rent has not exceeded 6d., she has been able to make five per cent. She was questioned as to the plan by which this economy is effected; but she could give no other explanation except that it requires the minutest personal supervision of details. The system which she and her associates have followed is to take some court where the buildings are out of repair, and inhabited by a dense and neglected population, and to purchase the leases of the houses as occasion offers. She collects the weekly rents herself, which gives her the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the inmates; and the object she thenceforth pursues is to improve the tenants with the tenements, repairing the rooms, and persuading the inmates to preserve them, and to take, where necessary, two rooms instead of one. In many cases the improvement of the tenement cannot be carried far, on account of the dilapidated state of the structure; and then re-building becomes necessary. But she makes it a principle, as far as

possible, to keep the same inmates, or, if they go, then the same class of inmates in the old quarters; because she is convinced that, for the poorest class, with whom she has chiefly to do, it is of the utmost consequence that they should live near the place where they obtain employment. She reaches "the very lowest class that has any settled habitation." Some of the official witnesses speak of this class as the destructive class, whose habits of wrecking make it impossible to house them decently. But Miss Hill entirely repudiates the idea that any class of people are not "improvable," or that there can ever be "dens of iniquity" which make it necessary that the population should be removed and scattered. "If you move the people," she says, "they carry the seeds of evil away with them; they must be somewhere, and they want improved dwellings that they can inhabit, and where care can be taken of them. . . . . I do not believe this difficulty will ever be met, except by a good deal of volunteer work. Whether the large societies will enlist volunteers, or whether it will be done by private enterprise, I do not know. You can hunt the poor about from place to place, oust them out of one place and drive them to another; but you will never reach the poor except through people who care about them and watch over them."

This is probably the philosophy of the whole matter; though a large body of volunteers of equal devotion and skill to these ladies are not to be had for the asking; and for some time it is likely that no perceptible effect will be produced, except by the action of the public bodies. The subject is very complex, and requires the light of fuller information than has yet been collected. Above all, it seems to require an investigation by authority of the real extent and circumstances of the over-crowding that has to be cured. But there are indications enough, in the information we already have, that in one way or another, by public and by private action, a remedy is possible for very much of this misery and degradation, which casts so terrible a shadow over our prosperity.

SALISBURY.

JOHNSON AND CARLYLE:

COMMON SENSE versus TRANSCENDENTALISM.

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

It may be doubted whether it is the wiser representatives of Liberalism who regard the Conservatives as the "stupid Party." The name is most frequently in the mouths of active and violent partizans who engage so warmly in the fray that they have not leisure to look on the question from both sides. Of such partizans there are two classes. There is a religious-minded section of Liberals who devoutly believe that the human race is advancing towards a goal of Perfection which they themselves clearly descry, and that the particular connection to which they belong is leading the van to this land of promise. Such thinkers are the 'Supralapsarians' of politics; they have received 'assurance,' and when they find a vast body of Conservative thought obstructing the rapidity of their march, it seems to them more charitable to label as sheer unregenerate denseness what would otherwise have to be denounced as wilful vice. More numerous are those whose vanity is pleased with the name of "Liberal," or who find that the mob is more ready to give them credit for wisdom when it hears that they are opposed to the party of "stupidity."

But the really reflective members of the party, who have thought out their principles on some philosophical method, are by no means satisfied with this self-complacent view. Though they are bound by their conclusions to believe the foundations of Conservatism, political and religious, to be radically unsound, they do not profess to see clearly what kind of social structure is to rise in its place. This, it seems to me, is the position of Mr. Leslie Stephen, as illustrated in his moderate, comprehensive, and judicial *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. The mere title of this work is sufficient to indicate the Party which Mr. Stephen supports. Historians profess to be able to exhibit to us a protracted sequence of cause and effect leading in a certain definite direction. Hitherto they have been content to limit their labours to the sphere of action. We know, for instance, as a matter of fact, that the Roman Empire did decline and fall. We believe, too,

that Gibbon shows us, with as near an approach to accuracy as the subject allows, the chain of events that led to the catastrophe. But Mr. Stephen has set himself a more ambitious task. He has undertaken to write the History of English *Thought* in the Eighteenth Century; and by 'thought' he seems to mean an irresistible tendency in the human mind which is, in his opinion, destined eventually to overthrow whatever in the form of beliefs or institutions has been founded on the base of Christian theology.

It may be objected to Mr. Stephen's historical method, that he has sold the bear's skin before he has killed the bear. Is it not premature to give a scientific account of the causes that produced the decline and fall of Christianity, until that faith stands in the same relation to the historian that Paganism did to Gibbon? But in this respect Mr. Stephen is, I think, only acting, in a refined and philosophical spirit, on that familiar principle which is so much favoured by less intellectual Liberals in their dealings with Conservatives, and which is generally known by the homely name of "begging the question." It is assumed throughout his history, in the first place, that the theological spirit is incompatible with the scientific spirit, and that the former has long ceased to exercise any real influence over the minds of men; in the second place, that science can, without the aid of theology, conduct society to that state of happiness on which the hopes of all of us delight to dwell. Many of us, however, are not prepared to make these concessions; and it is proposed in this paper to examine how far they are binding on us in reason, by inquiring what the respective principles of the Liberal and Conservative parties seem to imply, and then by observing the effect of those principles on the characters and opinions of two representative men.

Toryism may, I think, be broadly defined as that temper of mind which feels the wisdom of deference to constituted authority, tradition, and experience, in matters in which pure reason appears to be an inadequate guide. Toryism in politics, in the eighteenth century, was, of course, confined to the party of that name, and more will be said of it presently. But what may be termed Toryism in the Church was far more extended, and was avowed by many who, in the sphere of politics, called themselves Whigs. No one has realised this fact more clearly than Mr. Stephen; no one has written about it more forcibly, more fairly, and, indeed, in one sense, more sympathetically. Here, for instance, is a passage on the subject equally admirable for its frankness and its vigour.

> The deists are almost uniformly mentioned with a mixture of contempt and dislike. Addison dislikes them as much as he can dislike anyone. Swift dislikes them also, as much as he can dislike anyone; and the phrase in his case represents, perhaps, the greatest intensity of aversion of which the human soul is capable. With the whole body of essayists, from Steele downwards, a deist is a futile coxcomb, to be ridiculed

like the *virtuoso* and the fine gentleman. The novelists are equally clear. De Foe makes Robinson Crusoe preach sermons fit for a dissenting pulpit. Richardson has so great a contempt for infidels that he will not contemplate the possibility that even a Lovelace should disbelieve in a future state of rewards and punishments. Fielding, laughing over his beer and pipe at Richardson's namby-pamby sentiment, still has as hearty a contempt for a deist as for a Methodist. . . . When Burke endeavours to blast the deists with his fiery rhetoric, at the end of the century, it is only that the wrath which had been smouldering whilst the Deism was comparatively masked, bursts into flame as soon as the concealment vanishes. The common sense of the country was entirely on the side of Revelation as against Deism, and the ablest writers were but the mouth-piece of the common sense.*

So much for the intellectual Toryism of the eighteenth century. The faith of nineteenth-century Liberalism,† on the other hand, is lucidly expressed by Mr. Stephen in the following passage:—

At some future day, if the aspirations of philosophers are justified, there will be a science of sociology. We shall unravel the laws of growth of the social organism, and determine the conditions of its health or disease. Then, and not till then, will it be possible to present political science as a coherent body of doctrines, deduced from certain axioms of universal validity, but leading to different conclusions according to the varying conditions of human society." ‡

This, then, it seems, will be a satisfactory state of things; and yet, to the imagination of Mr. Stephen, *surgit amari aliquid.*

"We can *conceive*," says he, in another place, "of a state in which all growth should be consistent with equilibrium, and involve no destruction. But no near approximation has hitherto been made to such a condition; fatal errors have always lurked in philosophy, and the seeds of disorder been germinating in the most stable social order. . . . *It is to be feared that equilibrium generally implies not harmony but stagnation.*" §

Here Mr. Stephen lays his finger on the weak, the fatally weak, spot in the Liberal theory. Nevertheless, assuming, as he does, that "theology" is no longer "a vital belief in the world," he is content to look forward to the day when the aspirations of philosophers *will* be justified, and he qualifies, accordingly, his judgments on the greatest champions of the Tory principle. Let us see, for instance, what he makes of Johnson:—

He was as good a moralist as a man can be who regards the ultimate foundations of morality as placed beyond the reach of speculation, 'We know we are free, and there's an end on't,' is his answer to the great metaphysical difficulty. He 'refutes' Berkeley by kicking a stone. He thinks that Hume is a mere trifler, who has taken to 'milking the bull' by way of variety. He laughs effectually at Soame Jenyns's explanation of the origin of evil; but leaves the question as practically insoluble without troubling himself as to why it is insoluble, or what consequences may follow from its insolubility. . . . *Indifference to speculation generates a hearty contempt for all theories.* He has too firm a grasp of facts to care for the dreams of fanciful Utopians; his emotions are too massive and rigid to be easily excited by enthusiasts. He ridicules the prevailing cry against corruption. The world is bad enough in all conscience, but it will do no good to exaggerate or to whine. He has no sympathy

* *History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 369.

† By this is meant, of course, the faith of those Liberals who are bold enough to push their principles to their extreme logical consequences.

‡ *History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 130.

§ *Ibid*, vol. ii. p. 331.

with believers in the speedy advent of a millennium. The evils under which creation groans have their causes in a region far beyond the powers of constitution-mongers and political agitators.

> How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

These words sum up his political theory. Subordination is the first necessity of man, whether in politics or religion. To what particular form of creed or constitution men are to submit is a matter of secondary importance. No mere shifting of the superficial arrangements of society will seriously affect the condition of mankind. Starvation, poverty, and disease are evils beyond the reach of a Wilkes or a Rousseau. Stick to the facts and laugh at fine phrases. Clear your mind of cant. Work and don't whine. Hold fast by established order, and resist anarchy as you would the devil. . . . The stubborn adherence of Johnson, and such men as Johnson, to solid fact, *and to their unreasonable contempt for philosophy*, goes far to explain how it came to pass that England avoided the catastrophe of a revolution.*

I think all admirers of Johnson will admit that this is, up to a certain point, a very fair—nay, a generous and even sympathetic estimate of his merits; and yet it fails radically to describe his intellectual position. Johnson was not "indifferent to speculation"; he had not an "unreasonable contempt for philosophy." Dialectic and argument were the intellectual food on which he lived, and many passages in Boswell's *Life* show the surprise which he excited in company by the precision and lucidity with which he discoursed without preparation on subjects that he could only have mastered by habits of hard thinking. He felt, however, an indifference—indeed, a dislike—for reasoning which had no bearing on conduct. His "refutation" of Berkeley was, of course, only humorous; but the hair-splitting of the disputants about free-will and necessity vexed him by its futility. Such speculation, he allowed, might beguile the misery of lost angels.

> Others apart sat on a hill retired
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Fate, and Will,
> Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

But he himself, an actor in human life, knowing that every man has, in practice, a capacity of choice, held that practically it does not signify two straws whether or not we are free in a metaphysical sense.

When, therefore, Mr. Stephen argues that Johnson was "as good a moralist as a man can be who regards the ultimate foundations of morality as placed beyond the reach of speculation," he fails to do justice to the real meaning of that intellectual scepticism which is the groundwork of the Conservative principle. Johnson did not submit himself to the religious sanction of morality because he had not troubled himself to think on the matter, but because, having thought on it persistently, he had come to the

* *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 375.

conclusion that it was in vain to hope to reach the "ultimate foundations" by the light of reason. In this he was but reiterating the conclusions of one of the wittiest of heathen authors. After Lucian, in his own inimitable manner, has made the sceptic in his dialogue convince the earnest enquirer, Hermotimus, of the vain pretensions of the philosophical sects, he offers him some sarcastic consolation:

> Why should you cry, my friend? There is true wisdom, I think, in Æsop's old fable, in which he describes a man sitting on the shore close to the sea, counting the waves, and angry and vexed when he failed, till at last the fox came and stood by him, and said: "Why trouble yourself, my good sir, about those that are gone, when you might leave them and begin to count those that are to come?" In the same way, you, since you have made up your mind to it, will do better for the future by determining to lead a common-sense life; you will mix with the world, avoiding all eccentric and extravagant hopes, and if you are wise you won't be ashamed, old as you are, of making your recantation, and coming back to the better way.*

If this reasoning was effective in the second century, much more should it be so in the nineteenth. Men by their nature are impelled to action, and they require a moral guide for their feet. To wait, with our short lives, till reason has discovered the absolute moral law, would involve us in the dilemma of abstaining from action (which is an impossibility), or of acting without any rule of conduct. Reason bids us, then, seeing as we do "through a glass darkly," to follow the immediate dictates of common sense, conscience, and revelation.

Johnson was, in fact, in one sense a pessimist. He was deeply impressed with the enduring nature of evil; all attempts to reconcile its existence with the moral attributes of God, seemed to him shallow and ridiculous. He recognised, too, its ineradicable existence in human nature. If St. Paul was only giving expression to man's universal experience when he cried, "When I would do good evil is present with me," how inadequate for moral purposes seem all the investigations of the Garden, the Porch, and the Academy! The hesitation between virtuous and vicious conduct which is seen to be common to mankind has its roots in the nature of things.

> "To a man," says Johnson, speaking of such wavering between good and evil, "not versed in the living world, but accustomed to judge only by speculative reason, it is scarcely credible that anyone should be in this state of indifference, or stand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the first call to either side. It seems certain that either a man must believe that virtue will make him happy, and resolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore cast off all care but for his present interest. It seems impossible that conviction should be on one side, and practice on the other, and that he who has seen the right way should voluntarily shut his eyes that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all these absurdities are every hour to be found; the wisest and best men deviate from known and acknowledged duties by inadvertency or

* Lucian. "Hermotimus."

surprise, and most are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their passions are without excitements, and their opinions free from the counteraction of any other motive."*

If this be a just description of human nature, Johnson had surely some warrant in regarding "the ultimate foundations of morality as placed beyond the reach of speculation."

Again, Mr. Stephen is, I think, inaccurate in his analysis of Johnson's political Toryism.

"He was," we are told, "an embodiment of sturdy prejudice, or, in other words, of staunch beliefs which had survived their logical justification. The depth and massiveness of his character redeem his opinions from contempt. . . . 'In sovereignty,' he says, 'there are no gradations.' There must, in every society, be some power or other from which there is no appeal, which admits no restriction, which pervades the whole mass of the community, regulates and adjusts all subordination, enacts laws or repeals them, creates or annuls judicatures, extends or contracts privileges, exempts itself from question or control, and bounded only by physical necessity.' That is Johnson's whole political theory. Subordination, as he constantly asserts, is an essential condition of human happiness. The appeal to the rights of man was a piece of sickly sentimentalism. Rousseau ought to be transported. All Whiggism is detestable, because it implies the negation of all principles. The first Whig was the devil."†

It is always easy to make opinions seem ridiculous by separating them from their context. The sayings of Johnson, quoted in the three last sentences of the above extract were epigrams or paradoxes struck out in the heat of conversation, and must not be judged in too matter-of-fact a temper. The passage selected as representing "Johnson's whole political theory," is, in reality, only a declaration —issued as a counter-blast to the American declaration of the rights of man—of the rights of constituted authority, which he regarded as the key-stone of society. His political opinions were far from being mere obsolete and inherited prejudices. Whether right or wrong, they were the product of his philosophical pessimism, and of the scepticism which naturally flowed from it. Man—such was his chain of reasoning—is made to live in society; society cannot be held together without authority, nor can it be made more perfect than the imperfect nature of the individuals who compose it; the man, therefore, who seeks to over-turn authority in the hope of bettering society, however he may call himself a philosopher, is a knave or a fool. Here, again, we have a principle which is, in effect, the foundation-stone of Toryism, and which comes to this, that in all purely human affairs, religion, experience, and common-sense are to be trusted in preference to the conclusions, be they ever so scientific in appearance, of abstract speculation.

To refute this principle of Toryism it is, I think, incumbent on the philosophical Liberal to prove, either that the power of evil has

* *Rambler*, No. 70.

† *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* Vol ii. p. 207.

sensibly diminished, or that man himself is constantly acquiring such added powers of resisting it, as will enable him to dispense with supernatural aid. If he declines to grapple with the problem presented to him in this form, he only betrays his own intellectual incapacity by treating Toryism *de haut en bas*; for even supposing that some day "we shall unravel the laws of growth of the social organism, and determine the conditions of its health or disease," that will not help us unless we also discover how to act in obedience to the law. The moral difficulty has always lain, as Ovid told us long ago, less in the reason than the will: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." The Christian religion provides a remedy for this spiritual impotence, which multitudes in all ages since it was first proclaimed have found effectual; if this be founded on a delusion, what moral force has yet discovered itself to the "science of sociology," that can drive men with strong compulsion into paths which they acknowledge to be right, even while they shrink from pursuing them?

I believe that there are but two formal schools of modern thought, which, avowedly discarding theology, have influenced the actions of considerable numbers of men, the Utilitarians and the Positivists; and I cannot think that either of these will help society far towards the goal which Mr. Stephen indicates. The Utilitarians seem to fall as far below the aspirations of human nature, as the Positivists soar above its capacities. The former practically ignore the spiritual part of man, they make no provision for the instincts of honour and imagination, or for the promptings of devotion and self-sacrifice. Much more generous and elevated, no doubt, are the motives of virtuous action urged by the disciples of Comte; but they have borrowed them one and all from the doctrines of Christianity, and have even recommended them to the imagination by a ritual and ceremonial copied immediately from the Roman Catholic Church. To insist as strongly as the Christian Church on the duty of self-sacrifice, and yet to deny the validity of such principles as the fear and love of God and the expectation of immortality, which render the conception of such a duty intelligible to human nature, seems like mockery in those who start with the assumption that the age of theology is dead.

Perhaps the most practical proof of the impotence of these modern Stoics and Epicureans is the aversion they inspired in the most famous English philosopher of our times, who had himself abandoned the doctrines of traditional Christianity. To Carlyle the name of Bentham was as hateful as that of Rousseau was to Johnson. And, indeed, the attitude of Carlyle towards the prophets of Liberalism is the more suggestive for our present purpose, because in many points his position presents a striking superficial resem-

blance to that of Johnson. Each was recognised by his contemporaries as the representative moralist of his age. Both were pessimists, though in very different senses of the word; both insisted on the necessity of authority and subordination; both expressed themselves in characteristic styles that have left their mark on our language. They resembled each other, too, in their common disregard of social forms and conventions. If Johnson was haunted by a morbid melancholy, Carlyle was a prey to chronic dyspepsia. But the similarity after all does not extend beyond the surface. Johnson's pessimism proceeded from his views of the corruption of human nature; Carlyle's from his discontent with the state of society. Johnson was ready to submit himself to constituted authority, Carlyle only to the absolute rule of "heroes"; the former was a Tory and a legitimist—the latter called himself a "speculative Radical"; the one accepted the doctrines of Arminian theology in which he had been bred—the other, rejecting the purely religious side of his Calvinistic training, remained to the last under the influence of its necessarian philosophy; the one loved every form of conversation and society, the other withdrew himself from active life in proud and gloomy isolation.

What makes the contrast between the two still more interesting and instructive is that Carlyle was always strongly attracted towards Johnson's character, and was inclined to impute the wrongheadedness (for so he considered it) of his pessimism to the evil influences of his age. Here is his view of the eighteenth century:—

"The Eighteenth," says he, "was a *Sceptical* century; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of Miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt; all sorts of *in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. Perhaps in few centuries that one could specify since the world began, was a life of Heroism more difficult for a man. That was not an Age of Faith—an Age of Heroes! The very possibility of Heroism had been, as it were, formally abnegated in the minds of all. Heroism was gone forever; Triviality, Formalism, and Commonplace were come forever. The 'age of miracles' had been, or perhaps had not been, but it was not any longer. An effete world; wherein Wonder, Greatness, Godhood could not now dwell—in one word, a godless world."*

I have already said something about what I conceive to be the real meaning of Johnson's scepticism; but its significance will become more apparent if we recall the two fictions in which Johnson and Carlyle embodied their respective beliefs. *Rasselas* has, perhaps, in our time but few readers, and yet there is a strange and enduring interest in the story of the prince who escaped from the tedium of the Happy Valley to seek for happiness in active

* *Hero Worship*, Lecture v., 'The Hero as Man of Letters: Johnson, Rousseau, Burns.'

life, and who, after vainly endeavouring to decide which of all the conditions of humanity was attended with the fewest drawbacks, voluntarily returned to his existence of inaction in Abyssinia. In this tale—which ends, to use Johnson's characteristic phrase, with "a conclusion in which nothing is concluded"—the moral seems to be that, involved as our life is in evil and contradiction, we ought to do the work that is brought to our hand without attempting to pry into the mysterious decrees of the Almighty.

This was not enough for Carlyle. *Sartor Resartus* contains no view of human nature as a whole. It is the history of the development of an individual soul which eventually triumphs over the evil sceptical influences that Carlyle asserts to have eaten into the life of the eighteenth century. Teufelsdröck, the hero, dissatisfied with all traditional beliefs, sets out in life determined to discover Truth for himself, and is depicted as passing through the manifold stormy phases of Romance, Friendship, Love, Sorrow, Doubt, and Despair, till he arrives at what is called The Centre of Indifference. All these tossings to and fro of a mind driven from the moorings of tradition are described with great power, humour, and pathos; and it is undoubtedly this part of the volume which has arrested the imagination of many in our own times who have passed through similar experiences. But, for our present purpose, the really important part of the book is the chapter called "The Everlasting Yea," in which Carlyle flatters himself that he has brought his hero safely into port. Listen to his statement of the problem:—

> The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. "A vain interminable controversy," writes he, "touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some *Solution* of it is indispensable.*

Very well; the problem is here very fairly stated; Johnson was content to "suppress the controversy." What "solution" of it has Carlyle to offer?

> Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.†

Surely, no! Why should Unhappiness necessarily proceed from Greatness? From a sense of *fallen* Greatness it may, and hence the profound observation of Pascal: "La grandeur de l'homme est si visible qu'elle se tire même de sa misère. Car ce qui est nature aux animaux, nous l'appelons misère en l'homme, par où nous reconnaissons que sa nature étant aujourd'hui pareille à celle

* *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. chap. 9.
† *Ibid*

des animaux, il est déchu d'une meilleure nature qui lui était propre autrefois."*

As to Happiness:

"The whim we have of Happiness," says Carlyle, "is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaints; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery."†

What human being ever yet really thought of happiness in this conscious way? We desire Happiness because our nature obliges us. We are never completely happy because, when we have attained the object of desire, our spiritual horizon has shifted; yet in hope we still conceive of perfect happiness, though our thoughts of it can find rest only in the ideas of God and Immortality. "For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" Carlyle's assumption that the craving is purely material, though necessary for the support of his own theory, is contradicted by all human experience.

Having, however, once decided that the desire for Happiness is of the earth earthy, it is, of course, easy for him to conclude that it can be trampled under foot by what is spiritual in man, and we are accordingly mocked by a number of precepts as flattering to human pride, and as inaccessible to human power, as any of the maxims of Zeno or Epictetus.

Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

Es leuchtet mir ein, I see a glimpse of it! there is in man a *Higher* than love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness!‡

What is really remarkable about these utterances is the evidently unfaltering belief of the writer that he is revealing to the world a long hidden truth. And yet the doctrine of Renunciation had been learned by Carlyle at his mother's knees, though in her simple teaching it was made intelligible by the promises that accompanied it: "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, *and shall inherit everlasting life*." And as to the distinction between Happiness and Blessedness, we have only to turn to the Sermon on the Mount to see how the nature of Beatitude was impressed on men by Him "who knew what was in Man."

* *Pensées*, chapter ii., 8

† *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. chap. 9.

‡ *Ibid.*

Or, again:

"Small is it," says Teufelsdröck, "that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a greater than Zeno was needed, and He too was sent. Knowest thou that "Worship of Sorrow"? *

But why dwell on this as a new discovery, when for nineteen centuries the truth has been expressed, however little apprehended, in the mystery of the Incarnation and the Atonement? Surely it is a singular proof of mental hallucination to suppose that a doctrine which has brought comfort or resignation to the poor, the weak, the suffering, and the persecuted in all ages, when believed in as the word of a living God, should strike the world with the force of a new revelation when presented to it stripped of its Divine sanction, and disguised under the form of Mystical Philosophy. The same allegorising device is repeated in several passages where Teufelsdröck applies the names of moods or incidents universally familiar in their religious application—such as Baptism, Conversion, Temptation in the Wilderness—to the purely intellectual struggles of his own mind. All this, if it proves anything, seems to prove that, so far from theology having ceased to exercise a vital influence in the world, those who hope to reach by reason the "ultimate foundations" of morality, are obliged instinctively to fall back for support on religion.

But, after all, the really important question is, What influence can this Transcendental Belief exercise upon men's actions? Carlyle admits this. "Conviction," says he, "were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct"; and he insists as vigorously as Johnson himself on the imperative necessity of action. It would be, perhaps, uncharitable to apply rigidly Carlyle's standard of morality to his private life. Enough if those who read his *Reminiscences* recall the warning of Imlac the poet to Rasselas, when the Prince, after listening to the teaching of a philosopher, imagined that he had found an infallible guide of conduct: "Be not too hasty to trust or to admire the teachers of morality: they discourse like angels, but they live like men."† Considering, however, the extraordinary moral heights which Carlyle, in conception at all events, imagined himself to have reached, and the scorn with which he looked down on the "sceptical" attitude of poor Johnson and his eighteenth century, it is as just as it is instructive to contrast the social, benevolent, and humane disposition of the common-sense pessimist, with the querulous and cynical isolation of his Transcendental critic.

* *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. chap. 9.

† *Rasselas*, chap. xviii.

But it is, perhaps, more legitimate to observe the effect of Carlyle's theory of morality upon his social and political opinions? One would have naturally supposed that having attained to a state of monastic Perfection, he would have let the world and all its works go by; and, indeed, it is evident from his *Reminiscences* that this was the mode in which he delighted to conceive of his own existence:—

"This year," he says, "I found that I had conquered all my scepticism, agonising doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul, vile, and soul-murdering Mud-Gods of my epoch; had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be heaven! I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, Ritualisms, metaphysical controversies, and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest silent pity and contempt for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous, secular, and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel Protection Societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being! What my pious joy and gratitude then was, let the pious soul figure. In a fine and veritable sense, I, poor, obscure, without outlook, almost without worldly hope, had become independent of the world. What was death itself, from the world, to what I had come through? I understood well what the old Christian people meant by '*conversion*,' by God's infinite mercy to them. I had, in effect, gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though far oftener *eclipsed*, and lying deeper *down* than these."*

It would be difficult even in Rousseau's *Confessions* to find a more vivid illustration of our natural proneness to self-deception than this passage. That a man should complacently record a mental state, which he evidently considers one of serene philosophical superiority, in language which clearly discloses to his readers a mind agitated by envy, spleen, and disappointment, is surely a very remarkable illustration of Johnson's view of human nature as set forth in the passage of the *Rambler* which I have previously quoted.

In the sphere of politics his Transcendental moralising naturally led him still further astray. His view of man and society being purely intellectual, he seems to have believed that evil proceeded rather from neglect of truth than from the perversion of the will. His philosophy taught him that the indwelling Spirit of the Universe was constantly embodying itself in ever-varying outward forms, and that men clung with superstitious veneration to these forms long after the animating life and energy had left them for other channels. Hence men in old societies were, he thought, always under the temptation to lead false and conventional lives, from which they could only be delivered by

* *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 287

being brought to a knowledge of the truth. Society appeared to him rotten, and he was quite willing that it should be destroyed :—

Thus is Teufelsdröck content that old sick society should be deliberately burnt (alas with quite other fuel than spice-wood), in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heaven-born young one will rise out of her ashes.*

What sort of a Phœnix? we naturally ask. Liberals have their answer, no doubt, in the shape of the various systems which Materialists, Utilitarians, Positivists, and other sects have evolved from their imaginations; but these the Transcendentalist treats with a contempt far more ruthless than he exhibits for the beliefs of Toryism. Yet, if a humble Tory enquirer had knocked at the door of the Chelsea philosopher, to ask him for practical guidance, he would have taken little for his pains. He would probably have been told, in the first place, to go about his wretched business and look for Truth. If he meekly replied that this was precisely what he wished to find, but that it seemed to him a difficult matter, he would perhaps have been called "a grovelling sceptic"; after which "the master" might have vouchsafed the intimation that his only chance was to get himself to worship heroes. And, supposing that he had still the hardihood to ask by what mark he was to know a hero, the door would have been slammed in his face, with the reply that a hero is one who has discovered and has acted on the truth! Such is the circle in which Carlyle's reasoning perpetually revolves; so that, when divested of their graphic wildness of expression, his sermons are singularly devoid of substance. Philanthropy is little better than cant. Avoid stump-oratory and cultivate silence. Constitutional Government is a rotten system of Red Tape, which can only be reformed by getting Able Men in Downing Street. Parliament has become an unreality: its functions have been absorbed by the Press. Hudson's statue is a comment on modern Christianity.

O God, giver of light, hater of Darkness, of Hypocrisy, and of Cowardice, how long, how long! For two whole centuries now it lasts. The men whom God has made, whole nations and generations of them, are steeped in Hypocrisy from their birth upwards; taught that external varnish is the chief duty of man; that the vice which is the deepest in Gehenna is the virtue highest in Heaven.†

On this string the author of *Latter Day Pamphlets* is perpetually harping, and while Tories will not be slow to recognise the force of much of his satire and invective against the theories of Liberalism, Liberals must perforce admit that, as an effort of constructive social philosophy, his work contributes remarkably little to the "solution" of the "interminable controversy." What is the reason? It is simple enough. Like all

* *Sartor Resartus*, book iii. chap. v.

† *Latter Day Pamphlets*, No. vii., "Hudson's Statue."

Liberal philosophers since the days of Rousseau, Carlyle left man's nature out of his calculations. He regarded evil as a power external to man, and existing solely in circumstances; and he concluded that, if men could only get to *see* the facts and verities of nature, the divine capacity that was in them would enable them to overcome the evil outside them. Hence all his invectives are directed against his age, against the institutions, the customs, and the beliefs of society, not against the vices of individuals. His pride—as is so commonly the case with philosophers—forbade him to admit that evil is mixed in the nature of man as well as in the nature of things, and that self-deception and self-love are constantly conspiring in the heart of every man to blind him to the plainest warnings of duty and common sense.

Johnson, on the contrary, clearly recognised the fact. This was the main reason of his pessimism:

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

If this be true, no kind of Reform will be of much avail which does not take for its starting-point the reform of ourselves. Rightly understood, it seems to me that this principle is the foundation, not only of Toryism, but of Liberty itself.

For it would be quite erroneous to suppose that Johnson's moral code leads either to submission to tyranny or to Oriental fatalism. No man valued liberty more highly, or was more persistent in urging the active performance of duty. So far from being indifferent to public morality, he thought that, if each man would strive to amend his own nature, the sum of evil in the world might be largely diminished.

"Government," says he in his pamphlet on the Falkland Islands, "will not, perhaps, soon arrive at such purity and excellence, but that some connivance, at least, will be indulged to the triumphant robber and successful cheat. He that brings wealth home is seldom interrogated by what means it was obtained. This, however, is one of the modes of corruption with which mankind ought always to struggle, and which they may in time hope to overcome. There is reason to expect that, as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer."

Let the reader compare this sober and manly hopefulness with Carlyle's wild rhapsodies about "old sick society," and "whole nations and generations of men stupid in hypocrisy from their birth upwards," and he will have a fair notion of the difference between the Radical and the Conservative forecasts of human progress. For what sort of a society is it that the "Speculative Radicals" are content to see burned? Let Burke, the best representative of Conservatism, describe it for us:—

So tenacious are we of our old ecclesiastical modes and fashions of institution, that very little alteration has been made in them since the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries; adhering in this particular, as in all else, to our old settled maxim, never entirely

nor at once to depart from antiquity. We found these institutions, on the whole, favourable to morality and discipline, and we thought they were susceptible of amendment without altering the ground. We thought they were capable of receiving and meliorating, and, above all, of preserving, the accessories of science and literature as the order of Providence should successively produce them. And, after all, with this Gothic and Monkish education (for such it is in the groundwork), we may put in our claims to as ample and early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature which have illuminated the modern world, as any other nation in Europe; we think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers.*

This noble historic structure, this mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, this union of Church and State, this harmony of social opposites, may perish of internal decay; its manners may grow debased, its public spirit may be smothered in the vulgar struggle for money-getting; but no one may dare to say that it has not still the choice and capacity of self-development. But destroy the continuity of its life in the hope of regenerating "old sick society" by means of the abolition of the hereditary parts of the Constitution, the disestablishment of the Church, the nationalisation of the land, and what is the prospect of our ever seeing such a fabric again?

The strength of the Conservative cause, then, on its purely empirical side, is, I think, undeniable. But it has another, and, perhaps, even a stronger side. In the first number of this Review I ventured to inquire how far Conservatives might march in company with the principle of Evolution, both in matters artistic and political. As far as the name Evolution is used to imply—as it often is—that the human race is being impelled, whether it will or no, towards an ultimate goal of Perfection, I do not see how anyone who considers human nature in general, or his own nature in particular, can commit himself to such a belief. On the other hand, we are all conscious of an impulse towards good, and the history of politics, art, and literature shows what great, though gradual, advances in this direction have been made in particular societies by faithful attention to the continuity of experience. If this principle be admitted, it will, I think, tell with great force against those who fancy that theology has lost its vital power. One of the most singular characteristics in modern philosophy is the instinct which causes its professors—as in the cases of Comte and Carlyle—to fall back for the motives of morality on Christian doctrine. And yet, with strange inconsistency, they rebel against the prescriptions of the Christian faith. Surely, on the most approved principles of Evolution, their attitude towards Christianity is both unreasonable and unscientific. They themselves would be the first to allow that every other class of our perceptions is the

* *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

product of ancient physical and social forces of which it is impossible for us to discern the origin, and that the greater part of our actions are determined by instinct and authority. Why, then, should they question the sanction of those laws which at the same time they acknowledge themselves bound to obey? Mr. Stephen, speaking of Butler's view of Conscience, says that "his error lay in the assumption that because the instinct which moved him so deeply was unexplained it was therefore supernatural."* But is it more unreasonable to assign a supernatural origin to the law of conscience than to the law of gravity? Is one more explicable than the other? In every Christian society even those who reject the historical evidence of Christianity instinctively bow to the authority of conscience. That conscience has been formed upon a continuous theological tradition of stupendous antiquity; to seek to destroy these foundations in the vain hope of rebuilding morality on what Carlyle calls the "rock basis" of Absolute Truth, is a chimera springing out of the vanity of human nature. "Nous brûlons de désir de trouver un assiette ferme et un dernière base constante, pour y édifier un tour qui s'élève à l'infini, mais tout notre fondement craque, et la terre s'ouvre jusqu'aux abîmes."

William John Courthope.

* *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 53.

SUBSIDISING THE AMEER.

In granting the Ameer Abdurrahman an annual subsidy, the Government of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Ripon has made a remarkable concession to those who have consistently held that there is need for an active policy in Afghanistan; and it will now be impossible for Liberals to declare in the future, as some of their ablest spokesmen on the subject have protested in the past, that all we have to do for the defence of our Eastern Empire is to remain on the wrong side of the Suleiman, and to guard the line of the Indus. It might be amusing, but it could serve no useful purpose, to dwell on the many inconsistencies which the present decision to grant the Ameer a fixed and regular subsidy reveals with past declarations of policy both under the responsibilities of office, and when expressed in the warm and unfettered language of opposition. We shall prefer to keep in view the practical object of showing to what Liberal Statesmen and Ministers have now bound themselves without the least outside pressure, and how far they have, of their own free will, accepted the obligation of assisting towards the maintenance of peace in Afghanistan, and of retaining for the Government of India a predominance of influence in the Cabul Durbar.

Mr. Gladstone, in his reply to Sir Stafford Northcote during the debate on the Affirmation Bill, said, with a certain degree of asperity, that the leader of the opposition "appeared to glance with censure at the payment of a subvention to the Ameer." What Sir Stafford Northcote had really said was, that it was unprecedented to grant so large a sum, or any regular subsidy at all, without a treaty or arrangement imposing some equivalent conditions on the Ameer, and that, consequently, it was a matter for explanation; and Sir Stafford was, of course, perfectly correct. The Premier then went on to say that "this proceeding was not without parallel and example," and that "the names of two Governor-Generals who are remembered in India with honour and gratitude, Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, are likewise associated with the rendering of *pecuniary assistance* to the Ameers of Afghanistan." Pecuniary assistance, yes; *a fixed annual subsidy*, never. And this distinction is of the very first importance, because Mr. Gladstone's own Government, on more than one occasion, forbade

in the most peremptory manner the granting of a regular subsidy when the Viceroy of the time seemed half disposed to sanction some measure of the kind. The Duke of Argyll remonstrated with Lord Mayo in 1869 for what he thought were excessive concessions to Shere Ali, but, on that Viceroy explaining his policy, the Duke expressed his approval in the strongest terms. It was then laid down that the Ameer was to have none of the following things. "No treaty, no *fixed subsidy*, no European troops, officers, or residents, no dynastic pledges." Lord Lawrence himself opposed, at all times, and to the last, the idea of a fixed subsidy. Money gifts, varying in their amount, and fluctuating as to their times of payment, were, he maintained, to be preferred in every respect; and Liberal statesmen adopted his opinion in this, as in every other matter connected with the foreign policy of India. But when Lord Lytton became Viceroy, there was a change in this as in other things. If there was less disposition to remain wedded to old convictions, there was an increased desire to look the facts of the situation in the face, and to provide for its dangers; and so it not unnaturally happened that Lord Lytton desired to attach the Ameer to our side by means of a generous subvention. Lord Lawrence's policy was to make gifts of money; Lord Lytton's, to grant a fixed annual subsidy. In accordance with this change of view, the late Shere Ali was offered, during the negotiations at Peshawur in 1876–7, an annual subsidy of twelve lakhs of rupees. We know that those negotiations proved abortive, and that the attempt to establish a friendly understanding broke down. But the subject was renewed with better success in 1879, and the Ameer Yakoob Khan accepted as one of the terms of the treaty of Gandamak a fixed annual subsidy from the Indian Government, but of only half the amount that had been offered to his father. The policy of subsidising the Ameer with a fixed annual sum is therefore, beyond all doubt, the conception of Lord Lytton. That it forms one of the inseparable conditions of our exercising any influence in the affairs of an independent Afghanistan can hardly be disputed. A Liberal Government has, however, been compelled, reluctantly, no doubt, and after three years' delay, to depart so far from the doctrines of Lord Lawrence, as to adopt a measure which he repeatedly opposed, and one, moreover, which will be permanently associated in history with the name of Lord Lytton. Nor can it be long before it will find itself obliged to accept the remainder of a policy of which it has now borrowed one of the principal features.

A fixed annual subsidy formed no part of "masterly inactivity." It was quite incompatible with it; and for a very simple reason. Lord Lawrence was not the man to object to a trifle, but he saw

very clearly that the conclusion of a close and definite arrangement with the Afghan Government, such as the payment of a regular subsidy must entail, would result in the despatch of English officers into Afghanistan to supervise the expenditure of Indian treasure. A fixed subsidy meant, in his time, and the present Viceroy, or his successor, will find that it still means, our having resident officers in the principal Afghan cities. Lord Lawrence's own declaration to the Afghans still stands to express in the most emphatic manner its signification: "If we give you money and material, we must send officers to see that they are properly applied." And if this supervision was the natural corollary of a subsidy many years ago, it will be found to be a great deal more necessary now that every charge on the revenue of India is scanned with the keenest and most exacting criticism both in that country and at home. Twelve lakhs of rupees are, even for India, not a very large amount; but that sum, paid regularly each year, can be shown to mount up, in the course of a little time, to no inconsiderable total. There will be a demand to know how it is being spent, and no confident declarations as to the continued tranquillity of Afghanistan will be sufficient to satisfy the desire to ascertain whether Abdurrahman is devoting his hundred thousand pounds per annum to something more useful to us, and more profitable to himself, than sweetmeats and wives. Mr. Gladstone repudiates the charge of his course in subsidising the Ameer being either novel or a departure from precedent; and to a certain extent he is right. He has the justification that he is following the policy of Lord Lytton; but, having abandoned the practice of Lord Lawrence, he will soon find himself compelled to accept the second half of the same policy, and to send English officers to Herat, and the other cities of Afghanistan, if not to Cabul itself. He will, no doubt, be able to fortify himself to this further departure from "masterly inactivity" by recalling Lord Northbrook's admission in September 1873 (Afghan Blue Book, 1878, p. 110) that such a course "would for many reasons be desirable."

No one will be disposed to deny that the Indian Government has, on the whole, taken a wise course in bestowing upon the Ameer this large subvention. It may prove the means of averting many dangers and troubles which seemed to threaten the tranquillity of his country; and the tranquillity of Afghanistan, if it does not of itself secure the objects of our policy, at least enables us to see how they are to be attained. The Ameer Abdurrahman has, moreover, earned some personal claim on our consideration, for he has unquestionably succeeded, under difficulties, in restoring the unity of the Afghan kingdom—the best form in which that state can be maintained and governed for our interests, unless our

authority were to be much more vigorously exercised beyond the passes than there is any present likelihood of its being. Abdurrahman, the ally of the sentimental school of politicians, has not attempted the vain task of governing the Afghans on what have been called "rose-water principles." He has ruled as the essentially strong man, ever swift to strike, and slow to spare. But in Afghanistan the strong man is inevitably cruel, and Abdurrahman realises the character to the letter. His public enemies, and his private adversaries, have both felt the weight of his power and the implacability of his animosity. The soldier Mahomed Jan either stood too high in the estimation of his countrymen or held views too much opposed to the Ameer to breathe this upper air; and the dungeons of Cabul could relate a story of refined cruelty, unsurpassed in the records of crime. Ghilzai insurgents, the rebels of the frontier, the members of even his own branch of the Barakzai family, have experienced the severity of his resentment and the depths of his suspicion. He has placed his own person with some degree of security on the throne of the Afghans, and with the exception of his cousin Ishak, he has cleared the realm of all with either the capacity or the inclination to oppose his plans. With Ishak, once his staunchest lieutenant, but now his defiant Governor in Turkestan, he has still to square accounts, and the son and heir of the Ameer Azim may prove no insignificant opponent. But the welcome receipt of a supply of money from India will enable him to bring this question to a speedy issue; and we have no reason to suppose that Ishak has any means of resisting the trained and well-armed soldiers of his cousin. Enemies and rivals thus rise up without much warning, but as yet they have only served to show how well suited Abdurrahman is to his post, and that the Afghans have again obtained a ruler who understands their peculiarities, and who will not hesitate to employ the means that can alone secure their obedience and respect. We may marvel at the admiration of his humanitarian friends at home, yet we cannot deny that in Abdurrahman the unruly Afghans have a tyrant after their own heart.

The necessities of the Ameer are the best argument that can be used in favour of his being subsidised; but, while acquiescing in the policy, we are bound to recognise its cause. There is no question that Lord Ripon was only induced to assist the Ameer because he was well assured that he stood in immediate peril. There was no middle choice for him between witnessing the possible collapse of the settlement of 1881 and coming to the aid of the Afghan ruler with a supply of money sufficient to enable him to pay his army. What Abdurrahman feared was not the

appearance of some fresh competitor to the throne, but the paralysis of his own administration from want of funds; and the sources of information with which the timidity of the Government alone provides us leave us no room to adopt any other view of the situation save his own. It is consequently clear that, notwithstanding the large presents of money and arms granted to the Ameer during the first year of his residence at Cabul, and despite the fact that after an unchecked tide of success during three years he has restored the unity of the Afghan kingdom, he is still surrounded by difficulties and dangers of which we ourselves must remain ignorant. That he himself realises them is, of course, much in his favour, and improves his chances of success; but it does not alter the fact that his authority rests not on the esteem or devotion of his subjects, but on the skill with which he nicely balances their differences and plays off one section against the other. So long as he is able to pay and to keep in good humour the men he has attracted into his regiments, he will be secure against the open attempt of any rival who has yet revealed himself; but the employment of a mercenary force in the provinces is calculated to arouse opposition as well as to repress it. Something of this was seen the other day with the Shinwarris; and, warned by this experience, Abdurrahman will, in all probability, base his policy towards the powerful Durani and other tribes of the west on the safe precept of "letting sleeping dogs lie."

While, therefore, we admit the prudence with which Abdurrahman has hitherto conducted his affairs, and also the serious inconvenience that would attend his overthrow, it would be unwise to assume that his power is better secured than it is. The fact that he has needed more pecuniary ass stance from us in three years than all his predecessors received during the whole period of our political connection with them, is of itself hardly a proof that he is either the strong or the popular ruler that has been too readily imagined. Yet it may fairly be said in his favour that he has succeeded in what seemed to be almost a hopeless task, restoring the unity of Afghanistan, while his military reputation was established by the discomfiture and flight into Persia of the would-be national champion, Ayoob Khan. This is far indeed from constituting a complete triumph for his cause, but it is probable that his chief anxiety is not so much for himself as for the prospects of his dynasty. His success is imperfect so long as he can feel no certainty as to transmitting his authority to his son; and the arrangements of the Indian Government depend not only on the continuance of his success, but of his life. It is only by making due regard for these facts and circumstances that it will be possible to form a just opinion as to the policy of subsidising the Ameer;

and the more carefully they are weighed, the more strongly will the conviction come home to us that a subsidy, without the conditions which experience has shown should accompany it, is a doubtful experiment.

No doubt there is something to be said in its favour if it is only to be regarded as a temporary measure, and as paving the way for a closer connection ; but there is nothing in the record of the present Government to justify the belief that this policy was adopted from any far-seeing motives of statesmanship. If it had been done with this intention there would have been a treaty, impressing upon the Ameer the favourable disposition of the English Government, and exacting from him in turn not concessions, but pledges as to his conduct. There has been nothing of the kind. Abdurrahman is free, practically speaking, to receive what diplomatic agents he may choose, and to entertain as many Russian visitors as he likes. That he does not do so is only because, as he reads the present situation, it seems to him to be unwise. The Government have conferred this annual subsidy upon him as much out of regard for their own reputation as from consideration of his embarrassments. They felt that to refuse him what he asked for in the early part of the present year, would be to imperil the arrangement which had kept things quiet in Afghanistan and given a seeming security to the Indian frontier. They could not deny the accuracy of the Ameer's facts, because they had no sure means of knowing the truth ; they were equally unable to tell him that he had done nothing to justify such lavish largesse on their part, for fear of offending him ; and in their dilemma they could see no alternative save to concede him what he asked, flattering themselves that, even if the matter did not turn out well, the principle of monthly payments would save them from any serious loss. Compelled by the urgent representations of the Ameer to come to a sudden resolution, they forgot that they were introducing a new principle into their policy, and that they were proclaiming, as clearly as they could, that the time had gone by when it was possible to witness with equanimity Afghanistan a prey to internal disorder. The Afghan ruler was to be helped in the way that he asked, not to place his frontier in order against a foreign enemy, but to assert his authority over his own people.

It is as little difficult to understand why the Indian Government complied with his request, as it is to realise for what reason it was made. But the wisdom of granting it without any conditions must remain a point on which opinions will differ, and which a favourable result can alone demonstrate ; for it cannot be contended that the mere possibility of ensuring the stability of Abdurrahman's power is of itself a sufficient return for the granting of so large a sum out of

the Indian revenue, and for the suspension of all measures of vigilance on the further borders of Afghanistan. No one ever supposed in the past that the Afghan ruler could be taken definitely into our pay without requiring from him in return distinct pledges and guarantees. If it was desirable that his authority should be strong and effective, it was absolutely necessary that his sympathies should be firmly enlisted in the British alliance. The old formula ran, that the Ameer should only be strong in proportion as he was friendly. Until the extent to which Russian intrigue in the country had gone in the time of Shere Ali was revealed, it was possible to say that the Ameer's sense of his own interests would always incline him to the side of the wealthier and less grasping Government; but the experience of the last six years should have made it plain that what was true under a former condition of things, has no longer any application to the existing circumstances. If the supervision of English officers and residents was necessary in the days of Dost Mahomed and his son, it is infinitely more needed now that Russia is so much nearer, and that no one affects to deny that the northern frontier of Afghanistan is open to her agents and traders. The Viceroy did not probably realise all the consequences of the important step he was taking when he gave the proposal his sanction during the summer ; but although he intended his action to stop with the granting of this pecuniary assistance, he must discover, before very long, that it will have either to be suspended, or to be enlarged into a general scheme of policy.

Already it is becoming clear that the Ameer's difficulties are far from being over; they may indeed be only entering upon a fresh and fatal phase. Already there is less room than ever to believe that Russia is disposed to play a passive part in the affairs of Central Asia, and of Afghanistan in particular. We shall have to provide, therefore, for the necessities of a near present, as well as for the greater danger of a more remote future; and we may perceive in the military precautions adopted in British Beloochistan, and along the road to Candahar, the sign that a great advance in the opinions of responsible persons on Central Asian matters has taken place within the last two years. Scobeleff's victory at Geok Tepe did more than vanquish the Turcomans; it overthrew the last bulwarks of "masterly inactivity." Yet we cannot doubt that it is only with reluctance that the present Viceroy has adopted some of the vigour which is necessary to the maintenance of empire, and has provided both by diplomacy and by military preparations for the defence of those dependencies of India beyond the Indus which must continue to expand. These half measures are the clearest testimony to the reality of the future peril, if they fail to provide the remedy that would inspire confidence and repel hostility. They cannot stand

by themselves. The Liberals have abandoned their old stronghold, to which the consistency of forty years and the great name of Lawrence lent a fictitious strength, and gave a character of impregnability. They have not merely retained Quetta—the *Trojani causa excidii*, as we used to be told in the days of Shere Ali's sulky defiance—but they have appropriated the valley of Pisheen and the country of the Kakars. They have almost completed the conversion of Beloochistan into a British province, and they are nothing loth to ascertain fresh information as to the feasibility of the many passes * lying between the Khurum and Sukhur. The granting of a fixed annual subsidy to the Ameer takes Lord Ripon and the Home Government one step further from the happy time when to be a statesman consisted in doing nothing, and when the Russian bogey was said to be the possession of a few Anglo-Indians of rather more foresight than their neighbours. If the present course is much further continued, there will be little to choose between the policies of the opposite schools, and that it must be so continued, does not appear to admit of the shadow of a doubt. Lord Ripon has still to discover that a subsidised Ameer may be surrounded with so many difficulties as to leave him disposed to turn to more than one quarter for the assistance he may need: while, even in his own interests, he may require that advice and that power of self-control which the presence of Englishmen can alone supply. Nor need there be any hesitation in saying that subsidising the Ameer is only a phrase for squandering Indian treasure, unless measures are taken to ensure that the money is properly and prudently applied. Lord Ripon has adopted one half of Lord Lytton's policy. He will find it impossible to permanently omit the other.

DEMETRIUS CHARLES BOULGER.

* Witness the scientific expedition to the Takht-i-Suleiman—the loftiest peak (12,000 feet) in the region of the Waziris, and a spot hitherto preserved from the desecrating foot of man by the superstition of the hill-men.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF CHIVALRIC POETRY.

THE history of the chivalric poetry of Italy is the history of the vicissitudes of the Carolingian cycle of epics. It is the history of the ousting from polished poetry of those stories of Charlemagne and his paladins which had themselves supplanted the classic legends in Latin lands, and the Norse traditions in Germanic countries; the history of the triumphs of the Celtic epics, the sudden conquest of the poetry of dominant or distant peoples by the poetic subjects of a comparatively small race, shorn of all political importance, restricted to a trifling territory, and well nigh deprived of their language; and the history, finally, of the exile of the Carolingian tales among the lower ranks of feudal society, and their consequent artistic development in democratic Italy, while the Arthurian stories faded away with the dying feudalism of the north.

The Celts of Britain and Ireland possessed an epic cycle of their own, which came to notice only when they were dispossessed of their last strongholds by Saxons and Normans, and which immediately spread with astounding rapidity all over Europe. The vanquished race became fashionable; themselves, their art and their poetry, began to be sought for as a precious and war-enhanced loot. The heroic tales of the Celts were transcribed in Welsh, and translated into Latin, by order of the Norman and Angevine kings, glad, it would seem to oppose the Old Briton to the Saxon element. The Keltic songs were carried all over France by Breton bards, to whose music and rhymes, with only a general idea of the subjects, the neo-Latin speaking Franks listened with the sort of stolid satisfaction with which English or Germans of a hundred years ago listened to Italians singing Metastasio's verses. But soon the songs and tales were translated; and French poets imitated in their language, northern and southern, the graceful metres of the Celtic lays, and altered and arranged their subjects. So that, in a very short time, France, and through it Germany, were inundated with Celtic stories. This triumph of the vanquished race was not without reason. The Celts, early civilised by Rome and Christianity, had a set of stories and a set of heroes extremely in accordance with mediæval ideas, and requiring but very little alteration. The considerable age of their civilisation had long

obliterated all traces of pagan and tribal feeling in their tales. Their heroes, originally, like those of all other people, divinities intimately connected with natural phenomena, had long lost all cosmic characteristics, long ceased to be gods, and, manipulated by the fancy of a race whose greatness was quite a thing of the past, had become a sort of golden age ideals,—the men of a distant period of glory, which was adorned with every kind of perfection, till it became as unreal as fairy-land. Fairy-land in good sooth was this country of the Keltic tales; and there is a sort of symbolical significance in the fact of its law-giver Merlin, and its emperor Arthur, being both of them not dead, like Sigurd, like Dietrich, like Charlemagne and Roland, but lying in enchanted sleep.

Long inaction and the day-dreaming of idleness had refined and idealised the heroes of this Celtic race—a race of brilliant fancy and almost southern mobility, and softened for a long time by contact with Roman colonists and Christian priests. The heroes of its conception were not the brutal combatants of an active fighting age, like the heroes of the Edda and of the Carolingian cycles, nor had they any particular military work to do, created as they were by a people huddled away into subjection and inactivity. Their sole occupation was to extend abroad that ideal happiness which reigned in the ideal court of Arthur, to go forth on the loose and see what ill-conditioned folk there might yet be who required to be subdued or taught manners in the happy kingdom, which the poor insignificant Celts connected in their imagination with some princelet of theirs who centuries before may have momentarily repelled the pagan Saxons. Hence in the Celtic stories, such as they exist in the versions previous to the conquest by the Norman kings, and previous also to any communications with other peoples, we find the distinct beginning of what was later to be called knight errantry: of heroes, creations of an inactive nation, having no special military duties, going forth to do what good they might at random, unforced by any necessity, and following a mere æsthetico-romantic plan of perfecting themselves by deeds of valour to become more worthy of their God, their King, and their Lady.

Idle poetic fancies of an inert people, the Knights of the Round Table have no mission save that of being poetically perfect. Such was the spirit of Celtic poetry; and, as it happened, this spirit satisfied the imaginative wants of mediæval society just at the moment when political events diffused in other countries the knowledge of the Arthurian legends. The old Teutonic tales of Sigurd, Gudrun, and Dietrich, had long ceased to appeal, in their mutilated and obliterated condition, to a society to whom tribal

feeling and pagan heroism were odious, and whose religion distinctly reproved revenge. These semi-mythological tales had been replaced by another cycle. The purely realistic epic, which had arisen during the struggles between the Christian west against the pagan north-east, and the Mohammedan south, and which, originating in the short battle-songs narrating the exploits of the predecessors and helpmates of Charlemagne, had constituted itself into large narratives which culminate as works of art in the *Song of Roland*. These narratives of mere military exploits, of the battles of a strong feudal aristocracy animated by feudal loyalty and half-religious, half-patriotic fury against invading heathens, had perfectly satisfied the men of the earliest middle ages, of the times when feudalism was being established and the church was being reformed, when the strong military princelets of the north were embarking with their barons to conquer new kingdoms in England and in Italy and Greece; when the whole of feudal Europe hurled itself against Asia in the first crusades. But the condition of things soon altered: the feudal hierarchy was broken up into a number of semi-independent little kingdoms or principalities, struggling, with the assistance of industrial and mercantile classes, to become absolute monarchies; princes who had been mere generals, became stay-at-home diplomatists, studious of taxation and intrigue, surrounded no longer by armed vassals, but by an essentially urban court, in constant communication with the money-making burghers. With the sense of futility and of disappointment attendant on the later crusades, came also a habit of roaming in strange countries, of isolated adventure in search of wealth or information; a love of the distant, the half-understood, the equivocal, perhaps even a hankering after a mysterious compromise between the religion of Europe and the religions of the East, such as appears to have existed among the Templars and other Franks settled in Asia.

There was, throughout feudal society, a sort of enervated languor, a morbid longing for something new, now that the old had ceased to be possible or had proved futile. After the great excitement of the crusades it was impossible to be either sedately idle or quietly active, even as it is with all of us during the days of weariness and restlessness after some long journey. To such a society the strongly realistic Carolingian epic had ceased to appeal: the tales of the Welsh and Breton bards, repeated by trouvère and jongleur, troubadour and minnesinger, came as a revelation. The fatigued, disappointed, morbid, imaginative society of the latter crusades recognised in this fairy-land epic of a long refined, long idle, nay effete race, the realisation of their own ideal:

of activity unhampered by aim or organisation, of sentiment and emotion and action quite useless and unnecessary, purely subservient to imaginative gratification. These Arthurs, Launcelots, Tristrams, Kays, and Gawains, fantastic phantoms, were also far more artistically malleable than the iron Rolands, Olivers, and Renauds of earlier days; that unknown kingdom of Britain could much more easily be made the impossible ideal in longing for which luxurious and lazy minds might refuse all the coarser realities of life. Moreover, those who listened to the tales of chivalry, were different from those who had listened to the Carolingian stories; and, therefore, required something different. They were courtiers, and one half of them were women. Now the Carolingian tales, originally battle songs, sung in camps and castles to mere soldiers, had at first possessed no female characters at all; and when gradually such were introduced, it was in the coarsest barrack or tap-room style. The Celtic tales, on the contrary, whether from national tradition, or greater idleness of life, naturally made women and women's love the goal of a great many adventures which an effete nation could no longer ascribe to patriotic movements.

Thus did the Arthurian tales answer the requirements of the languid, dreamy, courtly, lady-serving and religiously mystic sons and grandsons of those earlier crusaders whose aspirations had been expressed by the rough and solemn heroes of Carolingian tales. The Carolingian tales were thrown aside, or were kept by the noble mediæval poets only on condition of their original meaning being completely defaced by wholesale admixture of the manners and adventures belonging to the Arthurian cycles. The Paladins were forced to disport themselves in the same fairy-land as the Knights of the Round Table; and many mediæval poems whose heroes, like Ogier of Denmark and Huon of Bordeaux, already existed in the Carolingian tales, are in reality, with their romantic loves, their useless adventures, their Morgana's castles and Oberon's horns, offshoots of the Celtic stories, which were as rich in every kind of supernatural being (in fact, pagan myths turned into fairy tales) as the genuine Carolingian subjects, whose origin was entirely historical, were completely devoid of such things. Arthur and his ladies and knights, Guenevere, Elaine, Enid, Yseult, Launcelot, Geraint, Kay, Gawain, Tristram, Percival and Galahad, were the real heroes and heroines of the courtly nobles and the courtly poets of this second phase of mediæval life. The Teutons Charlemagne, Roland and Oliver were as completely forgotten by the poets who met in that memorable combat of the Wartburg, as were the Teutons Sigurd and Dietrich. And if the Carolingian cycle survived, however much altered, it was probably due to

the burghers and artisans of the Netherlands and of Provence, to whom the bluff, matter-of-fact heroism, the simple and gross amours of Carolingian heroes, were more satisfactory than any mystic quest of the Grail, any refined adultery of Guenevere or Yseult.

But the inevitable fate of all mediæval epics awaited this triumphant Arthurian cycle: the fate of being obliterated by passing from one nation and civilisation to another long before the appearance of any poetic art adequate to its treatment. Unreal and ideal as had become the tales of the Round Table, they were still too dependent on reality to satisfy the capricious imagination of the later Middle Ages. About the end of the fourteenth century begins, with the romance attributed to Vasco de Lobeïra, the reign of the Amadises, which is, in fact, the advent of the Kingdom of Nonsense, the sign that the last days of chivalric romance have come; a little more, and the Licentiate Alonzo Perez will take his seat in Don Quixote's library, and Nicholas the barber light his faggots in the yard.

But, as if in compensation of the usurpation of which they had been victims, the Carolingian tales, pushed out of the way by the Arthurian cycle, were not destined to perish. Thrown aside with contempt by the upper classes, who were engrossed with the Round Table and the Holy Grail, the tales of Charlemagne and his paladins, largely adulterated with Arthurian elements, were apparently cherished by a lower class of society, burgesses, artisans and such-like, for whom that Arthurian world was far too etherial and too delicately immoral; and to this circumstance is due the fact that the depreciated Carolingian tales eventually received an artistic embodiment which was not given to the Arthurian stories. While troubadours and minnesingers were busy with the court of Arthur, and grave Latinists like Rusticiano of Pisa wrote of Launcelot and Guenevere, the Carolingian epics appear to have been mainly sung about by illiterate jongleurs, and to have busied the pens of prose hack-writers for the benefit of the townsfolk. The free towns of the Netherlands and of Germany were full of this unfashionable literature: the Carolingian cycle had become democratic. And, inasmuch as it was literature no longer for knights and courtiers, but for artisans and shopkeepers, it went, of course, to the pre-eminently democratic country of the Middle Ages —Italy.

This was at a time when Italian was not yet a recognised language, and when the men and women who talked in Tuscan, Lombard, or Venetian dialects, wrote in Latin and in French; and while Francesca and Paolo read the story of Launcelot most probably in good mediæval *langue d'oil*, as befitted people of high birth, the

jongleurs, who collected crowds so large as to bar the streets and require the interference of the Bolognese magistrates, sang of Roland and Oliver in a sort of *lingua Franca* of French and Lombard. French jongleurs singing in impossible French-Italian; Italian jongleurs singing in impossible French; Paduan penny-a-liners writing Carolingian cyclical novels in French, not of Paris, assuredly, but of Padua—a comical and most hideous jargon of hybrid languages—this was how the Carolingian stories became popular in Italy. Meanwhile, the day came when the romantic Arthurian tales had to retreat in Italy before the invasion of the classic epic. Troy, Rome, and Thebes had replaced Tintagil and Caerleon in the interest of the upper classes long before the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Poggio, in the very midst of the classic revival, still told of the comically engrossed audience which surrounded the vagabonds singing of Orlando and Rinaldo.

The effete Arthurian cycle, superseded in Spain and France by the Amadis romances, was speedily forgotten in Italy; but the Carolingian stories remained; and when Italian poetry arose once more, after the long interregnum between Petrarch and Lorenzo dei Medici, and looked about for subjects, it laid its hand upon them. But when, in the second half of the fifteenth century, those old tales of Charlemagne received, after so many centuries of alterations and ephemeral embodiments, that artistic form which the Middle Ages had been unable to give, the stories themselves, and the way in which they were regarded, were totally different from what they had been in the time of Théroulde, or of the anonymous author of the *Quatre Fils Aymon*; the Renaissance, with its keen artistic sense, made out of the Carolingian tales real works of art, but works of art which were playthings. To begin with, the Carolingian stories had been saturated with Arthurian colour: they had been furnished with all the knight-errantry, all the gallantry, all the enchantments, the fairies, giants, and necromancers of the Celtic legends; and, moreover, they had lost, by infinite repetition, all the political realism and meaning so striking in the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Quatre Fils Aymon*; a confusion and unreality further increased by the fact that the Italians had no original connexion with those tales; that to them real men and places were no better than imaginary ones; and that the minstrels who sang in the market-place, and the laborious prose-writers who compiled such collections as that called the *Reali di Francia*, were equally free in their alterations and adaptations, creating unknown relationships, inventing new adventures, suppressing essential historical points, with no object save amusing their audience or readers with new stories about familiar heroes.

Such was the condition of the stories themselves. The attitude of

the public towards them was, by the middle of the fifteenth century, one of complete incredulity and frivolous amusement; the paladins were as unreal as the heroes of any granny's fairy tale. The people wanted to hear of wonderful battles and adventures, of enchantments and love-makings; but they wanted also to laugh; and, sceptical, practical, democratic, the artisans and shopkeepers of Florence—to whom, paying, as they did, expensive mercenaries who stole poultry and never got wounded on any account, all chivalry or real military honour was the veriest nursery rubbish—to such people as crowded round the *cantastoria* of *mercato vecchio* there must indeed have been much of amusement in these tales of so different an age. And into such crowds there penetrated and listened and watched, even as the magnificent Lorenzo had elbowed among the carnival ragamuffins of Florence, and had slid in among the holiday-making peasants of Poggio a Caiano, a learned man, a poet, an intimate of the Medicis, of Politian, Ficino, and Pico della Mirandola, Messer Luigi Pulci, the same who had written the semi-allegorical, semi-realistic poem about Lorenzo dei Medici's gala tournament. There was a taste in the house of the Medici, together with those for Platonic philosophy, classical erudition, religious hymns, and Hebrew kabbala, for a certain kind of realism, for the language and mode of thinking of the lower classes, as a reaction from Petrarchesque conventionality. As the Magnificent Lorenzo had had the fancy to string together, in more artistic shape, the quaint and graceful love poems, hyperbolical, realistic, tender and abusive, of the Tuscan peasantry; so also Messer Luigi Pulci appears to have been smitten with the notion of trying his hand at a chivalric poem like those to which he and his friends had listened to among the butchers' and pork shops, the fishmongers' and frying-booths of the market, and of giving an impression, in its ideas and language, of the people to whom such strains were sung. But Luigi Pulci was vastly less gifted as a poet than Lorenzo dei Medici; Florentine prentices are less æsthetically pleasing than Tuscan peasants, and the *Morgante Maggiore* is a piece of work of an utterly inferior sort to the *Nencia da Barberino.*

Still the *Morgante Maggiore* remains, and will remain, as a very remarkable production of grotesque art. Just as Lorenzo dei Medici was certainly not without a deliberate purpose of selecting the quaintness and gracefulness of peasant life, even so, and perhaps more, Luigi Pulci must have had a deliberate intention of producing a ludicrous effect; yet in both cases the deliberate attempt is very little perceptible, in the *Nencia da Barberino* from the genius of Lorenzo, in the *Morgante Maggiore* from the stolidity of Pulci. The *Morgante*, of which parts were probably written as a mere sample to amuse a supper party, became interesting to Pulci,

in the mere matter of inventing and stringing together new incidents; and despite its ludicrous passages, it must have been more seriously written by him, and more seriously listened to by his friends, than would be the case with a similar production now-a-days. For the men of the Renaissance, no matter how philosophised and refined, retained the pleasure in mere incident, which we moderns seem to have given over to children and savages; and Lorenzo, Ficino, and Politian probably listened to the adventures of Luigi Pulci's paladins and giants with little less interest, and only a little more conscious sense of grotesqueness, than the crowd in the market listened to Cristofano dell' Altissimo and similar story-tellers.

The *Morgante Maggiore* is neither really comic nor really serious. It is the reproduction of the joint impression received from the absurd, harum-scarum, unpractical world of chivalry of the past, and the real world of prose, of good-humoured buffoonish coarseness with which Pulci was surrounded. The paladins are no Don Quixotes, the princesses no Dulcineas: the battles are real battles; but the language is that of Florentine wool-workers, house-wives, cheese-sellers, and ragamuffins, crammed with the slang of the market-place, its heavy jokes, and perpetual sententious aphorism.

But meanwhile, in spite of Florentine burgesses, artisans, and humanists, there is in this Italy of the Renaissance, something besides Florence; there is a school of poetry, disconnected with the realisms of Lorenzo and Pulci, with the Ovidian Petrarchisms of Politian. There is Ferrara. Lying, as they do, between the Northern Apennine slopes of Modena and the Euganean hills, the dominions of the House of Este appear at first sight merely as part and parcel of Lombardy; and we should expect from them nothing very different from that which we expect from Milan or Bologna or Padua. But the truth is different: all round Ferrara, indeed, stretches the fertile flatness of Lombard cornfields, and they produce, as infallibly as they produce their sacks of grain and tuns of wine and heaps of silk cocoon, the intellectual and social equivalents of such things in the Italy of the Renaissance: industry, wealth, comfort, scepticism, art; but on either side, into the defiles of the Euganean hills to the north, into the widening torrent-valleys of the Modenese Apennine to the south, the Marquisate of Este stretches up into feudalism, into chivalry, into the imaginative kingdom of the Middle Ages.

Mediævalism, feudalism, chivalry, indeed, of a very modified sort; and as different from that of France and Germany as differ from the poverty-stricken plains and forests and arid moors of the north these Italian mountain slopes, along which the vines

crawl in long trellises, and the chestnuts rise in endlessly superposed tiers of terraces, cultivated by a peasant who is not the serf, but the equal sharer in profits with the master of the soil. And on one of those fertile hill-sides, looking down upon a narrow valley all glowing with corn and vine-bearing elms, was born, in the year 1434, Matteo Maria Boiardo, in the village which gave him the title, one of the highest in the Estensian dominions, of Count of Scandiano. Here, in the Apennines, Scandiano is a fortified village, also a castle, doubtless half turned into a Renaissance villa, but mediæval and feudal nevertheless; but the name of Scandiano belongs also, I know not for what reason, to a certain little red brick palace on the outskirts of Ferrara, beautifully painted with half-allegorical, half-realistic pageant frescos by Cosimo Tura, and enclosing a sweet tangled orchard-garden; to all of which, being the place to which Duke Borso and Duke Ercole were wont to retire for amusement, the Ferrarese have given the further name of Schifanoia, which means, "fly from cares." This little coincidence of Scandiano, the feudal castle in the Apennines, and Scandiano the little pleasure palace at Ferrara, seems to give, by accidental allegory, a fair idea of the double nature of Matteo Boiardo; of the Ferrarese court to which he belonged; and of the school of poetry (including the more notable but less original work of Ariosto) which the genius of the man and the character of the court succeeded together in producing.

To understand Boiardo we must compare him with Ariosto, and to understand Ariosto we must compare him with Boiardo. Both belong to the same school, and are men of very similar genius, and where the one leaves off the other begins. The stuff and the conception of it are the same. The stuff is that old mediæval stuff of the Carolingian poems, coloured, scented with Arthurian chivalry and wonder. The knight-errantry of the Celtic tales is cleverly blended with the pseudo-historical military organisation of the Carolingian cycle. Paladins and Saracens are ingeniously manœuvred about, now scattered in little groups of twos and threes, to encounter adventures in the style of Sir Launcelot or Amadis, now gathered into a compact army to crash upon each other as at Roncesvaux, or else wildly flung up by the poet to alight in fairy-land, to find themselves in the caverns of Jamschid; in the isles where Oberon's mother kept Cæsar, and Morgana kept Ogier; in the boats, entering subterranean channels, of Sindbad and Huon of Bordeaux; a constant alternation of individual adventure and wholesale organised campaigns, conceived and carried out with admirable ingenuity.

So much for the deeds of arms. The deeds of love are also

compounded of Carolingian and Arthurian, but flavoured with special Renaissance feeling. There is a great deal of rapid love-making between two gallant knights and two impressionable ladies, licentious amours which we moderns lay at the door of Boiardo and Ariosto, not knowing that the licentiousness of the Olivers and Ogiers and Guérins and Huons of mediæval poetry, of the sentimental Amadises, Galaors, and Lisvarts of the fourteenth century, whom the Renaissance has toned down in Rogers and Rinaldos and Ricciardettos, is by many degrees worse. A moral improvement also (for all the immorality of the Renaissance) is the eschewing of the never-failing adultery of the Arthurian romances and the appropriation to legitimately faithful love of the poetical devotion which Tristram and Launcelot bear to other men's wives. To this are added, and more by Ariosto than by Boiardo, two essentially Italian elements: something of the nobility of passion of the Platonic sonneteers, and a good dose of the ironical, scurrilous, moralising immoral anecdote gossiping of Boccaccio and Sacchetti. Such is the stuff. The conception, though rarely comic, and sometimes *bonâ fide* serious, is never earnest. All this is a purely artistic world, a world of decorative arabesque incident, intended to please, scarcely ever to move, or to move, at most, like some Decameronian tale of Isabella and the Basil Plant, or Constance and Martuccio. On the other hand there is none of the grotesque irreverence of Pulci. Boiardo and Ariosto write chivalry romances not for Florentine pork-butchers and wool-carders, but for gallant ladies and gentlemen, to whom, with duels, tournaments, serenades, and fine speeches, chivalry is an admired name, though no longer a respected reality.

The heroes of Boiardo and of Ariosto are always bold and gallant and glittering, the spirit of romance is in them; a giant Sancho Panza like Morgante, redolent of sausage and cheese, would never be admitted into the society of a Ferrarese Orlando. The art of Boiardo and of Ariosto is eminently pageant art, in which sentiment and heroism are but as one element among many; there is no pretence at reality (although there is a good deal of incidental realism), and no thought of the interest in subject and persons which goes with reality. It is a masquerade, and one whose men and women must, I think, be imagined in a kind of artistic fancy costume: a mixture of the Renaissance dress and of the antique, as we see it in the prints of contemporary pageants, and in Venetian and Ferrarese pictures; that Circe of Dosso's, in the Borghese gallery of Rome, seated in her stately wine-lee and gold half heraldically and half cabalistically patterned brocade, before the rose-bushes of the little mysterious wood, is the very ideal of

the Falerinas and Alcinas, of the enchantresses of Boiardo and Ariosto. Pageant people, these of the Ferrarese poets; they only play at being in forests and deserts, as children play at being on volcanoes or in Greenland by the nursery fire. These knights and ladies, for ever tearing about from Scotland to India, never, in point of fact, get any further than the Apennine slopes where Boiardo was born, where Ariosto governed the Garfagnana. They ride for ever (while supposed to be in the Ardennes or Egypt) across the velvet moss turf, all patterned with minute starry clovers and the fallen white ropy chestnut blossom, amidst the bracken beneath the slender chestnut trees, the pale blue sky looking in between their spreading branches; at most they lose their way in the intricacies of some seaside pineta, where the feet slip on the fallen needles, and the sun slants along the vistas of serried, red, scaly trunks, among the juniper and gorse and dry grass and wind flowers growing in the sea sand. Into the vast mediæval forests of Germany and France, Boiardo and Ariosto's fancy never penetrated.

Such is the school: a school represented in its typical character only by Boiardo and Ariosto, but to which belong, nevertheless, with whatever differences, Tasso, Spenser, Camoens, all the poets of Renaissance romance. As to its two leaders. I feel that I can speak only personally; tell only of my own personal impressions and preferences. Comparing together Boiardo and Ariosto, I am, of course, aware of the infinite advantages of the latter. Ariosto is a man of far more varied genius, he is an artist, while Boiardo is an amateur; he is learned in arranging and ornamenting, he knows how to alternate various styles, how to begin and how to end. Moreover, he is a scholarly person of a more scholarly time: he is familiar with the classics, and, what is more important, he is familiar with the language in which he is writing. He writes exquisitely harmonious, supple and brilliant Tuscan verse, with an infinite richness of diction; while poor Boiardo jogs along in a language which is not the Lombard dialect in which he speaks, and which is very uncouth and awkward, as is every pure language for a provincial; indeed, so much so, that the pedantic Tuscans require Berni to make Tuscan, elegant, to *ingentitire*, with infinite loss to quaintness and charm, the Orlando Innamorato of poor Ferrarese Boiardo. Moreover, Ariosto has many qualities unknown to Boiardo; wit, malice, stateliness, decided eloquence and power of simile and apostrophe; he is a symphony for full orchestra, and Boiardo a mere melody played on a single fiddle, which good authorities (and no one dare contest with Italians when they condemn anything not Tuscan as jargon) pronounce to be no Cremona.

All these advantages Ariosto certainly has; and I do not quarrel with those who prefer him for them. But many of them distinctly take away from my pleasure. I confess that I am bored by the beautifully written moral and allegorical preludes of Ariosto's cantos; I would willingly give all his aphorism and all his mythology to get quickly to the story. Also, I resent his admirable rhetorical flourishes about his patrons, his Ercoles, Ippolitos, and Isabellas—they ring false, dreadfully false; and Boiardo's quickly-despatched friendly greeting of his friends, his courteous knights and gentle ladies, please me much better. Moreover, the all-pervading consciousness of the existence of Homer, Virgil, nay, Statius and Lucan, and every trumpery antique epic-monger, annoys me, giving an uncomfortable doubt as to whether Ariosto did not try to make all this nonsense serious, and this romance into an epic; all this occasional Virgilian stateliness, alternated with a kind of polished Decameronian gossipy cynicism, diverts my attention, turns paladins and princesses too much into tutor-educated gentlemen, into Bandeleo and Cinthio-reading ladies of the sixteenth century. The picture painted by Ariosto is finer, but you see too much of the painter; he and his patrons take up nearly the whole foreground, and they have affected, idealised faces and would-be dignified and senatorial poses. The pleasure-giving element is twice as abundant in Boiardo as in Ariosto.

Again, it is impossible to speak of Boiardo without thinking of Spenser, that other artist of fairy-land. Equal to some of Spenser's single pictures, as that of Malecasta's Castle, of Britomart's enchanted chamber, of Sir Calidore meeting the Graces, and of Hellenore dancing with the satyrs, Boiardo has only one or two; but he keeps us permanently in the world where such pictures can be painted. Boiardo is not, like Spenser, a great artist; but he is a wizard, which is better. He leads us, unceasingly, through the little dreamy laurel-woods, where we meet crisp-haired damsels tied to pine-trees, or terrible dragons, or enchanted wells through whose translucent green waters we see brocaded rooms full of fair ladies; he ferries us ever and anon across shallow streams, to the castles where *gentil donselle* wave their kerchiefs from the pillared belvidere; he slips us unseen into the camps and council-rooms of the splendidly-trapped Saracens, like so many figures out of Filippino's frescos; he conducts us across the bridges where giants stand warders, to the mysterious carved tombs whence issue green and crested snakes, who, kissed by a Paladin, turn into lovely enchantresses; he takes us beneath the beds of rivers and through the bowels of the earth, where kings and knights, turned into statues of gold, sit round tables covered with jewels, illumined by carbuncles more wonderful than that of Jamschid; or through

the mazes of fairy gardens, where every ear of corn, cut off, turns into a wild beast, and every fallen leaf into a bird, where hydras watch in the waters and lamias rear themselves in the grass, where Orlando must fill his helmet with roses lest he hear the voice of the sirens.

Meanwhile, stanza pours out after stanza, adventure grows out of adventure, each more wonderful, more gorgeous than its predecessor. To which listen the ladies, with their white, girdled dresses and crimped golden locks; the youths, with their soft beardless faces framed in combed-out hair, with their daggers on their hips and their plumed hats between their fingers; and the serious bearded men, in silken robes, drawing nearer the poet, letting go lute or violin or music-book as they listen on the villa-terrace or in some darkened room, where the sunset sky turns green-blue behind the pillared window, and the roses hang over the trellise of the cloister. But, suddenly the strain changes, and is broken. The song of Boiardo ends with a cry of terror at the sudden pouring into Italy of the soldiers of Charles VIII. From this moment all real cheerfulness departs from the people, to be replaced only by pleasure in the capers of buffoons, and the obscenities of Aretino and Bandello.

Thus did the mediæval romantic-epic stuffs suffer alteration, adulteration, and loss of character, throughout the long period of the Middle Ages; without ever receiving an artistic shape, such as should make all men preserve and cherish them for the only thing which makes men preserve and cherish these things—that never to be wasted quality, beauty. The Middle Ages were powerless to endow therewith their own subjects; so the subjects had to wait, altering more and more with every passing day, till the coming of the Renaissance. And by that time these subjects had ceased to have any serious meaning whatever. The Renaissance took up the old epic-romantic materials and made out of them works of art; but works of art which, as I said before, were playthings.

V. Paget.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF THE STREETS.

Among the various expedients suggested by modern political philosophers for bettering the lot of mankind, the proposal to dethrone kings, abolish statesmen, and entrust international relations to the sterling good sense, right feelings, and innate tact of the people, has occupied a prominent position. Wars, it has been pointed out by these zealous reformers, are the amusement of Monarchs, and controversies between nations are bred by diplomatists, for whose idle hands the author of the first war mentioned in written annals invariably finds some mischief still to do. Twenty years ago, the persons who hold this plausible theory experienced a little embarrassment when, in the absence of a Throne or any of the ordinary apparatus of statesmanship, and solely by the decision of the popular voice, the fiercest and most sanguinary conflict of modern days broke out between North and South in the United States. It was explained, however, that the war in question differed from all preceding wars by being fought in the cause of human liberty, even if perhaps a determination to maintain national unity against those who wished to mutilate it somewhat ministered to the fury of the strife. The reasoning was, perhaps, not altogether conclusive, in the opinion of unbiassed judges. The very circumstance, however, of the American Civil War has for some time been completely forgotten by popular orators and democratic moralists. By this time it has become "ancient history," which apparently has no bearing on the science of politics, despite the long-supposed fact that politics are little more than the science of experience; and we have, during the last few years, been again repeatedly assured that we have only to do away with Crowned Heads, Ambassadors, Foreign Offices, and the like, and to trust ourselves to the generous feelings and sound judgment of the multitude, in order to be rid of war and rumours of war, international controversies, complications, and misunderstandings, once and for ever.

It may possibly be because I am a member of one of the incriminated classes, because I am myself a diplomatist of some years' standing, that these confident assertions, these agreeable predictions fail to carry immediate conviction to my mind. Perhaps when Lord Granville has notified to me that I must retire, and that, though still in the full possession of my faculties and in the

ripest season of my experience, I must saddle the country with a pension and close my career in vacancy, I may attempt to console my compulsory superannuation by writing an account of the wars that did *not* take place in my time, in consequence of the pacific disposition of such sovereigns as Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Germany, and Francis Joseph II. The revelations would, I think, be instructive.

Meanwhile, it is rather by another process that I propose to controvert the proposition so often advanced by that gentle and pacifying apostle of peace, Mr. Bright, and so widely echoed by his moderate admirers, that wars owe their origin to the blood-thirstiness of kings, the ambition of soldiers, and the intrigues of diplomatists, and that the one remedy for this standing danger is to hand over the management of our foreign affairs to the people. My method of labouring to establish the exactly contrary proposition will, in the present instance, repose upon the observation of facts that even persons who have the greatest scorn for yesterday will hardly call "ancient history." I shall fortify my views by citing occurrences that, at the date at which I write—the middle of October 1883—are still engaging the attention of the public prints in every country in Europe. I have lived too near kings, and consorted too much with their ministers, to entertain an immoderate awe of either; though I am bound to say that my experience of them, and more especially of their zeal for the welfare of their countrymen, and their solicitude for the general comfort of mankind, and more especially for the preservation of peace, has inspired me with some little respect for their character, and has led me to the conclusion—which will perhaps astonish any Radical readers of the *National Review* who may do me the honour to peruse my observations—that they really have a conscience. Now, in the statesmanship of the streets, or, in other words, the accurate information, cautious judgment, delicate tact, and judicious self-control of the multitude, I at once confess I entertain a profound disbelief. I hold the opinion, rightly or wrongly, that under the conditions of modern society, the many are immeasurably more bellicose than the few, and that the interests of peace are far safer in the keeping of kings, cabinets, and generals, than they are in the keeping of the people, their admirers, the guides they in turn admire most—in a word, their flatterers.

It is now, I say, the middle of October; and these lines will, I suppose, not be in print for another fortnight. By that time, I am aware, the chief illustration to which I shall resort in support of my counter theory may have dropped out of sight; so rapidly do we move in these days from event to event, from crisis to crisis, from sensation to sensation. I will, therefore, for precaution's

sake, briefly recall what occurred in Paris on the 29th of September of this year, or just a fortnight ago from the moment at which I am writing.

The King of Spain, a young man of singular force of character, precocious judgment, and gracious demeanour, wishing to become better acquainted with the chief countries of Europe and their rulers, announced his intention of paying a visit to France, Austria, and Germany. I am told he would have liked to pay a visit to England likewise, and that at a more convenient period he hopes to do so. Not deterred by the breaking out of a military *pronunciamiento*, happily abortive, he set out on his travels, making first for Vienna, and passing through Paris on his way. He proposed to make his first halt in the French capital; but originally M. Grévy was taking holiday in the country, so he agreed to defer his official visit to France till his return from Germany. At the Austro-Hungarian Court he was treated with the customary ceremonial provided for Royal guests; and from Vienna he passed to the Head-quarters of the Emperor of Germany, who happened, at that time, to be witnessing the Military Manœuvres that are held in Germany every autumn. Other Kings and many Princes were with the venerable Sovereign; but it was not their first visit to a German camp. The King of Spain, as a new guest, was accordingly received with special distinction. But, in conferring upon him the honorary colonelcy of the 15th Regiment of Uhlans, the Emperor paid him an honour that, as all the world knows, has been pretty freely lavished upon foreign Kings and Princes. Then came the time for leave-taking; and Alfonso, after a brief visit to Brussels, was to arrive in Paris, stop there three days, and be entertained by M. Grévy and the French Government.

All at once it began to be whispered that if the King of Spain was wise he would not visit the French capital, and that if he needs must pass through it on his way home, the more rapidly and secretly he stole through it, the better. Had he not just been made a Colonel of Prussian Uhlans, and were not the Uhlans associated in the popular French mind, in a peculiar sense, with the wrongs—more correctly, the self-provoked disasters—of France in 1870? Was it to be tolerated that the Parisians should entertain a King who had just received a brand-new pair of Prussian epaulettes. Moreover, was not the 15th Regiment of Uhlans stationed at Strasbourg, which every Frenchman claims as French territory, notwithstanding the fact that it was ceded to Germany by M. Thiers, the French Government, and a French National Assembly, elected for the express purpose of ascertaining whether France would assent to the cession. Hour by hour the rumour grew that if Alfonso showed himself in the streets of

Paris, far from being welcomed as a guest, he would be treated as an enemy, and would either be received with open insult, or with a silence equally significant.

How far the King of Spain and his advisers, on the one hand, or M. Grévy and his ministers, on the other, believed in the correctness of these gloomy prognostics, I am unable to say. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to add that, having some little knowledge of Paris and its population, I entertained no doubt whatever that the worst expectations would be verified. And verified they were. It was not for the King of Spain to skrink from the ordeal, so long as he was not asked to evade it by those who had in the first instance invited him to the French capital. He was met at the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord by the President of the Republic and some of his ministers. But the Minister at War was "conspicuous by his absence"; the display of troops was meagre in the extreme; the arrangements made by the police were ostentatiously insufficient; and the King of Spain was hissed, hooted, and greeted with the cry, "Down with the Uhlan King," from the Northern Railway Station to the Spanish Embassy. When he went to pay his respects to the President of the Republic, these hostile manifestations were again renewed.

Now this is what I call the Statesmanship of the Streets; and in order to understand its impulsive folly—for I leave aside its ill-manners, about which enough has been said by others—it is necessary to look into its origin, its character, its aim, and its results, with some little closeness of observation. To begin with, the Streets, in other words the People, came to the conclusion that France had been insulted by the King of Spain, and still more by the Emperor of Germany, and that it was necessary to resent this insult. The first question, therefore, to ask is: Had France really been insulted? It had been rumoured that the King had gone to Germany in order to secure admission for Spain to the Austro-German alliance. No Diplomatist, no Minister, no Sovereign, could, by any possibility, have been misled by so ridiculous a *canard*. They are necessarily too well informed as to the nature and object of the Austro-German alliance to suppose that there is room or reason for Spain in that strictly defensive military combination. But, in the second place, all reasonable precautions had been taken by the Spanish Government to divest people's minds of any such fantastic idea; and the slightest acquaintance with the internal working of Spanish politics, and with the state of public opinion in Spain, would have convinced anyone that an alliance between Spain and Germany would have been as much objected to in the first country as in the second.

All that remained, therefore, in the way of evidence of a hostile intention on the part of the King of Spain against France, was his visit to the German Emperor at the military manœuvres, and his acceptance of the nominal colonelcy of a German regiment of cavalry. The Prince of Wales is a popular guest in Paris; yet his Royal Highness was likewise present at the autumn manœuvres as the guest of the German Emperor, by whom he was, some time ago, nominated a "Prussian Colonel."

But the regiment of which Alfonso XII. was made the honorary chief was a Uhlan regiment: moreover, it is at present quartered at Strasburg. Certainly it is no fault of the German Government if the recollection of the military disasters experienced by France in 1870–1 is associated with a particular branch of the German army. As to the complaint that the regiment selected was stationed at Strasburg, the utmost that can be said is that, if the German Emperor were always on the *qui vive* to spare French susceptibilities—which, considering the disregard of German susceptibilities shown by France, he is hardly called upon to be—he would have chosen a regiment not quartered, for the moment, in any portion of the ceded Provinces, but that, in the absence of his showing so much consideration for French feelings, the only course for French people to pursue was to ignore the fact as beneath their notice.

The impartial examination of the circumstances of the case, therefore, shows that, at the utmost, there was hardly a shadow of a shade of reason for believing that France had been insulted by anyone, and that, in any case, the King of Spain had nothing to do with it, since the insult will scarcely be suggested that he could have refused to be made the Colonel of a regiment stationed at Strasburg. Clearly, therefore, the Statesmanship of the Streets was entirely at sea as to the facts, and was wholly at fault in believing that France, the French Republic, or the French people, had been insulted by the King of Spain at all. The very groundwork and foundation of all safe statesmanship is accurate information; and on this occasion the streets were apparently invincibly ignorant of the true state of the case.

But let us suppose that what the Statesmanship of the Streets took for granted without sufficient evidence, indeed, in defiance of evidence, had really been so, and that the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain had, by collusion, sought to inflict a slur upon the dignity of France. What would Statesmanship, not of the Streets, have done under such circumstances? What course would Kings, Ministers, and Diplomatists, those wicked promoters of war, bloodshed, and international misunderstanding, have taken?

I can say, from my own experience, that they would first have used all the means in their power to discover whether an insult was really intended; and when they had satisfied themselves of the fact, they would have firmly but courteously asked for an explanation, except under conditions to which I will refer presently. At the same time, they would have endeavoured to conceal the fact that explanation had been asked for, until a reply had been returned; and in the event of the reply being reasonably satisfactory, they would have been satisfied with it, and would have sought to persuade their countrymen, by roundabout methods, that the matter had been greatly exaggerated. Did it turn out that a deliberate insult was intended, and that no reparation of any kind was forthcoming, then, no doubt, they would have thrown themselves upon the national spirit, and summoned it to avenge an injury not otherwise to be repaired. But —and this was the exception I referred to—had it been self-evident that the insult was inflicted for the purposes of provocation, and that the Power or Powers from whom the insult proceeded intended to make use of it to bring about a war in which they were manifestly the stronger, and the Power provoked was thereby to be lured on to its ruin, then the Statesmanship *not* of the Streets would have striven to ignore the provocation, unless it passed all bounds, and amounted to positive injury and contumely.

Now what is the position of France at this moment? and what was its position at the date the King of Spain was hooted in the streets of Paris? It is one of absolute isolation. France has so managed her international relations as not to possess a single friend, at the same time that her enemies, entirely of her own making, are only too conspicuous. The Austro-German Alliance was avowedly concluded against France, and in order to prevent France from successfully courting an alliance with Russia. The understanding between the two military empires of Central Europe has completely achieved this purpose. The Cabinet of Saint Petersburg has rejected all advances from the Cabinet of Paris, and the Czar is still labouring to ingratiate himself with his brother Emperors. Italy, in the diplomatic sense, is the vassal of the Austro-German Alliance; and the Sultan periodically renews his applications, not hitherto granted, to be admitted to the friendship of Germany and Austria on like terms. The Congress of Berlin did not break up without establishing relations of special confidence and amity between England and Germany; but the Statesmanship of the Streets, which was exhibited in replacing Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Gladstone, administered a severe shock to that friendly understanding. The opportunity was a favourable one for France. How has it been turned to account?

In spite of the notorious French leanings of the present Prime Minister and his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the French Republic has contrived to alienate the good-will of this country by a policy in Tunis, in Egypt, in Madagascar, in China, that might have been devised for the purpose. Italy has been treated in the same unwise manner. It would be no exaggeration to say that the only Power in Europe of any consequence that did not suspect hostile intentions from France, or feel aggrieved by her, was Spain.

It was under such circumstances that the Statesmanship of the Streets, as exhibited in the disposition and behaviour of the people of Paris, set deliberately to work, if street statesmanship is ever deliberate, to alienate and outrage Spain. True statesmanship, statesmanship properly informed, self-possessed, and never losing sight of its one end, the advantage of the country in whose interests its energies are enlisted, would have seen at a glance that a capital opportunity had arisen for exhibiting tact, temper, and dexterity, and for obtaining for itself the benefits those qualities under ordinary favourable circumstances invariably secure. The Statesmanship not of the Streets, would have taken care to welcome King Alfonso with marked cordiality, would have lavished upon him every conceivable attention, would have ignored his Uhlan colonelcy and his "Prussian epaulettes," would have provided him with the most imposing military spectacle of which France was capable, would have obliterated in great measure from his mind the effect of his visit to Germany, and would have impressed both the French, the Spanish, and the German people, with the fact that France and Spain were the best of friends.

If anyone will dispassionately compare what would have been the statesmanship of Kings, Cabinets, and Embassies on this occasion with what was the statesmanship of the People, I think he will be compelled to accept the conclusion that the interests of France would have suffered much less from the former than they have by the latter, and that, if this be in any degree a typical instance of the contrast between official diplomacy and popular passion, the cause of peace is far more secure under the care of its traditional guardians, than it would be under the management of its proposed new trustees. That the position and influence of France, already gravely damaged by street statesmanship, have suffered still further detriment by the demonstration of the 29th of September, no one can pretend to doubt. If actual hostilities have not arisen out of the statesmanship displayed in openly insulting the sovereign of a foreign nation, it is not through any merit or forbearance in the people of Paris. Fortunately for the peace of Europe, not only is Spain immeasurably weaker than France from a military

point of view, but the Spanish Cabinet happened at the time to be torn by internal dissensions, and it fell to pieces at the very moment of seeking to obtain adequate satisfaction for the outrage perpetrated against the Spanish nation. Another piece of good fortune to which Europe is not indebted to the statesmanship of the Boulevards, is that the policy of Germany is not confided to the "gentleman of the pavement," but to a peace-loving King, and a wary Minister. It would have been easy for the Emperor of Germany, Prince Bismarck, and Count Hohenlohe, to have found the materials for quarrel with France in the contumelious cry, "Down with the Uhlan King!" It is morally certain, moreover, that if the foreign policy of Germany were as much under the direction of the multitude as it is in France, if Berlin were like Paris, and if the Statesmanship of the Streets had as much influence on the banks of the Spree as it has on those of the Seine, the cry of "À bas le Roi Uhlan!" would have been taken up and answered, and the events of July 1870 would have repeated themselves.

For it must not be supposed that the incident upon which I have dwelt is the first or the only instance in which injury has been inflicted upon France by the Statesmanship of the Streets of Paris. It has been found convenient in France, since the battle of Sedan, to saddle Napoléon III. with the sole and undivided responsibility of the war which ended with the defeat and dismemberment of that country; and it has suited English writers whose sympathies with Republicanism are warmer than their regard for historical accuracy, to adopt this view. The Third Empire, reposing as it did on a curious amalgam of violence, intrigue, and democratic support, cannot be exonerated from a considerable share in the sum total of the responsibility for the conflict with Germany. But the French people in their integrity approved of the challenge addressed to Prussia, until it ended so disastrously; and the Statesmanship of the Streets of Paris pronounced in its favour with ostentatious fervour. When the Emperor was taken prisoner, the Statesmanship of the Streets was once more exhibited in a striking light. Instead of leaving it to the Empire to make the best terms it could with the victor under circumstances which, for the moment, rendered further conflict futile, the people of Paris overthrew their Government at the very moment a victorious foe was marching on their capital, set up a so-called Government of National Defence, and committing their destinies to one whom the wisest, indeed, the only wise, Frenchman then mixing in public affairs, stigmatised as a "*fou furieux*," brought upon France the miseries and misfortunes that are now matters of history. Kings, and a Cabinet, of the ordinary pattern,

would unquestionably have signed an armistice, and entered into negotiations for the conclusion of peace on the best terms to be obtained compatible with honour. In a word, they would have done what Austria did after Solferino in 1859, and after Sadowa in 1866. But that was much too tame, too modest, too reasonable a policy, for the Statesmanship of the Streets; and France was exposed to five months more of the horrors of war, for which she had to pay an additional price in the shape of a stupendous ransom. For a time it was the fashion to imagine that France had paid the famous Five Milliards without feeling the forfeit. The present condition of the finances of France suffices to show how mistaken was that supposition.

I will adduce just one more instance of what I called the Statesmanship of the Streets, as illustrated by the conduct of the most influential, and, as some people think, the most intelligent population in Europe. The following extract is taken from a column that appeared in the *Times* of October 2nd, under the heading, "The Cost of a Demonstration." It is so pertinent to my argument, and the facts are so succinctly and so accurately stated, that I make no apology for citing so much of the original as is necessary to my purpose.

There is only one instance of a foreign ruler being treated in Paris with something approaching to the discourtesy that was shown on Saturday to King Alfonso. That ruler was the late Czar Alexander II., who was publicly insulted during his visit to Paris in 1867, at the time of the Exhibition; and the consequences of this outrage were so many and deplorable, that they might well have been remembered by some of the journalists who were lately stirring up the French people to make a demonstration against the King of Spain. The demonstration of 1867, which was made in favour of Poland, cost the French Republicans and, as the event proved, France itself, the friendship of Russia. It was beyond doubt the cause of the attempt which Berezowski made on the Czar's life; and it brought on the Poles so many afflictions, that this unhappy people must have wondered what spirit of madness could have possessed men calling themselves friends to serve them so ill. Alexander II. was insulted notwithstanding that the most elaborate precautions had been taken by the Imperial police to prevent such a thing; and this fact may be noted by way of answer to those who accuse M. Grévy's Government of not having done enough to protect King Alfonso. The Second Empire had a far larger police force at its disposal than the Republic; and Napoleon III., forseeing that the Czar's presence might give rise to disorderly manifestations, had specially instructed the Prefect of Police, M. Pietri, to have a good watch kept. Moreover, Prince Adam Czartoriski, as chief of the Polish colony in Paris, had been requested to exert a pacifying influence over his countrymen, and this he had freely promised to do, for, indeed, all respectable Poles felt that it would be a calamitous thing for them if anything befell the Czar in France through their fault. . . . . The Czar reached Paris on a Saturday without accident, and during the first two days of his sojourn he met with no annoyance; but troubles began on the Monday, when he went to visit the Palace of Justice, and the schools of Law and Medicine. A number of young barristers and students, among whom M. Floquet was conspicuous, surrounded him, hooting and shouting, 'Vive la Pologne.' These demonstrations were renewed, and with greater noise, when the Czar attended a gala performance at the Opera, for by night it was impossible for the detectives to catch

all the turbulent young men who were yelling on the Boulevards. The hearty reception which the Emperor met with in the Opera-house amply showed him that the rioters were in no way representatives of French opinion. Nevertheless, the proceedings of these persons, by raising an agitation in favour of Poland among all the Opposition quidnuncs and wineshop politicians of the capital, encouraged the crazy youth Berezowski to shoot at the Czar. Berezowski afterwards declared that he had expected his crime would cause him to be carried in triumph, and he was much surprised when the people in the Bois de Boulogne fell upon him and nearly lynched him. Berezowski was tried for his life, but he escaped the capital sentence owing to a powerful address by his counsel, M. Emanuel Arago, which moved the jury in the Assize Court to find "extenuating circumstances." Such a verdict was naturally resented by the Russian Court and people as a justification of Berezowski's crime, and from that time it may be said that Russia became estranged from France. To the close of the Second Empire, Alexander II. maintained the kindliest disposition towards Napoleon III. and his family, insomuch that General Fleury, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, writing home about a year before the war, stated that the Czar showed him more favour than any other member of the diplomatic body. But towards all Frenchmen who were not overt Bonapartists the Czar's heart was hardened. After Sedan, when M. Thiers went to St. Petersburg to try and prevail on the Russian Government to intercede on behalf of France, he found, as he described, "only wooden faces." The Government of the National Defence, which commissioned him (and one of whose members was M. Arago, Berezowski's counsel), had, with an almost incredible want of tact, appointed M. Floquet, the Czar's insulter, to be one of the deputy-mayors (*adjoints*) of Paris. Before long the Czar got another proof of Republican good-will under the form of a petition which was signed by a large number of French journalists, barristers and workingmen, and which prayed the National Defence Government to release Berezowski from New Caledonia. One of the first acts of the Commune was to decree this criminal's pardon (a decree which, of course, remained inoperative), and it may be recollected that a couple of years ago a Radical journal in Paris was allowed to get up a public subscription for presenting Berezowski with a revolver.

The effect of this series of incidents, following upon the anti-Russian demonstration of 1867, has been simply disastrous to French interests. . . . The present Czar before he came to the throne, was somewhat noted for his anti-German proclivities, and while the Duc Decazes was Foreign Minister in France, he based most of his hopes of a Russian alliance on this circumstance. How actively the Duke worked in view of securing an understanding with Russia on the Eastern question through the influence of the Czarewitch and Count Ignatieff is pretty generally known; but whatever may have been the Czarewitch's feelings towards France governed by Royalists and Imperialists, his sentiments towards that country cooled as soon as the Republic got fairly established; and only a few days ago it was plainly asserted in the semi-official journals of Berlin and St. Petersburg that the Czar would never think of entering into any sort of political compact with the French Republican Government.

Now, how has it come about that the population of Paris is so impulsive, so self-willed, I must add, so conceited, as to flatter itself that it is competent to direct the affairs of France by simply indulging its emotions, sentiments, and conclusions of the moment? Perhaps those who are aware how the population of Paris has been petted, pampered, and adulated by persons who ought to know better, since they are frequently persons of great gifts, and invariably persons of political, literary, or social influence, will experience little difficulty in answering the question. When the Germans were marching on Paris in the autumn of 1870, their

attention was arrested, on reaching Meaux, by a grandiose placard addressed to themselves. It was written and signed by M. Victor Hugo. It was sent to me at the time from the German camp as a curiosity, but, unfortunately, I have mislaid it, and I have not succeeded in obtaining another copy. It was intended for a serious production, and to stop the march of the invaders. As I say, it arrested their attention, but it did not arrest their advance. I fear it was conned by the advancing Army of Investment with roars of loud, Teutonic laughter, and it was well calculated to provoke the mirth of anyone not a Parisian. The purport of it was that Paris is a Sacred City, in fact, the Holy of Holies, and that the Germans would surely not damn themselves to everlasting disfame by approaching its divine precincts.

But though I cannot lay my hands on this wonderful manifesto, there is another production by the same hand, written three years previously, that now lies before me. To do honour to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, a sumptuous work was published in France and in French, called *Paris Guide*; it was illustrated by leading French artists, and the letter-press was written by distinguished French men of letters. To this ambitious volume M. Victor Hugo penned an introduction, and I will endeavour to give my readers some faint idea of what he said. For convenience' sake I will summarize as I go on, but it must be understood that all the phrases I use occur in the original.

* * * * *

In the twentieth century there will be a new nation, which will be both great and free. It will be illustrious, rich, thoughtful, pacific, and an ardent lover of humanity. It will have the sweet gravity of mature years. It will be unable to understand the glory that lurks in conical projectiles, or the difference that is at present supposed to exist between a General and a butcher. It will have no more respect for authority than men already have for orthodoxy. It will be more than a nation, it will be civilization itself. Nay, it will be more than civilization, it will be one family. It will have only one language, one code, one coinage. This nation will have Paris for its capital, and will no longer be called France, it will be called Europe.

Once, there was Athens; once, there was Jerusalem; once, there was Rome. Now, there is Paris; and Paris is greater than them all. Palermo has Etna; Paris has Thought. Constantinople is nearer the sun; Paris is nearer civilization. Athens built the Parthenon, but Paris demolished the Bastille. Paris is the spot where, above all places in the world, one hears most distinctly the invisible hum of Progress. Paris reveals herself to the Many. Cicero called the Many, *plebs*; Bessarion called it *canaglia*; Wal-

pole, the *mob*; De Maistre, the *populace*. At Paris, it calls itself the *People*. When France is free, the human mind attains its majority. But who liberated France? Who brought about the Revolution of 1789? Paris.

How to keep Paris, otherwise the human soul, immured, has always been the preoccupation of Princes. But light will not be immured. Jerusalem represented the True; Athens, the Beautiful; Rome, the Great. They have all disappeared; but they live again in Paris, which contains the sum of those three cities, with something superadded. Paris represents Truth, Beauty, Greatness, and Liberty. Paris is the *Urbs Orbis*. Paris is the brain of the universe. The city where the Revolutionary Revelation has taken place, it is the Human Jerusalem.

Absolutism is Bismarck. Let us hiss that, says Paris. The King of Prussia, no doubt, is a very great personage. He aspires to become Emperor of Germany; but Paris smiles, and her smile is terrible. What is the King of Prussia to do to that? (Be it noted, this was written and printed by the first French man of letters, in 1867, or three years before Sedan and its sequel.)

Paris is not a mere city; it is government incarnate. We may say of it, as Voltaire said of love, "Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître." Parisian women decide to wear a particular ribbon, and that ribbon thereupon becomes law. The boy of Blackfriars copies the *gamin* of the Rue Grenetat. The courtesan of Madrid has for her ideal the grisette of Paris.

Paris, let me repeat again (says M. Hugo), is a Government, but a Government without judges, gendarmes, soldiers, or ambassadors. Paris exists, and reigns. Everything in the world proceeds from Paris. Electoral reform in England proceeds from universal suffrage in France. Every morning, when the world wakes, it casts a glance at Paris, as one does upon walls where *affiches* are posted up, to see whether Paris announces a comedy or a tragedy, a Revolution or Lafayette. There was one city more valiant even than Sparta, viz. Sybaris. Paris is the modern Sybaris and Sparta combined.

Why are the various people of Europe coming to Paris, to the Exhibition? They are coming in order to be transformed into France. Transfusion of blood into the veins of a man is possible; and the transfusion of light into the veins of nations is equably feasible. Paris is the City of Light; therefore the nations come to see, come to understand. They are thus already in mysterious communion with the conscience of France, and they crave for closer communion. Paris is France; and France is too great to remain a mere nation. It will be transfigured, and will no longer be France, but Humanity. Paris and France must resign themselves

to the immense destiny alloted them by their greatness. Paris and the universe will become not only synonymous, but identical and coterminous.

* * * * *

Have my readers had enough of this? I think these excerpts must have caused them some little amusement; but I hope they may prove instructive as well. This humiliating nonsense—for every man must feel more or less humiliated in feeling that a man wrote it, and men of letters, I should think, must feel specially humiliated by the reflection that the writer is one of their order—was penned by one who, whatever his faults, is unquestionably a poet and a man of genius, in fact, the most eminent and popular French writer living. That he is not quite the demigod, the Dante, Shakespeare, or Goëthe, with whom he is paragoned by some of his more outrageous English admirers, who seem anxious to rival, as far as they can, the shrieks and spasms and hysterics of their "Master," is, no doubt, the opinion of every serious person, whether in France or out of it. Still M. Victor Hugo is incontestably a man of remarkable genius, and, as I have said, the most widely read of any French writer living or dead. Yet the above grotesque ravings are what he habitually indulges in when he addresses the Parisians. Anyone familiar with current French literature will be aware that, though expressed in a somewhat simpler manner, the foregoing view is substantially the one laid before the people of Paris by those who live among and write for them.

Can we, then, be surprised if Paris should have come to the conclusion that it has a right to do pretty much what it likes; that it can do no wrong; that, possessing supreme genius, supreme reason, and supreme good sense, it can claim statesmanship among its other great gifts? "L'Absolutisme c'est Bismarck. Sifflons cela, dit Paris." Thus wrote the first living French man of letters, a Parisian of Parisians, in 1867. Is it astonishing that when "Bismarck" was supposed to have made the King of Spain a Uhlan colonel, Paris should again say, "Sifflons cela!" and carry out the programme?

Not content, however, with burning incense perpetually at the shrine of Paris, the guides of public opinion in France will not allow, when they can prevent it, a word of candid reprehension to reach the ears of the Parisians. I remember being told by an English writer that, shortly after the appearance of a work of his, a French critic wrote to him, expressing a wish to give an account of it to the readers of a French review known to all the world. Shortly afterwards he received a second letter, saying that the intention could not be carried out, since the work contained

passages wounding to the susceptibilities of Paris and France. Now, whether a less flattering view of "Sybaris and Sparta" than Parisians are accustomed to, be correct or incorrect, just or unjust, is not the question. The question is, whether it is not inevitable that a people drugged and dosed with flattery, and from whom everything save adulation is carefully warded off, will not end by having an immoderate idea of their own value, their own wisdom, and their own rights. An analogous course to the one just cited was pursued when Paris hissed the King of Spain. In the first impulse of vexation and anxiety at what had occurred, M. Grévy hastened to the Spanish Embassy, and characterised the persons who had hissed as *ces misérables*. But what followed? For several days the proffered apology was not published at all; and when at last it did appear, in response to the demand of the Spanish Ambassador, it was published not in the *Journal Officiel*, but in the Havas Agency. Moreover, the words "*ces misérables*" were suppressed altogether; and the entire purport of the apology was carefully toned down.

Now why was this done. And why the omission of the phrase, "*Ces misérables*"? Can anybody be in doubt as to the reason? M. Grévy and his Ministers were afraid to offend the people of Paris; and in order to avoid this terrible calamity, they resorted to suppressions and subterfuges which were discreditable to them, and which, but for the comparative powerlessness of Spain, and the fortunate occurrence of a Spanish Ministerial Crisis, might have entailed upon France fresh disasters of the utmost gravity.

This, then, is the Statesmanship of the Streets, which has in our time been so much extolled, and which has been appealed to as one of the sovereign remedies for the ills of mankind, and a sure corrective to the wickedness of Kings and the stupidity or perversity of Rulers. I have taken Paris and the Parisians as my text. But has the sermon no moral for ourselves? Is the Statesmanship of the Streets unknown in this country? Are there no English writers, no English guides of public opinion, who pass their time in fostering the vanity of the multitude, in impressing upon the People that they are not only all-powerful, but all-wise, and that they have only to abolish Kings and Statesmen, or to make Kings and Statesmen their obedient mouth-pieces, in order to protect themselves not only against war, but against crimes and blunders of every description? I venture to submit that the chief burden of most Liberal oratory and Liberal political writing is a depreciation of the wisdom, and sometimes of the honesty, of persons who have at any rate tried to become experts in the art of government by long apprenticeship, thought, and study, and the glorification of the sagacity and honesty of purpose of those who dabble in politics

rather as a diversion than a business, and who are more remarkable, at a great crisis, for impulse and passion than for self-possession or reason. That the common sense, and even the enthusiasm, of the Many, are sometimes a useful corrective to the esoteric ideas or the sluggishness of the Few, I do not doubt. But that the art of government, and still the more the management of the Foreign Relations of a country, should be taken out of the hands of experts and committed to the Statesmanship of the Streets—nothing will ever persuade me that this is wise or safe. When, during Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, Sir Stafford Northcote ventured to observe, in a speech delivered, I think, at Edinburgh, that the people at large are not always correctly informed, or wisely inspired, in their views of Foreign Policy, a protest was at once raised by the Radical Press of England, and the right honourable gentleman was treated as though he had uttered something uncommonly like treason. The speeches delivered by the present Prime Minister during his famous Pilgrimage of Passion, was an appeal to the Statesmanship of the Streets, and it would be difficult to find a single platform address of Mr. Bright whose arguments do not repose on the assumption that the statesmanship of the streets is superior to the statesmanship of statesmen.

It was a Conservative Minister who secured Household Suffrage for the ratepayers in urban constituencies; and an analogous boon will, I suppose, shortly be conferred on ratepayers in rural constituencies with the assent of the Conservative Party. This is, in my opinion, as it should be. But *pari passu* with the increase of power lodged in the Many, there must be an increase of political conscience and political candour on the part of the Few. More than ever it behoves Rulers, Statesmen, and prominent politicians to tell the people the truth, or what they believe to be the truth. More than ever it behoves them scrupulously to abstain from appealing to the passions of the crowd, to the self-interest of a class, or to the vanity of anyone. There is a good deal of shrewd sense in the streets, there is a considerable amount of virtue and generosity in the people. But they are not all-wise, nor all-good. Moreover, they are not heaven-born statesmen; though they may be excused for thinking that they are, when they are assured of the fact by those who are reputed the most eloquent, the most earnest, and the most virtuous of their countrymen.

AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

ITALIANS AND ENGLISH.

"These English who come racing abroad, see without observing, travel without stopping! Instead of seeking the advice of Christians with eyes in their heads, they pass their evenings writing up their diaries, and rectify the confused notions accumulated in their brains on the authority of so-called *valets de place*, justly specified by Alfieri as valets *out* of place. Hence the ridiculous descriptions and books of travel in which are shown a fantastic Italy totally unknown to us Italians. The instant these English arrive in Venice they rush to the piazzetta and demand a gondola with gondoliers who can sing Tasso."

Such was the verdict pronounced on us nearly sixty years ago by the beautiful Isabella Albizzi, the witty, amiable *précieuse*, whose Venetian saloons were the resort of celebrities of all nations, the famous Countess who numbered Foscolo, Alfieri, Pindemonte, Canova, our own Byron, and a host of lesser stars among her personal friends. And even in these more cosmopolitan days this conception of us still lingers in Italy, and may serve as a text to a little homily on certain international differences.

All things are relative, all depend on the point of view; and it is certain that the English point of view is usually as different from that of home-staying Italians as it was in the days of Isabella Albizzi. That lady was perhaps specially unjust, inasmuch as she judged us exclusively from the social point of view; for she was a queen of Society, lived in a crowd, was vivacious, intelligent, and nimble-tongued. Contact with wits and poets, scholars and artists, politicians and statesmen, kept her in a perpetual simmer of intellectual excitement. She liked nothing better than a procession of new faces, and accorded a graceful welcome to all foreigners craving her acquaintance. There was possibly some pique in her contempt for travellers "who passed their evenings in writing up their journals." Although a woman of varied culture, her world centred in a reception room, and was bounded by the colonnades of St. Mark, or the shady groves of her country residence just across the Lagoons. No wonder, then, that she was puzzled by travellers who thought it a greater privilege to listen to the singing of gondoliers than to the epigrams and scandals of high society! But we are hardly less puzzling to the Italians of the present day. They scoff at our enthusiasm for early art, our interest in the Renaissance, and, above all, at our passion for nature. They still accuse us of

creating a fantastic Italy utterly unknown to themselves. There is some truth in the accusation. The Italy of our love is for the most part fantastic. We know little, often care less, for the actual Italy of the Italians: the young, struggling, immature nation, born of the sudden fusion of twenty divided states. Of material Italy we love best all that, to her children, is either staled by custom, or symbolic of the bygone state of things they have so eagerly swept away.

It is well-nigh impossible for Italians to regard the land of their birth from our æsthetic and imaginative point of view. We come to it primed with pent-up enthusiasm, as pilgrims to the shrine of the beautiful; they live in it from day to day, and the present is dearer to them than the past. Besides, they are an essentially practical, matter-of-fact race; have never, indeed, been romantic save in the pages of foreign literature. They have few of the vices commonly attributed to them, and their excellencies are other than those which they are supposed to possess. Their heat of blood is generally tempered by forethought and caution, and the most fiery of them are rather less likely to act on impulse than seemingly impassive Britons. To Italians everything is clear and positive as their own sunlight. Their ideas and purposes are always well-defined, even when not necessarily proclaimed on the house-tops. They have little sympathy with half-tints, with the infinite graduations of fancy and feeling that are so dear to us northerners. Even in the matter of love they acknowledge no borderland of sentiment, no *pays du tendre*. With them love is a positive passion in which soul and body are one.

And in virtue of their practicality, they are far simpler and more downright than ourselves, and apt to stigmatise our complex tastes and hobbies as mere amateur dabbling in things beyond our ken. What right, they say, have we foreigners to censure their mode of repairing their crumbling monuments? It is no concern of ours! Why should we vex them by laments for historic walls demolished to make way for trim and airy boulevards, or by childish groans at the steamboats ploughing the waters of the Grand Canal? They are tired of the tranquillity of decay and prefer steam whistles and progress. Why care for gondolas when trains are more convenient? Besides, Italians are specialists by temper as well as training, hold that the cobbler should stick to his last, and do not share our thirst for general culture. For instance, young Italy, with eyes perforce sharpened to the main chance, regards landscape from a strictly agricultural and economic standpoint. Chestnuts and olives speak to him of crops, while we gaze ecstatically on starry foliage and sheeny, grey, green slopes, with the songs of a hundred poets ringing in our ears. Yet we are

both right from our diverse points of view. We might remember that Farmer Hodge does not habitually quote Shelley when he starts a lark in the stubble at early morn. Again—the modern Italian, racking his brains how best to grapple with the *Malaria* fiend, is rather intolerant of our raptures over the beautiful desolation of the Roman Campagna.

And Isabella Albizzi, sipping chocolate in her balcony with a State Inquisitor, or bandying jokes with half-a-dozen be-wigged gallants, mocked at the uncouth English abroad on the Grand Canal by moonlight. How could she realise that to us Venice is as great a marvel as was ever Cathay to Marco Polo; that no second-hand knowledge of it, no wealth of book lore, can dull the surprise of its incomparable originality. All Italy, indeed, is full of marvels to us: a very fount of romance. We come to it in quest of associations, poetic, historic, and artistic. Its sky, its sun, make it seem like fairyland after the fogs and gloom we have left behind; we revel in our escape from work-a-day realities, in our respite from the cares and conventionalities that so tightly grip us at home. We want to live by our eyes, to feast on colour and form, and so, as a rule, we avoid the hackneyed pleasures of society. These we can have in England, in our own heavy way, without the superfluous bows and smiles in use abroad, and, above all, without the constraint of foreign speech.

Mrs. Browning used to say that she knew that, in some former state of existence, she must have been born in Italy. And many of us feel that it is the home of our souls, that we are bound to it by subtler ties than those of blood and kindred. For it is the land of "*lor che sanno*,"

> where every sight and every sound
> Means more than sight or sound elsewhere.

And in right of intellectual affinities and worship, we, too, may claim to be citizens within its gates. So we bring our Italy with us, and it is in some sense a fantastic Italy—a delicate porcelain ideal, easily shattered among the brazen vessels of real life.

But even apart from poetic and romantic associations—since English travellers are not invariably steeped in literature of any kind—the infinite difference, the *imprévu* of Italy has a potent charm for us. The mere fact of inhaling pure air, of seeing a pure sky, at an unaccustomed height above our heads, is in itself an intoxication. The joy of existence is suddenly made plain to us, as it is never made plain at home. We realize at last, and better than from the teachings of old world poets, the Pagan conception of the gladness of life. We come, perhaps, from toiling cities resounding with the tramp of hurrying crowds, all pressing ceaselessly forward, all fighting for life in different ways with mournful

eyes and steadfast brows. Well, in Italy the fight for existence is no less severe, but labour does not stamp out the power of enjoyment. Look at this merry train of women pouring out from a Lombard silk-mill! It is night, they have been hard at work since early dawn. They are rather noisy, they may sometimes be impertinent; but compare them with our factory hands, and see how wide the difference of bearing and behaviour!

Men and women smile and sing in Italian streets: there is everywhere an exuberance of life, and a delightful absence of haste. They take their amusements leisurely; there is little roughness and less horse-play. They may curse and swear horribly, it is true, but it means nothing, and even Italian profanity sounds musical to English ears. Then, too, and notably in Central Italy, we are charmed by the universal surface courtesy. No one, apparently, is vulgar, and peasants are no less well-mannered than peers. You climb a Tuscan hill-side, perhaps, and accost a peasant woman laden with fagots or fodder. She replies to you in Dantesque forms of speech and with simple grace and dignity; her manners are essentially polite, neither obsequious nor familiar. Enter her smoke-blackened hovel, and she will give you her best chair, seat herself beside you, and continue the conversation without a shade of awkwardness or false shame. If there is a book at all in the house it is generally Dante, and though the women of the family may not know their letters, they will sing and recite endless *stornelli*, full of pretty conceits and delicate sentiment. And the handsome young man in the doorway, just come back from reaping in the Maremma, is lithe and erect as a figure of Luca Signorelli, graceful as one of Perugino's saints. Yet I do not mean to say that even in Tuscany you find an ideal peasantry. Far from it, they are just ordinary mortals; but their faults are not on the surface as among our rather surly and blundering rustics, and their natural courtesy is another flower in Italy's magic garland. Neither is this courtesy confined to the mountains. Plunge into an excited city crowd on the occasion of some great festival, and see how easily you may pierce the thickest of it. It gives way like sand, parts like green corn. No one checks your passage, everyone is good-humoured—especially if a funeral procession be the cause of the gathering—and if you get a little jostled it is by chance, not malice. And if it is seen that you are a foreigner, the crowd will make way for you with an increased readiness that has certainly no parallel in England. For the lower classes in Italy feel distinctly flattered by strangers' interest in their national sights, and—unfortunately for lovers of seclusion—are apt to reciprocate by an overwhelming curiosity as regards ourselves. It is impossible to produce a sketch book in

any unwalled spot between the Alps and the sea without attracting a closer and closer circle of admirers and critics. They do not purpose annoyance, they merely wish to see what you are doing; and, as perhaps about one Italian in ten thousand, gentle and simple, shares our insular liking for privacy, they naturally feel quite innocent of offence.

Nor is this the only one of our tastes that is incomprehensible to the majority of Italians. Our point of view is never theirs; they find our enthusiasms ludicrous, our manners strange. We pretend to love Italy, they say, yet have no liking for Italians, do not care to know them. They cannot understand so impersonal an attachment. Even the more tolerant among them, and those with a genuine admiration for English institutions, find us a curious and by no means satisfactory people. They do not go so far as Heine, and assert, that to win an Englishman's friendship you must court him like a lovely woman, and that, when won, it is not worth having; but, as a matter of fact, there is little close friendship between Italians and English even when there is much external cordiality. Not only are their points of view too opposed, tempers and temperaments too incompatible, but also our skins are thick as theirs are thin. With the friendliest intention we often give the direst offence, simply by forgetting that they are as sensitive to foreign censure as we are indifferent to it.

As a case in point—it is well known that animals have a hard time of it in Italy, and the farther south you go the worse you find them treated. But this cruelty is born of ignorance rather than malice, and if the masses reason on the matter at all, they will tell you that, as animals have no souls, it is no sin to ill-treat them. Cultured Italians, however, deplore the evil, and by example and precept strive to eradicate it. But even they object to our English mode of arraignment. Why, say they, should humanitarian zeal be an excuse for ill manners? For their part they would never dream of holding forth in a London drawing-room on our national iniquities—say of drunkenness or wife beating; why, then, should we expatiate in Roman or Florentine society on the barbarities practised on horses and calves? Even when entirely at one with us on the main point, they are shocked by our ill-breeding in urging it in a mixed company. There is a time for all things, they hold, and they cannot sympathize with the apostle-spirit of proclaiming the truth in season and out of season.

For, as a rule, Italians avoid saying unpleasant things. Of course when their blood is up they do not measure their expressions, but in ordinary intercourse they are carefully, admirably polite; and without the slightest insincerity of purpose, will lavish bland adjectives on their bitterest foes. Hot words are for hot moments—I

speak of the cultured classes—on other occasions all offence should be avoided ; and anger on impersonal topics, or on points of abstract principle, is altogether fruitless and unpleasant. This is only a natural rule of conduct among a tactful and amiable people to whom freedom of speech on vital subjects is still a new luxury.

Now, with all our merits, we English are not renowned for tact and amiability and scarcely erect the latter to the rank of a virtue. When we have something to say, we say it, without much concern for our hearers' susceptibilities. That which we call frankness, often passes for blunt rudeness abroad ; and in Italy, for certain, we are constantly trampling on the natives' corns.

In artistic circles, for instance, we are often loud in amazed censure of the vulgarity of modern Italian paintings of the realistic school, which, with some splendid exceptions, are, indeed, deplorably vulgar. But we ought to remember that Italians, while justly conscious of their old supremacy in art, cannot be expected to know what immense strides we islanders have recently made in artistic taste and achievement. So they think us ignorantly impertinent, and we think them wilfully blind. It is solely a question of our different points of view.

As a nation, Italians are singularly unassuming ; many of them have a certain Anglo mania, and are pleased to express unbounded admiration for our constitution and customs. Yet it is not well to take their words too literally ; and our usual assumption of recognised superiority wounds them to the quick. No one candidly believes another nation to be superior to his own ; and why should we suppose even the meekest of Italians to be an exception to the rule ? He will readily admit his country's defects and shortcomings ; but, taken for all in all, thinks it inferior to none. Did not his Italy teach art and science to the world when the rest of Europe, England included, was still grovelling in barbarism ? With centuries of pre-eminence at his back, every Italian feels that his claims to consideration rest upon other than personal merits. Accordingly he is all the more puzzled by the attitude of travelling English, who unite deep reverence for the Italy of the past with open indifference for the Italy of to-day. "How," cries Young Italy, "can you worship my cities, my mountains, my picture galleries—how can you be so obtrusively tender of the hides of my cab-horses, the eyes of my singing-birds, and yet take so little trouble to study *me ?* " We do study him somewhat, but generally from the outside point of view. Our attempts towards social intimacy too often end in failure. English and Italian meet, but do not amalgamate. They often meet upon excellent terms, with plenty of outer cordiality ; and in circles where horses, dogs, pigeon-shooting, cards, and dancing and gossip constitute the

objects of life, all the world is, more or less, kin. Yet even there international differences come to the surface. English girls are heard to complain that married women have the best of the fun; Italian girls find Englishmen heavy in hand. Englishmen, on their side, find Italian maidens rather shy and constrained, do not care to flirt with the said maidens' unconstrained mammas, and dislike having their partners whisked off for turns with other men just when conversation is warming up. The golden youth of Italy, on the other hand, often fear to approach marriageable girls, and abide by the safer pastime of courting other men's wives. Then English women and Italian seldom get on together, and have as few ideas in common as some polo-playing, cricketing, boating undergraduate can have with a languid young Marchese who spends the best part of the day lounging, cigar in mouth, on the doorstep of his fashionable club. Thus much for superficial differences; and the deeper we go beneath the surface, the wider the difference becomes.

Much international experience inclines me to distrust Englishmen who are more Italian than Italians, as much as I distrust Italians who out-Herod the English in strict subservience to insular forms and conventions, that are mainly the results of inherited habit, or survivals of obsolete prejudice. In either case some motive of self-interest is usually at work, and these exceptional individuals seldom stand very high in the esteem of their respective countrymen. But the rampant Briton, however worthy at bottom, is certainly often intolerable in his exactions. What sympathy, for instance, can be deserved by the tourist who aggressively protests against Sunday festivities in the Italian village he darkens with his presence, and is outraged if his landlord refuse him the monopoly of the public room for the religious service of a tiny minority of Protestant guests? No! let us all maintain our individual convictions; but for Heaven's sake let us avoid thrusting them down our neighbours' unwilling throats!

It is well said of us by Emerson—most genial of plain-speaking critics—that we English "have a difficulty in bringing our reason to act, and on all occasions use our memory first." Probably that is why we despise everything which varies from our own mode of life, and cannot accept the possibility of departure from accustomed forms. Now, the sole basis of genuine harmony between Italians and English consists in a frank agreement to differ—in an avowal of the impossibility of regarding things from the same point of view, or of exacting conformity with the same standard, whether of society, religion, or morals.

L. Villari.

WILL NORWAY BECOME A REPUBLIC?

In order to understand the existing crisis between the two powers in the State in Norway, it is necessary to trace it to its origin.

By the Treaty of Kiel, dated January 14th, 1814, Frederick VI. of Denmark was compelled by Great Britain and Sweden, allied against Napoleon, to cede Norway as a province to the latter Power, which by this transaction was to be recompensed for the loss of Finland. By a public manifesto the Danish king informed the Norwegians that the forced union with Denmark, to which Norway had been doomed for 434 years, was at an end, but that a brilliant future, no doubt, awaited her people by exchanging a Danish master for a Swedish, and recommended them obedience. Against this decision the Norwegians rose in arms. It was not natural that the proud Norsemen, who could boast of having been a nation at a period when the Swedes were hardly more than squatters in their land, and whose battle-cry had been heard in every quarter of the then known world, who had sent their Jarls to redeem the Holy Land, who had planted their standards on the other side of the Atlantic 500 years before Columbus was born, and who had founded Normandy, the mightiest and most civilised state in the Europe of that age, should tacitly consent to be the suffering party in a transaction which resembled the "selling-up" of a bankrupt slave-owner. From Lindesnœs to Nordkap every man stood to arms. The martial spirit of the nation was fully taken advantage of by the heir to the Danish throne, Prince Christian Fredrik, who, on arriving in Christiania to acquaint the Norwegians with the decision of his father, encouraged the people to resist the Treaty of Kiel. This Prince, whose integrity and honest character were entirely at variance with that of his predecessors on the throne, convened a Congress at Eidsvold, April 10th, 1814, and there met 112 representatives, the flower of the nation's intelligence: the proud demonstration of its antiquity. From the 10th of April to the 19th of May these sat in council, and by the 17th of that month they had framed *Norges Grundlov*, a Constitution which the Norwegians justly boast of as making them the freest among nations. This is the treasure which the Storthing labours to destroy.

The Danish Prince Christian was subsequently, by a somewhat injudicious decision, elected King of Norway, which he continued to be until the union with Sweden on November the 4th, of the same year, the intervening months being the only period during which Norway has been a separate State since 1299.

In the meantime, Marshal Bernadotte, elected as the Swedish Prince Regent, Carl Johan, leaving the allied armies to deal with Napoleon, marched into Norway at the head of a Swedish army to enforce the Treaty of Kiel. The Norwegians defended themselves with great intrepidity against one of the finest and most victorious armies of the day, and, after a number of indecisive engagements, Carl Johan, on behalf of the Swedish Government, offered to renounce the claims to which the Treaty of Kiel might entitle them, and, what was still more important, to accept the Constitution of Eidsvold. A preliminary conference was held at Moss, King Christian resigned, and eventually an Extraordinary Storthing—the first Norwegian Parliament—met in Christiania in October, and decided to establish the Union of Norway and Sweden. On the 10th of November, 1814, the Swedish Prince Regent took the oath as a Norwegian citizen and subscribed to the Constitution of Eidsvold.

Thus ended the struggle between the descendants of the Vikings and the allied Powers of Europe.

From the year 1814 to 1824 Norway has only a record of progress and prosperity to show. To form a true basis for the social freedom and stability of the new-fledged nation a National Bank was founded in Throndhjem; the standing army, to lighten the burthen of the tax-payers was reduced to 12,000 men; beneficent laws were passed to promote trade and industry, general education was attended to, arts and sciences were encouraged, and, after a decade of independence, Norway could boast of a social happiness and a political freedom which were the envy of every civilised power, and which fully demonstrated the capacity of the Norse race for self-government.

In the year 1821 the Storthing decided, in accordance with two previous resolutions (*vide* the suspensive veto) to abolish aristocracy. The King, Carl XIII. of Södermanland, forced by the representations of Prussia and Russia, protested, sent a Swedish squadron of men-of-war to Christiania harbour, and assembled an army of Swedish and Norwegian soldiers in the capital, in order to intimidate the Storthing; but the demonstration was of no avail, for, with the windows of the House vibrating with the heavy cannonade from the fleet and army, the Norwegian Legislators unanimously recorded their "Ayes," and hereditary distinctions were for ever abolished in the kingdom of Norway.

The Norwegian Constitution, the sacred compact between king and subjects to which both have sworn fealty, enacts, that Norway shall be a free and independent kingdom, the form of Government Limited Monarchy, and that the country shall be united with Sweden under the same King.

The *Executive* power (§ 3) rests with the King, who appoints all servants of State—civil as well as military—makes war and concludes peace, enters into treaties with foreign Powers, &c. The King chooses his own *advisers, i.e.* ministers (§ 12)—eleven—of whom three always reside in Stockholm, where the King also is to reside. He can appoint his eldest son Viceroy of Norway, at the head of the Ministry in Christiania; he is himself bound by the Constitution to spend three months of the year in Norway. The ministers, as the King's own chosen councillors and servants, have no seat in the Legislative Assembly, and cannot be called before the House, collectively, for any explanation of whatever nature.

The *Legislative* power (§ 49), on the other hand, rests with the National Assembly, the Storthing (*liter.* Great Court). This is elected indirectly. In order to have a vote for the members of the Storthing, it is necessary to be twenty-five years of age, not to have offended against the law, to have resided in the country for five years previously, to be, or to have been, a servant of the Crown, and either to own *matriculated* (registered) land in the country, or to be a town citizen owning property of the value of Kr. 600 (£33). No foreigner can vote for the Storthing, while voters who have been bankrupt or sold their votes are disqualified. The members of the Storthing, who must be resident in their constituency, are elected by the "Valgmœnd" (electors), nominated by the voters, and number 114—thirty-eight representatives for towns and boroughs, and seventy-six for the counties—and are elected for three years. When the Storthing has met, the members choose three-fourths of their number for the "Odelsthing," and one-fourth for the "Lagthing," and every Bill is first considered in the Odelsthing, then in the Lagthing and, if agreed to in both, sent to the King for sanction. Should the two "Things" not agree, both meet collectively as a Storthing, in which the measure is then decided. The Odelsthing and the Lagthing are, in fact, nothing more than two "Grand Committees," neither of which has a single prerogative in preference to the other. There is no Upper or Second Chamber, a feature which should never be lost sight of in this matter. The President of the "Thing" has the privileges of the "Speaker," but there is no *clôture*. The Storthing meets in Christiania every February, and sits for two calendar months, unless it receives the King's permission to do so for a longer term. During this period the members receive Kr. 12 a-day, while their

travelling expenses from home and back are paid by the Crown. The functions of the Storthing are, according to the Constitution, as follows: To frame the laws, control the finances of the country and regulate the entire expenditure, take up loans, examine the books of the Exchequer, administer the Bank of Norway, &c. From these enactments it will be seen that the Constitution, the compact signed by King and people, clearly distinguishes between the prerogatives of the two bodies in the State.

In one important particular the constitution of Norway differs from those of all other countries, viz. by the Suspensive Veto. Thus, if a Bill passes *unaltered* three *consecutive* Storthings, it becomes law *without* the King's sanction. This clause is the cause of the present political crisis in Norway. The Constitution states, in plain words, that the King has no *absolute* veto, but only the *suspensive* veto. The Republicans now in the Storthing would apply this rule to amendments of the Constitution, and thereby claim that they *alone* are entitled to alter, at will, the clauses of the Constitution—subscribed to by both—to overrule all Government decisions, and consequently, if they should think fit, may declare: "that it is the desire of this Assembly that Norway henceforth be a Republic."

Such a construction of the veto is, of course, inadmissible in any Limited Monarchy where there is no Second Chamber; it is, in fact, contrary to every principle of Constitutional Government, and is entirely opposed to the last clause (§ 112) of the Constitution, which distinctly states that both King and Storthing must *agree* to amend any clause of the same, a principle in the Constitution which is furthermore enacted beyond doubt by clause 82, which sets forth the only six instances in which the King's veto is not required.

I will now proceed to sketch the history of the Opposition in Norway.

During the first twenty years of Norway's resurrection, when a rapid and steady progress was made in all branches of society and commerce, the Storthings had chiefly been composed of members of the bureaucracy (Embedsmœnd), more than half of the members belonging to this class, and only from twenty to thirty to the peasant class. But in the year 1833, there appeared for the first time in the House a man who formed the first Opposition in Norway. This man was Ole Gabriel Ueland, a peasant pure and simple. He was self-educated, but of a shrewd and persevering disposition, who saw that it had been the intention of the framers of the Constitution to place the legislative power, in a country where there were no landlords, in the hands of the peasants, and round his standard rallied all the rural repre-

sentatives with the cry, "Down with the bureaucracy," "Retrenchment!" "The Storthing for the peasants," &c. At first the bureaucracy, which was formed of some of the most talented and intelligent men in the country, and far superior to the peasant-party in education and natural gifts, suffered but little by the onslaught, but by degrees their number decreased, mainly owing to a deplorable objection to face the vulgar, and very often coarse, attacks of the peasants, who in debate returned vituperation for satire; so when the Storthing met in 1851, there were only twenty-five members representing this class, while the peasant party numbered forty-three. The Ueland party described its policy as "Liberal," but its legislation savoured of a narrow-mindedness and selfishness hardly consistent with this term. In support of this I may mention their attempt, in 1845, to exclude all Jews from the country; in fact, it would more fitly apply to the bureaucracy of the day than to the peasant party. Still, Ueland and his party were strictly constitutional, and had as little idea of disputing the King's absolute veto in *amendments of the Constitution* as the Republicans of the present day have of respecting it. But in 1851 there arose in the Storthing a man, who was to form a far stronger party than Ueland, one Johan Sverdrup, the present leader of the Republicans in Norway, and for some years past President of the Storthing.

Sverdrup began life as a solicitor in the little town of Laurvig, came of a good family, and was fairly educated; but his ambition soon spurred him to forsake the dull but respectable profession of a lawyer for the more exciting career of a political demagogue. While Ueland's idea had been to obtain for his class, by constitutional means, that just share of the legislation of the country which belonged to the owners of the soil, Sverdrup's dream was to see Norway governed by a majority in the Storthing, which should establish and disestablish ministries, appoint their tools to the offices of state, and the King a puppet merely countersigning their decisions. This was Sverdrup's idea of a true form of government—government by the "Sovereign people"—and at the head of such a majority—himself. Ueland was a Constitutionalist, Sverdrup is a Republican. Although differing so much in their aims, Sverdrup and Ueland formed an alliance against their common enemy, the upper class, the former naturally taking good care to conceal his ultimate intentions from the peasant party, which would have abhorred his principles. For this reason, Sverdrup voted in all Storthings, up to that of 1860, against the admission of the Ministers to the debates, but in that year, when the party he had formed was servile enough and could not do without him as a leader, he spoke warmly in favour of the change

in the Constitution mentioned above, and expressed the doctrine "that power in a *well-organised* state should only be in *one* hand," viz. his own.

There has, besides these two leaders, been a man in the Storthing for many years who, although without a party, has exercised an influence on the bulk of the population in Norway, hardly equalled by any in this century. His name is Sören Jaabœk. His theories are social-democratic. According to him, there should be equality not only of wealth among the members of a properly constituted community, but no one individual should receive a larger share of education than another; in fact, education of any sort, beyond its mere rudiments, is detrimental. The University and all "higher" schools should be abolished, as well as all *religion*. The "People," as represented by the majority in the Storthing, should be "Sovereign." His tenets are borrowed from the writings of Saint Simon, Carl Marx, and Lassalle; they have, I regret to say, been accepted with great favour by the peasants, and have even been erected into a creed under the name of "Jaabœkianisme," while his late organ, the *Folketidende*, the "people's journal," had a larger circulation than any journal in Norway. Sverdrup and Jaabœk, whose aims are so different, have one idea in common, viz. the abolition of the Monarchy, and the establishment of a Norwegian Republic. Hence their alliance: they both mistrust one another, but the common enemy, settled government, unites them.

I have now reached the year 1871, and of the alterations in the Constitution down to this period, I may name, as of most importance, the change from triennial to yearly Storthings, which, on being introduced by Sverdrup in 1860, was thrown out, but, when proposed by the Government in 1869 was accepted. Here Sverdrup and his party gained a victory; but I must, in passing, call attention to the fact that, on this as on all previous occasions, the King's *absolute* veto in *amendments of the Constitution* was *unconditionally* admitted by the Storthing.

In 1871 the Opposition in the Storthing was far differently constituted from that in any previous year. Ueland was dead, Sverdrup was omnipotent. The party was now made up of peasants, but not of the old venerable Norse stock which had fought under Ueland's banner: they were merely landowners in name, not in reality, and along with these there mustered, for the first time, a number of Sverdrup's nominees, persons who took to politics for a living, and anxious to obtain the appointments which remain in the hands of the Storthing. In this session Sverdrup could count on eighty followers against the Government. The Conservatives were led by Anton Martin Schweigaard, the greatest politician and statesman

Norway has hitherto produced, and as long as he was alive he exercised an influence on the Opposition only realised after his death.

As I have already stated, the Norwegian Constitution stipulates (§ 12) that the King chooses his own advisers, who have no seat in the Storthing, and from the very outset of Sverdrup's parliamentary career it has been his aim to obtain the admission of these to the debates of the House. How could his ideas of a true "Government by the People," with himself at their head, be realised without it? But in his earliest days, while in partnership with Ueland, he carefully concealed his views on the subject, and spoke and voted against the measure whenever proposed. He saw clearly that this was a change in the spirit and tenor of the Constitution which its framers had never intended, and which, therefore, the Conservative peasant-party would never permit. In 1860, Sverdrup felt, however, strong enough to throw off the mask, and speak in favour of their admittance. In nine subsequent Storthings the Bill for altering the clause had been introduced by the Republicans, and although their measure has gained a larger majority year by year —in 1880, 93 voted for and 20 against it—the King has as often refused to sanction the same, and I will explain why. According to the Republican idea of a properly constituted "Government by the People," as proposed by their Bill the Ministers *shall have no seat in the House*, neither be allowed to *take part in the debates*, but simply be "in waiting" in the House to be cross-examined, reprimanded, or, perhaps, even insulted by members at pleasure, and if a member should be able to obtain a temporary majority for his resolution—*i.e.* vote of want of confidence—the King would have to dismiss his trusted servants. This view of a "properly constituted" Government the Norwegian Crown never took. According to their idea there was not the slightest reason why the Ministers should not be allowed to take part in the debate *under the same rules and conditions as those which exist in all other constitutional monarchies*, and already in 1874 the Government submitted a Bill to the Storthing for the admission of the Ministers, but with the following four amendments of the Constitution for the safeguard of the Executive:—(1) That the King should have the power of dissolving the Storthing and decreeing new elections; (2) that the Storthing, if the King did not dissolve, might sit for four months, but that the remuneration of a member should not exceed Kr. 1,440 (£80) in a session; (3) that a minister might demand a pension of half his salary or Kr. 6,000 (£330); (4) that the sanctioning of Bills which had not been made before the House was prorogued, might be deferred to the following session. *This Bill the Republicans, headed by Sverdrup, rejected with scorn!*

It will be easily conceived, that these stipulations did not tend to "gather all power within this House," or to "consolidate the power in the State in *one* hand," as Sverdrup expressed his aim; but while the Government, in support of their views of the safeguards required by the Executive for altering the Constitution, could point to similar prerogatives granted in all free parliamentary countries, the Republicans had only those of Greece to support them, where a system, as indicated above, exists, and I do not believe that even the most ardent admirer of the Hellenic race will insist that their political and social *status* is the touchstone of perfection.

In order to explain the changes made in the Constitution by these four amendments, I may state that the Storthing now only sits for two months, but that their sessions have been prolonged from year to year, and now are rarely closed until the middle of June, viz. four months and a half; that the members now receive their remuneration per day, which may thus amount to nearly £200 for the session; that ministers now receive no pensions except as grants ("charitable donations" Jaabœk calls them) from the Storthing.

The important fact that the Government have proposed this change in the Constitution, a proposition which still lies on the table of the House (*vide* King Oscar's speech), has been most studiously concealed by Radicals in and out of Norway.

When the Government Bill was thrown out, the Ministry acquainted the King of the fact with the following remark: "The Nation will therefore clearly see that no blame can be attached to your Majesty's Government by the result."

One may well ask who was the man who, as the chief adviser of the King, has borne the brunt of these repeated attacks by the Republicans on the Constitution and the Monarchy? From the year 1845 until 1880, with a short interval, the Norwegian Government was led by Fredrik Stang, a man of rare talent and acquirements, who had been called to the council table at the early age of thirty-seven. He came from a distinguished family, whose members had before then made their mark in the social and political life of Norway. If there is a fault to be found with his administration, it is, that it was too forbearing and yielding to the demands of the Storthing, which is fully borne out by the sanction, in 1872, of a Bill which, by reducing the pensions of the civil servants to a minimum, had the effect of attracting men of mediocre talent only to the Government offices, whereby Stang unintentionally inflicted a crushing blow on a class which, by their very position, should have formed his strongest support. He loved, however, the Storthing with all his heart, and it was the

dream of his life to work in harmony with this free institution for the progress and welfare of his fellow citizens, but the realization of this dream the Republicans denied him. From the very outset of his career Sverdrup had determined *coûte que coûte* to crush this man, and he has followed his aim with a zeal and personal hatred which often has made him sacrifice the interests of the nation for his own. Even when the venerable statesman, whose head had grown grey in the service of his country, at the age of seventy-two, asked the Storthing for a pitiful pension for his few remaining days, Sverdrup could not forego the delight of wounding and insulting the feelings of the true patriot by reducing the sum from £600 to £300, and this in spite of Stang having renounced a larger pension which had been granted him a few years previously, when ill-health having forced on him a temporary retirement, he returned, when restored to health, to office, by which he had actually saved the country nearly £7,000! Jaabœk now proposed that no pension should be granted. All the services which Stang had rendered his country, during the twenty years he had been, first a member, and lastly at the head of the Government, were now forgotten. It was only remembered that he had not taken the Storthing's view in the question of admitting the Ministers to the House, and particularly, that he had been the faithful servant of his Sovereign, and was the man whom the Republicans in vain had tried every device to remove. For these grave offences against the "People" he was to be humbled and only granted a pittance which any ordinary civil servant could demand as a right. But the Norwegian Nation replied to these sentiments in a plain and dignified manner. A national subscription was opened, and in a few weeks a sum of £8,000 was placed at the disposal of the retiring Premier, who accepted the interest on the capital, on condition that it should, on his decease, be used for the founding of a scholarship for students of political science.

When Stang retired, the Republicans thought that at last their day had come, and that King Oscar would choose his advisers from their ranks; but they were mistaken. The King sent instead for Christian August Selmer, already a member of the Cabinet. There was only a change of names, not of policy, a course which was fully justified by a decision which the Storthing had arrived at a few months previously.

In the year 1880, there met in Christiania a Storthing destined to become the most notorious in the annals of Norwegian history. The Bill demanding the presence of the Ministers in the House, in the manner desired by the Republicans, was again brought before the House, again carried, and by a larger majority than on any

previous occasion, viz. ninety-three votes against twenty. In spite of this majority and the personal appeals made to His Majesty, King Oscar again withheld his signature. The reply of the Republicans to the non-sanction was as follows: "This Storthing hereby declares and makes known, this 9th of June, 1880, that the King's veto in *amending the Constitution* of Norway is *superfluous*." This decision, the importance of which cannot yet be fully estimated, but rests on results, has, in clear and unmistakable words, settled the position of the Republicans and the Constitutionalists in Norway. Before the 9th of June, 1880, the Opposition in the Storthing was constitutional and legitimate—it now became treasonable. The Opposition, which in 1833 had risen to crush the bureaucracy, had, in 1880, developed into a revolutionary body for the abolishing of the Monarchy. From the very fact of Norway being a Constitutional Monarchy, without an Upper House, the King must possess a voice in all *amendments of the Constitution*, a prerogative without which no Sovereign could possibly rule.

The absolute veto in amendments of the Constitution of the Norwegian kings had never been disputed before; it had even by the Storthings of 1824 and 1860, been specially admitted as one of their rights, and was at that period acknowledged both by Sverdrup and Jaabœk. Thus, when Carl Johan in 1824 proposed to transform the clause of the Constitution relating to the suspensive veto in matters of Law into an absolute one, the Storthing refused the request with the words, "that your Majesty already possesses an absolute veto in all *constitutional amendments*." It has, in addition, been admitted by sixty years of constitutional practise.

On an appeal being made by the Government to the Faculty of Jurisprudence at the University of Christiania, it expressed the *unanimous* opinion that the King has, by the Grundlov, *absolute* veto in *constitutional* questions, in which view several legal celebrities, as, for instance, the eminent German, Swedish, and Professors, Conrad Maurer, L. Rydin, and L. Scharring entirely concur. Still, the leading cry with which the Republicans went to the country last year was "No *Absolute* Veto." The demand that any temporary majority in a Storthing which may be changed to-morrow should be at liberty to amend the Constitution at pleasure without the Crown having an equal voice in the matter, is tantamount to demanding its abolition and to transferring the absolute veto from the Crown to an arbitrary number.

In the year 1880 Christian Selmer became the King's chief adviser, and under this able man's administration the prerogatives of the Crown have been guarded with great jealousy, and more

initiative has been shown by the Government, while the dignity of the Sovereign has been firmly upheld by prosecuting a few of the most scurrilous writers in the public press, the necessity of which, I think, will be admitted when I quote, as an example, what a Civil servant and a member of the Storthing, Herr H. Löberg, thought himself justified in saying of his Sovereign in his organ, viz.: "That the Devil takes care of his *own*, *i.e.* King Oscar." For this elegant *mot* he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

If we now examine the labours of the Storthing for the period 1880–83, we shall find that hardly a dozen measures were passed for the benefit of the nation; and if we compare them with those of the triennial Storthings up to 1850, we shall find that the Norwegian people benefited more from a single session's legislation by the bureaucracy of those days than by three of the Republican ones of the present. Whereas the public time was formerly employed for useful legislation, it is now wasted, session after session, by silly debates, as to whether the King shall be addressed as "Most Gracious," or simply "the King"; whether the Storthing ought not to style itself "We," as the King employs *ego*; or whether the Storthing shall wait on His Majesty *in corpore*, in accordance with time-honoured usage, or show its displeasure at non-sanctioning of Bills by studied absence. While the nation's time is thus disposed of, its money is consumed by the paid Legislators; and, while the country thirsts for retrenchment and thrift, in order to procure a balance between revenue and expenditure, large sums are yearly thrown away on Storthing Committees and needy individuals who follow in the wake of the Republicans to obtain a living.

Thus while the Storthing refuses to grant supplies for writing-materials, and fuel (!) required in the Government offices, and, even, as decided last year, any money at all to "Royal" Committees, and while faithful Crown servants are refused the meanest pensions, the Storthing has no hesitation in granting large annuities to such men as Captain Jacobsen, because he obeyed the command of Johan Sverdrup to serve on a revolutionary military Committee, instead of that of his superior officer, and suffered dismissal from service in consequence. While the breeding of sheep and cattle in the country leaves much to be desired, the Storthing decides that no money shall be granted to maintaining the English stock which the Government have for years possessed for cross-breeding purposes; and while the decreasing mercantile marine of the country—only five years ago the third in the world, now the seventh—ought to receive every encouragement, money is refused for the erection and maintenance of light-houses on the terrible Norwegian coast,

and this in a land where three per cent. of the population find their living at sea. The Navy is in a most deplorable state, yet the only dockyard is nearly closed from want of supplies; and still the Storthing does not hesitate to request the Government to pay a sum of £2,000 to "Folkevæbningssamlagene," Armed Association for the people, whose organisation and programme has been proved to be that of a parliamentary army, to be employed in case of a revolution; or to bring in a Bill for raising the army to 80,000 men, for the protection of a country which can badly afford to support 20,000. Why this systematic policy of refusing to grant what the nation requires in order to be governed? Simply because the Republicans in the Storthing desire the King to take a ministry from among a body of men who have declared that they, and they *alone*, can amend the Constitution at will. For this Sverdrup declares the nation must suffer, and, "on account of the political situation," &c., is the Storthing's preamble to every refusal.

After continuous sessions of this character, it became incumbent on the Government to speak, and to speak in an unequivocal manner, and when the Storthing last year had sat two months and a half *beyond* its legal time, King Oscar came to Christiania and, allowing the Storthing twenty-four hours to finish debating, he dissolved the House in person.

King Oscar spoke to the Storthing thus:—

"More than two generations have elapsed since Norway regained independence under a free Constitution and a Union with a brother people founded on equality. During this period there has reigned legitimate freedom and continuous peace, which have permitted the fullest development of all the resources of the nation. Richly has the labour been blessed, and great has the progress been in every direction. My desires and aspirations have been to build further on this foundation, and I have been herein inspired by a true love of that Constitution on which legitimate freedom internally is based, and by a sincere devotion to the Union on which our security externally depends. Guided by these sentiments, and with this aim before me, I depended with confidence on a continuous progress and development, and I fully relied on the hearty co-operation of the Storthing. During the period which has elapsed since I last addressed the Storthing, many a beneficial measure has been passed; but, on the other hand, the proceedings of this Assembly have often advanced in a direction which I, on my side, have been unable to approve of, and they have at times passed Resolutions to the performance of which I, as the maintainer of the Royal power according to the Constitution, have been unable to lend my hand. The Storthing has also on several occasions let

the regular work of development stand aside in endeavouring to encroach on the prerogatives which by the Constitution belong to the King. It is advanced by some that the Crown has refused the concordant labour between the two powers in the State which the participation of the Ministers in the proceedings of the Storthing would demand. This assertion is unfounded. In order to meet the Storthing, I have repeatedly submitted a Proposition for amending the Constitution to this effect, a proposition which is at the present moment in the hands of the Storthing. The conditions on which the proposition is based, I believed, and do believe, to be of extreme importance with our constitutional conditions. Similar conditions form part of other monarchical constitutions, even with those which possess far stronger Conservative guarantees than ours. In order to meet the Storthing, I have, irrespective of the serious consideration to which it has given rise, from year to year given my sanction to a prolonged session far beyond the period agreed at the time of introducing yearly Storthings. When I was compelled to withhold my sanction from the Resolution that one of the Storthing's Committees should remain together after the House was prorogued, I proposed, in order to meet the Storthing, a procedure which would in every respect have satisfied the demands of a thorough investigation of the case. But the Storthing has not, by any step made by the Executive, although emanating from the sincerest desire of concord and understanding, been induced to make a similar advance.

"With grave anxiety I have learnt that the Storthing maintains that it can amend the Constitution without the King's sanction.

"My conviction of the unrighteousness (*det uberrettigede*) of this assertion is unshakable (*urokkelig*).

"Only King and Storthing combined have the power of amending the Constitution.

"With a deep sense of my Royal duty, I will, to the utmost of my ability, defend (*værge om*) the Constitution to which we all—you as well as I—have subscribed the oath, and which everybody must unswervingly follow, if the peace and security of our community is to be maintained.

"I put my confidence in the hope that the lamentable division and excitement which have penetrated our public life will, by degrees, give way to a less obscured and soberer understanding of the existing conditions and demands of our social life, and that all enlightened and patriotic men, everyone within his sphere, will support my endeavours to this end.

"May a gracious Providence avert the calamitous consequences of every attempt to shake the very foundations of the social order

under which the Norwegian people have existed happily and free for so many years!

"With a prayer to God that this will be the case, I remain," &c.

The King's speech was applauded by every intelligent and patriotic man in Norway: the nation had spoken through its Chief Representative, and far and wide did his voice penetrate.

King Oscar's reception in Christiania, the stronghold of the Constitutionalists, was on this occasion a perfect ovation; thousands of people thronged the streets; the populace pressed to his carriage, and, with tears in his eyes, the noble monarch had to appear four times at the entrance to the railway station to take leave of his enthusiastic subjects. This was an unsafe moment for the Republicans in the capital.

When the King so hurriedly dissolved the Storthing, the Republicans became furious, and while Sverdrup, the President, excused himself from attending when his Sovereign addressed the Storthing, but spent the time in the Members' Library, the majority decided, by way of showing their displeasure, to depart from time-honoured custom, and not to wait on His Majesty *in corpore*. King Oscar held his reception without the deputation from the Storthing.

Since these events a General Election has taken place in Norway for the Storthing 1883–85, and with the result of a gain of nine votes to the Republicans. There are, therefore, in the present Storthing 31 Constitutionalists against 83 Republicans, as against 39 to 75 in the last. Of these, 70 Republicans represent counties (*amterne*) and 13 towns, whilst six Constitutionalists were returned in the counties and 25 in the towns. The Constitutionalists lost 10 votes, all in towns, but, securing one, the total loss was nine votes. The most important loss was in Bergen, the wealthiest commercial town in Norway, where three Conservatives were before returned. There are only two relieving features in the election, viz. that, of the Constitutional members, 25 were returned for towns, and that they are in talent, position, and ability, far superior to the Republican, some of whom have never before appeared before the public, and that the capital, Christiania, the emporium of civilisation in the land, sends four Constitutional members, three of whom are men and debaters of great ability—one being the only son of the ex-premier, Fredrik Stang—and the fourth, the most eminent professor of theology Norway can boast of. In fact, the defeat of the Republicans in the capital, in spite of all their efforts, was so unexpectedly crushing, that the Republican organs have in consequence never recovered their wonted self-possession, and it has had the effect of raising the anger of the Republicans to such an extent, that it was not until towards the end of the session that the elections were declared legal by the Storthing. The voice of the

capital penetrated to the innermost corners of the land, and far different would, in my opinion, the result of the last election have been, if it had sounded at the outset of the battle, not near its close. The opinion expressed by the capital has been fully corroborated by the recent Municipal elections, when the Constitutional party obtained 1,310 votes, the Republican 33!

The new Storthing is constituted as follows: 30 peasants (against 47 ten years ago), 27 civil servants, 12 merchants, 11 vergers (!), 11 lawyers, 11 "forskjellige Bestillingsmœnd" (persons holding various civil appointments), 8 "Lensmœnd" (Sheriff's officers), 2 manufacturers, 1 artisan, and *one* who is relegated to the group "others." Among these are two, Löberg and Sörensen, who have been sentenced for *crimen læssæ majestatis.*

The cause of this deplorable result is not far to seek. The Constitution enacts, as previously stated, that every holder of *matriculated* (registered) soil in the country, is enfranchised, without, however, fixing the *minimum* tax to the Crown, and this inadvertency the Storthing of 1882 took an undue advantage of, by declaring, just before it dissolved, that all so-called "Myrmœnd," *i.e.* owners of swamps, were entitled to vote. These voters are faggot-voters, who, in order to obtain a vote for the Storthing, purchase a swamp, a space of waste land, or the like, perhaps a few yards square, the Crown tax of which would be about *one penny*, and thereby obtain the same noice in the legislation of the country as the owner of a thousand fertile acres. This was a clever move of the Republicans, and as "Myrmœnd" were before the election manufactured by their associations for a fee of Kr. 5 (5s. 6d.) per individual, the result of the late election is not to be wondered at. In support of the above statement, I may mention that during the period 1880–82, no less than three thousand voters were added to the registers by this system; a considerable number, it should be remembered, in a country with a limited franchise. Of these, eight hundred became qualified by possessing land paying a Crown tax of one half-penny each, thirteen hundred by possessing land paying a crown tax of one farthing, while that of the remaining nine hundred was so small, that it could not be reckoned in Norwegian money! If the Republicans unblushingly employed such means as regards the land, in turning the election, what others may not have been pursued in secret? The Constitutionalists, I need hardly say, scorned to take advantage of this declaration, so entirely at variance with the tenor and spirit of the Constitution of a land-owning nation. I consider that the Government committed a grave error by not declaring such votes illegal. Thus only in the most unnecessary place, the capital, have any official investigations been opened.

When the Storthing dissolved last year, it went to the country with the intention of returning in order to impeach the King's advisers before the Rigsret. By the Norwegian Constitution, the Rigsret is the highest tribunal in the country. Its functions are to try ministers, or members of the Storthing, who have committed a *breach of office*. This is the charge which is now advanced against King Oscar's servants.

What will the result of a hostile decision by this quasi Court of Justice be? In my belief, King Oscar will act entirely in accord with the Constitution, and part with the Selmer ministry; but he will select another, which is as determined to maintain the Monarchy as the former. There will be a change of portfolios only, not of policy. And then? Well, then the Republicans will, we may imagine, "make up" another Rigsret; and when the verdict of this has been pronounced, similar to that of its predecessor, a new election will be at hand. We may then hope that the ignorance of true political freedom, from which the bulk of the youngest of the people of Europe naturally now suffers, may have given way to a clearer understanding of what Liberty implies.

Having thus dealt with the various elements in the political strife in Norway, I have only one more left, viz. King Oscar.

There are, in my opinion, few men who have been more grossly misjudged than this monarch. Leaders and articles have, during the last few years, appeared in various journals, chiefly Liberal and Radical, in which the writers, have represented King Oscar as a man born in the nineteenth century with the views of a James I. or Louis XIV. This is far from being the case. King Oscar began, early in life, his career as a sub-lieutenant in the Norwegian navy, with but the remotest prospect of ever wearing a crown. He passed with every honour through all the stages of a naval career, as no carpet officer, as his colleagues will testify; he visited and studied in most of the cities of the world, from the North Cape to the Cape of Good Hope; he has, as a sailor, furrowed every sea on the globe, and been the honoured guest of every sovereign in Europe.

But the Republicans say they will "compel" King Oscar to accept their terms. Well, we have examined the principal means they fancy they possess to "coerce" him, viz. the Rigsret. The next, that of refusing the supplies, viz. the maintenance of light-houses, and of fires in the Government offices, has been tried and failed, as it is apparent that by this policy the nation at large suffers far more than individuals. On the other hand, there is but little prospect for those who may desire it, that King Oscar, with his keen sense of his duty towards the flower of

intelligence in his kingdom, will abdicate, even if the Civil List should be refused.

There remains, then, only one means in the hands of the Republicans for accomplishing their purpose, viz. a revolution. Can the Republicans in Norway gauge public opinion—can they suppress the organs of the Constitutionalists—can they extirpate the thinking and intelligent minority in the country—can they compel the King, who takes his stand by the Constitution, to which both he and the Storthing have subscribed the oath, to resign, and *Sweden to dissolve the Union*—can they, in fact, raise a civil war and come victorious out of the contest? Then, but not *before*, will Norway become a Republic!

CARL SIEWERS.

ON THE STUDY OF CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.

(*Continued from Vol. I. page* 467.)

Between the close of the fifth century and the rise of Athenian power after the Persian War was an interval of about eighty years, during which that great advance of art took place which culminated in the sculptures of Pheidias (B.C. 460–30). Within this space of less than a century that long struggle between Greeks and barbarians was fought out which, beginning with the untimely revolt of the Ionian States (B.C. 500), terminated in the glorious victories of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa (B.C. 490–79).

This, too, was the age of Pindar, of Simonides, of Æschylus, and of his younger contemporary, Sophocles, who gained his first dramatic victory B.C. 468, a few years before Pericles attained supreme power at Athens. Of the sculptors who preceded and led up to Pheidias, the names and a few scanty notices of their works are handed down to us, but of the characteristics of style by which they were severally distinguished we know very little. We find the west coast of Asia Minor and the islands no longer the principal centre of artistic activity; we now begin to hear of new schools of sculpture in the Peloponnese, at Ægina, and at Athens. The most eminent among the sculptors of the Peloponnese is Ageladas of Argos, whose name has a peculiar interest for us, inasmuch as he was the teacher of Pheidias and of those illustrious contemporaries of Pheidias, Myron and Polycletus. Ageladas was a worker in bronze, and the list of his works shows a varied range of subject, comprising athletes, female figures, and animals. These subjects were treated sometimes in groups, sometimes as single statues. We have no record of the characteristics of his style, nor can any extant work be connected with him either as an original or as a copy. It was about the same time that two brothers, Aristocles and Canachus, flourished in Sicyon, of whom the first is chiefly known to us as having founded in his native city a school of sculpture, which lasted for seven generations.

Canachus was an artist of more celebrity. His principal works were, an Aphroditè seated on a throne, and executed in ivory and gold, which Pausanias saw at Sicyon; a wooden statue of Apollo

at Thebes, and a colossal statue of the same deity at Branchidæ in Ionia, which either Darius or Xerxes carried off to Susa, and which was restored to its original sanctuary by Seleucus Nikator. On the coins of Miletus is a figure which corresponds with the description of this work of Canachus, and in a small bronze figure in the British Museum the same type may be recognized; but this Roman copy is on too small a scale and too carelessly executed to give us any reliable information as to the style of Canachus, of which all that we know is the passing notice of Cicero, that the works of this sculptor were too harsh and rigid to be accepted as true representations of nature. This criticism quite agrees with what Quintilian says of Callon of Ægina, the contemporary of Canachus. He finds in his statues the same harshness of style which was the characteristic of archaic Etruscan figures. This comparison is most instructive, for, though we have no extant works of Callon, our own and other museums have many specimens of those austere Etruscan bronzes to which Quintilian refers.

The school of Ægina dates from a very early epoch. Smilis, whose statues of deities were probably chryselephantine, was a contemporary of Dipœnus and Scyllis (about B.C. 580). From this period onwards Ægina probably produced a succession of artists, forming a school, which lasted till the conquest of the island by the Athenians soon after the Persian War. But of this school only Callon and Onatas, and some few of their contemporaries, are known to us. Onatas was a worker in bronze, and achieved in this material, not merely single figures, but groups, the complexity of which implies a certain skill in composition. The most remarkable of these works were, a four-horse chariot, dedicated at Olympia by the Syracusan Deinomenes (about B.C. 466), in commemoration of the Olympic victory gained by his father Hiero; the votive offering of the Achæans at Olympia, which represented in a series of figures the Greek warriors before Troy choosing by lot which of them was to fight with Hector; the group of warriors mounted and on foot, offered by the Tarentines at Delphi, to commemorate a victory over their barbarous neighbours the Peucetians. In this last composition the figures of the tutelary heroes, Taras and Phalanthus, were introduced among the combatants. In these works, containing many figures in varied action, Onatas was, so far as we know, the first to accomplish in the round what preceding sculptors had only ventured to represent in relief. Of the bronze groups by Onatas dedicated at Olympia nothing has been found except fragments of the inscribed marble base, nor are we likely to have better fortune in searching at Delphi for the remains of his Tarentine group, but we may assume that both in general composition and in the treatment of the several figures, these lost works of

Onatas in bronze had a strong family likeness to those celebrated marble statues from Ægina which now adorn the Glyptothek at Munich. These statues were originally placed in the eastern and western pediments of the temple of Athene at Ægina. Both the pedimental compositions represent a battle of Greeks and Orientals over a fallen warrior; in both, the actual presence in the fray of Athene, the tutelary goddess of Ægina, has been symbolised by a figure of higher stature than the combatants, and which forms the central point in the composition. That the battle-scenes in both pediments are mythical has been generally admitted, but what the particular subjects represented are has been long matter of controversy. The interpretation which Overbeck adopts seems on the whole the most probable: that in the eastern pediment we have the battle in which Heracles, and his Æginetan comrade Telamon, defeated Laomedon of Troy; and in the western, the contest of Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus, in which another Æginetan hero, Ajax, the son of Telamon, took so prominent a part. The sculptor would thus have commemorated in these two compositions the exploits which the two greatest heroes of Ægina performed under the immediate guidance of Athene, the tutelary deity of the island; and, if we adopt this view, the time most appropriate for the execution of these sculptures would be between the battle of Salamis, in which the prowess of the Æginetans gained them special distinction, and their subjugation shortly afterwards by the Athenians. Thus the date of these compositions would fall about Olympiad 76–4 (B.C. 473).

Though we have not recovered the full complement of figures in either pediment, and though the precise order in which they should be arranged is still matter of dispute, there is no doubt as to their general distribution on each side of the central goddess. We may consider them, therefore, as the earliest examples in marble of those groups "in the round" and in combined action which, as I have already stated, were executed in bronze by Onatas and his contemporaries. They show us, too, an early effort to solve what must have always been a difficult problem, the arrangement within the Procrustean limits of a pedimental recess of a number of figures united in a common action. The treatment adopted by the sculptor of the Æginetan compositions tells the story of a battle forcibly and intelligibly, but the general effect has too much of the unnatural fixity of a *tableau vivant*. When we examine the individual figures, we respect the conscientious care with which the details of the anatomy are rendered, and the sharpness with which the muscles and tendons are distinguished from the bones by strongly accentuated changes of plane. But though the form of the muscles in action and their

relation to the bones as the fulcra from which their leverage is derived are far more accurately marked than in the earlier examples of archaic art, there are still wanting the outward tokens of that indwelling vital force which puts in motion all this machinery, and we are reminded of those words of Cicero in reference to Canachus which we have already quoted. The defect is strikingly conspicuous in the faces, which have a mask-like fixity of expression as if life had been suddenly arrested. They retain the conventional smile which is characteristic of Greek sculpture in an earlier stage, and which reminds us of the sudden action of frost on water before its ripples have subsided. It would seem as if the sculptors of the Æginetan figures concentrated their attention on the study of bones and muscles, and lost sight of the fact that the surface of the body, however much affected by muscular action, is covered with an elastic and highly sensitive substance, the skin, which, when in a healthy condition, greatly modifies and tones down those changes of plane which would otherwise appear harsh. When we place an anatomical model from which the skin has been removed by the side of a model where the same muscles are shown under their natural covering, we see how much the skin contributes to the flowing rich outline suggestive of healthy vitality. The bodies of the Æginetan figures may have been modelled, as has been suggested, from over-trained athletes, but one of the points specially sought for in ancient gymnastic training was the suppleness and perfect condition of the skin. It is generally agreed that the statues from the eastern Æginetan pediment are superior in execution to those of the western, and it has been thought that they are the work of a younger and more skilful artist. Overbeck inclines to think that Onatas may have been the sculptor of the western pediment, and that his design for the eastern one may have been completed by his son and pupil, Calliteles. Others have ascribed the western pediment to Callon, and the eastern to his younger contemporary Onatas.

Whether the school of Ægina survived the conquest of the island by the Athenians or not, it is certain that from that date onwards we hear little or nothing more of Æginetan artists, while the Attic school develops *pari passu* with the Athenian empire. The early works of this school, which fall between Olymp. 60 and 70 (B.C. 540–500), are for the most part scattered about in the Acropolis or in the new Museum at Athens, or in private collections; but the student who does not care to go so far afield may see them in suggestive juxtaposition in the Museum of Casts at Berlin, that great repertory of archæology which the enlightened liberality of Germany has collected for the common benefit of the civilised world. On the Athenian Acropolis may be seen the seated figure

of Athenè,* which when compared with the Branchidæ statues shows so great an advance in style; the torso of a Hermes carrying a calf on his shoulders,† and part of a chariot group in which the charioteer is female.‡ But the most interesting examples of relief in this period are the sepulchral *stelae*, of which the best known is that which bears the name of Aristion and which was found on the east coast of Attica in 1832.§ On a tall pillar of white marble a warrior fully armed is carved in low relief. He stands with left foot advanced and holding in his left hand a spear; his body as far as the wrist is protected by a cuirass; his hair is arranged in short curls, to which the straight lines of his pointed beard form an effective contrast. This relief has been painted throughout, and the colours have for the most part survived. Under the feet of the warrior the words "the work of Aristocles," tell us who the sculptor was, while the name Aristion on the plinth below must be that of the person to whose memory the *stelè* was erected. Who was this Aristion? Though we have no proof that he fought at Marathon, as has been popularly supposed, we may venture to assume that the warriors who beat back the Persian hosts, and whose valour Aristophanes is never tired of praising, must have been such in outward build and accoutrements. The date of this and other Attic monuments which resemble it in style, is approximately fixed by the fact that one of them, broken into two pieces, was found in the ruins of that wall round Athens which Themistocles built in such haste, according to Thucydides, that he used as building materials "many tombstones."‖ The fragments of a *stelè* discovered in this wall furnish a striking confirmation of the accuracy of the historian, and it may be hence inferred, as Overbeck justly remarks, that the *stelè* of Aristion and the other gravestones of the same class cannot be referred to a later period than the 70th Olympiad (B.C. 500–497), and may be as early as the sixth century. In the interesting work of R. Schöne on Attic sculptures in relief, we may trace in a series of transition specimens the steps which led up to the style finally developed in its perfection in the frieze of the Parthenon.

In a notice of the archaic art of Attica we should not omit the copy of the celebrated group of Harmodius and Aristogiton, which was discovered a few years ago in the museum at Naples. The original group consisted of two youths striding forward, one a little in advance of the other, and both about to strike with the daggers which they brandish. Such a group is represented on an Athenian marble relief, and on a much smaller scale on a Panathenaic amphora from the Cyrenaica, and on

* Perry, p. 98. † Murray, p. 188. ‡ Perry, p. 103.
§ Murray, p. 193. ‖ *Ib.*, p. 198.

an Athenian silver tetradrachm. The keen eye of the late Professor Friedrichs recognised the relics of such a group in two statues at Naples, so disguised and falsified by modern restoration that their original connexion and motive could only have been detected by the well-trained—I had almost said the canine—sagacity of a German archæologist. Stripped of its disfiguring restorations, the group may be restored as Overbeck gives it (p. 119), and we may accept it as a more or less intelligent Roman version in marble of the original group which is known to have been of bronze. The date and authorship of this original group may be approximately fixed. If, as is most generally thought, the statues at Naples are copied from the bronze group made by Kritios and Nesiotes, the contemporaries of Ageladas, it follows that we possess in them a reproduction more or less truthful of a group of very high historical interest, which we know to have been erected in the Agora near the entrance to the Acropolis, about B.C. 476. This work of Kritios and Nesiotes would therefore be contemporary in date with the Æginetan marbles.

If we extend our survey of the monuments of the period with which we are now dealing, we find in Overbeck most interesting examples of works chiefly in relief, from Asia Minor, Cyprus, Thasos, Thessaly, and Selinus in Sicily, to do justice to which would absorb too much space here. I must content myself with drawing attention to three sculptures, of which two are in the British Museum, and the third in the Louvre. A sepulchral monument at Xanthus, in Lycia, commonly known as the Harpy tomb, has on each of the four sides of this tomb a separate subject in relief, which is thought to be connected with the worship of the Infernal Deities. On three of the sides a seated male figure, and on the fourth side two seated female figures, receive offerings from worshippers, and on two sides the central group is flanked by two winged creatures with birds' bodies and human heads and arms, who carry off diminutive female figures, and who have hence been generally called Harpies. Attributes are not wanting in the case of the seated figures, but as yet archæologists have failed to find a key to the interpretation of these designs. The diminutive female figures may be either children snatched away by untimely death, or the souls of the departed, though these are commonly represented in Greek art as winged. The two female figures seated opposite each other are thought by some to be Demeter and Persephonè; others see in them a goddess of life opposed to a goddess of death. We must wait till the discovery of some monument with analogous subjects gives us a clue to the interpretation of these mysterious reliefs. The figures have a quaint charm, and though their simple expressive action is not altogether

free from the ungainly constraint which is so characteristic of archaic art, the general effect of the composition is pleasing, and nowhere do we find in it that grotesque ugliness which so repels in the earliest statues in the round and in the metopes of Selinus. The proportions of the figures are clumsy, and the anatomy very imperfectly rendered in the nude parts of the body, but the varied arrangement and contrasted lines of the drapery divert the eye from the shortcomings in the modelling. The nose has no longer that grotesque sharpness of projection which it presents in the ruder art of the earlier period, but the eyes are still out of drawing, and the chin too large. The surface of these reliefs is so much worn away that we can hardly judge of the original effect; but the execution was probably equal to that of the Sphinxes from a Xanthian tomb, which may be seen in the same room as the Harpy tomb, and in which many of the details have been supplied or strengthened by colour.

In 1864 some archaic reliefs now in the Louvre were discovered in the island of Thasos by M. Miller, then *en mission spéciale* from the French Government. These sculptures have a special interest from the fact that they are associated with an inscription which may be assigned to the earlier half of the fifth century B.C. In the centre of the composition is sculptured a door-way, on which is an inscription admonishing the worshipper that he may sacrifice to the Nymphs and to Apollo, their leader, male and female animals other than sheep or swine, and to the Graces neither the goat nor the pig. On the left side of this door-way is Apollo with his lyre, crowned by a female figure whom three others follow, and whom we may suppose to be Nymphs; on the other flank of the door-way Hermes and four other female figures advance from an opposite direction. When we compare this relief with the sculptures of the Harpy tomb we see a decided advance in style. The forms are more accurately modelled, the action of the extended right hand of Hermes, and the attitude of Apollo, with the head and upper part of the body turned back, are skilfully conceived and executed, and, as Mr. Murray points out, we have in the Nymph crowning Apollo, a deviation from the usual manner of archaic art, in which, whatever the action represented, the heel is never raised from the ground.*

The advance in sculpture in the round in this latest stage of archaic art is but sparingly illustrated in extant examples. Of these, two of the best are to be found in the British Museum, where they are to be seen side by side. One is known as the Strangford Apollo†; the other originally came from the Choiseul-Gouffier collection, and has been generally called an Apollo.‡ The Strang-

* Murray, p. 294. † Overbeck, p. 181. ‡ Murray, p. 190.

ford Apollo has lost its arms and legs, but is otherwise so well preserved as to show very clearly the style of the sculpture. The features are still a little hard, but the mouth is no longer disfigured with the unmeaning smile; the nose is straight, the eyes in better drawing, and set more deeply under the brows; the hair, arranged in two rows of curls over the forehead, still retains its conventional character. In the anatomy of the body there is a great advance —the leading muscles are well defined and in their right places, and the bony structure of the thorax emphatically marked. There is, however, the same meagreness and abruptness of transition in the planes which is the defect of the Æginetan figures. The statue from the Choiseul-Gouffier collection belongs to a more mature stage of art. While something of the old conventional treatment is retained in the features and hair, the modelling of the body shows a high degree of art. The muscles are powerfully developed, but nowhere obtrusively displayed; instead of an anatomical study reminding us of a flayed man or over-trained athlete, such as we see in the earlier statues, we have here a living body, in which the anatomy is, as it were, latent, being masked everywhere by the natural covering of adipose tissue and skin, so that the changes of plane are never abrupt, but are agreeably toned down and fused into one another. Several copies exist of this statue, and they are all probably replicas from some famous original of the period immediately before Pheidias.

In a recent memoir in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Dr. Waldstein maintains that the figure they represent is not, as is commonly supposed, an Apollo, but an athlete, and suggests that the original from which it is derived was a celebrated statue of a boxer by Pythagoras of Rhegium.

In a passage of Cicero which has been already referred to, the highest rank in an ascending scale of excellence which begins with Canachus is assigned to Calamis, and this estimate is confirmed by other testimony. Lucian, one of the most valuable of ancient critics, bestows high praise on his statue called Sosandra, and the horses in a chariot group which he executed were, if we may believe Pliny, of surpassing excellence. The long list of his works, comprising deities, heroines, and victorious athletes—executed, some in marble, some in bronze—attests the versatility and diligence of this artist. Of all these works not a vestige has been as yet found, nor even a copy, unless we recognize in a small figure in relief at Wilton House a Roman adaptation of his Hermes Kriophoros at Tanagra.

Calamis, the master of the Athenian Praxias, may be classed as one of the same school as his pupil, and Athens was the principal scene of his activity, though he executed commissions for Sicily and

other distant cities. His date is fixed approximately by the fact that he executed the bronze equestrian statues of victors in the horse-race at Olympia, which Deinomenes, son of Hiero of Syracuse, dedicated together with a bronze chariot group by Onatas to commemorate his father's Olympic victories, of which the latest was B.C. 467.

The last of the Athenian school of sculptors, in whom ancient critics discerned some lingering traces of archaic treatment was Myron, the contemporary of Pheidias. He appears to have worked exclusively in bronze, and his subjects were chosen for the most part from the heroic world or from real life. He is one of the few sculptors of antiquity whose merits were not only acknowledged by the fastidious judgment of Roman critics, but celebrated by poets through many centuries. His three most renowned works were, a statue of the athlete Ladas, who died after winning the foot-race at Olympia; a Discobolus, and a cow. From the description in ancient authors of these and other of his works, we may be sure that they were perfect in the expression of life; the predecessors of Myron by diligent study attained to a fairly correct rendering of organic form, but till Myron no sculptor had achieved what Virgil calls "breathing bronzes," that outward and visible sign of the inward life which we see in the horse's head of the eastern pediment of the Parthenon whose elastic nostril seems to "drink the air." So too the Ladas of Myron as described in the vivid epigrams of the "Anthology" stands before us gasping out his last breath after the exhaustion of that long course which won for him a fatal victory.

The much extolled cow of Myron must have been a masterpiece of its kind, though the subject seems hardly noble enough for so great an artist. We may form some idea of it by studying the cows led as victims in the frieze of the Parthenon. Of the third great work by Myron, the Discobolus, we have several replicas in marble, one of which is in our own museum. The copy in the Palazzo Massimi at Rome is the only one of these in which the position of the head looking back at the disk corresponds with the description of the original in Lucian: the action of this figure, which is a complicated one, is aptly characterised by Quintilian as *distortum et elaboratum*. Of another work of Myron, the Satyr Marsyas, which was originally grouped with an Athenè, we possess two replicas which differ much from each other, and probably deviate even more from the original.* Both in the Discobolus and the Satyr the skill of the sculptor was shown in so presenting a

* Murray, p. 220. Overbeck, p. 208.

moment of action as to suggest to the imagination the moment immediately following it.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of Greek sculpture up to the time of Pheidias, in which we have endeavoured to show from what rude beginnings it originally sprang, under what conditions it grew till the time of its perfect maturity, when it became like a mighty tree overshadowing all Hellas. All ancient writers agree in recognising the transcendent genius of Pheidias. Before his Olympian Zeus through the many centuries of Paganism, Greek and Roman worshippers stood gazing awe-struck. His conception of the god was a creation which remained for all time inimitable, and which, to quote the emphatic remark of Quintilian, enhanced and intensified the religious feeling of the Greeks. Still more impressive is the language of Dio Chrysostom, who, in the first century A.D., thus writes about the Zeus of Pheidias. "If any man is so burthened in spirit, and pursued by care and anguish such as human life is subject to, that he is no more revived by sweet slumber, that man standing opposite this statue will, as I believe, forget all that is grievous and terrible in human destiny, for to this end hast thou, O Pheidias, conceived and executed thy design, such light and inspiration is in thy work."

But if the genius of Pheidias were his inborn gift, neither inherited from his predecessors, nor transmittable to his followers, we must bear in mind that he was the heir of a rich patrimony of technical experience the product of the earlier schools. If these schools had not brought to such perfection all processes by which the sculptor had learned to apply bronze, gold, ivory, marble, to the uses for which each of these materials was most suitable; if there had not been that long and conscientious study of organic form in repose and in motion which has left such painful traces of labour in the figures in the Æginetan pediments; if there had been no Samian Theodorus in the sixth century to improve the art of casting in bronze, no Ageladas in the fifth to apply this art to complicated groups, the genius of his pupil Pheidias might not have had free scope for want of that groundwork of technical training without which the conceptions of an artist too often exceed his power of execution.

It was moreover the privilege of Pheidias to be entrusted by Pericles with the direction of the public works with which that great statesman adorned Athens, works which, as Plutarch aptly says, were "made quickly to last long," and which, writing six centuries after the time of Pericles, he described as having the fresh charm of imperishable youth. Of the great statues by Pheidias which the ancients celebrate so enthusiastically, no vestige remains. The colossal chryselephantine figure of Athenè Parthenos in her temple on the Athenian Acropolis, the bronze statue

of the same goddess which guarded the entrance to her citadel and which was a sea-mark to mariners as they came round Cape Sunium, have perished as utterly as the Olympian Zeus, and we are left to infer the character and general effect of these masterpieces from such scanty evidence as the description by Pausanias, or from rough copies and reductions made in Roman times. But we have in the sculptures of the Parthenon works which if not actually from the hand of Pheidias were certainly executed from his designs and under his immediate direction. These sculptures consist of the mutilated remains of the two magnificent compositions in the pediments, a large proportion of the frieze, and a few of the series of ninety-two metopes which adorned the outside of the temple. We know the general theme of the sculptures to have been the birth and exploits of the goddess Athenè herself, the myths divine and heroic of the Attic soil, and the renown of the people who, after their victories at Marathon and Salamis, founded and maintained a great maritime empire. We know that in the eastern pediment was represented the birth of Athenè from the brain of Zeus, in the western her contest for the soil of Attica with Poseidon. In nearly all the metopes which have survived, we have battles between Greeks and Centaurs, in those of which the crumbling outlines may still be traced on the temple have been recognized scenes from the Trojan war or combats of Greeks and Amazons; other groups probably related to Attic heroes. The frieze, much of which survives in unbroken continuity, represents the great Panathenaic festival in honour of the goddess, which took place every four years.

Thus much is certain; but when we attempt to give names to the figures in the pedimental compositions, or to the seated deities in the eastern frieze, we encounter problems the solution of which has as yet defied all the subtle criticism and profound erudition which has been bestowed on it for more than half a century. Michaelis in his admirable work on the Parthenon exhibits in a tabular form the various schemes which had at the date of that publication been proposed for the interpretation of the pedimental compositions and the two groups of deities in the frieze. More than one new theory has since been advanced, and as each new generation of German archæologists arises, these vexed questions will be presented under fresh aspects. But as yet no one has appeared who, like Tennyson's "Master bowman," has cleft the centre of the mark at which so many keen shafts have been aimed, and till some new monumental evidence is brought to bear on the design of Pheidias it must remain, like the text of Dante, overlaid with commentaries which tend rather to confuse than to instruct.

But, if we cannot attain to a perfect knowledge of the original

motive and meaning of these matchless sculptures, the enjoyment which they can impart to those who reverently and earnestly contemplate them is not to be measured by our ordinary standard of æsthetic pleasure—"We cannot understand: we love." Whether those three female figures in the eastern pediment which have been called the "Three Fates" are rightly so named, or represent some other triad, we may never know; but the charm of this group, even in its headless and mutilated condition, affects us like music of which we do not know the theme or motive, and which we only hear in snatches.

The influence of the great style of Pheidias, which we find so strongly marked in the sculptures of the Parthenon, may be traced more or less distinctly in the remains of friezes and metopes from the Theseium, the Temple of the Wingless Victory, and the Erechtheum. The first of these temples is probably not later than B.C. 445. The Temple of Victory is placed by Overbeck a generation later, and the beautiful figures which adorn its balustrade he inclines to attribute to a still more advanced stage of Athenian art. The frieze of the Erechtheum we know to have been executed before B.C. 409, and an extant inscription shows that the several figures in it were made by various artists, who received very small sums for their work. The evidence of this inscription proves what might have been assumed *a priori*, that much of the decorative sculpture of Greek temples was executed by inferior artists working under the direction of a master, and we thus get a striking illustration of Plutarch's statement that whole brigades of craftsmen were organized under the direction of Pheidias at Athens, skilled in the technical treatment of the various materials of sculpture.

Of the contemporaries, scholars and immediate successors of Pheidias, whose names have been handed down to us by ancient critics, the most distinguished were Alcamenes and Agoracritus. Of the second of these sculptors we know nothing except some brief notices in ancient writers; but the discoveries at Olympia have brought to light those sculptures in the western pediment of the Temple of Zeus, which are positively ascribed by Pausanias to Alcamenes. It was hoped when this discovery was made, that these sculptures would reveal to us the characteristics of the artist who, according to Pausanias, was esteemed by his contemporaries as next in rank to Pheidias himself. In this hope we have been disappointed. In the whole composition of the western pediment we do not find a single figure worthy to be compared either in execution or in design with the exquisite sculptures of the Parthenon; and the same criticism applies with still greater force to the eastern pedimental composition, which, according to Pausanias, was executed by Pæonius of Mendè. It is now very generally

admitted that the sculptures in these two pediments must have been the work of unskilled artists, who utterly failed to do justice to the designs which were intrusted to them. In no other way can we account for the extreme disparity between the design and the execution of these works. In the case of Pæonius we can judge how little the sculptures in the pediment represent his real style, because we can compare them with his statue of Victory, which was one of the earliest and most important discoveries made by the Germans at Olympia. This figure, which stood on a triangular base nearly twenty feet high, is remarkable for the boldness and originality of the conception, and the execution, though not equal to that of the sculptures of the Parthenon, shows, as might be expected, the influence of the school of Pheidias. The value of this statue is greatly enhanced by the inscription on its base, which records the name of Pæonius and of the Messenians of Naupactus, the dedicators of the statue. We have unfortunately no such means of comparing the pedimental sculptures ascribed to Alcamenes with any of his undoubted works. It is possible that we possess copies of his Discobolus in a statue of which replicas exist in the Vatican,* the Louvre, and our own museum, and which presents the characteristics of the Attic school. The beautiful figures of "Victories" on the balustrade of the Athenian temple of Nike Apteros, have also been attributed to Alcamenes, and the conjecture is not unworthy of consideration. The phenomena which the pedimental sculptures of the Olympian temple of Zeus present may serve in some measure to account for certain peculiarities of style in the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, which have long perplexed archæologists. That temple was built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon after Olymp. 87 (B.C. 432–429), and we might therefore look for the characteristics of the school of Pheidias in its frieze. But, though the design of this frieze has a boldness and originality worthy of any of the best of the successors of Pheidias, we find in its execution a certain roughness and coarseness which reminds us of the defects of the figures from the Olympian pediments, though it is far superior to them in its modelling. It is probable, therefore, that Peloponnesian artists carried out at Phigalia the designs furnished by Ictinus, while Pheidias and his contemporaries and scholars were developing and perfecting the Athenian school of sculpture.

The school of Argos, which had been founded by Ageladas, attained celebrity under his pupil Polycletus. Ancient writers have left us some interesting information about this artist, but their statements seem sometimes at variance, and, as we do not possess any original work by Polycletus, the apparent contradic-

* Overbeck, p. 276.

tions in some of this testimony cannot be satisfactorily explained. Thus much is certain. Polycletus was a worker in gold and ivory, and in bronze. His greatest work was the chryselephantine statue of the goddess Herè, which he made for a temple at Argos, and which was of colossal size. But he was not, like Pheidias, distinguished by his ideal conceptions of deities, but especially excelled in representations of human form in its true proportions. In his statue of the "Doryphorus ("lance-bearer") he showed the practical application of his theory of proportion; and he wrote a treatise called the "Canon," in which the formulæ of his system were laid down. Another of his most celebrated statues was the "Diadumenus," an athlete winding the diadem of victory round his own head. It is believed that we have a copy of the "Doryphorus" in a statue in the museum at Naples, while in the British Museum are two statues representing a "Diadumenus," one of which, found at Vaison in France, has been claimed as a copy of the work of Polycletus. But in neither case is the identification altogether satisfactory; nor do these statues give us any definite idea of the style of Polycletus. He is also said to have made the statue of an Amazon for the temple of Diana at Ephesus, to which the prize was adjudged in a competition in which Pheidias and several other artists took part. There are extant several statues of Amazons, all differing slightly in motive, but with a strong family likeness, which are thought with much probability to be copies of these Ephesian figures; and one of these has been supposed to be a replica of the work of Polycletus, on account of the correspondence of its proportions whith those of the Vaison "Diadumenus" and the Naples "Doryphorus."

Attributions resting on such imperfect evidence must be received with reserve, but we may assume that the originals from which the extant "Amazons" are derived were executed in the age of Pheidias, or not long afterwards, and that their material was bronze. The type of these female warriors is one of the most beautiful conceptions in ancient art. The fragments of sculpture discovered in the temple of Herè, near Argos, in 1854, were probably executed by scholars of Polycletus, and in the style of that master; they are much praised by their discoverer, Rangabé.

Among the many sculptors between the period of Pheidias and that of Lysippus of whom we have record, the names of Scopas and Praxiteles are pre-eminent. Though Roman copies of some of their celebrated works, such as the group of Niobe and her children, have long been known, it was not until the discovery of the sculptures of the Mausoleum in 1856, and of the Praxitelian Hermes at Olympia in 1879, that we had any certain knowledge of the characteristics of these artists. Among the sculptures from

the Mausoleum we have not only more than eighty feet of the original frieze, but also several statues and heads, a number of lions, and fragments of two colossal horses. These sculptures are all evidently the work of one school, though they show differences such as might be expected in a monument the four sides of which were decorated by four different artists. Pliny says that Roman critics in his day were undecided which of the four was deserving of the highest praise; but we can hardly doubt it was the master spirit of Scopas which planned and directed the whole design, three sides of which were executed by his colleagues, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares. A fifth artist, Pythis, made the chariot group which surmounted the apex of the building, and of which we have fragments. Though in the mutilated remains of a monument which ranked among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world we cannot find sufficient evidence to enable us to make a restoration of the design, we can recognise in the sculptures those qualities which might be expected in a work of Scopas—fierce animation tempered with pathos in the groups in action, and consummate skill in the modelling and composition. Scopas also decorated with sculpture the Temple of Athenè Alea at Tegea in Arcadia, and it is probable that, if the site of this temple were more completely explored, remains would be found similar in style to the sculptures of the Mausoleum. Of the many other works executed by Scopas we have no vestiges except some few doubtful Roman copies, such as the kid-slaying Bacchante. The group of "Niobe and her Children," of which we have a replica at Florence, was attributed by some of the Roman critics to Scopas, while others recognised in it the hand of his great contemporary, Praxiteles.

Of this sculptor, whose Cnidian "Venus," "Eros of Thespiæ," and "Satyr in Repose" were so celebrated in antiquity, we had till very lately no knowledge except what might be gathered from the study of Roman statues presumed, with more or less probability, to be replicas of his works. The discovery of the group of "Hermes with the infant Dionysos" at Olympia, in the very temple where Pausanias saw it, has told us so much about the style of Praxiteles that we can now recognise almost with certainty the characteristics of his school in many extant Roman replicas. We see, at the same time, how much the slavish copyist has fallen short of the charm and grace of the original. Anyone can convince himself of this by placing the bust of the Olympian Hermes by the side of that of the Farnese Hermes in the British Museum. There can hardly be a doubt that both statues are derived from the same source; but we see that the delicacy and refinement of execution by which, in the Olympian Hermes, the

texture and elasticity of the skin is so marvellously rendered, is so slurred or ignored in the "dull cold marble" of the Roman replica that the charm which the original must have possessed has in a great measure vanished.

If Pheidias was the artist to whom the judgment of antiquity assigned the highest place, Praxiteles was certainly the most popular of ancient artists in after times. This was partly due to the fact that among his works there was a marked preference for subjects relating to Aphroditè, Eros, and Dionysos and his followers. But the main cause of his enduring popularity was the ineffable grace of his ideal creations, and his power of representing in marble the play of emotion. He was eminently the sculptor of the pathetic. Bearing this in mind, we may venture to ascribe to the school of Praxiteles three extant works, all of which are in the British Museum: the Demeter of Cnidus, the head of a youthful Dionysos (found near Rome),* and the bronze female head said to have been found in Armenia.† We may also refer to the school of Praxiteles the beautiful frieze of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, of which the subject is the transformation by Dionysos of the Tyrrhenian pirates into dolphins, and the date is B.C. 334. I am disposed to agree with Overbeck in tracing the influence of the same later Attic school in the sculptured columns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which were probably finished soon after the invasion of Asia by Alexander the Great. In the sculptures which decorate the best-preserved of these columns the subject is thought to be the return of Alcestis from Hades. The skill with which the composition is adapted to the round of the column, and the masterly modelling of the figures, show that a great sculptor had a hand in these works. The reliefs from the temple of Athenè Polias at Prienè, discovered by Mr. Pullan, are of the same period.

In tracing down the history of Greek sculpture, we have now arrived at the age of Lysippus, of whose characteristics very little is to be learnt from extant monuments, and who is to us still the *magni nominis umbra* that he was in the time of Winckelmann. Originally, as it is said, only a coppersmith, he attained to an unrivalled excellence as a sculptor in bronze, profiting by all the traditions of the school of Polycletus, and of other Argive and Sicyonian artists, his predecessors.

His renown, like that of Apelles, is associated with the name of their royal patron, Alexander the Great, whose portrait they are said to have had the exclusive privilege of executing. The most remarkable works of Lysippus were his great colossal figures, such

* *Annali dell Inst. Arch. Roman*, xlvii. p. 34.
† *Archäologische Zeitung*, xxxvi. p. 150, pl. 20.

as the Zeus and Heracles of Tarentum, his statues and groups representing Alexander and his companions in arms, and his portraits of athletes, from one of the most celebrated of which, the "Apoxyomenos," a marble statue in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, is copied. Lysippus was too original an artist to be fettered by the canon of Polycletus; his figures were adjusted to a new scale of proportion, and certain innovations in type are attributed to him which may have been adopted to gain effect in colossal statues. The epithet *animosa*, "spirited," which Propertius applies to his works, is a key to his style. His figures of semi-deified mortals, athletes, or beasts of the chase, were full of life, but in the expression there was probably little or nothing of the spiritual and pathetic intensity which was so marked a characteristic of the art of Scopas and Praxiteles. He was, too, more realistic than his immediate predecessors, though in his portrait of Alexander, so far as we know it from presumed copies, certain physical defects and peculiarities were skilfully masked and compensated for by the grandeur of the conception and treatment. What is told us by Pliny of Lysistratus, the brother of Lysippus, shows the great advance of realism in the treatment of portraits which took place in this time. As examples of such realistic treatment I would here mention the iconic head from Cyrene, in the British Museum,* and the head of a boxer found at Olympia at the close of the late excavations.† Both these heads are of bronze, and I should be disposed to ascribe them to a period not long after Lysippus.

The age of the successors of Alexander, or, as some style it, the Hellenistic period, was till lately almost a blank in the history of Greek art. Recent discoveries have established an historical sequence of monuments, carrying us down to the last great efforts of Greek genius, the "Laocoon." First in order of time comes the colossal "Victory" standing on the prow of a war galley, found in Samothrace, and now in the Louvre. There are good grounds for believing that this monument was erected by Demetrius Poliorcetes to commemorate his naval victory, B.C. 306.

The metope from the temple of Athenè at Ilium Novum, which represents the Sun-god in his chariot, may be referred with probability to the time of Lysimachus.

After Olymp. 121 sculpture in bronze, according to Pliny, ceased, reviving again about B.C. 156 in the school of Pergamus, under the fostering munificence of the Attalid dynasty. The full force of this passage was first realised by the recent discoveries of the Germans at Pergamus. Here, imbedded in the walls of a Byzan-

* Smith and Porcher, *Discoveries at Cyrene*, pl. 66.

† *Ausgrabungen zu Olympia*, pll. xxi, xxii.

tine fortress, M. Humann found the massive remains of an enormous altar, round which was sculptured in the boldest relief and with figures life-size a battle of Gods and Giants. This great composition, which is now being put together out of many fragments at Berlin, shows us the last phase of Greek art before all-conquering Rome had fettered and enslaved its genius. The first impression which the Pergamene sculptures produce is that of wonder. We are surprised at the variety and strongly-marked contrasts of expression in the faces of the *dramatis personæ*; we admire the invention shown in the groups, the audacity of the action, and the marvellous dexterity in the execution carried out in the smallest details; but after the first feeling of wonder has subsided we find in these sculptures distinct evidence that ancient art, after passing through many phases, finally stooped to gratify the vulgar craving for the sensational; and that, after sculpture has thus been lowered to the level of a degraded popular taste, the supremacy of Beauty as its guiding principle was no longer maintained. When we turn from the Pergamene reliefs to the "Laocoon," the resemblances in motive and treatment are so striking that we can no longer have any hesitation in assigning that wonderful group to a school closely allied to the Pergamene school and contemporary with it. If, as is generally accepted, the reign of Eumenes II. (B.C. 197–159) is the date of the Pergamus altar, we may consider the so-called "Dying Gladiator" and the companion group of "Two Gauls" in the Villa Ludovisi at Rome as the work of an earlier Pergamene school of the time of Attalus I.

The Farnese group of "Dirce and the Bull" may be assigned to the same period. To trace the subsequent phases of ancient art after it sank to be the hireling minister to Roman taste, would exceed the limits of this survey. It is now generally agreed that the extravagant estimate of such statues as the "Apollo Belvedere" the "Venus of Medici," the "Farnese Hercules," and the "Belvedere Torso," which was formed by the critics of the last century, must be abandoned. These works have been dethroned from their ancient supremacy, through our more intimate acquaintance with Greek art of the best period.

In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to show how far the history of ancient art has advanced since the time of Winckelmann. If, reverting to the method of Ottfried Müller in his *Archäologie d. a. Kunst*, we combine with the direct evidence so carefully digested by Overbeck, the collateral evidence which is furnished by coins, fictile vases, terra-cottas, and gems, we find that the classification of art according to periods, which has been worked out from the study of ancient sculptures, is confirmed in a most

satisfactory manner when we apply it to the subordinate branches of ancient art.

Thus the studies which archæology has so long pursued as separate lines of research will be found finally to converge to one common result.

But the labours of the historian of art do not cease at this point. After all extant monuments of art have been arranged in periods, we have to examine their subject-matter; we have to show how the types of the several deities were gradually evolved out of rude idols and symbols, how the simple myth under the combined influence of poetry and art was amplified and modified, changing its aspect with every new phase of Hellenic civilisation. Overbeck's *Kunstmythologie* when completed, as we hope it may soon be, will present to us the types of the principal Greek deities as they appear in art; and Miss Harrison's work on *The Myths of the Odyssey*, following in the same track, shows us how instructively the text of an ancient poet may be illustrated by one who combines scholarship and a knowledge of ancient art as thoroughly as does the authoress of this pleasant little volume.

But it is not through books only, however well illustrated, that we can follow out the study of classical archæology. What has hitherto been wanting in England for the teaching of this subject is a well-arranged Museum of casts from the antique in connection with lectures. Such a museum is being gradually developed at Cambridge by Professor Colvin, and we hope that before long the collection now being formed in the South Kensington Museum will be open to the public. It is mainly through the persevering efforts of Mr. Perry that the Government has been induced to take this matter up and to recognise the value of museums of casts, not only for the student of art, but for the general instruction of the public. In the magnificent museum at Berlin, to which I have already referred, the student finds all the scattered evidences for the history of classical art gathered together from every part of the ancient world, and arranged so as to exhibit as far as possible the characteristics of the different schools of sculpture; and in the museums of Bonn, Strasburg, Munich, and other German cities, we see the same systematic archæological teaching by casts carried out on a smaller scale. Can we do nothing of this kind for London and for our other great cities?

C. T. Newton.

WILD TRIBES OF THE SIERRAS.

It really is a comfort to know that no selfish individuals will ever be able, by any process of purchase or law of might, to appropriate any part of that grand tract of the Californian Alps, which includes the famous Yō-Semité Valley; no private speculators can ever secure it to the exclusion of their neighbours, or as a means of extorting money at every turn.

Happily the United States Government (warned by the results of having allowed the Falls of Niagara to become private property) determined that certain districts discovered in various parts of the States, and noted for their exceeding beauty, should, by act of Congress, be appropriated for evermore, "for public use, resort, and recreation, and be inalienable for all time."

Of the districts thus set apart, the Mariposa Big-Tree Grove, and the Yō-Semité Valley, were voted by the Central Government as a gift to the state of California, a gift which was formally accepted by the State Congress, with conditions for the perpetual preservation of these unrivalled wonders of nature in their virgin beauty.

So this Yō-Semité National Park is the heritage of the people, who, one and all, are at liberty to pitch their camp here and enjoy themselves to their heart's content, provided they abstain from doing any manner of damage to tree or rock.

The same wise provision has reserved the whole marvellous volcanic district of the Upper Yellowstone, in the Rocky Mountains, forming a national park in the northern part of Wyoming, as large as the whole of Yorkshire; its actual area is 3,575 square miles; that is to say, it extends fifty-five miles from east to west, and sixty-five from north to south. It is a region of vast pine forests, interspersed with hundreds of dormant volcanic cones and craters, and thousands of boiling springs and fountains of every conceivable colour and chemical quality. This stupendous park lies about six thousand feet above the sea level, and is surrounded by snow-clad mountains of upwards of twelve thousand feet in height. Within this region, so justly named "Wonderland," lie the sources of five great rivers, which flow through majestic gorges, and overleap gigantic crags in waterfalls of indescribable loveliness. These rivers are the Yellowstone, Madison, and Gardiner, which, uniting with others, and receiving new names in the

course of their long journey, eventually flow into the Gulf of Mexico; while the Green River (which is a branch of the Colorado) and the Snake River (source of the Columbia River) flow to the Gulf of California.

The Yellowstone River flows right through a lake of the same name, which covers an area of three hundred square miles, and lies at an altitude of 7,788 feet above the sea. The river descends thence by two falls, which though only 140 and 360 feet in depth (mere pigmies compared with the Yō-Semité, which approaches 1,700 feet!), are nevertheless magnificent. The Yellowstone then rushes downward through the Grand Canyon, and for a distance of twenty miles flows through a ravine of barely five hundred feet in width, and between rock walls of about a thousand feet in perpendicular height!

Wherever the eye turns in this mighty park, it rests on some object of wonder—sometimes of fascination, sometimes of horror—as when, turning from the exquisite rainbow-tinted pools in the natural marble baths (fairy-like in their loveliness), which terrace certain hill-sides, it rests on some hideous and repulsive "mud volcano," where pools of black sticky mud are for ever seething and bubbling, and suggesting the horrible fate that would await an unwary wanderer.

On every side, mountains of strange colours and most grotesque form, are thrown together in the wildest confusion. Huge buttresses, columns, cones of scoriæ, wildly irregular crags, sometimes massed, sometimes towering alone, occasionally assuming strangely symmetrical form, suggestive of mighty fortifications, weird, burnt, crumbling hills, traversed by awful chasms and dark gloomy canyons, some pink, some grey or black, others of a fiery red or yellow, but all bare and barren, only a few cactii or stunted juniper contriving to exist in sheltered crevices; or some kindly coarse grasses, which clothe the flat summits.

After passing through many miles of this strange country, by tracks winding along tortuous valleys, and crossing deep ravines, and great mountain-ridges, you come to the district where the hill-sides are terraced with series of the loveliest natural baths, formed by the deposit of silica and kindred substances, greatly resembling those in the north of New Zealand where we revelled in cool baths at the level of the lake, and then, as we rose from one terrace to another, found a succession of exquisite pools, varying in depth, and increasing in temperature as we neared the beautiful geyser at the summit.

In New Zealand, that marvellous region has hitherto been jealously guarded by the Maoris, though it is now about to be transformed into a great "City of Health" for the South

Pacific. But this Wonderland of the Yellowstone is the property of every American; and though the Indians may roam here as of yore, it will doubtless, ere long, become the great sanatorium of the Northern Continent, a health-giving region, reserved by a wise Government for the good of all its people.

The Yō-Semité is likewise a health-giving region, not by reason of medicinal waters, but of the purest, most exhilarating atmosphere, and every condition that heart can desire for the enjoyment of out-of-door life. And well do the Californians know how to appreciate it. Every year hundreds of busy business men allow themselves a spell of real gipsy life, so as not to waste one hour of their hardly-earned holiday. They make up congenial parties, either purely domestic or happily selected; and packing themselves and their camping gear on riding and pack horses, with one or two light wagons to carry supplies, they start either for the valley or one of the Big Tree groves, and carefully avoiding all hotels, they pitch their tents wherever they feel inclined, in some verdant glade, where the horses may find sweet pasture, while the gipsies kindle their camp fires and catch trout in the clear stream, which is certain to flow somewhere near.

Many ladies, with their children, start on these prolonged picnics, with or without "a help," fully prepared to rough it, making sport of all difficulties, and these gather up stores of health and strength to carry back to their homes in the great cities. Of course the climate favours such a life to an unusual degree, as, for fully six months in the year, camping out is really enjoyable, and a wet day is quite a startling event. During the three months I spent at the Californian Sierras—May, June, and July—we had scarcely half a dozen showers!

Every morning we awoke with a feeling of perfect security that the plans of the previous day might be carried out to the letter, should we feel so disposed; and though we were spared the dull glory of cloudless skies, and cloud-shadows enriched the colouring, as they rested on the pale granite ridges, we knew that the chances were about ninety-nine to a hundred against the falling of one drop of rain. So our pleasant expeditions were planned and carried out without any of those aggravating incidents which so often mar our attempts at gipsying in Britain.

One lovely morning we started at break of day from the wooden bungalow which is dignified with the name of hotel, in the beautiful Yō-semité Valley, and, wandering up the quiet river, reached a lovely little lake in time to see it mirror the rising sun. It was an exquisite walk across rich meadows, strewn with flowers of every hue, flowers which we know only as garden favourites.

The valley affords a considerable variety of soil. In some parts

it seems entirely composed of powdered granite, bearing a scanty crop of low grass, while in other places there are tracts of deep sand, where the common bracken grows abundantly and rankly. A considerable portion of the meadows are on a rich peaty soil where coarse grasses and sedges luxuriate. Then, again, on our morning walk, we passed by a small farm-steading and corn-fields ready for the harvest, a pleasant site for a home. Happily, however, little cultivation is allowed in this grand national park.

Indeed, there is a corner of danger, lest in the praiseworthy determination to preserve the valley from all ruthless "improvers" and leave it wholly to nature, it may become an unmanageable wilderness. So long as the Indians had it to themselves, their frequent fires kept down the under-wood, which is now growing up everywhere in such dense thickets, that soon all the finest views will be altogether hidden, and a regiment of wood-cutters will be required to clear them. Happily, arriving in the valley in the early spring, while the trees were still leafless, I obtained enchanting views from many points which, as the season advanced, and trees and scrub burst into rich foliage, were wholly concealed, so that later visitors could not even guess at their existence. Of course, as each year's growth increases the density of the thickets and the height of the trees, this evil will become more serious.

On this day, however, all was so lovely, that we were tempted to linger beside the mountain lakelet till the sun had set, crimsoning the tall crags and the snowy crest of the Sierras. Then in the clear, beautiful twilight, we turned our faces westward, and made our way home through thickets of lupines, and azalias, and tall fern, crossing rocky streams, and passing by groups of Indian bark-huts, whose inmates were roasting strips of bear's-flesh at their camp-fires.

We passed by another camp as well, where a party from San Francisco were spending their vacation in gipsy freedom, their tents pitched beneath the shades of some grand old pines. They, too, were busily preparing their supper, having just returned from their various expeditions. One had spent a long day of delight, dreaming beside the bright waters of the Merced, and occasionally fishing, and had brought back a basket full of lovely trout. Another was an artist, bewildered by the wealth of inviting subjects which distracted him on every hand; a third was a geologist; a fourth, a tired student. Each had here found a paradise after his own heart, and all met in the evening to recount their experiences of the day around the cheery camp-fire of blazing pine-logs; due provision being made by the guardians of the valley for supplying camping-parties with a sufficiency of fuel, and so avert all temptation to help themselves unauthorisedly.

Presently we, too, reached our haven of rest, and had our full share of trout just caught by the Indians and brought to the village for sale.

This day had proved so delightful that we resolved on a similar expedition in the opposite direction, and, having chartered an old man with a cart, to carry our cooking and sketching materials to a given point, not too difficult of access for wheels, we started for the base of the great El Capitan, that massive crag upwards of three thousand feet in height, which guards the entrance to the valley. Only by walking along the base of such a crag as this, can you realise its stupendous bulk. You see it just in front of you and think you will soon walk past it, but you go on and on, and scarcely seem to change your own position. Then you begin to understand that El Capitan is a rock-wall, nearly two miles long and three-quarters of a mile high; a vast square-cut block, like polished ivory.

From a little distance you suppose this rock-face to be vertical, but on a closer approach, you perceive that along the summit runs a ledge five hundred feet thick, and projecting a hundred feet, proving that in that awful internal landslip, which formed the valley, the huge granite mass must have been rent and slidden down from beneath this ledge.

You also gain an impression of size, by attempting to scale the piles of tumbled fragments which lie heaped along its base. You think they are insignificant slopes at the foot of the crag, but a few minutes of hard and exhausting climbing among those irregular blocks of rugged rock soon undeceives you. You find, too, that what appeared to be mere shrubs growing among the *débris*, are actually stately oaks and ilex (here called live oak),* and that the pines, which seemed no bigger than average Scotch spruces, are Pitch Pines and Douglas Spruces, fully two hundred feet in height.

And oh! how delicious is the dewy stream, rising from the resinous needles of pines, and firs, and cedars, in the warm morning rays, and the aromatic scent of the California laurel,† with its glossy, evergreen leaves.

We come to lovely reaches, where the river, no longer in flood, but flowing clear and transparent over a bed of glittering pebbles, winds in and out, among groups of tall larches and pines, and where the sunlight trickles through the tremulous foliage of alders and willows which fringe its banks. There are places, too, where the eddying flood has left a thick deposit of soft, white sand, and where stranded timber and great roots now lie bleaching in the sun.

* Quercus vaccinifolia, Quercus chrysolepis.

† Tetranthera Californica.

We passed on through rank green grasses, so thickly enamelled with flowers that the whole seemed as a misty, sunlit cloud of blossom. In the midst of these Elysian fields, we came suddenly on a small Indian camp—a party so newly arrived from Mono Lake, that they had not even built the accustomed bark huts, and a few boughs formed their only shelter. A wild-faced squaw looked up, startled by our approach; but an offering of sugar-plums and apples to her children, and small coin to herself, had a soothing influence, and the scared, defiant look passed away. On a tree beside her, hung a wicker ark, containing a solemn, black-haired imp, really rather a pretty specimen of papoose, its head protected by the usual sunshade.

I am sorry to be compelled to say, that whatever dignity the American Indians may have possessed before they became familiar with the white brethren, those I have seen do not retain one vestige of the noble savage. Indeed, dirt and bad smells are the prominent characteristics of every party of Indians I have yet met. As to the graceful and romantic Indian maids of poetic fiction, I have not seen a girl with the smallest pretensions to good looks; but even did such exist, their personal uncleanliness would effectually counteract all charm.

Occasionally (but very rarely) it may occur to an Indian to wash his or her face and hands in the nearest stream, but nothing further in the way of bathing is ever dreamt of, and, as a general rule, a woman's already filthy dress, or a man's leggings, form a convenient towel on which to rub, unwashed, the dirtiest hands that ever were seen—hands that have probably been recently plunged into the entrails of some newly-killed animal, in search of dainty morsels to be swallowed raw—(not that the quest involves much selection, for no sort of offal comes amiss to an Indian palate!)

As regards the washing of clothes, such a practice is said to be wholly unknown. Even the man who has acquired a civilised shirt, never dreams of renewing its beauty by soap and water. By only wearing it on high days and holidays, he contrives to make it last many years, but in its latter days it can scarcely be considered a desirable garment! No dowager's old lace can compare with it for richness of tone.

Though I have been assured that this unpleasant characteristic is common to the whole race, it would of course be absurd to judge of American-Indians in general by the specimens who haunt the Yō-semité, all of whom belong to the Diggers and Pah Utes, two of the most miserable and degraded tribes. To do so, would be somewhat akin to evolving imaginary Russians from a slight acquaintance with the Irish peasantry! Among the multitudinous tribes scattered over this vast continent, there are men of all sorts

and sizes, true men and false, dwarfs and giants, and their speech is as varied as are their customs, every tribe having a language of its own, known only to its members.

In truth, the curse of Babel would weigh heavily on the great Indian nation, were it not for a silent language of signs, which is used by all alike, and is the medium of communication between all Indians of different tribes. It is frequently used even in family parties, or while on the march, or on hunting expeditions, or at other times when silence is deemed desirable. To the initiated, it is as clear and rapid a means of communication as any in use at our deaf and dumb asylums—indeed, more rapid, as certain signs are used to express whole phrases and symbolic ideas. The whole body is enlisted, and, by its twistings and turnings, affords a much more varied dictionary than we can extract from our finger alphabet. The few white men who have been admitted to terms of perfect intimacy with Indians, tell us that if a stranger could steal unawares near an Indian camp, he might well marvel at the occasional bursts of laughter, while not a human voice was to be heard; yet every individual gathered round the camp fire, is all the while drinking in some very interesting story, related by one of their number, in the sign language.

According to official estimates, the Indians of the United States, who, two hundred years ago, numbered upwards of two millions, are now reduced to three hundred thousand. Even this comparatively small number forms a serious item in a country where they are treated, not as citizens, subject to the laws of the State, and under their protection, but as independent races.

No less than one hundred and eighty distinct tribes are recognised as dwelling in the United States Territory, without counting those of Alaska. Many of these tribes are sub-divided into a large number of branches. Thus, the Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico are divided into sixteen great families, varying in numbers from one hundred to two thousand. In Minnesota and Wisconsin there are nineteen distinct families of Chippewas, numbering about twenty-three thousand. The Cherokees and Chocktaws number respectively seventeen thousand and sixteen thousand.

The Shoshones of Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada are sub-divided into twelve great families. The Utes, who are found in Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, count no less than sixty-two tribal divisions. Of, these, thirty-one are known as Pah Utes, and are distinguished by such simple little names as Timpa-shau-wagot-sits, Tchu-ar-rum-pats, Un-kapa-ru-kniats, and such-like. Of the great warlike tribe of Sioux, twenty-four bands, numbering from two hundred to six thousand, roam over Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana. The true name of this tribe is Dokotah; that of Sioux,

by which they are generally known to the Pale Faces, is only an uncomplimentary nickname, abhorrent to these warlike Indians.

Without going further than the Eastern Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, we find Assiniboins, Black Feet, Sansarks, Unkpapas, Yauktonaise, and Sissapapas (the last five being divisions of the great Dokotah nation), Piegans, Flat Heads, Blood Indians, Crees, &c.; while a little to the north roam the Shoshones, Snakes, Bannacks, Gros Ventres, Peu d'Oreilles, and Nez Percés. Above all, the stalwart Crow Indians of the Yellowstone—and when you speak of the Yellowstone you speak of a stream which has an independent course of thirteen hundred miles ere its waters join those of the great Missouri; so you can readily understand that the Mountain Crows and the River Crows can form two very distinct communities. They are a race averaging over six feet; six feet four or five inches is nothing uncommon in this family of giants, who still wear buffalo robes and curiously-embroidered garments, and live in tall conical tents covered with buffalo-skins neatly fastened together, and (so far as lies in their power) keep up the customs of their ancestors.

The said tall conical tents, or, rather, houses, are formed of a framework of fir poles, planted in a wide circle at the base and meeting at the top, where an opening allows the escape of smoke from the fire, which is always in the middle of the lodge. The Crows keep their houses clean, and divide them into separate rooms by screens of wicker-work radiating from the fire to the outer wall. They pack pretty close, however, as several whole families contrive to stow themselves away in one "tepee," *i.e.* dwelling.

These circular houses are planted in one large circle, forming a perfect camp, within which the beasts are driven at night. The house of the chief is marked by a shield slung on a spear, stuck outside the door. Sometimes the creature which the chief reverences as his "totem," or sacred beast, is represented on the shield, as on a knight's escutcheon; or, if it is a tameable being, such as an eagle, a hawk, or a jay, a living specimen is trained to perch thereon.

Every young "Crow," on arriving at man's estate, observes certain prolonged periods of vigil and fasting, and the first living creature of earth, air, or water on which his eyes rest, during this spiritualised condition, is thenceforth recognised by him as the embodiment of his guardian spirit—the totem which he is bound to honour and protect to his life's end, just as the Egyptians of old rendered homage to, and even fought bloody battles in defence of, their especially sacred beasts. Hence the fierce wars which raged in ancient Egypt between the cities which worshipped crocodiles and those which ate them, and the deadly fights between the dog-worshippers of Cynapolis and the worshippers of the

Oxyrinchus fish, when the former were guilty of fishing in the Nile, and captured and ate the holy fish!—a crime only to be avenged by the slaughter of the deified dogs, and their sacrifice to the wrathful fish-spirits.

But totem-worship, in its simplest form, is a widely-scattered form of superstition, and formed a prominent feature in the simple creed of many of the Pacific Isles, as, for instance, in Tahiti and Moorea, where the herons, kingfishers, and woodpeckers which frequented the old trees round the temples were reverenced as incarnations of the deities, and their cries interpreted as oracles. In Samoa certain tribes reverenced the octopus, and would have accounted it sacrilege to eat one; while other tribes were the sworn adherents of the great conger-eel, and were ready to slay any rash stranger who should presume to kill one. Eels, snakes, lizards, parrots, vampire-bats, centipedes, grasshoppers, and divers other birds, fishes, and reptiles were believed by the Samoans to be animated by the gods, and each tribe placed itself under the protection of some creature, which was thenceforth its etu, or totem; and any man of that tribe who should find the dead body of one of these creatures was bound to give it burial with as much solemnity and honour as if it had been a near relation! Hence, when Christianity was first accepted in Samoa, the sorest test to which a convert was subjected was that he should cook and eat his representative bird, beast, or fish, and great was the dread with which this terrible experiment was tried.

Still further south, the same strange faith survives among the Australian blacks, who believe their several clans to be descended from animals or plants, which they must on no account eat or gather. Hence the tribes bear such names as the Kangaroos, the Black Snakes, the Turtles, the Swans, &c.*

One point in the etiquette of the Crow Indians, which at once commends itself to the Celtic Highlander, as to all other faithful observers of the Deisul, is the invariable custom of sending the calumet round the whole family circle in the correct *sunwise course*, just as a Briton naturally sends round the bottles after dinner.

The pipe is first presented to the chief, who blows a votive whiff north, south, east, west, heavenward, and earthwards; after which he inhales one deep breath for his own comfort, and hands the pipe to the man on his left hand, who sends it round to the next, and so on till it has completed its circuit, always following the course of the sun.

Further south, but still dwelling in the vast Sierras, are such

* On Totem or Etu Worship in the Pacific, Egypt, and Ancient Britain, see *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man of War*, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming, vol. i. pp. 226–8 and 242–7; vol. ii. pp. 61 and 194.

tribes as the warlike Navajos and Apaches, who keep up a ceaseless guerilla warfare with the prospectors and settlers in Arizona and Mexico, descending from their unknown strongholds in the wildest mountain ranges, to harry the rich cultivated lands, burning and massacring the Pale Faces.

Very different from these (but also inhabiting the Sierras in Arizona and Mexico, on the tributaries of the great Colorado river) are the Moquis and Pueblo and other semi-civilised tribes, whom some believe to be descendants of the once luxurious, proud old Aztecs, and who are said still to watch day by day for the triumphant second advent of Montezuma. In their poverty and debasement, they still cherish some traditions of their ancestors; they worship the rising sun, they reverently tend the sacred fire which is kept ever burning in their villages, and, to some extent the tradition of old serpent-worship is still embodied, in the form of a living rattlesnake, which receives a certain amount of homage not unmingled with dread.

I do not know whether these dirty Digger and Pah Ute Indians have any such distinctive customs. The fact is, that they and their wigwams are so unfragrant, that none of us care to make any attempt to study them at close quarters, though we all admit the scenic value of their bark huts, and the curling film of blue smoke, to give a point of interest to the landscape.

We lighted our own camp-fire in a sheltered nook of a flowery meadow, and spent hours watching the prismatic lights encircling the Pohono falls with a jewelled girdle, like myriads of opals. We had scrambled far up the trail, when first we caught a glimpse of this vision of beauty; then, as the sun sank behind us, and the rainbow floated upward out of our sight, we rapidly descended the trail—now lying in deep shade—and so kept it in sight till our shadow had crept up the opposite crags, and the last gleams of radiant colour rose to heaven on the tremulous spray-cloud, and so vanished from our sight.

It was a dream of ethereal loveliness—an embodied hymn of praise.

Then came the amber light of sunset, and the fiery glow on the pale granite crags, while the shadows changed to a deep purple, and the tall pines wore a darker and more velvety green.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

THE INTERNATIONAL, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

It is just twenty years since the second International Exhibition was attracting, in Cromwell Road, crowds from all quarters of the globe. Kings, queens, ambassadors, colonial representatives, city corporations, and republics, delegates from the coal-pits and the factory mills, all came to examine and report upon the marvels of the second Exhibition.

Amongst the visitors in those summer days of 1862 were two Frenchmen, Henri Tolain and Eugène Fribourg, the one a chaser in bronze, and the other a decorator and engraver. These men had long heard and pondered upon the matter of English strikes; they were anxious to learn how the English artisans worked out the problems of the labour question. The rate of wages and the hours of labour were matters which interested them deeply. Rumours had come to them that in England the working men had their special laws, their ten hours' bill, mill inspections, half-time employès, and factory schools; in fact, all the defensive paraphernalia which protected the weak man against the strong capitalist. The results of these considerations were, that a number of bronziers met, and agreed to send delegates to Cromwell Road; and these delegates were Henry Tolain and Eugène Fribourg. A sufficient sum of money was raised to pay their third-class fare and lodgings in Soho, and so they started.

Some people consider that the origin of the International Working Men's Association is to be traced to this visit of the French bronziers to the Exhibition of 1862. On the other hand, it is alleged that the plan of an International League was not even alluded to during the visit; that the speeches delivered in London on the occasion were merely an exchange of complimentary observations and assurances; and that the trades unions of England had nothing to do with the reception of the French guests, and were not even represented on the reception committee. Those who hold this last view go much deeper for the reasons which actuated the foundation of the International. The power initiating this movement has been attributed by them to Auguste Comte's system of Positive Philosophy. Comte applied the

strictest scientific methods followed in the exact sciences to all other intellectual pursuits. He "maintained that the scientific method could have no limitations. He took not only the method, but its results, for granted, thereby making the method superfluous; and instead of seeking and making others seek the truth, he became at once the high priest of the dogma." His new deity was Humanity. He was an atheist, but his atheism was of the modern Agnostic school, being rather a non-affirmation than a negation. His social philosophy proclaimed "Love is the principle, Order is the basis, and Progress is the end." This creed, during the past twenty years, has been avowed by the ultra-democratic leaders of the working classes in England; and their system of pleading for the workman's cause is founded on Positivism, and expressed in the actual terms of Comte's phraseology. It was only a few months ago,* that Mr. Burt, the working man's representative, was quoting Comte as his authority for the subordination of politics to morals.

Professor Beesley, one of the most energetic leaders of the Socialistic movement in London, is a Positivist; so, we believe, is Mr. John Morley, the junior Member for Newcastle; and so is Mr. Harrison, with many others. In fact, the broad doctrines of the philosophy of Comte have been spreading fast among, and have been undoubtedly persistently preached to, the working men of the trades unions. Comteism, it is alleged by those who know, furnished the framework for an international alliance between working men, and the intimate connection which exists between the spread of Auguste Comte's doctrines in England, and the origin and growth of the International Association is declared to be a logical conclusion. Whether the preaching of Comteism and the rise of the International Association be the results of cause and effect, or not, may perhaps be disputed. There is no doubt that the working men of England listened readily to those who have volunteered to enlighten and instruct them. The movement spread in the years following the second Exhibition. Meetings, lectures, and conferences were held;

"Cabman's clubs and reading rooms," we are told, "were founded. Pamphlets were written and distributed by the thousand, as though they were religious tracts. Occasionally magazines and some of the daily papers were pressed into service. But very soon special papers were founded for the especial advocacy of the workman's cause." †

The *Beehive* of London appeared twice a week. The *Co-operator*, a Manchester weekly paper, the *Social Economist*, and a co-

* *Fortnightly Review*, November 1882, "Working Men and War," by T. Burt, M.P.

† Gryzanovski on the "International Working Man's Association." *North American Review*, August 1872.

operative review, were started. Mr. Bradlaugh's *National Reformer*, and other papers, opened their columns to the advocates of the new gospel of Positivism; while the *Westminster Review*, inspired by Mr. John Stuart Mill, became the quarterly champion of the new gospel of "Altruism."

But whatever elements of Socialism existed in England during the decade of 1860-70, they were overlooked by the masses in their interest in the political and religious questions of the day. The extension of the Franchise and the advance of Ritualism came home with far greater force to the British workman than any abstract points of the rights of labour. Their self-constituted leaders, also, were quite contented to bide their time, seeing in the politics of the period admirable means of advancing their socialistic aims. The most advanced thinkers, however, were always on the watch for an opportunity to attract and focus whatever materials existed for the propagation of their views of labour; and there can be no doubt that the Polish insurrection of 1863 was the means of laying the first plank of an international platform between the working men of England and France. Strange coincidence, that Poland and Ireland should both afford the touchstone of socialistic combination within a period of only twenty years.

On the 22nd July 1863 a public meeting in favour of Poland was held at St. James's Hall, when a French deputation from the Parisian workshops appeared on the platform, and, at the end of the meeting, were invited to meet the chairman and his friends next day at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey. Here the establishment of an International League for working men was, for the first time, seriously taken into consideration, and here Mr. George Odger, a politician, long known to the British public, occupied the chair. The result of the Bell Inn meeting was that a committee of five was appointed, and Mr. Odger was charged with the drawing up of an address to the working men of France, a task which he performed in a very able manner. Beginning with the case of Poland, in order to excite the attention of his Continental brethren, he deduced from its then condition the necessity of an International Alliance of European democracies. The following extract from Mr. Odger's address gives very fairly the original aim and objects of the International Society:—

> Let there be a gathering together of representatives from France, Italy, Germany, Poland, England. . . . Let us have our congresses; let us discuss the questions on which the peace of nations depend. . . . This would clear the way for honourable men with comprehensive minds to come forth and legislate for the rights of the many, and not for the privileges of the few. A fraternity of peoples [he goes on to say] is highly necessary for the cause of labour; for we find that whenever we attempt to better our social condition by reducing the hours of toil, or by raising the price of our labour, our employers threaten us with bringing over Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians,

and others, to do our work at a reduced rate of wages; . . . . this has been done, not from any desire to injure us, but from a want of systematic communication between the industrial classes of all countries. . . . We hope to bring up the wages of the ill-paid to as near a level as possible with that of those who are better remunerated, and not to allow our employers to play us off one against the other, and so drag us down to the lowest condition.

In due time the French reply came; but the insurrection in Poland having in the meantime been suppressed, the labour question became the chief point of discussion. The signers of the French document declared war "against the financial and industrial aristocracy, against division of labour, and against free-trade when unrestricted by the solidarity of labourers." They pointed out to their fellow workmen the danger of allowing their small savings to accumulate in the hands of a future aristocracy, and wound up with a general denunciation of capital and capitalists.

On the 28th September 1864 a London committee of the International met to receive their foreign guests in St. Martin's Hall, Professor Beesley occupying the chair. English, German, Polish, and French assembled. Tolain and Fribourg were both present, and a central committee was appointed which subsequently had its offices at No. 18, Greek Street, Soho, where it held its first sitting on 5th October 1864. Mr. George Odger was elected President, and amongst others who became corresponding secretaries were Karl Marx, Hermann Jung, Major Wolff, and Holthorp. Amongst these men Karl Marx was the master spirit. It was he who drew up the following Declaration of Principles, which formed the charter of the new combination.

The Declaration of Principles runs as follows :—

Considering that the emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means, not a struggle for class privileges, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of class rule; that the economical subjection of the man of labour to the monopolizer of the means of labour—that is, the sources of life—lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence; that the economical emancipation of the working classes is, therefore, *the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinated as a means;* that all efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from the want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labour in each country, and from the absence of a fraternal bond of union between the working classes of different countries; that the emancipation of labour is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution on the concurrence, practical and theoretical, of the most advanced countries; that the present revival of the working classes in the most industrious countries of Europe, while it raises a new hope, gives solemn warning against a relapse into the old errors, and calls for the immediate combination of the still disconnected movements;—for these reasons, the undersigned members of the committee, holding its powers by resolution of the public meeting held on Septem-28, 1864, at St. James's Hall, London, have taken the steps necessary for founding the International Working Men's Association. They declare that the International Association, and all societies and individuals adhering to it, will acknowledge truth, justice, and morality as the basis of their conduct towards each other and towards all

men, without regard to colour, creed, or nationality. They hold it the duty of a man to claim the rights of a man and a citizen, not only for himself, but for every man who does his duty. *No rights without duties: no duties without rights.* And in this spirit they have drawn up the following provisional rules of the International Association.

* * * * *

When Tolain and Fribourg returned to Paris, the Fundamental Pact, as this document was called, was translated into French and printed by thousands. A Paris branch of the new Association was opened in the Rue des Gravilliers, and the new gospel was spread throughout France with extraordinary rapidity. Amongst the new members of the International was M. Jules Simon, and even M. Rouher seems to have looked kindly upon the organisation.

But although the International propaganda took deep root in France, it made but little way in England. The Reform agitation was stirring the feelings of the people, and Socialism was still looked upon with neglect and indifference. The passing of an Alien Act in Belgium, prevented the meeting of a congress of working men in Brussels in 1865, and, in lieu of it, a conference was held in London in September, at which no important business was transacted. The next congress was held at Geneva in 1866. Only seven delegates came from England, and the majority were French and Swiss. Tolain was there, and read a general statement of the principles of the International Association.

Then came the congress at Lausanne, held in September 1867. Here the first move was made from the practical to the ideal. Philosophy began to take the place of possibilities, and workmen were supplanted by professors and journalists. A Belgium delegate proposed that *Congress should declare in principle that land in every country is the common property of all.* Tolain, the founder of the International, resisted the first attack on private property, and, after a considerable debate, the proposal was postponed until the following year.

Up to this time the exchequer of the association was almost *nil*, and although there is every reason to believe that the numerous strikes throughout the Continent, which occurred since 1862, were the result of international ideas, it is certain that no funds were contributed in order to keep them going. In 1868 the Society seems to have first entered upon an era of prosperity and power. A congress was held in that year in Brussels, and vast numbers of branches were affiliated to the League.

Up to this time the Imperial Government of France had exercised a more or less friendly and fraternal supervision over the International branches; but after the war between Prussia and Austria, the Anti-Chauvinistic spirit of these societies excited the jealousy and ill-will of the Emperor. All workmen's meetings were prohibited; and when the International Bureau at Paris had

joined the London Council in the protest against the execution of the Fenian prisoners in Manchester, Napoleon ordered the offices of the Bureau to be searched by the police, under the pretext that they had become the head-quarters of Fenianism.

Amongst those detained for trial was one Cluseret, who called himself a General, and had served in the United States army. Joining the Fenian Brotherhood after the War of Rebellion, he was sent on a mission to England as a military centre. He subsequently went over to Ireland, and was to have led the insurrection of 1867, but finding no army to command, he came back to France just as the International was suppressed. Cluseret made advances to the French artizans, with whom he was in prison, and he worked upon their feelings, advising them to take up arms and inaugurate a revolution.

By this time the peaceful designs of the first International leaders were fast fading into the dim distance. The Brussels Congress of 1868 was a curious agglomeration of revolutionists. There were present Henri Rochefort, Armand Levi, Godin Lemaire, Becker, Blanqui, Dupont, Hermann Jung, and Tolain. The Communists had a vast majority, and insisted on proceeding to a vote on what they held to be the capital question—that of a common property in a soil. "They would have no rule and order," says Fribourg, Tolain's friend and fellow-worker, "neither that of property, nor that of liberty." The Communists voted in an overwhelming phalanx for the following propositions: "Land is common property. Mines and coal-pits are common property. Roads, canals, railways, and telegraphs, are common property. Agricultural machines are common property." A general proposition was then moved and carried, that in principle every sort of property belongs to all citizens in common. Thus ended the Brussels Congress. The German and the Swiss element had won the day, and the International had become thoroughly Communistic. Bakounine, the Russian Nihilist, together with his party of anarchists, were all admitted into the International Association, and the result was very soon seen at the next congress, which was held at Basle.

From this date many important French strikes showed the advance of the International ideas. Switzerland also took kindly to the International leaders, though it did not carry out actively their doctrines. In Belgium the Society had been remarkably successful at first, but the clerical party soon brought discord into the ranks of the working-men. However, there is no doubt that it was morally responsible for a great number of the strikes in Belgium. Indeed, the influence of its doctrines, even in districts where no member of the Association had ever penetrated, became

so universally felt, that the working man—so said a report of the Association about this time—"*ne parlent que d'Elle, n'ont esperance qu'en Elle.*" In Austria the International made but very small way at this time, but in Prussia and North Germany a large number of workmen's societies joined with the International as individuals, while they formally declared that their societies collectively were ready to pursue a course strictly parallel to that of the great league. Owing to the personal influence of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the Italians did not join the International with any great zeal; indeed, a good deal of opposition was exercised in Italy against the idea, and the International was never very successful in that country.

For a long time the working men of the United States had had a labour movement of their own, and it was not until 1866 that they became formally attached to the International Association. But in those days there never was very much co-operation between the two continents. The sentiments and doctrines underlying the American movement differed considerably from the more revolutionary sentiments of the European leaders.

The year 1869 in England was a period of remarkable political and intellectual activity. The Gladstonian Era had commenced in English politics, and opinions were being formed on Church and State questions, on the tenure of land, and on education, which could not fail to influence public opinion and prepare it for new agitations. Societies were formed on all sides, such as the Reform League, the Labour Representation League, the National Education League, the Personal Representation League, the Peace and Labour League, the Liberation Society, the Radical Association, the Land and Labour League, the Land Tenure Reform League, the Political Association Reform League. All these Societies marked the beginning of a new era. It was, in fact, the most propitious time for the theoretical socialist to come forward and commence operations. A number of English trades unions had been gradually accepting the International compact, and the Association seemed full of promise.

It may be noticed as a matter of great significance that at the precise moment that the Continental Communists were meeting in Brussels, to agree upon the principle of common property in land, Mr. Gladstone was beginning to formulate his new ideas of agrarian reform.

The Congress at Basle, 1869, was important for many reasons, but especially because the subjects of capital and land were thoroughly discussed. It was decided that the principal causes of wealth were commerce and landed property, and the principal cause of its accumulation the right of inheritance. The question was, how

these institutions were to be dealt with? Co-operation might replace the middle-man or shopkeeper, and reduce commerce to a system of distribution, but then what was to be done with the landowners and rich heirs? *With regard to land it was declared to be a thing "sui generis," and that it could be no man's property; it was a trust in the cultivator's hands.* Technically therefore, land might be considered either as collective property, that is, the common property of all, or as the property of the State, the State being landlord and the cultivators its tenants. In either case, agriculture should be carried on by co-operation on a large scale, or by State-aided co-operation which could never be liable to the many drawbacks of private or restricted co-operation. The Basle assembly decided in favour of "collectivism" by fifty-three votes against eight, four being absent and ten having abstained from voting.

Here we have substantially the theory of Mr. Henry George, so lately promulgated in "Progress and Poverty," put forward as one of the principal planks in the platform of the Continental Communists so far back as 1869. Almost simultaneously came Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1870, the "germ" of that vast agrarian revolution the end of which we have not yet reached. The most advanced Communists in France, Germany, and Switzerland, and Mr. Gladstone, have merely been advancing *en echelon*. The connection between the two movements and absolute anarchy becomes more and more apparent as we go on.

At the Balse Congress of 1869, Bakounine was present for the first time, and his influence completely dominated the entire proceedings. Karl Marx was not present. His *rôle* had been from the first to remain in the background and pull the wires —the Moltke of European Socialism. The Brussels Congress had been anarchical enough. At Basle no common ground could by any possibility be found. Every delegate represented a different creed. Communists, Mutualists, Liberalists, Positivists, Collectivists, and Nihilists, all were there. After the rights of private property in land had been got rid of, Bakounine made one last demand. He said, "Society must be wound up."

Bakounine told the Congress what he meant by winding up Society. "I mean by winding up Society," he said, "the taking back, of right, all actual properties, by abolishing the political and judicial system—which is the only sanction and safeguard of the present proprietors—and everything that calls itself legal right. I mean the taking back, in fact, of all and everything that one can seize, and just as fast as one can seize it, as events shall open out a way."

Society having been wound up, the next thing to be done was the

reformation of the International itself. Up to this, the nominal head of the Association was Mr. George Odger. He, Tolain and Fribourg had been the original projectors of the International, of which they hoped to make a school of artisan philosophy. Bakounine and his followers determined to convert the organisation into a revolutionary body. Accordingly, a Parisian carpenter, Louis Jean Pindy, was put up to propose a new Society, which was to have for its aim and end resistance to all constituted Authorities and Powers. Pindy pointed out how his new International would work. It would be formed out of the various existing syndicates, circles and clubs. "The groups," said Pindy, "of these Societies of resistance will form the future *Commune*, and the existing Governments will be replaced by the councils of the Trades Unions."

Pindy's proposals were adopted, and henceforward the International Association of Working Men ceased to exist. Instead of working men striving for the mutual protection of the labouring classes, the founders of the organisation saw professors, doctors, journalists, and scientists, plotting to overturn Society. The invariable history of such movements was repeated. The most violent gained the day. Odger, the Englishman, was deposed, and a Russian autocrat reigned in his stead.

Only one more step was required to make the new International perfect. Up to 1870 the head-quarters had been in London. Marx lived there, and he was requested to transfer himself and his organisation to Paris. Marx refused. He ordered the corresponding secretary, Eugène Dupont, to write and show cause against such a proposition. The document is remarkable. Assuming that the time was fast approaching when a general rush to arms was imminent, he laid down the following propositions:—

1. England is the only country in which a real Socialistic revolution can be made.
2. The English people cannot make this revolution.
3. Foreigners must make it for them.
4. The foreign members, therefore, must retain their seats at the London Board.
5. *The point to strike on first is Ireland, and in Ireland they are ready to begin their work.*

The details of his message have now a treble significance and interest for the English reader. The history of the last few years shows how deeply Marx had read Irish character.

"England is the one country," writes Dupont, at the bidding of Marx, "in which the peasants have attained their utmost number, and the landed property has fallen into the fewest hands. It is the one country in which the capitalist, organising works upon the grandest scale, has thrown himself into every sort of production. It is the one country in which a vast majority consists of people paid by wages. It is the one country where the war of classes and organisation of trade unions have acquired

a certain degree of maturity and universality in consequence of their demand of all the markets of the world."

Here he elaborates his meaning :—

"If the landlords and the capitalists have their thrones in England, by a counter stroke of fortune the material means for their destruction are also found in England.

"The General Council having happily got its hand upon the great lever of the working-class revolution, what a folly—what a crime—it would be to allow this lever to pass into purely English hands!

"These English [adds Dupont] have all the materials needed for Socialistic revolution; what they lack are the generalising spirit and the revolutionary fire."

What then? Karl Marx, Eugène Dupont, and George Eccarius must clutch their power and keep their seats. They say so boldly :—

"It is only the General Council that can supply these prime defects—that can accelerate the revolutionary movement in this country, and through this country in every other."

They appeal in proof to what the journals of the dominant classes write of them—that is to say, that they have poisoned and extinguished the English spirit in our workshops, and prepared our artisans for a republican and communistic rising.

"If you separate the General Council from the Provincial Council we shall lose the handling of the great lever. To give up our grave and secret labours (*l'action sérieuse et sousterraine*) would be a fault."

The handle of that archimedean lever was in Ireland, and Karl Marx knew it. English temper was hard to move; English feeling was in favour of private property. But in Ireland was to be found the "generalising spirit and revolutionary fire." There was the great explosive mass, and all it wanted was proper education, time, and tools. All these were to come. Meanwhile—

"*The only point where we can strike the great blow against official England is on Irish soil. In Ireland the movement is made a hundred times more easy for us by the two prime facts that the social question is that of rent, and that the people are more revolutionary and exasperated than the English.*"

All these reasons told against the proposed change. A final phrase completed M. Dupont's account :—

"The position of the International in face of the Irish question is very clear. Our first care is to push the revolution in England. *To this end we must strike the first blow in Ireland.*"*

In 1870 the International had become the future Commune. In one short year, Pindy, Cluseret, and their associates were at the Hotel de Ville. The Franco-Prussian war had given the Communists a chance. Napoleon's difficulty was Bakounine's opportunity, and only a very short time elapsed before the barricades and the *Bonnet rouge* were the emblems of a temporary revolutionary success.

* *Secret History of the International*, by Onslow Yorke. London, 1872.

There is no need to tell the story of the French Commune. Its authors were the men whose doctrines, regarding the rights of property, have been widely accepted and preached in the United Kingdom for the past four years. Whilst they were expiating their mad follies in Paris, the fertile seed of revolution was being sown by an English statesman in the most fertile soil in the world. The scene was changed to New York and Dublin. Here were the centres of generalising spirits and revolutionary fires. The *Irish World and American Industrial Liberator* was founded exactly thirteen years ago. It has been the organ successively of Socialism, Revolution, and Nihilism, and has advanced communistic doctrines with extraordinary vigour and pertinacity. Through its influence the new school of Irish Revolution has become the great problem of the day.

It is not too much to say that England has progressed in revolutionary and communistic ideas since 1870 in a ratio almost as appalling. The accession to office of Mr. Gladstone in 1880 was the signal for united action all the world over. Revolution saw its opportunity and embraced it. Thirteen years ago the communists had pointed out Ireland as the only possible theatre for operations against England. Marx was in constant communication with New York and Paris. Tools were to be had in plenty in America and Ireland. There can be little doubt that the Land League (so much approved of by Mr. Chamberlain in its inception) was considered by the Continental Communists as the lever whereby a breach might be made in England's battlements. How was that league described in 1880 by the *Irish World?*

The Land League, as we understand it, first of all, is *an association for the propagation of the Gospel of Man's Natural Rights;* emphasising that first and fundamental right of all—the right to the LAND. It is practical, too, as well as theoretical. The material aid it has given, and is giving, the Irish tenantry is second only to the moral power which it opposes to the great Land Blasphemy. So that, whilst it progresses towards the *Future*, it is not indifferent to the wants of the *Present.* The Land League, however, whilst it is not itself a Parliamentary party, does not exclude from membership those who look in that direction. Parnell is a Member of Parliament. Parnell, however, is not a West Briton—is not a loyalist. When in the United States, the New York *Herald* denounced Parnell for "*stalking through this country preaching Treason against the Government* (the British Government) *of his native land.*"

Nothing said at Brussels or Basle could be plainer than this. Mr. Parnell was merely a useful figure-head to the well-directed machine which, under the fostering care of a Liberal Government, has knocked society in Ireland into what Mr. Healy would call "a cocked hat." How the Communists of the Continent must have rubbed their hands with glee at the initial folly of the English Government in allowing the first blow of the secret societies to be

struck in Ireland! How they must have trembled for a moment when Lord Beaconsfield, in his prophetic letter to the Duke of Marlborough, foretold the coming storm! But, in spite of all warnings, a Liberal Government was returned to power. Karl Marx and his friends had only to wait for the inevitable result.

Since then the doctrines of the most violent continental anarchists promulgated fourteen years ago before a group of visionaries in the security of a Swiss canton, have been trumpeted forth on a thousand platforms, and in a thousand presses, and acted upon by a responsible English Government. The prime mover and apostle of the communistic crusade has been released from jail, and is sowing his Jacobinical doctrines broadcast. We may well ask in surprise—What next? The answer is to be found in the march of events.

Last year anarchy stalked abroad in France. A placard posted upon the walls in the first, second, fifth and sixth arrondissements of Paris, on the morning of Thursday, November 2nd, 1882, bore these words :—

> Woe to you, bourgeois of every stamp. Our hatred will be terrible and implacable, and will only be extinguished with your race. You who for centuries have kept in your hands all social wealth, you who by your many infamies have always deceived the hopes of the proletariate—you are condemned. The hour of vengeance is at hand. The hour for the expiation of all your crimes and ignominies has struck. The proletariate declares against you a war to the death. It is no longer with musket in hand that we shall descend into the streets to attack your class, who have at their disposal hundreds of thousands of men armed to the teeth. No, we shall only employ the means that science gives us, that chemistry has revealed to us. To destroy you, all methods are good, from the dagger and dynamite to poison and petroleum. It is on science that our socialist theories rest, and it is with the aid of science that we shall accomplish the social winding up. Death to employers.
>
> The Executive Committee.

The exaggerated tone of this document led several people in Paris to regard it as a farce. Yet it conveys in terse terms the aims and purpose which the anarchists of France set before them. It is in harmony with other declarations made by them and publicly received as theirs. The disorders at Montceau-des-Mines, Lyons, Saint Etienne, &c., revealed the fact, that these several eruptions of anarchical fury are to be referred to a prepared plan of general revolt which should burst forth simultaneously in every city and village occupied by masses of workmen. The order of such rising, and directions for the employment of dynamite, come from Geneva, where the supreme magistracy of the justice of the people, the directing centre of the Anarchists Confederation has its seat. Prince Krapotkine, a Russian Nihilist, driven from the Empire and now in prison, was one of its leaders.

Every centre of industry has its Anarchist group. These are

composed of youths from eighteen to twenty-five years old. The word of command is transmitted *verbally*, not in writing. The groups of the same district form a special confederation, which takes the name of the department where it is organised. The *federation* is the middle term, between the groups of *execution* spread in the communes and the directing committee. Every federation nominates a delegate to the *private* committee, the supreme head of the league which assembles in Geneva once a month. The members of this private committee are not all Frenchmen, there are natives of every country, especially Russian Nihilists, who, with the bombs of France, hope to intimidate the Czar and prepare the revolution in Russia. All the dynamite cartridges sequestrated up to the present were made in Switzerland. From the shores of the lake of Geneva, the leaders who direct this revolution can send into French territory as many cartridges as they wish without running any risk. Of this the French Government has sufficient proof in hand.

Amongst the projects prepared was that of blowing up the Church of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, outside of Paris; and on the walls of that edifice, still in construction, posters with red borders were affixed, bearing these words: "The church of the Sacred Hearts of the bigots, which is an insult to the Republicans of the Commune, has been condemned by the *people-judge*; it will be blown up on a day fixed by the doomsman of the revolution." In Lyons it was feared, besides the residence of the Archbishop, that the celebrated chapel of Fourvières, which overlooks the city, and is regarded as one of its most interesting monuments, would be blown up, as the sacristan had received several letters threatening such a fate for the church, and suspicious characters were seen in the neighbourhood. The guard being called out, the danger was averted.

Amongst the papers sequestrated from the persons taken are recipes for the simple and cheap methods, "suitable for the purses of the proletaires," of manufacturing any exploding material whatsoever. In writing threatening letters to opposition journals, it is boldly stated that the aim of the Anarchists is to plunge all France in revolution. In Marseilles posters on the walls had these words:—

President of the Republic, Ministers, Prefect, Generals, Priests, Capitalists, Bourgeois, we will crush you all with iron, fire, poison, with all imaginable means of destruction.

(Signed) THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Other proclamations are of equal virulence; while the individual acts committed, though as yet scattered, and of limited effect, indicate the temper by which the Anarchists are animated.

The Paris *Figaro* of November 4, 1882, in a correspondence from Geneva, relates that the "Dynamite Society," which was planted a year ago in France, and which has, during six months, given proof of its existence by bombs, cartridges, and destruction, is an emanation of the famous "Executive Committee" of St. Petersburg, which made all the attempts at assassination in Russia in latter years, comprising that which ended the life of the Czar, Alexander II., and which is known under the name of Section for the "Propagation of Anarchy." Its chief members are Tcherkesoff, a Russian—who, after Prince Krapotkine, is the strongest-headed personage in French Nihilism, and has the reputation of being a distinguished professor; Jopoff and Eugenso, both Russians, the first a publicist, and the second a student; then comes a woman, Miss Warinska, likewise a Russian. All these reside at Geneva. A certain Pindy, who was Governor of the Palace in Paris during the Commune, and Kalisoff, a lady who resides at Berne, and is the friend of the Italian Costa, deputy in Rome, are also members. The Section for the Propagation of Anarchy has the *Revolte* for its organ, the expenses of which were borne by Prince Krapotkine. The *Figaro* says of him that he is very rich and used to support many persons, Russians and Poles, fugitives from Siberia, Irish Fenians, and non-Fenians, Australians, and Italians compromised in the affairs of Bologna and Trieste, French who love to conspire better than to work, Germans accused of Socialism, &c. &c. The French Anarchical Propaganda, which has been acting at Lyons, Montceau, and in many other parts of France, contains many of the amnestied communists, and some who sustained, under the Government of the Republic, public positions as syndics, communal councillors, &c. The means of action are, according to the *Figaro*, the same as those employed by the Anarchists, but more refined in their character. The bombs are manufactured in the shape and appearance of pears, apples, oranges, and several other kinds of fruit, so well imitated in colour and form as to deceive even the most expert eye.

So much for the revolutionary movement on the Continent. At home, simultaneously with the trials of the prisoners accused of the Phœnix Park assassinations, we had foreign emissaries captured in the act of preparing the most deadly explosives, to be used in the destruction of our public buildings. The literature which animates these demons breathes a mixture of piety and revenge which is as horrible as it is unprecedented. It is evident that England is confronted with the Celtic incarnation of Continental Nihilism. The effect of Communistic teaching in Ireland has produced first-fruits in an Act of Parliament unprecedented in the history of England. When, last March, at Birmingham, a

member of an English Cabinet, the former apologist of the Land League, adopts the principles uttered by a Russian Nihilist at Brussels and Basle in 1868 and 1869, it is hard to say what a few years may bring forth. "I demand the abolition of inheritance," exclaimed Bakounine, only fifteen short years ago. "Lord Salisbury," pleasantly insinuates Mr. Chamberlain, "constitutes himself the spokesman of a class to which he himself belongs, and 'who toil not, neither do they spin'; whose fortunes, as in his case, have originated by grants made in times long gone by for the services which courtiers rendered kings, and have since grown and increased, while they have slept, by levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part." * There is but a step between the blunt Nihilism of the foreigner and the communism of the latter-day Englishman. The effect of Continental Jacobinism upon English legislation and legislators could not be better illustrated than by this opportune remark of the President of the Board of Trade, and we must be prepared for deeds as well as words.

The men of 1870 still live and act, as the recent disturbances in Paris prove. Marx is dead, but his work goes on. Amnestied Communists and pardoned Fenians have taken up the work where it was left off. The history of the International Working Men's Association has its counterpart in that of the Land League. Each was founded primarily as a constitutional organisation. Each slipped gradually down to the level of its most ferocious and implacable followers.

PHILIP H. BAGENAL.

* Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, March 31, 1883.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE.

THE last year of the twelfth century saw marriage formally declared by Papal edict to be not only a religious but a sacramental rite to be celebrated in churches throughout Western Christendom. The closing years of the nineteenth century will probably witness the dissociation of the religious element in marriages altogether from the social. Marriage is one of the few human relations which have not hitherto been reduced to simple contract; but it is rapidly tending in that direction. The Church Congress eloquently protests, but the victories of logic are of little account against triumphs in the Parliamentary lobbies. By passing the second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the House of Lords during the past Session brought the country face to face with a social revolution, the magnitude of which very few people had till then realised. It is true that the rejection of the Bill on the third reading was accompanied by a general feeling of relief; but we have, as practical men, to remember that the respite thus gained will be very temporary. It is not given to men in these days to write after the record of their victories that "the land had rest forty years." In the present case the forces now for a time defeated are as strong as ever they were, and have shown that, when at this full strength, they have it in their power to effect at least a temporary success in the very heart of their opponents' territory. They have even had for a while the very citadel in their own hands, and may well have been encouraged by such a proof that final victory is within their grasp. Further than this, it has to be confessed that, though not themselves a very homogeneous faction, they confront a fatally disunited party. Perhaps the most melancholy fact in the history of the present generation of Conservatives, is that between sixty and seventy Conservative peers supported the second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

No doubt the explanation to be given for what we may call this abnormal vote is both easy and complete. It must, of course, be true of a certain number of peers that nature has endowed them rather with the tastes of private gentlemen than with the qualifi-

cations of statesmanship. This is a necessary accompaniment of any hereditary system, and it is much to their credit that, speaking generally, such members of the Upper House recognise their true position and intervene but sparingly in its debates. If on this particular occasion they succumbed to unusual pressure from influential persons, we may well believe that they were persuaded into the idea that they were disposing of a vexed theological question which it would be a mercy to the country to get finally out of the way. Yet, though explanation may be easy, complete exculpation is impossible. The assertion that the proposed disturbance of the marriage law is not a party question leaves the fact unaltered that it is far graver than a party question; and if it does not unite the Liberal Party, it is only because the proposal is so revolutionary that large numbers of them are afraid of it. Could there be a more conclusive reason for uniting all that is called Conservative in one solid phalanx against it? However, explanation and recrimination are alike immaterial unless we can assure ourselves by means of them that what has happened once will not happen again. Frankly, we cannot with any confidence presume in the present case upon this security. Experience has shown that the men who are very much in earnest about getting a thing, prevail in the end against those who, for whatever reason, do not see the paramount importance of refusing it. As this marriage question now stands, the earnestness, at least among the laity, is on the aggressive side, and the comparative indifference is on the part of those who should resist. If it were not so, such divisions as those recorded during the past few years in the House of Lords, would have been simply impossible. In the face of these facts, it is the plain duty of all friends of the Constitution to provide for a contingency much less remote now than it seemed a few months ago. In a paper published in the *National Review* in July, Mr. Beresford Hope gave a very full summary of the social consequences likely to be brought about by the proposed change in our marriage law. For these there is no remedy. He also glanced at the Constitutional question incidentally raised by the Bill, but without basing his argument upon it. It is to the discussion of this latter part of the subject that the present paper will be devoted.

Already, in more than one speech and essay, it has been pointed out that hitherto the laws of the Church and those of the State on the subject of marriage have been identical, though no doubt the relations between them were somewhat strained by the divorce legislation of 1857. What has not been sufficiently taken to heart is that though the law of the State may be changed, that of the Church cannot but remain immovable. There is in this assertion no extra-

ordinary pretension set up of ecclesiastical infallibility, but merely the practical claim to be exempt from self-stultification. The Church has declared that her law of marriage is God's revealed law on the subject, and she has made this declaration by virtue of her authority to expound the Revelation committed to her. If now, after so long a time and so unyielding a persistency, she were to alter her teaching upon so vital a matter, she would be virtually abandoning her whole position as a trustworthy interpreter. This would be so even were the initiative in the change to be taken by herself; but when it should appear—as, of course, in this case it would appear—that her new interpretation was dictated to her by State necessities, she would justly incur not only mistrust but contempt. Nothing, therefore, can be clearer than that the Church is driven to meet all such measures as the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill with a distinct, an emphatic, and an uncompromising "*non possumus*." If the Church cannot consent to solemnise the new marriages, it follows that she must also retain and maintain her view of their iniquitous and unlawful character. At every marriage the Church of England bids her children to be "well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful." From these words there is no escape, and the duty of the clergy towards persons so "coupled together" is equally clear. Such persons must be admonished to abandon their sin, or must be excluded from Church Communion. Here, of course, would be the first collision. The State which had declared them lawfully man and wife would certainly refuse them a *locus pœnitentiæ* in case they came to a better mind; and, indeed, it is hard to see how it could consistently do otherwise. At this point, then, we should be confronted with the spectacle of the State refusing to its subjects the necessary conditions of Communion with the State-Established Church. No words are necessary to show how absurdly anomalous would be the situation thus created; and yet we may, with no stretch of probabilities, suppose how cases of the kind would arise. Let us suppose, in the first place, that after a man has married his wife's sister, scruples arise in his mind as to the lawfulness of his union with her, and that he arrives finally at the conscientious conclusion that he must abandon it. His partner has no such scruples, and holds that in leaving her he would do a cruel wrong. It cannot be denied that her case would be an infinitely hard one, and undoubtedly the State which held her to be a lawful wife would do its utmost to establish her position, with results disastrous to the happiness of both. But, again, on the other hand, should the admonitions of the clergy have reached the wife while failing to touch the husband, and

should she find herself compelled, in obedience to the higher law, to leave him, we should very probably have the scandal of a suit for restitution of conjugal rights, in which the State would be behind the plaintiff, and the Church at the back of the defendant. Only the position of the children would remain unaffected, for that is a purely municipal question; the stigma of bastardy being one which is sometimes affixed to children by the Civil Law, but of which the Church knows nothing. The union between Church and State could certainly not long survive such confusion and contradiction as that here depicted. Prospects such as these might well cause any responsible politician, who claims to be on the side of Conservatism, to pause before allowing himself to support, even for a moment, a measure involving consequences so serious.

But whilst all these considerations seem to us to be, from the Conservative point of view, conclusive against the proposed alteration of the law, it is certain, as we have seen above, that unless far more weight should be attached to them in the future than has been given to them in the past, they are not to be depended upon to avert the change. It is an old observation, that the majority of mankind do not know when they are logically defunct, and we cannot imagine that a few months of argument will induce the men who have once supported a measure to turn round and vote against it. It behoves us, therefore, in the present case, to consider how the evil effects of such a measure might be best palliated with a view to staving off some of the worst of the anticipated consequences. In doing this it may be a help to us to see how the matter now stands with us. Although, theoretically, every Englishman is, in a sense, a member of the Church of England, our legislators have, nevertheless, of late been in the habit of recognising the fact that there are many thousands amongst us born, living, and dying, outside her pale. In the various laws which have been passed to meet the case of such persons, the freedom and relief of the Church have been hitherto very generally ignored. Births, marriages, and burials, have been separated from baptism, from holy matrimony, and from the Church funeral service, but the Church has always been tied down to her former obligations. Baptism the State now ignores altogether, requiring only registration. Church marriages the State recognises, but does not require; whilst, in the matter of funerals, the clergyman is compelled to do the work of the State by registering the burial, though he may be excluded from the performance of the religious service. If now the marriage law is to be tampered with, has not the time also come for relieving the Church, on this side at least, of what is felt by many to be an oppression

as well as an hypocrisy? In the matter of marriages, as in the matter of births and baptisms, let the Church and the State henceforth separate their interests fairly. Let a civil marriage ceremony or contract be required of all who marry, and let the Church reserve her service for those who value holy matrimony. Presumably most Church people would seek the Church service. Those who failed to do so would, in the opinion of most Churchmen, be doing themselves a great wrong in refusing a recognition of the religious—may one not say the sacramental?—side of the most momentous act of their lives. But they would not cease to be Church people merely by refusing to avail themselves of her highest privileges, nor would the absence of a religious service be, of itself, a bar to membership in other respects. The door, too, would always stand open to them for the after consecration of their union; and, indeed, it is well known that at the present time numbers of the marriages contracted before the Registrar are afterwards solemnised in Church, though of course not again registered. For the rest, it is absurd to suppose that the Church can be compelled to accept as members those who not only neglect her ordinances, but despise her prohibitions. Under the proposed system of the division of marriage into a civil and a religious side, their civil marriage would of course stand, but religiously they would have placed themselves out of communion with the Church. Should such, however, seek to be received back, the action of the Church would be somewhat simplified, and the difficulties, though great, would be seldom insurmountable. Of course, where both man and wife had come to see the error of their ways, a separation would be mutually agreed upon, and their admission easy; but in cases where only one party sought relief, which the other refused and the State denied, the matter would be more delicate. On the one hand the Church cannot alter the laws of God to suit the convenience of those who have broken them; but, on the other hand, the extreme cases in which a release could not be arranged without involving a grievous wrong, would be very rare. Where such cases did occur, I venture, speaking with all diffidence, to ask whether, after a careful examination, and the clearest proofs of the sincerity of the applicant, the remedy might not sometimes be found in the power of dispensation, cautiously and sparingly exercised, and following rather the spirit of the Primitive, than the precedent of the Mediæval Church.

It is not necessary at the present stage of the controversy to go into all the details which the change thus sketched out would involve. Only it is necessary to insist that the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill must inevitably carry with it a fundamental alteration of the relations between Church and State, on

the subject of marriage, and that the passing of such a bill would be the best opportunity for securing that the revolution, if it must come, should be effected in a manner fair to the Church. Any other settlement than one which will be just to the Church can but be temporary, and must end in a conflict far more serious than any yet imagined. For the reassurance of the timid, it may be pointed out that the division of marriage into a religious and a civil side has already been half accomplished. Civil marriages, whether accompanied or not by the religious rites of the various Nonconformist sects, are daily contracted amongst us, and are acknowledged by the Church as valid, although, as we have said above, it is by no means uncommon for them to be afterwards confirmed and lifted to a higher level, by the Church's benediction. But then, on the other hand, day by day, one of the most solemn offices of the Church is degraded by being made use of as the mere formula attaching to a civil contract. It is taken as a mere matter of course that if it is cheaper, or more fashionable, or easier to be married in Church, the solemn rite is one which can be claimed without possibility of denial. The result is that in populous parishes couples come up to be married in church half intoxicated, accompanied by a jeering crowd, and knowing no more of the service than to be able to mumble after the minister some such phonetic imitation of its words as "with all my worldly goods *I*, thee, and thou!" How many a priest is daily driven to loathe the necessity of saying to the besotted creatures before him that as they have "consented together in holy wedlock before God and this company," he pronounces "that they be man and wife together, In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" By all means let us ever refuse our consent to any law which should operate in restriction of lawful marriage; but, if any change in any direction is to be made, let one of the first considerations be how to relieve the clergy from their present necessity of being parties to this most detestable profanation of a sacred rite.

It will of course be said, and with perfect truth, that the separation of civil from religious marriages would probably lessen the number of marrriages solemnised in church, and so would apparently weaken the Church's position. It should surely be enough to answer that the position of the Church cannot be strengthened by the maintenance of a profane hypocrisy. Innocent III., ruling over a united and subservient Christendom, could ordain that marriage should be a sacramental rite performed in a church, but in our day Europe is half heathen, and Christendom is not united. When the ancient substance is gone it is idle to keep up the anti-

quated form. If the above proposal were adopted, those only would stay away from the Church whose support to the Church was not worth having. Those, on the contrary, who devoutly made use of her ordinances would be encouraged by the knowledge that they were no longer prostituted for merely civil purposes. Nor would there be any fresh loosening of the tie between Church and State. So far as marriage could be "disestablished,"—if we may use the expression,—it was disestablished when the civil form was made optional and sufficient. The tie was then severed on one side, but not on the other. So far as any principle was concerned, the principle was surrendered then. In logically completing the measure there would be no fresh principle surrendered now. Only provision would be made against some of the mischievous consequences of existing schemes for meddling with the marriage law, and the antagonism between Church law and State law would be less conspicuous, and so, less harmful. It is with this view that the suggestions in the above paper are tendered.

GILBERT VENABLES.

A "SOLILOQUY IN SONG."

I.

The Spring-time, O the Spring-time!
Who does not know it well?
When the little birds begin to build,
And the buds begin to swell.
When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek,
And the lambs are bucking and bleating,
And the colour mounts to the maiden's cheek,
And the cuckoo scatters greeting;
In the Spring-time, joyous Spring-time!

II.

The Summer, O the Summer!
Who does not know it well?
When the ring-doves coo the long day through,
And the bee refills his cell.
When the swish of the mower is heard at morn,
And we all in the woods go roaming,
And waiting is over, and love is born,
And shy lips meet in the gloaming;
In the Summer, luscious Summer!

III.

The Autumn, O the Autumn!
Who does not know it well?
When the leaf turns brown, and the mast drops down,
And the chesnut splits its shell.
When we muse o'er the days that have gone before,
And the days that will follow after,
When the grain lies deep on the winnowing-floor,
And the plump gourd hangs from the rafter;
In the Autumn, mellow Autumn!

IV.

The Winter, O the Winter!
  Who does not know it well?
When, day after day, the fields stretch gray,
  And the peewit wails on the fell.
When we close up the crannies and shut out the cold,
  And the wind sounds hoarse and hollow,
And our dead loves sleep in the churchyard mould,
  And we pray that we soon may follow;
    In the Winter, mournful Winter!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

CURRENT POLITICS.

THE past month has been full of interest for politicians, whether we cast our gaze abroad or confine it at home. There have been two "invasions" of Ulster; one by the Home Rule followers of Mr. Parnell, the other by the Leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. The former proved an ignominious failure; the second was a remarkable triumph. The reception accorded to Sir Stafford Northcote by the loyal portion of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland exceeded in fervour anything that has been witnessed since Scotch Radicalism expended its enthusiasm on Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford is not the politician to lash the waves of political strife into fury; he has too acute a sense of his position, of his responsibilities, and of the dangers of excessive Party fervour, to play that easy and ignoble part. But the statesmanlike moderation of his language did not deter his hosts across the Irish Channel from exhibiting an excitement which is thoroughly warranted by the sense of the wrongs Ireland has undergone at the hands of those reckless experimentalists who have defrauded landlords without satisfying tenants, who have lowered the position of the Church of England in the Sister Isle without raising the tone or augmenting the loyalty of the Roman Catholic clergy, and who have tampered with the principles of economic honesty, only to find that the classes in whose favour the violation was resorted to are more implacably hostile to England, and more disdainful of their supposed benefactors, than they were before. The reception given to Sir Stafford Northcote in Belfast, in Carrickfergus, and elsewhere, was intended not only as a tribute to his personal worth and his political capacity, but as a timely demonstration of the firm resolve of Ulster to remain faithful to the Union, and not to permit Irish rebels and Radical Cabinets between them to destroy it. The gain to the Conservative cause by the visit of Sir Stafford Northcote to Ulster is considerable, for it will, in all probability, prove the occasion for bringing all honest and loyal Irish Liberals into the Conservative camp. But it has proved a yet greater benefit to the country and the Empire.

Mr. Parnell and his followers have evidently been not a little disconcerted by the welcome Sir Stafford experienced; and their own threatened invasion of Ulster has now subsided into vapourings that will hardly be translated into action.

It must be satisfactory to the readers of the *National Review*, and it is certainly highly gratifying to ourselves, that one of the most important passages in the speeches delivered by Sir Stafford in the course of his visit was based upon an article that appeared in our last number respecting "Irish Representation." The passage attracted universal attention, and Mr. Sexton attempted to confute the figures compiled by Mr. Staples and quoted by the Conservative statesman. But the reply of Mr. Staples, published in the chief morning papers, is conclusive; and it cannot be doubted that, if Electoral Reform is applied to Ireland, it will have to be applied—as Sir Stafford, in accord with the *National Review*, pointed out—by increasing the number of members allotted to Ulster, and reducing in proportion those at present returned by the disloyal constituencies of the island. While on the subject of this visit, we feel urged to inquire what it is in the nature and constitution of Radicalism that makes so many of its professors apparently insensible to the commonest instincts of fair play? Nearly all of Sir Stafford Northcote's speeches were reported by the *Daily News* in the third person, and were considerably compressed. The *Daily News* cannot plead want of space, since, in consequence of its advertisements being fewer, it has more space at its disposal than, for instance, a Conservative paper like the *Standard*, which, nevertheless, as far as our observation goes, invariably contrives to find room to report the speeches of Liberal speakers of the first rank, *in extenso*. In itself, the phenomenon would not be worth alluding to, since it cannot matter to Sir Stafford Northcote whether the *Daily News* reports him at length or with comparative brevity. But it seems to us to be deserving of mention as a sign of the incurable want of fairness, of equitable dealing, in a word, of manliness, with which Radical politicians so frequently seem infected. Better be the stupidest of stupid parties than stoop to such clever devices as these.

The Conservative Leaders have been unusually active during the month of October. Sir Stafford spoke with much effect at Carnarvon on the 22nd, and Lord Salisbury was to speak at Reading on the 30th, before which date these lines will have passed from our hands. Mr. Gibson has made several vigorous speeches, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Hardinge Giffard, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Lowther, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and other Conservative speakers of position and influence, have dealt trenchantly with the shortcomings, inconsistencies, and hesitations of the Government.

At Leeds there has been an imposing Conference of Radical Reformers, presided over by Mr. John Morley, a man of cultivated parts, incisive speech, courageous character, and definite views, and who is entitled to the respect due to all politicians who do not conceal their aims, and who urge them with courtesy and skill. It is the object of Mr. Morley to abolish the House of Lords, the Monarchy, and the Church, and to introduce into this country what is called absolute democratic equality, crowned by a Republic. He is entitled to his opinions, as is every man who does not hide them, from hypocrisy, from cowardice, or from malignity. But what are we to say, or to think, of Whigs and Moderate Liberals who accept, and indeed court, such a man as a political ally? What we necessarily must think is so unflattering, that to say it is impossible. To such persons, it seems to us, political principle and political morality have no signification.

As for the practical work done at the Leeds Conference by the Radical Electoral Reformers, it ought to have proved exceedingly instructive to the Conservative Party, and commensurately serviceable to the nation. The Radicals, as the active and aggressive section of the Liberal Army, have shown their strategy and exposed its real aim, with a *naïveté* that is not always their characteristic. Their object is not so much the electoral enfranchisement of the rural population as the destruction of the Conservative Party, and the acquiring of a long lease of Parliamentary power for themselves, during which they may pass the various Measures that are required for the revolutionising of English society. They are well aware that if the country once understands that a particular method of extending the franchise in Counties will lead to equal electoral districts, and the disfranchisement of every class in the county save one, viz. the most numerous, the poorest, and the most passionate, that particular method will have no chance of acceptance at the hands of the existing Parliament or of the present Constituencies. Accordingly they wish to entrap the present Parliament into equalizing the Borough and County Franchise blindfold, and then to obtain from the old constituencies thus enlarged a Parliament that will take care to accept no Bill for the Redistribution of Seats that interferes with their aim of making the voice of the multitude supreme. Conservatives, therefore, cannot henceforward pretend that they were not duly warned. It will be the duty, not only of every Conservative Member of Parliament, but of every Representative who considers himself the representative of the nation, and not of any particular class, to insist that the present Parliament, if it is to deal with a County Franchise Bill, should have before it not only the Redistribution of Seats Bill, which the

former Measure will entail, but all the changes in our Electoral System to which the two combined will necessarily lead. The *St. James's Gazette* has, on more than one occasion during the past month, called attention to some of the consequences that may ensue from oversight or apathy in regard to this important question, in articles well-deserving of study and meditation.

"An Old Diplomatist" has, in another place in this month's number of the *National Review*, dealt so minutely with what occurred in Paris on the occasion of the visit of the King of Spain to the French Capital, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than refer cursorily to an incident that has caused serious damage to France and deep scandal to Europe. It was brought to a termination by the Ministerial Crisis in Spain, which has for the present been solved by the substitution of Señor Posada-Herrera as Prime Minister for Señor Sagasta. The King has doubtless acted in a thoroughly Constitutional spirit in summoning members of the Dynastic Left to his counsels. It may, however, be doubted whether the new Cabinet will enjoy a long lease of life. That it contains a number of Free-traders is a circumstance that will secure for it the good wishes of people in this country, who would hail with satisfaction an extension of commerce between England and Spain. But the Cabinet is likewise pledged to a Revision of the Constitution, in the sense of the well-known Programme of 1869, which includes, among other things, the introduction of Universal Suffrage. One does not require to be a political pessimist in order to entertain grave doubt whether, in a country like Spain, Universal Suffrage will, in the long run, minister either to free trade, religious liberty, or genuine progress.

The ousting of General Thibaudin from the French War Office, and the nomination of M. Casimir Périer, jun., to the post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has raised the credit, and for the moment, at any rate, strengthened the position of the French Ministry. Rather more than a week before the re-assembling of the Chambers, M. Jules Ferry threw down the gauntlet to the Irreconcileable Radicals in a couple of speeches, one delivered at Rouen, the other at Havre. The challenge has been taken up by the Extreme Party, with what result it is too early to indicate. The object of the President of the Council is evidently to form that Conservative Republican Party which Thiers always declared must be established if the Republic was to last. He aspires to win the Orleanists over to his side; and, should he give adequate guarantees of his wish and intention to direct the internal and external policy of France in a truly Conservative spirit, the Orleanists will do wisely not to reject his overtures. True patriotism would counsel the strengthening of the hands of the Moderate Republi-

cans, if they are truly moderate, against the designs and tactics of the Extremists. Under such circumstances, the latter would probably be foiled and kept under. Did it turn out that they are too powerful under Republican institutions to admit of the continued existence of a Moderate and Conservative Republic, the transition to a Monarchy, as a preservative against disorder and revolution, would thereby be rendered easier.

One of the proofs that M. Jules Ferry is anxious to build a bridge over which he may coax Conservative politicians into his camp, is the proposal to render further assistance to French Roman Catholic missionaries in Asia. In itself, the suggestion is a praiseworthy one; but there are good reasons for believing that this newly-expressed solicitude of the French Republic for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts arises less from religious zeal than from a desire to assist the pioneers of the French Flag in such places as Madagascar and Indo-China. At the date at which we write, the claims of Mr. Shaw for compensation for the outrageous treatment he received from Admiral Pierre remain unsettled; nor have we heard that a suitable apology has yet been made to the English Government. In Tonquin and Anam, matters remain pretty much where they were when we last wrote. Negotiations between France and China do not seem to be prospering; though we hope that, by some means or other, war between them may be averted. There is much reason, however, to fear, that in any arrangement that may be ultimately adopted, the interests of England will not be much consulted. The following lines, written by one who speaks from long experience, briefly expound the policy of "self-effacement" which Prince Bismarck some time ago declared to be the policy of England under Liberal Administration:—

A spirit of self-effacement has overshadowed the Consulates, and, with the exceptions which are found to every general rule, the English Consul is the one man who is neither heard of nor thought of. Individually the Consuls are no more to blame for this deplorable state of things than the Chinese mandarins for the iniquities of their Government. The Consuls have found by experience that the kind of service which ensures promotion is silence and sloth. This is really a serious matter, for the interests represented by the English Consul at a place like Shanghai are not those of the thousand English residents, who, if they were all drowned in one day in the Yang-tze-Kiang, would only make an average nine days' wonder. The Consul represents the wage-earning classes of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Clyde who fabricate the materials of our exports to China, the shipbuilders of the United Kingdom, and hosts of people in England whose well-being depends on the success of our foreign trade, with which the management of affairs in Shanghai is intimately connected. With such responsibilities on his shoulders, the modesty which is so becoming in the private citizen may be carried too far in the Consul. And that point seems to be reached when the English community are dependent for the safeguarding of their interests on the Consul of some other Power, who, for anything they can tell, may have a particular game of his own to play in his intercourse with the Chinese authorities. The commercial supremacy of the English is menaced here, as elsewhere, by formidable rivals, and it is fitting that their own officials should be kept alive to that fact.

The passive attitude of Germany during the diplomatic difference between France and Spain, arising out of an incident with which German policy was associated, affords a fresh corroboration of the view that the chief aim of Prince Bismarck, in his management of international relations, is the preservation of European peace. By the despatch of Moukhtar Pasha to Berlin, the Sultan has again exhibited his solicitude to enjoy the favour of the German Powers; but the advice once more tendered in the Prussian capital was, "Whoever wishes to be on friendly terms with Germany, must be on friendly terms with Austria." Accordingly, Moukhtar Pasha transferred his energies to Vienna, where he doubtless learned that the whole policy of Austria-Hungary in the East, whether in the Balkan Peninsula, or in the remaining European territories of the Ottoman Empire, is summed up in the words *quieta non movere*. At Constantinople the most studious anxiety is invariably displayed to discover the policy and intentions of the various European Powers; but this anxiety only leads to a perpetual hesitation, on the part of the Sublime Porte, as to which of the Powers is the most to be trusted, and the one best worth courting. Now Russia is in favour, now Germany, now England. At present it seems to be understood at Yildiz Kiosk, that neither England nor the German Powers desire any further dismemberment of Turkey; and under these circumstances, the advances lately made to Russia will probably be discontinued. In Bulgaria, and likewise in Servia, the intrigues of Russia have, for the moment at least, been foiled; but it would be sanguine to assume that the Cabinet of Saint Petersburg will desist from fresh manœuvres in the territories either of King Milan or Prince Alexander. At home, Russia has this month witnessed two striking spectacles; one, the laying of the foundation stone by the Czar of an expiatory church in St. Petersburg to the memory of his murdered father; the other, the funeral, in the same capital, of Turguenieff. The first was an official, the second a popular demonstration; and the second was apparently the more imposing and suggestive of the two.

Sir Evelyn Wood has returned to Egypt; and it is believed that, strengthened by his opinion, the Cabinet meditates an early reduction of the English Army of Occupation in that country. So long as it is not withdrawn altogether, no protest need be raised. But what is likely to ensue by the substitution of an Egyptian for an English army, may be gathered from the following extract from a telegram of the Cairo correspondent of the *Standard*, which appeared in that paper on the 11th of October :—

> The authorities are bringing down from Upper Egypt recruits for the Soudan, chained together by their necks, in batches of twenty or thirty. Many of them are also handcuffed with huge blocks of wood, and many are old and grey-bearded men. The sight is most sickening.

The matter was reported some days ago by Colonel Slade of the Egyptian army, but nothing has been done to put an end to the scandal, although Cherif Pacha and the Minister of War both know of it.

A friend who came from Upper Egypt this evening tells me that about a hundred of these miserable wretches chained up in this way were in the same train with him.

They were followed to the station by crowds of women and children raising loud lamentations.

This is not pleasant reading for anyone who remembers what we have done in Egypt, and what we have promised to do. Yet Liberal philanthropy remains absolutely silent, lest it should embarrass a Liberal Cabinet.

THE EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

London: Printed by W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. S.W.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 10.—DECEMBER, 1883.

HEREDITARY PAUPERISM AND BOARDING-OUT.

Hereditary pauperism, and the cure for it, have been, and will be, the study and puzzle of philanthropists and political economists. The latter, if not both, see in the Poor Laws themselves a seed-bed of this evil; but it must be in their good administration, and not their abolition, that a remedy for it must be found. To some it may seem easy and desirable to overturn an institution which has struck roots deeply and entwined them in the national life; but it is not wise to deal rashly even with general prejudices, much less with principles which the masses believe to be a part of their rights. It is beyond our present scope to investigate the foundations of so old a structure as the Poor Law system, but attention may well be called to its working and improvement. Since 1834 continual efforts have been made to reduce its pauperising effects, and they have been, in the main, prudent, uniting fair protection to the public with humanity to the destitute. The diminution of out-door relief—which even in late years has been too large, as before 1834 it was iniquitous in its extravagance—is in accordance with justice, and has checked the demands upon honest industry which, struggling for independence, has been oppressed by needless rates. The treatment of the casual poor has been put upon a better footing, and it may be hoped that the Law, in conjunction with the voluntary associations against vagrancy, may do something to diminish or put an end to that "army of occupation quartered in the towns and rural districts of England, recruited and maintained by a system of bounties, a terror and scourge to the public, a reproach and disgrace to the Government."

The current of tenderness, however, is so strong that professional beggars still float upon it, and the farmer's or peasant's wife is still credulous of the woes of sailors who never saw the sea from the deck of a ship, or of distressed artisans whose hands were

never hardened by an implement of labour. While this weakness continues in spite of laws and true philanthropy, in spite of societies to suppress the evil, and of published warnings of all kinds, the trader upon the emotional will still saunter his profitable rounds, and eat his bread of idleness.

Vigorous repressive action may fairly be called in to meet this kind of imposture, but there are other maladies connected with our Poor Law system which demand very different remedies. In the case of adult paupers, it is seldom that the destitution does not, in some degree at least, arise from their own fault; but there is a class which suffers not for its own sins, but for the sins of parents, and the rescue of this class from misery and demoralization may reasonably satisfy the tender hearts which will otherwise appease their emotions by indiscriminate and pernicious almsgiving. The "cry of the children" once sounding plaintively from the mine or the factory, has been heard, and the day when—

> Among the busy wheels
> The power least prized was that which thinks and feels,

has, we trust, passed away in this country for ever. But there is a voice of dulled sorrow from the workhouse, from those who have never known a parent's love or care,—the deserted, desolate children whose very physical frames bear the marks of inherited disease, and whose better feelings remain undeveloped, requiring for their expansion some good influences from good hearts to draw forth a response. These unhappy ones have a distinct tendency, physically and morally, to swell the crowd of pauperism; and it is not only a high Christian work and duty, but an imperative State obligation, by tender, careful training, to set them on new paths and, as far as possible, order their goings.

To this end both the official administrators of the Law, and the wisely benevolent are desirous to work, and the abundance of material affords ample room for both. It may be a question hereafter, when a fuller experience has been gained, whether one mode or another should be alone adopted; but the time has not come for such a decision, inasmuch as voluntary effort has not provided itself with appliances to meet anything like the full demand. That special need of which we have spoken—the heart-to-heart treatment, as it may be called—is not so likely to be found in the workhouse or in district schools, "in which," it has been said, "large masses of children are collected where they can enjoy no breath of home atmosphere, no taste of family life, no individual love or care, and little to break the monotony of their joyless lives except the visits of fresh comers, who too often impart a terrible knowledge of evil, and are the greatest hindrance to the efforts of the teachers to keep up a good moral tone." This is, perhaps, too

dark a picture; for it cannot be denied that the district schools were a vast advance upon those of the workhouse, and Mr. Tufnell and others have shown how much good has been effected by them, and how many they have placed in situations leading to respectability and independence.

Let them, then, continue their work under watchful and appreciative inspection, which may keep masters and teachers to their duty, and prevent them from degenerating into a heartless routine. To effect this, inquiry should be made, not merely into the formal management, but into the relation of individual children with some one of those over them, for there ought to be at least some personal kindly influence to be a shadow or reflection of that of home. The boys or girls who go out into the world without one personal tie are in danger of linking themselves to the first sympathiser, however unworthy, and become a ready prey to his wiles. In many instances, no doubt, they are passed into good hands, and find those to whom they can attach themselves without danger; but it must be better that their associations with affection should be of an earlier date, as likely to be more lasting. The modern friendly societies which undertake, through individuals, the guidance of these young people are on the right track, but the connection between protector and *protégé* is best begun at the earliest period. In those cases in which the boy or girl has been known in home or school to those who undertake the charge, and influence has been maintained by correspondence (a most important part of the work) when separation comes, the results are likely to prove most enduring.

If such voluntary responsibility can or will be undertaken for children in and from district or workhouse schools, the effects of their harsher surroundings may be mitigated, but the relation must in any case, it is to be feared, be far inferior to the sympathetic union between a warm-hearted educated friend and a child whose nature has expanded under such sunny influence.

Perhaps it will be generally admitted that, for the children themselves, it would be best to bring them up in some kind of home-life as nearly as possible like that which they ought to have enjoyed, and which might draw out their affections, improve their health, and train them for the ordinary duties to which they will probably be called. But can this be secured with the continuity which is essential to success? Voluntary effort is apt to be capricious and spasmodic, depending upon persons whose circumstances, ill-health, or death, may at any moment withdraw them from the duty on which they have engaged themselves. And yet the ardent volunteers are the very soul—the life itself of the work that has to be done, viz. to win the hearts, as well as train the

bodies and minds of these destitute little ones. Some risk, then, may well be run to get the advantage of their loving supervision, while, of course, the State has the right and duty, when it hands over the objects of this benevolence, to see that the duty undertaken is adequately discharged.

Two methods (and both deserve encouragement) are urged upon the consideration of the Local Government Board and upon the public*:—

1. Certified homes are a creation meant to resemble, as far as practicable, real ones; and to this end the matron is to represent a mother, and not to be burdened with a larger number of children than will admit of each receiving a due share of her affection and interest. The arrangements should be for cottage simplicity, with such domestic duties for the children as may fit them for the care of such a residence. Beyond this there would be some instruction to fit them for service; though, in fact, cleanliness, obedience, order, and industry are safe foundations upon which a mistress may build up a good servant. The home should be in some village where it is welcome, and where there will be friendly visitors to keep a gentle supervision over its inmates, and to follow with help and sympathy their career when they go out. The national school will bring them in contact with the children of the place, and obliterate the degrading distinction which separate education to some extent involves. This companionship is of great importance as one of the best means to rouse intelligence, kindle affections, and develop the physical powers of unfortunate creatures to whom, previous to their reception in the home, all has seemed hostile and depressing. One of the practical workers in this field notices the importance of discarding workhouse dress to get rid of its deadening associations, and there can be no doubt that everything which marks the children off as a separate caste from their fellows around should be removed. The guardians have the power to take advantage of these certified homes, and are entitled to pay what a child would cost in the workhouse or union school. In all probability, if encouragement were given, voluntary zeal would enable them to place the children there at even a lower scale of expense, so that benefit would accrue on all sides. Even supposing that this may not be the best method, it is at least a good one, and deserves the fullest trial. Sir Charles Dilke appears to be treating his office in no mere perfunctory manner, and he will no doubt give his personal attention to such schemes for rescuing children as combine enthusiasm with prudence, and are founded upon a knowledge of child-nature.

* Schemes of emigration are not touched upon, but that good work in Canada is not forgotten; and in reckoning the homes available for children, those opened in the Colonies must not be overlooked.

2. But even certified homes must have something of a school character about them, and can only imitate cottage family-life. For many years, therefore, ladies full of compassion for the desolate children in workhouses—chiefly London ones—have adopted another, the second method referred to above, to meet the necessities of the case. This is called the boarding-out system, the successful working of which, where it is properly and efficiently superintended, seems to call for its extension over a much larger area than it has yet covered. It consists in placing these outcasts in respectable peasant homes, with married people, who in some cases have children of their own. The Committee guarantees the fitness of the cottage and its occupiers, and superintends and watches over their little charges. The difficulties which it has encountered, though some are real, are not such as should impede the progress of a plan which in its best form secures the highest advantages to the children, cheapens the cost to rate-payers, and gives to society members trained in a manner likely to develop the best qualities of mind and heart. At the same time it would not be just to impute to officials or guardians any wrong motives for not at once adopting the system to a greater extent, nor are they without some reasons for their coldness.

To speak of guardians first. It is only natural and right that they should not consider their responsibility at an end when they have handed over a child to a committee, or learnt that it has been placed in a cottage-home. At first it seems to have been intended that they should send visitors or inspectors on their own behalf, to see that the home is a fitting one, and from time to time to satisfy themselves that the children were properly treated. The Local Government Board, however, now refuses them power to do this, and provides no effective substitute. There is no systematic inspection of boarded-out children; and it must be admitted that, if their numbers largely increased, it would be difficult to arrange for frequent visits to the many localities over which they would be spread. The very limited extent to which inspection has been tried has not been such as to meet the exigencies of the case or the wishes of the ladies engaged in the work, nor have the reports sent by the Inspectors to the Local Government Board come to the knowledge of the guardians in time to ensure their interposition in cases where it was required at once.

Guardians have, therefore, the excuse that the means are not afforded them of keeping an eye upon the children that "belong to them," and they not unjustly throw the blame of their unwillingness to take advantage of the homes so readily offered to them upon the Local Government Board. With its officials boarding-out has apparently been looked upon rather as if it were a system

working in avowed rivalry with workhouse and district schools, than as a supplement to them, offering to a portion of the children advantages which schools cannot give. As has been said, there is room for more than one method of treatment, and it is surely doubtful policy to check and dishearten so many who are ready to give their time and labour to the beneficent work of finding and supervising homes for these waifs and strays. It is stated that at the end of last year there were "ten authorised ladies' committees which had not been able to get a single child, though they had foster-parents and good cottages ready to receive children." In a report of October 1883, from Miss Preusser, the Lady President of the Boarding-out Committee of Windermere and Troutbeck, who has intelligently and disinterestedly devoted herself to this system, a list of eleven committees is given as "ready to receive children, but not yet fortunate enough to obtain them." One lady writes that she "has lost any desire she ever had to work with Government officials," so vain had been her attempts to obtain children from the London unions. Now, it is probable, nay, certain, that success will not be achieved in every instance of a boarded-out child, but there are in the system itself conditions which may well encourage hopefulness. The object is to wean a child from pauperising impressions, to form the character, to draw out the affections, to repress bad habits and develop good qualities, moral and intellectual, by close personal intercourse with each individual. Given, then, which is essential, well-chosen foster-parents, under the general supervision of some neighbouring lady, there is a prospect that children placed with them at a sufficiently early age will grow up with more of the true child-like spirit, gain health and vigour in the fresh country life, learn to play as well as to work, and become, as it were, naturalised in the new sphere which is to be that of their after-life. It is all-important that but few years of misery and degradation should have sullied and depressed them, for with every year there is more difficulty in reclaiming and elevating. "The mischief done at nine years of age," writes a lady of practical knowledge, "takes months to eradicate; at fourteen, will it ever be undone? Not in this world, as far as my experience goes. The child-like spirit has gone, never to return." At thirteen or fourteen, well-trained children should become independent of further help from the ratepayers, and never fall back.

Some might suppose that the selected foster-parents would look more to the pecuniary considerations than to the affections of the children they receive, but the facts prove that this is not the case. Mutual regard springs up, and the light and warmth of family-

life are shed upon the whole household. Nor are the relations between the ladies and the inmates of the house less beneficial to all the parties concerned, for they are drawn together by a common interest, which is not lost when those who have created the tie go forth to commence a life of industry and carry the good effects of their training to other homes.

The failures during twelve years have been reckoned at only 5 per cent., and, even supposing this rate to be put too low, an immense benefit has been conferred upon society. And yet how far short it falls of what might be effected. The homes are ready, the benevolent are waiting anxiously for material to work upon: can nothing be done to supply it? It exists in over-abundance; London alone has to deal with some 60,000, and in the large towns throughout the kingdom there must be tens of thousands from which selections might be made. Expense cannot be the hindrance, for a child can be boarded out at a great saving upon the cost of district or separate schools. An outfit of £3, and six shillings a week will be sufficient; and for this is purchased, not routine, monotony, and dulness, but the love, tenderness, and joy which are necessary to the full development of a child's nature. All school and no home, with the best management, is depressing, and, with the best intentions, official teachers cannot possibly get at individual hearts among the crowds passing under their eyes. Children once gone from them are gone from their influence, whereas one of the chief advantages of boarding-out is the vigilant tenderness that follows the protégée after leaving the foster-parents' cottage, not only to her first place, which is carefully selected, but as long as she needs it. Thus, so far as human help can avail, there is a guard against relapse to the low condition from which she has been rescued.

It is no slight recommendation of the plan of Boarding-out that it makes use of existing materials, that no new buildings, no staffs of officials are required, that subscriptions are not needed, for the workers are disinterested volunteers, and the maintenance is provided from rates. Should, therefore, in any case the experiment fail no compensation can be called for, either for person or structure. There are few retired villages in which suitable homes could not be found, affording an opportunity for complete separation from the bad companions of the earliest period of life, and an individual training which it is difficult in any other way to secure.

Whether boarding-out can be made quite as efficacious for boys as it has proved for girls may by some be questioned. At all events, the trial has not been on a scale to admit of a very complete induction; but there is nothing in the nature of things to deter from a fuller

experiment. An objection, not without weight, has been raised, that only the deserted or orphans are claimed by ladies' committees, and that these are the most easily dealt with. The association with bad parents or relations is the fatal impediment to the good training of workhouse children, and boarding-out has not to grapple with this obstacle. If the State would secure the committees from having the children sent to them claimed by dissolute or criminal parents, and swept back into their former miserable condition, there would probably be no objection to the reception of them, but it is obvious that for good influences to have their full effect there must be more than a precarious hold upon the objects to be affected by them. The foster-parents are to stand in *loco parentum*, and there is remarkable testimony to the permanence of the affectionate relations between them and the children committed to them. "In each case" (says a lady who seems to have trained both boys and girls) "strong feelings of love and gratitude have been developed for their foster-parents; those in service return for their holidays to the homes as naturally as if they were their own, and the parents receive them without payment, looking on them as really their children. To me they are very grateful and obedient in every way; those now absent write to me frequently in a perfectly open way. Ladies undertaking such children must come frequently in personal contact with them if they wish to raise them effectually from the low condition of paupers; their notice influences the foster-parents, and others who would look down on the children." (Miss Preusser's report, p. 4.)

Here, it will be said, is the bright side of the picture; but how are guardians and the Local Government Board to have the guarantee for such careful voluntary action in permanence? There is no certainty to be obtained but by authorised visitation or enquiry. If the former alternative, from the diffusion of the work, should become almost an impossibility, that is not so at present, and it should be more effectively used; but at all events the latter is not by any means difficult. The Local Government Board has agencies in every part of the kingdom, some of which might be employed to gain for them trustworthy information as to the character and conduct of foster-parents, as to the amount of supervision afforded by the ladies' committee, as to the health of the children, and the opportunities given them for education, intellectual and religious. If this duty be taken away from the guardians, presumably for some valid reason, it becomes incumbent upon the Local Government Board; and it is to be hoped that they will not allow its difficulties, which arise from their own rules, to check an outflow of voluntary beneficence offering such useful aid in a very

painful portion of poor law administration. Is it too much to ask for encouragement rather than indifference or even opposition, to ask for a relaxation of preliminary restrictions which at present deter where it would be wiser to invite? Could there not be some central agency within the Local Government Board, to which application might be made by duly constituted committees, and to which guardians might supply lists and reports of the children whom they are willing to board out? Such a plan would at once bring into action committees already prepared, and call into existence many more. It is a mistake to suppose that fitting homes will be wanting, and the very fact of the proper requirements of the Board would tend to improve their sanitary arrangements, and so indirectly affect the neighbourhood in which they are for good. Guardians would learn, without needless trouble, where they could place their little charges, and would be satisfied with the Board's recommendation of eligible foster-parents and homes. True, this would involve trouble to the Local Government Board; but it would be more than compensated by the relief afforded by private benevolence which performs, with combined vigilance and tenderness, duties which the State must at best do coldly and perfunctorily. It is the introduction of charity in its best sense, for it is directed to the care of those who suffer for the wrong-doings of others; it tends not to demoralise and pauperise, but to make honest toilers, doing their duty in that state of life to which they are elevated; and it prevents them from falling back to the permanently debased condition to which, by birth and parentage, they seemed in childhood to be condemned. The children profit, the foster-parents profit, the benevolent ladies profit by the interchange of kindly offices; the guardians gain by present cheapness and future relief from hereditary pauperism; and the State gains by the addition of citizens not artificially formed, but deriving character and vigour from the natural influences of a good English home. We earnestly commend this subject to the attention of the President of the Local Government Board, and hope he may signalise his tenure of office by putting the system of Boarding-out on a clear, well-defined, and permanent footing.

CRANBROOK.

RICH MEN'S DWELLINGS.

A PROPOSED REMEDY FOR SOCIAL DISCONTENT.

The almost unprecedented amount of attention attracted by the paper on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings," that appeared in the last number of this *Review*, and the lively interest it is still engaging, are probably due to more causes than one. In some degree, the wide-spread discussion it has elicited may be due to the position of the writer. Again, its success must be attributed, in part, to the inherent importance of the subject. Finally, something of the commotion it has aroused has to be ascribed to the anxiety of certain persons, perhaps not wholly disinterested, to induce the world to conclude that Lord Salisbury has committed himself to what is called State Socialism. For my part, I can only say that after the most searching study, I have been unable to discover a sentence, a phrase, or even a word, that would directly or indirectly lend the faintest countenance to such a charge. Indeed, on each fresh occasion that I have perused it, I have been more and more struck by the circumspection with which the writer has uniformly maintained the distinction between timely, sympathetic, and helpful assistance provided by the State in the way of loan and on strictly financial principles, and that State charity which may possibly defraud the donor, and is pretty sure to demoralize the recipient. Here are, as far I know, the main if not the only passages in the paper that touch upon this branch of the question. The italics are my own :—

"At present, no proposal has been made, as far as I know, to give assistance for this purpose, *except by way of loan*. . . . A very large sum was advanced (by Sir Robert Peel) to landlords at an interest *which secured the State from loss*, but lower than their own credit would have obtained. . . . In the case before us, the *loan* would be justified by imperious considerations of State policy, even if all thoughts of humanity were cast aside. . . . If the causes of disease were inanimate, no one would hesitate about employing *advances* of public money to render them innocuous. Why should the expenditure become illegitimate because these causes happen to be human beings? . . . I do not believe that there would be any serious conflict on the question whether an *advance* of public money ought to be expended in providing a remedy, if there were any general agreement as to what the remedy should be. . . . If Parliament should see its way to authorize *loans* of public money, for the purpose of meeting this difficulty whether on the security of rates or taxes, no fitter body for the expenditure of such additional capital could be found."

I think it will thus be seen that if Lord Salisbury's paper on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" be only read with something of the accuracy with which it is written, and if good faith be combined with proper attention, it will be impossible to extract from it the smallest support for theories that are commonly designated by the generic epithet Socialistic. I should be sorry to think it is, on that account, any the less important. On the contrary it is more important, since it has brought the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring population within the range of practical politics.

It seems to me, however, there is a deeper reason still why the contribution of Lord Salisbury to this interesting theme has attracted so much notice, and why the question to which he has given such opportune prominence is not likely again to fall into the background. No attentive person, I think, can have failed, during the last few years, to observe two things. The first is that what are called social questions are becoming of more importance and more interest than what used to be specifically called political questions, or, to put it more succinctly, social questions are becoming the only political questions about which serious persons much trouble themselves, as far as our domestic polity is concerned. The second is, the existence of a certain industrial restlessness, which has been steadily increasing, and which, I fear, it is no exaggeration to describe as, at least, the dawn of social discontent. Instead of "the still sad music of humanity," of which Wordsworth could speak in his time with so much tenderness, one now seems to hear the loud mad discord of humanity; and the more far-seeing are beginning to fear that, unless society can be tuned afresh, all national concert will be destroyed. People with a fine ear note this pretty clearly; casual listeners discern it vaguely; there are none so dull of apprehension as not to be aware now and then that something is out of tune. It is not wonderful, therefore, when attention is called to the fact, that people should look round them and nod assent. When a leader of the orchestra, when a person in the position of Lord Salisbury, recalls it to us with a sudden stroke, it would indeed be amazing if we did not all look to our instruments and examine our score.

That a certain amount of social discontent exists, therefore, and that it is daily growing, cannot, I think, be denied. Before proceeding to enquire whether its existence and increase have any justification, I shall, perhaps, do well incidentally to observe that there are persons in the community, some of them very shrewd, very selfish, and very far-seeing, and others, perhaps just as selfish, but very much the reverse of far-seeing and shrewd, who promote this discontent to the best of their ability, by falsifications of history, perversions

of fact, and appeals to class prejudice and passion. These are, indeed, bad citizens. But that they do not labour altogether in vain should make us all the more anxious to discover if, for the social discontent they strive to fan into a flame, fuel is not provided by many persons who would be startled at being told that they are enemies of the commonweal and unconscious revolutionists.

Social discontent, in our day, assumes two forms. There is the material discontent, engendered by the lack of physical well-being, and there is the sentimental discontent, excited by the spectacle of inequality of position, caused, not by any law—for, happily, we know of none such in England—but by something stronger than law, viz. custom, backed by power, which in these days means money.

Now have these feelings any justification? In one sense, perhaps—though, as we shall see, it is a practically unimportant sense, even if we concede its abstract validity—they have not. Thanks, I am bound to say, despite my desire not to import Party considerations into this paper, to the predominance which Liberalism, and what used, at least, to be Liberal doctrines, have exercised during my life-time till within the last few years, many people have acquired the habit of fancying that, when they have pointed out that, in England, there is a fair field and no favour for all, that everyone has a right to his own, that the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, and that decent provision is made by our Poor Laws or by private benevolence for the laggards and the feeble, they have satisfactorily answered all such questions as the one I have propounded. Such persons would probably go on to remind me that some of the largest fortunes made in the present generation were made by men whose fathers, or grandfathers, were labourers or mechanics, and that, if we examined carefully every case of destitution or poverty brought before us, we should discover the result was due to the incapacity, the indolence, or the dissoluteness, either of the sufferer himself, or of his near progenitors.

As a fact, they would probably be right, and in that sense, therefore, that limited sense, that sense for what it is worth, neither individual smallness of means, nor the sum of individual smallness of means culminating in class discontent, has any justification. Theoretically, everybody may become a millionaire, and it it is no wrong to those who have failed, by their own fault or the fault of their parents, to achieve that position, that others from their own ranks have not failed.

But in a far larger, more important, and more practical sense, I fear it must be conceded that the social discontent, of whose

existence we are all conscious, has some justification. It has its justification in the inherent constitution of human nature, that most enduring of all things, that supreme Tribunal before which not sophistry alone finds itself confounded, but the most conclusive and triumphant logic is sometimes cast in heavy damages. The Human Conscience is not a Court of Law, but a Court of Equity, where sits a revising and readjusting Arbiter, for whom the Statute Book is a withered and discredited scroll, for whom leading cases are as nought, and who shapes his decisions in conformity with perhaps the only maxim of real value ever devised by the legal mind—*Summum jus summa injuria.*

What, then, does the constitution of human nature, what does the Human Conscience, say to the existing composition and aspect of English Society? Lord Salisbury has told us what they say to many labourers' and artisans' dwellings. I want to know what they say to many Rich Men's Dwellings. If the question were not likely to be asked by others, nay, if it had not been already asked by others, I might, perhaps, be described as a revolutionist for asking it. But it is being, consciously or unconsciously, asked by thousands and tens of thousands of voices, and the real revolutionist is he who affects not to hear them.

By Rich Men's Dwellings I do not mean their houses alone, any more than by labourers' dwellings Lord Salisbury meant only the walls within which they live. "Thousands of families," I find he writes, "have only a single room to dwell in, where they sleep and eat, multiply, and die. For this miserable lodging they pay a price ranging from two shillings to five shillings a week, a larger rent on the whole than the agricultural labourer pays for a cottage and garden in the country. It is difficult to exaggerate the misery which such conditions of life must cause, or the impulse which they must give to vice. The depression of mind and body which they create is an almost insuperable obstacle to the action of any elevating or refining agencies." In the same manner, when I speak of Rich Men's Dwellings, I mean their expenditure, their comforts, their luxury, their ostentation, in a word, their general manner of living.

Do I, then, propose to challenge this manner of living? I do; and I do so in the name of Conservatism, and as one who has always been a Conservative, and who, as far as he can see, will always remain a Conservative.

For it is a conviction I hold, and have held for now twenty-five years, or ever since I began to think of these things, that there is a Right as well as a Left Wing of the Revolutionary Army, and this Right Wing consists of rich men who spend their wealth luxuriously, ostentatiously, in a word, irresponsibly, and

who act uncompromisingly upon the principle that every man has a right to do what he likes with his own, and that in a world where there is a fair field and no favour there is no just ground for complaining of the inequalities of fortune, no matter how painful these may be to the less fortunate specimens of the inequality or to dispassionate spectators of the contrast.

To put the matter as plainly and briefly as I can, the principal cause of the social discontent, concerning whose existence we are all agreed, is not so much the poverty of the poor or the limited wages of the industrious, as the extraordinary and ever-waxing splendour of the rich and the astounding ostentation of the idle. There are some persons who maintain that the final outcome of Free Trade and the Gospel of Free Competition is that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. There are others who qualify this assertion, and who maintain that the respectable and industrious at least are not growing poorer. They may be right; and I am not qualified to decide between these two opinions. But one does not need to be an expert in national economics, one requires only to have eyes in one's head, to be able to assert with absolute confidence, and, I should think, without fear of contradiction, that whether an advance has or has not taken place during the last thirty years in the material comfort and physical well-being of the labouring classes, it is inappreciable when compared with the enormous advance in the wealth of the wealthy, in the luxury of the luxurious, and in the splendour of the splendid. I remember, sometime about the year 1854, when I was necessarily a listener rather than a contributor to such discussions, the question casually arising one day in conversation as to the composition of the House of Commons, and the number of men of considerable wealth it contained. Someone asserted that it did not contain twenty men whose income exceeded £10,000. A member of the House who was present challenged the statement, and began to run off the names of men whose income was notoriously of that amount. But I recollect, as he got far into the teens, he was so much at a loss to complete the list, that he was forced to say, "Well, I suppose I may include myself," and so got a step nearer to his demonstration. There would be no difficulty now-a-days in naming five times that number of members of the House with three or four times that income.

This is an indication, and an indication only, of the enormous increase in the number of large private fortunes, and of the higher standard as to what a large fortune is, that has taken place in England in the course of a generation. To have £10,000 a year was, thirty years ago, to be wealthy. Now we should say of such a person pretty much what the greatest banker in Europe is

reported to have observed of another capitalist who died worth £2,000,000, "I did not think he was so poor." I believe Mr. Gladstone has somewhere affirmed that there has been a larger increase of wealth in this country during the last fifty years than in all the preceding centuries since the Norman Conquest.

But, it cannot be necessary to argue this part of the question. The growth of large private fortunes, and the extraordinary elevation of the standard as to what constitutes a large fortune, are as apparent as the haws in the hedges. Neither is it open to dispute that, for the most part, what rich men have, they spend; and their expenditure has reached a pitch of luxury and magnificence that can escape the observation only of those whose eyes have grown accustomed to the spectacle, and whose habits of reflection are as easily blunted by habit as their vision. In the spaciousness and dignity of their dwellings, in the pomp and costliness of their furniture, in the lavishness of their dress, in the amplitude of their table, in the refinement of their cellars, in their horses and equipages, in the number and ceremonial of their domestics, the class that during the last thirty years has risen from poverty or competence to opulence or to ease, presents to the gaze a spectacle of what some call refinement, and all must designate magnificence, such as the world has not witnessed since Rome got top-heavy and nodded to its fall.

Now let us assume that, during the same period, the wages of agricultural labourers and artisans have advanced, on an average, 25 per cent. I am surprised to find, as I fancy most people will be who judge from their own individual observation rather than from the theoretical manipulation of collective statistics, that so high an authority as Mr. Robert Giffen puts it at a yet higher figure. If he is right, one has reason to be glad of it; and had our other social conditions remained the same, had the comforts of the comfortable, and the extravagance of the extravagant, advanced only *pari passu*, I think it not improbable that social discontent is a phrase that would be little heard amongst us. It is, I repeat, the contrast between the one advance and the other, between the modest amelioration of the physical lot of the labourer and the artisan, and the amazing augmentation of the splendour of the opulent, that causes people to enquire whether there is so much reason for gladness after all. Does anyone suppose that the contrast is not hourly observed and daily canvassed by those for whom the contrast tells the reverse of a flattering tale? Is there anyone so ignorant as not to know that their natural sense of the invidious character of the contrast is being dexterously and incessantly sharpened by political agitators and the untiring disseminators of what is called popular literature?

Now, I want to make a brief excursion into the Past, and to show by an examination of the social condition of England in times for which Conservatives at least entertain some respect, firstly, that the contrast of which I am speaking is a new and previously unknown contrast, and a new and previously unknown danger in this country; and, secondly, that it indicates a state of things of which no Conservative deserving of the name, no Conservative who has either really inherited or duly thought out his Conservatism, no Conservative, in a word, whose Conservatism means anything more than the right of every man to get all he can, keep all he can, or spend all he has as he chooses, would for a moment dream of constituting himself the champion. My excursion will be into no recondite facts. It needs no erudition; for if it did, I should be incapable of making it. Anyone may make it for himself who has read Hallam's *Europe During the Middle Ages*, the first chapter of Mr. Froude's *History of England*, headed "The Social Condition of England during the Sixteenth Century," or is acquainted with Hall, Harrison, Stow, or *The Paston Letters*, from which the more recent writers I have named have drawn many of their conclusions. Hallam was avowedly a Liberal; and though Mr. Froude may possibly now be a very good Conservative indeed, I doubt if he had discovered the fact when he wrote his agreeable history.

. . . . . .

"It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their houses were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above, and on the opposite side a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves, sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideratlon, more often converted into farm-houses or distinct tenements.

. . . . . .

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodation. A gentleman's house containing three or four bedrooms was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot or even plaster; except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency, and this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appears to have been not less than ten beds, and glass windows are specially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs, or looking-glasses. If we compare this account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great home of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid

mansions of the north, not at the same period, for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient, but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets.

. . . . . .

Regular gardens, according to Pauleny, were not made in France till the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century. Yet one is said to have existed at the Louvre, of much older construction. England, I believe, had nothing of the ornamental kind, unless it were some trees regularly disposed in the orchard of a monastery. Even the common horticultural art for culinary purposes, though not entirely neglected, since the produce of gardens is sometimes mentioned in ancient deeds, had not been cultivated with much attention. The esculent vegetables now most in use were introduced in the reign of Elizabeth, and some sorts a good deal later.

. . . . . .

There is one very unpleasing remark, which everyone who attends to the subject of prices will be induced to make, that the labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III., or of Henry VI., than they are at present.

. . . . . .

After every allowance of this kind, I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion, that however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in his ability to support a family to his ancestors three or four centuries ago. I know not why some have supposed that meat was a luxury seldom obtained by the labourer. Doubtless he could not have procured as much as he pleased. But, from the greater cheapness of cattle, as compared with corn, it seems to follow, that a more considerable portion of his ordinary diet consisted of animal food than at present. It was remarked by Sir John Fortescue, that the English lived far more upon an animal diet than their rivals the French; and it was natural to ascribe their superior strength and courage to this cause. I should feel much satisfaction in being convinced that no deterioration in the state of the labouring-classes has really taken place.—Hallam's *Europe During the Middle Ages.*

. . . . . .

When city burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to use the land as "a commodity" were angrily repressed, while, again, in the majority of instances, such persons endeavoured as they do at present, to cover the recent origin of their families by adopting the manners of the nobles, instead of transferring the habits of the towns to the parks and chases of the English counties. . . Tradesmen who took advantage of the fluctuation of the market were rebuked by Parliament for their "greedy and covetous minds," "as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit than the common weal of the realm."

. . . . . .

. . . The expenditure of their own incomes in the wages and maintenance of their vast retinues left but a small margin for indulgence in luxuries. . . . Diet also was prescribed, and with equal strictness, but the diet of the nobleman was ordered down to a level which was then within the reach of the poorest labourer. . . . Looking at the state of England as whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry VIII. the body of the people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before, better off than they have ever been in later times.—Froude's *History of England.*

The Spanish nobles who came into England with Philip, were astonished at the diet which they found among the poor. "These English," said one of them, "fare commonly as well as the king."—Harrison's *Description of England*, p. 313.

Now what is the conclusion we are compelled to draw from these few quotations, which could easily be multiplied till they covered far more space than is contained in one number of this

Review? Surely they oblige us to conclude that, in the times to which they refer, the labouring classes in this country were, at least, fully as comfortable and well off as they are now, if not indeed much more so, while the richer classes were not only nothing like so rich, so well-off, and so comfortable, to say nothing of so luxurious as they are now, but in point of material condition and physical ease were not much to be distinguished from those, as the phrase is, beneath them. They were not housed much better, though their houses might be larger and more substantial. They did not eat better, they did not drink better; they were not clothed better, as far as warmth and comfort go; they did not lie more softly. I believe it would be equally easy to show, and I wish some one competent, which I am not, would take the pains to show it, and the pages of this *Review* shall gladly be thrown open to him for the purpose, that not only was there, in former times, a much nearer identity of material condition between man and man, class and class, but likewise that men and men, class and class, were much nearer to each other in the social sense, nearer in kindred, brotherhood, and all practical equality, than they are now. The law gave every man his place, and every class its rank; but the gradations were easy, and, at the time at least, not felt to be invidious. Every man, no matter who he was, had nominally a superior, and society presented no such painful gaps and horrible fissures as in this free fight of a world into which Free Competition, in other words Politics divorced from Morals, has transformed it, appal the gaze and distress the conscience.

Do I, then, propose to go back to Feudal times, to revive the Statute of Labourers, and to restore Sumptuary Laws? Scarcely. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is one of the most adamantine laws of the permanent Dispensation under which we live, and against which it is folly to rebel and futile to contend. It is precisely because the writings of Carlyle pointed in the direction of such reactionary rebellion, in so far as they pointed steadily in any direction at all, and did not shift their indications with the varying humour of the writer's own mind, that it always seemed to me, with all deference to his disciples, and with all due admiration for his sombre but diverting genius, that he was, as a teacher, the most useless of mankind. But though it is idle to suppose that the Feudal System can be resuscitated by force, or that it it will be re-established by legislation, though it would indeed be the baseless fabric of a vision to conceive that public opinion could be brought to demand, and Parliament to enact, the rolling back of the stones of the sepulchre in which the silent centuries lie interred, is there anything fantastic, is there anything visionary and impracticable in the suggestion that society

should voluntarily, and in the full exercise of its liberty, impose upon itself certain habits, and enforce, by a spontaneous sanction, the performance of certain duties, not unakin to habits that, in Feudal times, were esteemed wise, and to duties that were then deemed imperative?

Society, after all, is only an aggregate of individuals; and what is the history, what the experience, of the best, the finest, the most highly-organised individuals? I suspect it to be as follows: Born of a worthy stock, it matters not in what sphere or rank of life, such an individual finds a considerable amount of discipline imposed upon him by his parents, his tutors, all those, in fine, who have to do with the development of his intelligence and the formation of his character. In all probability, he finds much of this discipline to be irksome; and when the season comes for him to claim his liberty, perhaps he discards it. He is his own master; and he employs his freedom partly to good, partly to bad purpose. But, with the experience of the years that lie between youth and manhood, he gradually learns that to be "your own master" is a sorry and a perilous boon, unless you use it to become "master of yourself." He perceives that, for want of self-restraint, from having too much liberty, briefly from the lack of discipline, he has committed a good many mistakes. First he reflects, then he acts; and he ends by imposing upon himself, I do not say all, but much of the discipline against which he originally chafed, and from which he liberated himself as soon as the chance presented. He has discovered that unlimited liberty has made him a slave; and he deliberately circumscribes it in order to recover his freedom, and to lend it dignity and comeliness.

Now, is it inconceivable that society has passed through the first two stages of an analogous experience, and has reached a point at which the *via prima salutis*, the old safe way, has to be returned to, but returned to with all the grace and manliness of free choice, without the help of any law save the inductive law of experience, and without the aid of any master, save that sovereign lord, the conscience? Feudal times, with their stringent discipline, have passed away for ever; but is it insane to hope that society, that England, has enough virtue, enough virile free will left, to redeem itself from the slavery of every-man-doing-as-he-pleases, by a voluntary return to simpler and more primitive ways, when "the necessities of their position obliged people to regard their property rather as a revenue to be administered in trust, than as a fortune to be expended in self-indulgence?"* If this be a vain hope, then our condition is perilous indeed; and this self-complacent Age,

* Froude's *History of England.*

which has plumed itself on its progressive spirit, on its wealth, on its discoveries, on its strenuous activity, will be regarded by the annalist of its collapse as a beggar on horseback that rode to perdition as fast as ever it could.

But *is* it a vain hope? Are there not a sufficient number of choice spirits, of refined minds, of courageous characters, in a word of real Aristocrats, in England, who will band themselves into a body by a self-denying ordinance, and proclaim to the world by their conduct and their example, as well as by their doctrines and their precepts, that private refinement which lapses into luxury is vulgar and contemptible, and personal comfort which swells into ostentation, is low, base, and unworthy of noble natures?

I must speak plainly. The English Aristocracy have been, in my opinion, and in some respects still are, the finest product of human society, all qualities considered, the world has yet seen. But they are themselves conscious that they have, in some degree, fallen from their high estate. And why have they so fallen? Because of the advance of the democratic spirit? Not in the least. A true aristocrat is far more democratic than, unfortunately, many so-called aristocrats in these days seem to be aware. In so far as they have fallen from their high estate, they have done so because they have voluntarily descended from it, not because they have been pulled down from it. What have we seen during the last thirty or forty years? What are we seeing still? Plutocrats fancying themselves aristocrats, or trying to become such by enormous wealth and dazzling expenditure; and—the pity of it!—aristocrats encouraging them in this vulgar and grotesque idea, by themselves striving might and main to become plutocrats, in order that they may not be outshone by these new competitors for social eminence and distinction!

No doubt there are many members of the English aristocracy who have not done this, but who, well content with a fixed, or even a falling income, are busying themselves solely with the generous management of their estates, with the cultivation of themselves, with the unpaid performance of public duties, and with an unostentatious dedication of their talents to the service of their country. They are by no means few in number, and among them are to be found not a few persons recently ennobled, and whose wealth is of modern origin. It is to these one must look for the institution and promotion of the campaign against Rich Men's Dwellings, and the general style of living among the wealthy indicated by that phrase. The more than Persian apparatus with which most rich people in these days encompass themselves, though in great measure arising from the fact that, as

was not the case in Feudal times, men may have enormous wealth without any corresponding duties of an obligatory character, yet in some degree likewise must be ascribed to custom, in other words, to fashion. In order to diminish it, it must be made unfashionable; and the only persons who can make it unfashionable are those who, by their position, can prescribe or modify fashion, can divert the current of custom, and dictate, or at least direct, the tone of society. In all probability, at bottom, both good-breeding and ill-breeding proceed from imitation. Good-breeding follows a good model, and imitates half-unconsciously, and therefore successfully. Vulgarity selects an unfortunate pattern, or else copies a good pattern unsuccessfully. But none are so consciously anxious to imitate as the vulgar. Hence, probably, much of their failure. But the very fact of their anxiety to imitate gives those who would set a worthy example, and who are in a position to set it with authority, a signal advantage.

Let us assume, then, that convinced of the danger to society and the commonwealth that underlies the spectacle of increasing inequality of condition between the very rich and the very poor, that attends the ever-deepening consciousness of the contrast between the rapidly-advancing splendour and luxuriousness of the higher, and the comparatively stationary comfort of the lower classes, a considerable number of the leaders of English society have formed themselves into a Company of Wise and Reasonable Men, have set their faces against profuse expenditure, frown upon unbridled luxury and vulgar and offensive ostentation, and impose a return to simpler and nobler ways upon their wives, their daughters, their sons, and all who are dependent on them. What would follow? In the first place, the bulk of society—*servum pecus*—whether consisting of persons of long transmitted means or of persons possessed of recently acquired fortunes, would begin to discard some of their pomp, to abate much of their outward vaingloriousness, would be anxious to be in the fashion, and not to be guilty of a solecism against "the proper thing." Thus, without any legislation, without any Sumptuary Law, the contrast, the shocking, the revolutionary contrast between the habits of one portion of the community and the habits of the remainder would dwindle, until it reached a stage at which it would cease to excite the surprise of the moralist or promote the discontent of anyone.

But a second and an equally important result would ensue. Those persons who had instituted the crusade against extravagant expenditure and sumptuous living, together with those whom they won over by their example to second the crusade, would shortly find that instead of, as is at present often the case, their large private

means not saving them at the end of the year from bills difficult to meet and embarrassments irksome to encounter, they had an ample balance at their bankers, and were, to use an old phrase, well before the world. What would they do with the income they had saved, and which had thus become capital? Is it not obvious? After considering the various methods that are already being tried to provide the labouring classes with more decent and commodious dwellings, Lord Salisbury thus concludes, "Such measures, at all events, will be palliatives, though an entire cure may be very distant. Perhaps it will ultimately be found in an agency of a totally different character. . . . . But there are indications enough . . . . that in one way or another, by public and by private action, a remedy is possible for very much of this misery and degradation which casts so terrible a shadow over our prosperity." Well, then, here is the agency. Let private extravagance be curtailed, let personal luxury and ostentation be discredited and diminished, and there will be no necessity to appeal to the State for aid, even by way of loan. All necessary loans will be forthcoming from the savings of private persons of abundant means, from the incomes of the Company of Wise and Reasonable Men and their imitators, who will then be "flush of money," for the purpose of abolishing rookeries, buying land, and erecting dwellings to let to labourers and artisans at a reasonable and yet sufficiently remunerative rate; the remuneration, as in the Peabody Trust, to be again expended in a similar manner.

The most scrutinising critic would, I think, have to exercise a good deal of ingenuity to discover any trace of Socialism, any violation of the strictest principles of Political Economy, in this suggestion. The interference of the State and the action of the Legislature, always to be deprecated where they can properly be avoided, would then become unnecessary. Finally, the operation would be not only economically sound and politically wise, but it would possess a high and obvious moral character. By one and the same stroke both the physical causes of social discontent and the sentimental causes of social discontent, would be removed; we should once again become one people, one harmonious and concordant nation; class could no longer be set against class; the occupation of the malevolent agitator would be gone; and in face of the closer sympathy and more approximating condition of all ranks of society, the envious passions of the baser forms of political ambition would rage in vain.

I trust no one will misunderstand or misinterpret me. I do not say that the existence of even glaring poverty side by side with glaring wealth confers the right upon anyone to take the property of the rich and give it to the poor. What I mean is that a higher

right, a higher morality, commands the wealthy themselves to abate the contrast, and diminish the distance between poverty and wealth.

I am aware that one exposes oneself to the charge of presumption by offering a solution of a difficulty that has taxed the ingenuity of so many persons of much higher capacity and far wider experience. But, in a matter of this gravity, one must not dread that overmuch. Moreover, I am offering no solution that is new, at least, to myself. For now nearly twenty-five years, as I have said, or ever since I first came to think about these things, I have believed in no other; and what is more, I have never desisted from urging it. It so happens, however, that it has been done, not in prose, but in verse, and therefore of necessity—save in one instance, where the didactic purpose was intentional—indirectly; and what is inculcated indirectly, more especially if inculcated in poetry, reaches a limited number of hearts. Nevertheless, *litera scripta manet*; and I am going to crave permission to show, very briefly, that I am at least not doing what I fear is the case with too many social philosophers in these times, viz. offering to-day a remedy which occurred only yesterday to the physician himself.

In the year 1861, there was published a satire upon the London Season, which a certain number of people read, and, I have been told found amusing. I am sorry for it, since it had a serious purpose. Yet I dare say the fault was the author's own, in spite of the excuse he might plead from Horace, *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* Still, I think anyone who ever read it a second time, and not for mere amusement, would scarcely fail to perceive that it was, at worst, a frivolously worded protest against frivolity, a sardonic but still a serious indictment against the luxury and ostentation of society. Ten years later, however, when life had assumed a graver aspect, and the author had come to understand that the sufferings and shortcomings of human nature are not a fit theme for flippant treatment, he published another work, from which I am going to crave permission to quote the following passage :—

> Is there no path of honour for the great,
> No sound and clean redemption for the State?
> Must we for ever fly to shifts like this,
> And trust to Gold to save us from the abyss?
> Back to your fields, base sons of splendid sires!
> From spendthrift squares back to your native shires!
> Leave London's round of vulgar joy to those
> For whom no star of contemplation glows
> Cease to contend with upstart wealth's parade,
> Starving your lands to vie with tricks of trade.
> Worship your household gods, and spend at home
> The solid earnings of the generous loam.

Delve, fence, and drain; the dripping waste reclaim;
With spreading woodlands multiply your fame.
Yours let it be to screen the reverent hind,
Who loves your presence, 'gainst the frost and wind;
Scorning to count the profit, raise his lot;
Lure the shy graces to his lowly cot;
Be, one and all, acknowledged, far and wide,
Patriarchs and patterns of the country side.
And whether demagogues shall rise or fall,
A Dives glitter, or a Cleon bawl,
Stick to the proud simplicity of old,
And save by Virtue what is sapped by Gold! *

Is this passage very "Radical"? I fear there will be Radicals, and even some Conservatives—though, I hope, few of these last—narrow enough to think so. There was one Conservative, however, pretty well known in his day, at that time called Mr. Disraeli, who was not of that opinion; as a letter written by him at the time, A.D. 1871, abundantly shows.

Upon this subject I must say no more, unless I be permitted to add that in succeeding works of an absolutely non-didactic character by the writer of the above lines, I find the same note, like the Melody of the Swan in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, perpetually recurring; and anyone who happens to have read a little poem called "Grandmother's Teaching" will, I think, perceive that the writer, *qualis ab incepto*, was a year ago still haunted by the same convictions.

This is my apology for the sermon I have here presumed to preach, and for the remedy I have here ventured to offer, in prose. Here is the remedy, I am convinced, or remedy there is none. History shows us that there are periods in the life of a nation when the only course that would be remedial is no longer practicable. I hope that is not our case. I confess I have little faith in the prescriptions of mere politicians, in the action of Parliaments, or in the edicts of the Legislature. What we want is, not more legislation, but more virtue, more individual seriousness. The reform we really stand in need of, the only reform, I suspect, that ever does much good, is the reformation of the human character. Houses of Commons can do little more than go on floundering from blunder to blunder. To love your neighbour as yourself, or, at any rate, in love for oneself not to overlook one's neighbour altogether, to do one's duty and set a good example, these things were inculcated upon all of us at our Mother's knee; and, if only acted upon, these admonitions will remedy any evil, and save any State. Compared with these simple precepts, all the wisdom of the wise is mere foolishness.

The only question, therefore, to be asked is, Is it possible? Can

* *The Golden Age*: a Satire.

Society be persuaded to save itself, by voluntarily abandoning an ostentation and a luxury that never in this world made any human being happy, and that are gradually making one class hateful to every other class, undermining the stability of our institutions, and menacing the continuity of our history? If only some person, or rather many persons, of real authority, would take up the text urged by one who has no authority, the question, "Is it possible?" would receive a satisfactory reply.

I know it is up-hill work rolling back a stone that has very nearly reached the bottom of the hill. I remember, some years ago, asking an old acquaintance, a peasant-girl who lived up at Granaiolo, a Commune perched high above the Bagni di Lucca, and whom I had not seen for some time, whether she was married yet? Yes, she was. And to whom? Well, not to her old flame, but to someone else, of whom evidently she was not much enamoured. But why had she done that? I asked. "Well, see, Sir," she began. "We have to do our work down here in the valley; and *he* lived up there; and, to tell you the truth, I was tired of going up-hill."

Alas! we all of us tire sometimes of going up-hill. It is weary work. But woe to us if we surrender our ideals, and settle in the valley. To the individual it means degradation; to the State it signifies ruin. Having alluded to poems that are doubtless but little known, I will end by citing from one that has gone the round of the world.

> This is the moral of all human tales;
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom, and then Glory: when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last.
> And History, with all her volumes vast,
> Hath but one page——*

But I pause. *Is* there no other page? Blank pages there must be in abundance. Will not the present Age, will not the gentlemen of England, Conservatives and Liberals in this at least acting together, will not a Company of Wise and Reasonable Men, add one more page, on which shall be written an account of how, by Virtue, they reconciled Aristocracy and Democracy, two things by no means so antagonistic as some people seem to imagine, and so saved their country? At least, let us try.

* Childe Harold's *Pilgrimage*, canto iv., stanza cviii.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LITERATURE OF SEVEN DIALS.

THE classic domains of the "New Cut," as some of our readers may be aware—extend for half a mile or so along a broad thoroughfare which cuts the two main roads of Westminster and Waterloo. On a Saturday evening, from dusk until past midnight, this busy thoroughfare is crowded from end to end with buyers and sellers of wares so countless in variety as almost to defy enumeration. Shops line both sides of the way, stalls edge the pavement and stretch far out into the roadway; costermongers, hucksters, cheap Johns, beggars, and quack doctors hold nooks wherever they can be found; while crowds of men, women, and children, all intent, with noisy cries, on buying and selling, fill almost every other available yard of space.

It is the great market for the poor man on the Surrey side; and here may be had, at the lowest possible cost, all that he, his wife and children, need for the support of the body, and more than they hope to gain for that of the mind—meat fresh and salt, fish, potatoes raw and roasted, bread, flour, butter, grocery of every kind, old clothes, toys, flowers, fruit, umbrellas, cutlery, liver pills (with a diagram), china, door-mats, chairs, pictures, mountains of water-cress, millinery, clocks, sarsaparilla, and a host of cock-tails hot and cold, sandwiches, sewing-machines, garters, music, tortoises, gingerbread, spades, pickles—(quid plura?)—and last, though not least, pens and ink, books, and, above all, STREET BALLADS. And these form the special subject of our present paper.

Before, however, turning to them, we glance for one moment at the three Book-stalls which we have noticed on our way down "The Cut," round each of which is a busy group of intending buyers, old and young, all eagerly scanning some one of the wares laid out for their special edification. The stock-in-trade is much the same at 1, 2, and 3, comprising about a hundred grimy octavos, and as many more odd numbers of still grimier magazines and reviews—all ranging in price from one penny to sixpence. Among the bound volumes we see Blair's *Sermons*, White's *Farriery*, a

ragged copy of Plutarch's *Lives*, *The Armenian War*, *Domestic Medicine*, Smith's *Discourses*, and six clean copies of *The Month*, a Roman Catholic monthly; a stray copy of voyages, and a Valpy's *Delectus*—all together forming a pasture-land of exceeding dryness. The magazines are more succulent, and include *Temple Bar*, *Gospel Missionary*, *Macmillan*, a tattered *Quarterly*, and a pile of nondescripts in the last phase of ragged dissolution.

These waifs and strays, however, are but as tassels in the meagre fringe of The Literature of "Seven Dials"—an unsavoury region—yet, in spite of its unsavouriness, long known as the head-quarters of the great publishing houses of the Halfpenny Ballads, once issued in tens of thousands by Old Jemmy Catnach,* and now by his successors, Disney and Fortey, who are to the *profanum vulgus* of these degenerate days what—

> Longman, Brown, Rees, Orme, and Green,
> Those fathers of the Row,

were to the world of fashion in the days of Walter Scott.

We speak advisedly when we say tens of thousands, as may be clearly seen from the one fact that of the

Dying Speech and Confession of Rush the Murderer, 2,500,000 copies
" " *Courvoisier Greenacre*, 1,600,000 "

were sold within a few months;—in comparison with which the popularity of all contemporary poets put together fades into insignificance.

We have now before us about a hundred ballads, each printed on a thin half-sheet of paper, and headed with a grim wood-cut, in most cases having not the remotest connection with the subject of the poem. Chiefly written on the spur of the moment, they travel over a wide range of topics, including war, politics, love, religion, history, acts of daring and bravery, and sudden calamities by land or sea; while a few are simply humorous or sentimental. Few are indecent, and still fewer profane; profanity and indecency being the special condiments demanded for seasoning songs for the Music-Hall and such dens of a like poisonous nature as are unhappily to be found in most of the metropolitan public-houses. These form a class by themselves, for the special edification of the poor idlers who haunt such places to smoke, drink, and listen to ribaldry which, as mere composition, is no better than the poorest trash of "Seven Dials," and in point of good sense, taste, and manliness, is a thousand times worse. With this poisonous trash we have at present no further concern.

* In 1821 Catnach was at the height of his fame in Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, as a printer of halfpenny ballads, at times having two or three presses working night and day to keep pace with the constant demand.

We turn gladly to our immediate subject, the Halfpenny Ballads. If Disney and Fortey be regarded as the high-priests of this wondrous literature, "Seven Dials" is the shrine; known and famous as long ago as the days of "delightful old Vinney Bourne," as Cowper calls him, and even then as the seat of song.

Qua septem vicos conterminat una columna
Consistunt Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ.

The *Column* has long ago vanished, but the inspiration abides, and the Sirens still sing; while the question of authorship, in the majority of cases, remains as great a mystery as that of the Homeric poems themselves. They are cleverly written, and for the most part, on the spur of the moment, especially if the theme be some sudden disaster, calamity, or good news. Should a wreck, a fire, or a railway accident happen, the news spreads through London like wild-fire, and, before night, is embalmed in immortal verse by one of some half-dozen well-known bards who get their living by chanting their own strains to the people. The inspiration of the bard is swift, the execution rapid, the pay small. "I gets a shilling apiece," says one,* "for my verses, besides what I can make by selling 'em." A thousand or two, or ten thousand, copies are struck off at once, and the *The Orfle Calamity* or *Orrid Murder* is soon flying over London from the mouths of a dozen or twenty minstrels in Leather Lane, Whitechapel, Tottenham Court Road, or the New Cut, wherever a crowd can be safely got together.

News comes of the great victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and at once, in its own fashion, the New Cut celebrates the famous Sir Garnet Wolseley—about whom fierce debate was raised last Session in the House of Commons, and whom not a few gallant members counted unworthy of a pension. Whatever he may have seemed in the House of Commons, there can be no doubt of his being a hero in Seven Dials. From first to last the song is a song of triumph:—

Such glorious news the other day
  Was spread throughout the nation,
How the Egyptian's † ran away,
  From where they'd took their station.
Sir Garnet with his artful ways
  Has took them out of winding
He dropped on them at break of day
  And a tartar they did find him.
This gallant man had formed a plan
  And the battle he has won it,
The enemy's hide he meant to tan,
  And by jingo! he has done it.

* Mayhew's *London Poor.*

† It is to be noted that every ballad is quoted *verbatim*, *literatim*, and, if we may so say, *punctuatim.*

Having cleared the way with this bold burst of praise for the gallant commander, the poet goes on to describe how the army crept across the sands like mice, through pitch darkness, the Highlanders "*more suo*," dashing on to the charge—

With bagpipes screaming and humming,

followed no less madly by the Connaught Rangers, and with an impetuosity that swept all before them. Two of the four following symbolic warrior names sound oddly enough, but there can be no doubt as to their prowess :—

Patsey and Micky, *Denny* and *Cuth*
Was at a game they all delight in.
They trod on the tails of the enemy's coats,
And stuck to them like leeches,

and then, fairly carried away by the fervour of inspiration, the bard soars aloft into a metaphor of daring hyperbole hard to match :—

By the piper of Moses *the bayonets spoke*
Very loud in the enemy's breeches.

After this triumphant outburst, of course, he again sinks back to the dead level of mere recitative; every man deserves praise, honour, laurels from a grateful country; the Generals were "good as gold," fighting like Englishmen, and making "the eyes of foreigners open wide," while, as for the Royal Marines—

Shell and shot disturb them not,
To their post they will be sticking,
If three to one the enemy's got
They can make up their minds to a licking.

CHORUS.

Then a cheer for every man we 'll give,
No men in the world are bolder,
Long may Sir Garnet Wolseley live,
For he 's every inch a soldier.

So much for the glories of a successful campaign.

Let us turn now to the more sober joys and sorrows of a raw recruit. He, so he tells us in artless simplicity, was "walking up Ratcliffe Highway" when a recruiting party enlisted him, "*and treated him till he did not know*," *i.e.* till he suddenly found himself the next morning in barracks, with a splitting headache and empty pockets. Having there and then at once deserted, he next "*finds himself hand-cuffed, guarded, and in irons*," and thus bewails his day :—

Court-martial, court-martial they held upon me,
And the sentence passed on me three hundred and three,
May the Lord have mercy on them for their sad cruelty,
For now the Queen's duty lays heavy on me.

But in spite of this heavy burden, and in spite of the mystical

303 (lashes?) he again deserts; capture and court-martial follow, and he is sentenced to be shot. From this dire calamity the poet only can deliver him, nor does the genius of the bard fail to rise to the supreme exigence of the moment, and obey the great canon of "*Nec Deus intersit*," in such a glowing stanza as—

> Then up rose Prince Albert in his coach and six,
> Bring to me the young man whose fate it is fixed,
> So cast off his irons and let him go free,
> He will make a good soldier for his Queen and country

We are not quite sure how far the present Commander-in-Chief and Lord Hartington will agree with this view of desertion as the making of a good soldier; but there can be no doubt that it expressed the popular view of the question, and of the good Prince himself, in 1854, since which time the ballad has kept its ground as a favourite.

From this we turn to *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, which the poet celebrates in a metre, and with a wild defiance of rhythm that would jar sadly on the ear of Mr. Tennyson, from whom, by the way, he has stolen more than one idea.

In most funereal prose opens stanza the first:—

> 'Tis many years since that eventful Crimean war.
> Left many a sad and aching heart in sorrow to deplore
> &c. &c.

But in a trice we are in the very thick of the conflict, the wild fury of—

> THE CHORUS.
>
> Bayonets charging, bombs and mortar,
> Dying groans from every quarter,
> Down the valley of death this daring charge was made,
> By the lion-hearted heroes of the Light Brigade.
> And though they knew that someone had blundered
> Though the fierce artillery thundered
> Into the jaws of death, like fury, undismayed
> Rushed the lion-hearted, &c.

Winding up, after a few more fiery charges to the same tune, with the pious hope that, enshrined in honour, glory and fame, their laurels may never fade.

Space will not permit us to do more than glance at other warlike themes, such as in *The Soldier's Farewell*, which opens thus:—

> Behold in me a noble warrior,
> An excellent son of Mars,
> Behold in me a noble jester,
> With battle wounds and scars.
> &c. &c.
> You may never see your soldier any more.

and after some thirty or forty lines of mock heroics, concludes with a dash of grim satire :—

On the fierce plains of Aldershot
You will find my body covered o'er,
And the large birds of prey will carry me away,
And you 'll never see, &c. &c.

Ashamed, apparently, of this, the poet suddenly rises into a truer strain :—

Here upon guard am I,
Willing to do or die,
Fighting for queen and country too,
Fighting for home so dear.
Cannons are there in sight
Bayonets to left and right,
And hearts that know no fear.

Song like this prepares us right well for a still higher strain of a quasi-political kind, entitled *For Honor's Sake*, wherein we find that—

Since the days of Nelson brave,
Who did wonders on the wave,
Since the time when with Napoleon we 'd a row,
Since the founding of our throne,
Every patriot will own,
We have seldom been in such a state as now.

Then let envy be crushed,
And all politics be hushed,
Let every sect and creed united be ;
In honor we are bound,
And soon it will be found,
That we are still supreme o'er land and sea.

Scotch, English, Irish, and Welsh are bound together again and again, by their loyalty to the throne ; for though, as the poet says, in another page—

Speak well I can of the true French man
The Germans, the Danes, and the Dutch
Yet I will maintain on land or main,
We three can keep our watch.
For, to say my mind, no man can you find
Like the English, Irish, and Scotch.

In point of patriotic loyalty, therefore, and of reverence for good Prince Albert (about whose wedding there are enthusiastic ballads yet afloat), Seven Dials is true to the back-bone ; though they look askance at some of the *Doings in Parliament*, and especially at the Sunday Bill :—

The Government are not content, oh ! what a jolly crew,
I cannot think says old John Bull whatever they mean to do ;
Some stunning alterations they will very soon propose,
For the comfort of the Shamrock, and the Thistle, and the Rose.

What they mean to do is what many honest people, besides Seven Dials, are just now wondering, not only with regard to—

> The Barber too who will have to rue from Saturday to Monday,
> They 'll make him swallow his lather-box if he shaves upon a Sunday,
> But Bradlaugh, too, and the godless crew who believe in nothing at all,
> But the rights of man, and Mrs. Besan, the cobbler's wax and awl.

This naturally brings us to other great Topics of the day, and among them that of *The Salvation Army*. It may be worth the General's while to note what is thought of his doings by the thousands in Seven Dials :—

> I 'll amuse you if you listen to me
> And with me I 'm sure you 'll agree
> If you want converting properly
> Why join the Salvation Army.
>
> To the Grecian theatre you must go,
> They 'll wash your sins as white as snow,
> And your dirty shirts as well you know,
> When first you belong to the Army.
>
> *For lots of pretty girls you 'll meet*
> They smile upon you nice and sweet,
> The operation 's quite a treat
> When first you join the Army.

And yet the mob who listen to and enjoy such stuff as this are by no means destitute of nobler and better feeling; but can appreciate higher and better things, when set before them with reverence and good taste. One of their favourite songs begins thus :—

> God bless the little church round the corner,
> The shrine of holy charity and love,
> Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
> Blessing fall on it from above.
>
> The rich and the poor are equal 'neath its portals,
> And be our path in life whate'er it may,
> No heart that needed comfort in affliction
> Was ever turned uncomforted away.

Dismally poor in point of composition, and worthless as verse, this contains truth of a high order, which all the tomfooleries of trumpet and drum not only fail to offer, but actually desecrate. Here and there, too, may be found a touch of tenderness and grace not unworthy of a place among hymns of a far higher order. What can be better, for example, in its simple fashion, than such a verse as this :—

> It 's Sunday evening, children,
> Then by the ember's light
> We 'll read the family Bible,
> That dear old guide to right;
> Between its leaves a treasure
> Lies hidden, which I 'd save,

It 's a little green leaf which I pluck'd in my grief
From the side of your dear mother's grave.
When withered, old, and faded,
And I am called from here,
Preserve its mouldering ashes,
Keep them for ever dear.

Side by side with it, on the same halfpenny sheet, may come some such vulgar rant as we have just before quoted; or a scrap of such doggrel as—

In the battle of blood and fluster,
We fought among the Alps,
That 's where I got this medal and clasp,
With many wounds and scalps.

But *The Little Church round the Corner*, and *The Little Green Leaf in the Bible* still hold their own, and may sow a seed for good in a thousand hearts.

But it is time, now, to turn to the more sentimental and humorous ballads, in which, if the fun be sometimes dreary, and the sentiment taste strongly of milk and water, there are traces of real humour and of right feeling. Here and there the fun is rather broad, and wanders into indelicacy; but these blots are few and far between, and not half so indecent or poisonous as many a French novel in vogue at the West End, and to be found at ——'s Library. Here is a picture of "a moral family" of the straight-laced sort:—

In a moral square in Pimlico in the nineteenth century,
There dwelt a moral family, of a moral certainty,
The mother was a woman, the father was a man,
The children they were boys and girls, Tom, Harry, Nell, and Fan;
They only witnessed moral plays, their literature was tracts,
They sat at table as tho' they had pokers up their backs,
They put the table-legs in *draws* (sic) as it was plain to see,
They were six moral members,
Six straight-back moral members,
Six mouldy moral members of a moral family.

Rhyme and humour not of the most sparkling order, it must be confessed, but nothing very offensive or outrageous, even in the final verse, where the poet tells us—

They had an ancient Thomas cat, a cat of iron nerve,
His tail would disclose morality in every wave and curve,
Seductive voices from the tiles never led him out,
For he was a moral pan-tile member,
A keep-your-distance member,
The only Tom cat I remember that could keep his morals free.

At which final climax the crowd in the New Cut breaks out into a roar of noisy laughter—as well they may. But, when the minstrel turns, by way of a change, to a dirge-like effusion

named *The Outcast*, and begins, in solemn tones, to chant as follows—

I 'm a man that 's in troubles and sorrow,
That once was light-hearted and gay,
Not a coin in the world can I borrow,
Since my own I have squandered away.
I once wronged my father and mother,
&c. &c.

loud cries suddenly arise of "Shut up, shut up!" a hint which the singer takes with wonderful alacrity and good-humour and forthwith starts off into a vein of a totally different character, in *The Wreck*, a bold and startling ballad of heroism to the last line. Plunging at once *in medias res*—

Quick! man the boat and save yourselves,
The ship is sinking fast,
The water rises inch by inch, she must go down at last;
My place is here whate'er betide,
You yet may reach the land,
I order you to quit the ship, the ship I still command.

To this heroic determination the gallant captain clings; all hands quit the sinking vessel, which at this tremendous crisis takes fire, and leaves him time but to proclaim his doom in these mysterious words :—

Thank God that I am left alone to such a fearful fate,
The powder 's stored beneath me! (or?) I might alas! to late.

Leaving this heroic sailor to perish in the flames, we glance for a moment at life in the country, its joys, sports, and sorrows. *The Squire, or Far from the Madding Crowd*," gives a sketch of a gentlemen whose "*piece*" of mind being destroyed by the noise of London, especially of organ-grinders, resolved to escape from "the hurly-burly," and retire to a quiet place in Blankshire. After many mishaps, his mansion was ready, and his gardens were laid out. But, alas! instead of the scent of roses, which he loved, he was greeted on all sides with the stench of ditches. Losing his way as he rambled over the fields, and driven to inquire for it of a gaping rustic, the only answer he could get was a vacant grin; the bantams crowed, but wouldn't lay eggs; the flowers declined to bloom, visitors in the shape of old maids bothered him in shoals, until in despair, the bard exclaims,—

Said the squire it 's quiet, I know,
And it 's not that I 'm any way proud,
But for comfort I shouldn't advise you to go,
Too far from the madding crowd.

But though this hapless squire found country life was a dead mistake, he might have joined in the joys of *The Fox Chase*, to the following rattling summons :—

Come, come my brave sportsmen and make no delay,
Quick saddle your horses, and let 's brush away
For the Fox is in view, and *is kindled with scorn*,
Come along my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn.

The pace must have been killing and tremendous, more than fifty long miles, not only over hedges, over ditches, over gates, but *over stiles*; for it is on record that—

They followed him in chase six hours full cry
Tally ho hark away, for now he must die,
Now we 'll cut off his brush, with a halloing noise,
And drink good success to fox-hunting boys.

Or, if not inclined to the pursuit of Reynard, he might, as "the squire" and a magistrate, have tried to put down *poaching*, which, strange to say, is a favourite theme among the Ballads; but of which, still stranger to say, "Seven Dials" seem to understand as much as they do about the meaning and management of the spectroscope. As to the sport itself, there can be no mistake; thus sings the bard, in Ballad No. 1:—

Come all ye lads of high renown,
That love to drink good ale that 's brown,
That pull the lofty pheasant down.

But as to the motive and intent, the two ballads are at cross purposes. According to No. 1:—

Me and five more a poaching went
To kill some game was our intent
Our money being gone and all was spent
We had nothing else to try.

But, according to the No. 2, a gang of *Oakham poachers*,—

On the ninth of Januâry
Against the laws contrâry
Five young men unwary
A poaching went, we hear.

Having thus entered on a lawless career, they incontinently—

Epping old wood did ramble
And fired at pheasants at random
Among the bushes and brambles
Which brought the keepers near.

These keepers, however, knew well what they were about, and dared not encounter the deadly band of five:—

The keepers did not venture
Nor care the woods to enter,
But *outside, near the centre*,
In ambush there they stood.

Whereas, in Ballad 2, we read:—

The keeper heard us fire the gun,
To the spot he quickly run,
And swore before the rising sun
That one of us should die.

Of the fearful combat that ensued it is most difficult to glean any authentic details. In one stanza we find that—

> At length *young Perkins fired*
> He spilt the keeper's blood.

In another—

> Deep was the wound *the keeper gave*
> No mortal man his life could save,
> He now lies sleeping in the grave,
> Until the judgment day.

But of the final issue of the fight—and to this we call special attention—there can be no doubt whatever. Thus runs the lofty invocation of the opening stanza :—

> Young men in every station
> That live within this nation,
> Pray hear my lamentation,
> A solemn mournful tale.

The five unwary young men of Oakham are all captured, and hurried off, dead or alive, to jail ; doomed—

> While locked up in their midnight cells,
> To hear the turnkeys boast their bells,
> Those crackling doors we bid farewell,
> And the rattling of those chains.

An awful stanza, indeed, which fully prepares the reader to join in the prayer of verse 7 :—

> May He Who feeds the ravens
> Grant them peace from Heaven,
> May their sins be forgiven
> Ere they resign their breath.

While, if inclined to unlawful sports, it warns him to remember the sad fate of the Oakhamites, and listen to the voice which cries—

> So all young men take warning
> And don't the law be scorning,
> For in our day just dawning
> We are cut off in our prime.

It is difficult to pass from such a theme as this to the quieter domain of politics, but our lessening space bids us hasten on. Of the *Doings in Parliament*, we have already spoken, and must now only note it as being both poor and vulgar, though popular ; passing on to *Gladstone is the Captain of the Ship John Bull*, the only other Political Ballad to be found in our long list; though during the Ministry of "Disraeli" squibs of this kind were abundant. Having started, in flowing metre, with the fact—

> There is a good old ship afloat and John Bull is its name
> Throughout this world we know it 's gained such a wide-spread fame,—

the bard proceeds with lusty voice to chant the praises of Bri-

tannia as mistress of the sea, the ship, her captain, and her crew. Not, however, with much heart, for presently we find—

> Although no doubt some day we 'll see the Tories back again,
> To steer the ship John Bull across the fierce and angry main,
> But Gladstone told us long ago *the good he meant to do*
> So for the present we will wait, and have faith in his crew.

The captain, at all events, we must add, seems to be a long time in setting about his task, and the bard, with wise prevision, concludes as follows :—

> For whether we be Liberal or Tory matters not,
> Provided that in Parliamt some clever men we 've got,
> If enimies insult us they will quickly get their fill
> They soon will find their master here upon our ship John Bull.

After this rather tame, if patriotic, aspiration, in which Seven Dials joins with murmurs of general applause, we have barely time to glance at *Home Rule for Ireland*, which thus opens :—

> 'Tis many years ago in Ireland you must know
> Since happiness sat down upon the land,
> Her sons they once were free and the star of liberty
> Shone gloriously on every Irishman.
>
> But let us bar the door on the days that are no more
> There 's a light beaming o'er us from afar,
> If you listen unto me, I will tell you d' ye see,
> The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

This seems promising;—but like many another patriot, the hero of Mullingar has little comfort to offer, and even that of the dreariest kind. Having told us that in London "they boast of Parliament being lost," that "Gladstone may rave all idly o'er the wave," that O'Connell and Grattan vainly shouted for Home Rule, he has but to declare that the only hope of the nation is John Martin :—

> This hero ever bold her miseries to unfold
> Ireland for the Irish will maintain.
> Then let us all unite to drink this toast to-night,
> May happiness revisit Erin's shore,
> For the plan of Isaac Butt from the palace to the hut,
> Is Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

What Isaac's plan really was the poet does not reveal; and with that final "evermore" the ballad suddenly ends, without a hint of dynamite, boycotting, or the other hideous weapons to which some other distinguished patriots of late have clearly pointed. We commend to Messrs. Healey and Parnell the sober sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

With regret we have to pass, with the very scantiest notice, a host of miscellaneous Ballads, all curious in their way, and each with a character of its own. Among these are *The Death of Sayers*, the champion of England, who, after winning sixteen

hard fights, and losing but one, has departed to a land where his knowledge of the manly art of self-defence will be useless :—

He is gone to that silent bourne
Where he must lay till the Judgmt day,
No more he can return.

To that same land, also, we are glad to hear that another worthy has departed, in *Robert Stephenson's gone, God rest him* :—

He died like a lamb, did that wonderful man,
Generations to come will long bless him,
Up aloft he has gone, never more to return,
The Father of Railways, God rest him.
Signed, John Morgan Orchd St. S.W.

A stanza worthy of note, not only because we have a new simile instead of the invariable "silent bourne," but because it is the only ballad which bears the author's name.

We must also pass in rapid survey, *God Bless the Women*, though it opens with so admirable a sentiment as—

I sing in praise of woman, and it will not you surprise,
I can prove that lovely woman is an angel in disguise,

and with equal rapidity *Be Kind to Your Wife* ; tho'

A woman 's the blessing the pride of our life
We really must all confess.
And, as for the wretch that strikes his wife
——— may perdition be his doom,
May she beat him with the fire-shovel up and down the room.

With still greater reluctance we pass *The Masonic Hymn*, the only one of its kind, though it introduces us to the "royal robe"

Which Noah he did wear when in the ark he stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluging flood ;

and touches, in swift and exact succession, on Jerusalem, the Virgin Mary, Moses, Eden, Adam, Mount Horeb, the Twelve Lights, Abraham, and St. Peter!

Nor can we stay to quote more than a line from *The Temperance Alphabet*, which, among other wise and witty truths, tells us that—

S stands for Signs of the Crown or the Rose,
The drunkard he carries his Sign on his nose ;

or to mourn over the *Awful Calamity at Bradford*, although—

Bradford lies in mourning,
For her sons and daughters now,
Who, without a moment's warning,
To a fearful fate did bow.
For young and old in the grave lie cold,
A fearful death they died.

But from this wide domain of sentiment, war, politics, and religion, we now finally come to the ghastly regions of crime especially that of murder. Of these *Dying Speeches and Confessions* there are about a dozen before us, stretching from the

hideous murder of *Maria Martin in the Red Barn* (1825), down to that of poor Percy M. John by G. H. Lamson, his brother-in-law. These constitute a distinct class of Ballads; being printed on a larger sheet, fully illustrated, and selling at a higher price. In the old days of Rush and Manning, when the hangman did his ghastly work in public, these sheets at once attained an enormous circulation, which has gradually dwindled down from hundreds to tens of thousands. They are all pretty much alike; each containing a grim wood-cut of the murderer and of the victim; but, above all, in the centre of the sheet, a still grimmer outline of the wretch himself, standing on the fatal drop, the parson in full canonicals, and a stern warder at hand bearing a bunch of keys. Below, in newspapery English, follows a brief account of the trial, the demeanour of the prisoner, his passage to the gallows, and the hoisting of the black flag; succeeded by six or eight stanzas of the poorest doggrel, but doggrel in which there is both good sense and right feeling:—

> For the wicked crime of murder George Lamson now must pay,
> And with his life upon the gallows end,
> His wife's brother he with poison so cruelly did slay,
> And unprepared to meet his Maker send.

Nowhere is to be found a word of maudlin sympathy with, or pity for, the scoundrel who stands with a white night-cap over his head and a rope round his neck, but only stern, rhadamanthine justice. Even for the infamous Kate Webster there is not a grain of mercy:—

> Take warning by a wretched creature,
> Who now in sorrow her death doth wait,
> While tears are streaming down every feature,
> No one will pity her awful fate.

While as for the crafty poisoner Lamson, these are the poet's tenderest words:—

> For the sake of paltry money this murder you have done,
> No doubt thinking the crime you could conceal,
> But the eye of God was watching, and Justice it has come,
> And to all people's eyes it does reveal.

This may be sorry rhyme, and still sorrier verse; but beyond all doubt there is in it a voice of sound right feeling, to which Seven Dials is not deaf. Throughout the whole dozen of dying speeches, &c. the same spirit is to be traced. "It 's the same poet as does 'em all," says one street patterer,* and "no more nor a bob for nothing." This was paltry pay under any circumstances, but still more so when it is remembered that a golden harvest is reaped out of every terrible murder—to the tune of at least fifty thousand copies.

* Mayhew's *London Poor.*

Our survey of "Seven Dials Literature" has been hasty, and not so complete as could be wished; but, taken as a whole, it proves that the moral tone of the ballads, if not lofty, is not low. There is not a word in praise of vice or drunkenness, but there are many words in praise of right feeling, honour, truth, and friendship. There is not the faintest sympathy with the filthy school of Atheism, of which sounds are now to be heard in the House of Commons and the Law Courts, but which, if Northampton* cobblers glorify it, the heart of England repudiates. There is a clear recognition of an Almighty ruler of the world, a love of fair-play, an old-fashioned liking for what is true and brave, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a deep current of loyalty to the Throne and to old England.

These are hopeful and good signs for the future. If the poets of Seven Dials are sadly profuse in faulty rhymes, metre, and spelling, it is not because their hearers have any peculiar relish for such enormities, but simply because they have no chance of any better diet. If any real poet, of nobler tastes, and nobler rhyme, and nobler powers, were to arise, and sing to the listening thousands in good plain, ringing Saxon, such topics as Seven Dials loves to hear—of men and women great in goodness or in vice, of life and death in their widest sense, of human sorrows and human joys—whether in Monmouth Court or in Windsor Castle—he would achieve a swift immortality among those whose words die not. The sooner he comes, the better.

* One ballad, indeed, was afloat a year or two ago about Bradlaugh, but it would not sell, and died out.

B. G. Johns.

QUESTIONS OF ARMY REFORM.

I.

LONG SERVICE *v.* SHORT SERVICE.

In a leading article which recently appeared in the columns of the *Times* respecting the discussions that have taken place in the House of Lords and elsewhere as to the respective merits of Long and Short Service in the Army, it is claimed that the serious deficiencies in the numbers and quality of recruits since short service was adopted, especially in the last two years, have not been due to the failure of the system itself, but have arisen from exceptional, temporary, and remediable causes, which are unlikely to occur again, now that the War Office has relaxed the restrictions placed by Mr. Childers upon the qualifications of recruits, and has taken steps *temporarily* to induce men to stop with the colours instead of joining the reserve.

I wish this view could be accepted as likely to be correct, but I fear there is scarcely a General Officer, Commanding Officer of a regiment, or, indeed, Regimental officer of any kind, who will endorse it.

Those who will read dispassionately that part of the Report of Lord Airey's Committee, which describes the terrible waste of the Army, and proves that it arises mainly from the imperfect physical development of recruits, and has actually cost the country nearly £500,000 a year, must acknowledge that going back to the system of enlisting undersized lads calling themselves eighteen, but probably not more than sixteen or seventeen, with reduced chest measurement, will only add to the mischief already done by depriving the army of mature, serviceable men, while demoralizing to a sad extent the class from which recruits are chiefly taken, by encouraging fraudulent enlistment and desertion. There are, unfortunately, some persons who imagine that the Officers of the Army, especially the older ones, are only thinking of themselves, that they are opposed to young soldiers because these give them more trouble, that their sole objects are show and smartness, and that it is the giving unnecessary punishment for small faults which provokes men to buy their discharge or to desert. The fact is, that Commanding Officers, Adjutants, and Company Officers are, with the utmost kindness and good-temper, slaving from

morning till night in the vain endeavour to prepare their recruits properly for the active work required in the too short time allowed, while they show infinitely more personal interest in them than the Government, and frequently spend much of their own small pay in promoting those comforts and amusements in the barrack-rooms which ought to be provided gratis. It must also not be forgotten that, under the modern system of attack, these Company officers have to risk their lives by leading men into action whom they do not know by name, and scarcely by sight, and that too many instances have already occurred of panics and misunderstandings arising from drafts from other regiments having been sent to fill up vacancies, whereby neither Officers nor men have had time to feel confidence in each other, and valuable lives have been lost in consequence. Owing to the same causes, a sad deterioration of discipline has taken place, without the Officers possessing the same power as in former times of keeping insubordination in check, and Captains of Companies often find themselves heavily mulcted owing to the inexperience of their Pay Sergeants.

To such a degree has the old regimental system been abandoned, which won the admiration of all foreign nations, and which was matured under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, that the very Medical officers, who ought to be the friends and advisers of both Officers and privates, and in fact act the part of the family physician, have been set aside, and strangers been introduced who know nothing of the constitutions and idiosyncrasies of individuals, and cannot even tell, in doubtful cases, whether a man is malingering or really ill. It is not the fault of the Officers if the condition of the Army is unsatisfactory, but of the system which has lately obtained.

Under Long Service, the Army was a career for life, transforming the louts and roughs, as well as the wild, high-spirited young fellows, full of the love of adventure, into good soldiers, who, while being subjected to *continuous* wholesome discipline, found in the barrack-yard a *home* where they were content to pass their lives, and where they had the opportunity of knowing and respecting their Officers, and were themselves known and appreciated in turn.

According to testimony lately given by Lord Napier of Magdala, soldiers formerly felt that if they married with the consent of their Commanding officer, and lost their lives in the service, their wives and children were sure to be well looked after by their Officers; or if they lived and were discharged, a permanent pension was secured, on which they could subsist in comfort for the rest of their days. Whereas, during the last twelve years of Short

Service, men have come into the Army with no settled intention of remaining; their thoughts run upon the time when they will regain their independence; the work is irksome, especially the first two years; they suffer, perhaps, from the caprice of inexperienced non-commissioned Officers, who have not had time to learn their own duty; and they quit when their time is up, if they do not desert before. Even if these young soldiers have education enough to fit them to be kept as non-commissioned Officers, they have, in most cases, made up their minds to amuse themselves with their comrades of the same standing during the short time remaining, and are not often persuaded to assume the responsibility and trouble of a corporal's life, and thus they also pass into the Reserve. What follows? They return to their parish only to find their places filled up; their recently acquired habits have unfitted them for steady labour, or their hands have become too hard for delicate trades like needle-making, &c.; congenial work is scarce, and many are forced to tramp the country, living as best they can on their sixpence a day, until they become mere professional beggars, sleeping in workhouses and low lodging-houses. Of course, these men abuse the service, and, both by precept and example, prevent others from enlisting. This will be still more the case when employers find that Reserve men are called out for every little war in which England is engaged, as was done in the Egyptian expedition, and will, I fear, cease to employ them. To counteract this, the War Office ought to keep registers where the really steady Reserve man, desirous of work, should be able to hear where he can obtain it, and there should be an appeal made to employers to employ him on patriotic grounds. I am bound to add that the Postmaster-General has made a step in the right direction, by trying to employ Reserve men in the new parcel post department.

Lord Cranbrook, when Secretary at War, was naturally more or less obliged to follow his predecessors in office, and he says "it is an utter impossibility to go back to 'long service,' because you cannot get the recruits." Of course, you will not get the numbers, especially the better class required, unless you give more pay; pay in proportion to the advance of wages which police, railway servants, artizans, and even labourers, have recently received. This, I grant, should be sparingly granted in the case of young soldiers who have already enough pocket-money when not under stoppages; but it might well be increased to non-commissioned Officers and steady old soldiers, especially in deferred pay on discharge *according to merit*, in some such way as has been proposed by Lord Strathnairn, Sir Lintorn Simmonds, Lord Mark Kerr, Sir W. Barttelot, and others. A cavalry Adjutant, writing to the *Morning Post*, from India, suggests that the men worth

keeping might be allowed to draw Lord Cranbrook's 2d a day, granted as deferred pay, with their daily pay during the remainder of their service, and careful men might then be able to accumulate a larger sum than £36, plus the bounty offered, by the end of their twelve years, and then, if they re-engage, would have a good sum, beside their pension, towards making them comfortable in their old age. By some such plan Government would save the high bounty now offered in India and at home; and I think Lord Cranbrook would, ere very long, see a superior class of men enter the service with the intention of remaining *permanently* in it. I repeat that it is Short Service, as at present carried out, and the present mode of passing into the Reserve, that upsets men's minds, demoralizes them, and renders necessary the innumerable warrants and regulations which now perplex the soldier's thoughts. It is no argument to say that when the option of long or short service is given to recruits, they prefer the latter; for who, when two courses were offered, would do otherwise than secure the possibility of retreat in case the work proved disagreeable? I still maintain that if you want the different varieties of men to fill your ranks, educated, intelligent artizans of good character for non-commissioned Officers, and sturdy labourers with their usual bull-dog determination and pluck for your rank and file, you must give them *no option*, but place before them a fixed and certain prospect of pension on discharge that all can understand.

Send Officers round the country to hold meetings on market days, when they can rightly explain the advantages and terms of enlistment better than a mere recruiting sergeant; give three regular meals per diem, for growing lads require more food than they get at present; do not put them under stoppages when they first get into barracks, by which the pay they expected is reduced; take care that each company has a sufficient number of old soldiers, say twenty-five per cent., to whom the recruit can look up, and who are in all ways most useful to discipline in a barrack-room; and, above all, keep men as far as possible with the particular Battalion for which they have enlisted. Do this, and I venture to say the Army, *after a time* (although it may be two or three years before present prejudices against it vanish), will no longer be unpopular, and eligible men will not be deterred from enlisting.

All this will, of course, cost money; but the country will cheerfully bear extra burthens provided they get a really efficient Army. Anything is cheaper than the present extravagant waste arising from the enlistment of immature boys, which Lord Airey's Committee have, as I have already shown, computed to have cost £500,000

per annum, money which has been entirely thrown away, because *one-fourth* of the recruits leave the service before the end of the second year, and before most of them have done a day's effective duty! In asking for more money, in addition to the sixteen millions which the Army now costs, one can only deplore deeply the enormous sums which the country has had to pay so needlessly, against the advice of those who knew anything about it; such, for instance, as three and a half millions for the Brigade Depôts, which have extirpated all *esprit de corps* by forcing battalions which knew little or nothing of each other, to be linked together under new names, for the purpose of carrying out that delusion, the Territorial system, the dearly-loved old regimental numbers being practically done away with, whereby, it is said, recruits have been collected from the south of England and sent off to Scotland to make Highlanders of them!

Under the Government of the Duke of Wellington, before the abolition of the old military offices, and when the Army and Ordnance estimates were voted separately, the charge for the Army (exclusive of comparatively small sums voted by the Treasury and Admiralty for commissariat and transport service) amounted to—

	£
Army estimates . . .	6,025,016
Ordnance estimates . . .	3,053,567
Total . .	9,078,583

The present charge, at the end of thirty years from that time, for military services is about sixteen millions sterling. So much for civilian management!

I am aware that it is impossible to change suddenly back to Long Service, for, of course, faith must be kept with those who have enlisted for Short Service, but much may be done by some such means as I have sketched out, to keep those whom it is desirable to retain at the end of their colour service. The Reserve would, of course, be a loser, but the present mode of sacrificing the fighting line is, as I hope has been shown, most costly and demoralizing to the community, and has, in reality, failed. In one of Sir Edward Sullivan's telling and able letters, he says, "the whole idea of a pensioned reserve of young men appears to be wrong; it is beginning at the wrong end, paying the young instead of the old, pensioning those who can work, instead of those who cannot. Under the old system nearly every fresh recruit meant a loafer the less in the community; now this is reversed, and every recruit means, in the course of a few years, a loafer the more for the community."

But Reserve there must be, as was exemplified towards the end of the Crimean war, and this might be secured by having recourse to the plan carried out by Lord Castlereagh at the beginning of this century, and again suggested by the late General Peel, when Secretary at War, viz. keeping the good old constitutional force, the Militia, up to its full strength, and after drilling them more carefully than hitherto, creating a Reserve out of the overflow. There are now, I believe, about 27,000 men belonging to the Militia Reserve, and, although not sufficiently trained to take their place in the ranks, they would form a good nucleus for more, and it may reasonably be hoped that means will be found to induce them to come forward when called out, and also to obtain volunteers from the same force in greater numbers. In one Militia Regiment, viz. the Royal East Middlesex, commanded by Colonel Wood, M.P. of Littleton, nearly 2,000 men volunteered into the Line between 1808 and 1813, and their Commanding-Officer was the first Militia A.D.C. appointed by the Sovereign for his success in organising the Militia, in concert with Lord Castlereagh, as the Reserve in support of the Line.

I put forward this proposal of General Peel's with diffidence, seeing that so good a soldier and able a judge as Sir Lintorn Simmonds, in his admirable article in the March number in this year of the *Nineteenth Century*; expresses fears that if Militia instead of Army Reserve men were called upon to mobilize Battalions in the field, their capacity to use their rifles with effect would be lower, and the Battalions, therefore, less efficient.

So practical an organizer would, however, doubtless get over the difficulty, and, at all events, provide a better substitute than the present absurd practice of constantly denuding your first line to form a Reserve, which helps the Army but little, prevents recruits from enlisting, and is decidedly mischievous to the State by throwing so many tramps and idlers without fixed employment upon the parish rates.

The pressing difficulty, however, is how to obtain the large number of recruits which will be wanted in 1884–5 and 1886, to fill the vacancies of men who will be entitled to claim discharge or transfer to the Reserve. Lord Hartington's announced plan, which is simply a return to the enlistment of under-grown lads, will only, as already shown, increase the waste which is so useless and expensive, the service will continue to be as unpopular as it unfortunately is now, while no management at the Horse Guards, however good, will give us the number of fighting men required, as long as that system is maintained. One did hope that the uselessness of enlisting boys, and counting them as effective soldiers, had been recognised officially, and that the system would never be resumed ; but the

opinions of Regimental Officers are still set at nought, and those of Civilians received, who have never seen the inside of a barrack-yard, and have no conception what first induces a man to enlist in the Army, and still less what will keep him in it when there. I humbly believe that Long Service is not dead and may *in time* be resumed, not temporarily but permanently; but even if this is not so, the real question is not one of long or short service, but rather of the enlistment of boys or men, and of retaining them in the ranks when enlisted. No doubt the best working ages for soldiers are between twenty-one and thirty-six, and we should prefer employing them only between those two periods of life; but this is impossible, for many a fine young fellow would be missed at starting, and you could not turn a man off, when he had given the best years of his life, without adequate pension. There are many positions in a regiment, such as regimental and hospital orderlies, Officers' servants, &c., which old soldiers who have passed the above age can fill usefully, and, therefore, I would say enlist soldiers at twenty and keep them until forty, or, in other words, for long service of twenty years. This will give the numbers required for non-commissioned Officers, and a proper per-centage of old soldiers, and will be far more appropriate to a country with a large colonial empire like England, where there is no conscription, than the present Short Service.

Sir Henry Hardinge, when Secretary at War, in 1828, looked closely into Mr. Windham's Short Service Warrant, and, as he did not reproduce it, evidently thought it unsuitable to the British Army.

In the German army, where there is conscription, and the service is likely to be at home, the men with the colours are *all* able-bodied and fit for work, and constitute the nucleus without which those who pass through the Army cannot be properly trained, and their Battalions are so strong, that men are never unduly pressed, and their Officers and non-commissioned Officers can practically learn their duties; whereas in our attenuated Battalions of 450 men (instead of at least 600), lads, hardly out of their teens, are constantly on guard or on other regimental duties, and can seldom be got together in sufficient numbers for a useful field-day or practical march-out. I trust, therefore, that Lord Hartington, who is generally credited with being in reality aware of our short-comings, and sincerely anxious to benefit the service, will signalize the short time he will probably remain at the War Office (to judge by the frequent changes which have occurred in that department), by re-modelling the terms of enlistment, and giving us a more wholesome system on which to graft our future Army. If he is able to effect this, and could remain for the next nineteen years, as Lord

Palmerston did from 1809 to 1828, as Secretary *at* War, we should all be well pleased; but since 1863, when that office was abolished, there have been no less than nine Secretaries of State *for* War, which is neither fair by the Army or by the Country. No sooner has a line of policy been initiated, than the hands that pulled the wires have been changed, the action of the machinery has been reversed, and all sense of stability and security has been destroyed in the mind of the bewildered soldier.

Perhaps I may appear to have expressed myself strongly against civilian rule of the Army, and it may be ascribed to military jealousy; but, indeed, this is not so, for nobody can respect hard-working Secretaries of State and old permanent Office clerks more than I do, but surely their business is with figures, and not with the barrack-yard, in which I include recruiting, drill, discipline, *esprit de corps*, &c., the details of which should be left solely to those who have been trained as soldiers in regimental life.

The Military Administration which existed under the Duke of Wellington's Government, when, as already shown, the Army was really managed with economy, consisted of the following distinguished officers:—Secretary of State for War and Colonies—Right Hon. Lieut.-General Sir George Murray, G.C.B.; Commander-in-Chief—Lord Hill, G.C.B.; Master-General of the Ordnance—Lord Beresford, G.C.B.; The Secretary at War—Right Hon. Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B.; Lieut.-General of the Ordnance—Lord Edward Somerset; Surveyor-General of the Ordnance—Major-General Sir Henry Fane, K.C.B.; Principal Storekeeper of the Ordnance—Colonel Trench; Clerk of Deliveries of the Ordnance—General Phipps; Secretary to Master-General—Lord Downes; Paymaster-General of the Forces—Right Hon. J. Calcraft; *all in Parliament*, and in addition the Inspector-General of Cavalry, Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, K.C.B.

Just contrast this with the present Military Administration at the Horse Guards and War Office, and it will be seen how unfairly over-weighted the present Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief is, even with all His Royal Highness's immense experience and perfect knowledge of the Army, and with an excellent head-quarters staff to support him, but with only five members of Parliament among them, and none in the military department, except H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, who are both in the House of Lords.

Would it be asking too much, that, instead of assimilating the Cavalry to the other arms in linking regiments together, *as has been threatened*, an experiment should be tried on something like the lines sketched out in this paper? It may, perhaps, take two, or even three years to demonstrate the effect; but surely, even if it

were not successful, we should be no worse off than we are now, while all the bitter feelings and heart-burnings attendant upon the threatened change may at least be avoided.

Would not the first step be to re-assemble Lord Airey's Committee, adding to it some fresh blood, taken chiefly from young practical *Regimental* Officers, which committee might surely be trusted to recommend only such plans as will avail us in our present sad condition, without too suddenly reversing what has been done during the last ten or twelve years? I am aware the views I have feebly endeavoured to enunciate, as representing what I honestly believe to be the feelings of a great majority of the Officers of the Army, both young and old, are contrary to the theories of those who have lately been entrusted with its military administration; but I cannot help thinking that the rules and regulations which have been issued from the War Office for the last few years, have been prompted rather by a desire to carry out the behests of Parliament, or what was assumed to be the general inclination of the country for change, than by any genuine belief in their being really required, or in the probability of success; and, therefore, I am sanguine enough to hope that when it is seen how completely one change after another has failed, our rulers are too high-minded and patriotic not to acknowledge their mistakes, and will hasten to repair them by retracing their steps gradually and carefully, taking care that so valuable, costly, and delicate a piece of machinery as the British Army shall never again be tampered with by inexperienced hands, as, unfortunately, has been the case since the year 1871.

HERTFORD,
General on Retired List.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written, a paragraph has appeared in the Naval and Military intelligence, in which the War Office claim that the recruiting of the Army has been carried on with unexampled success, since the restrictions imposed by Mr. Childers two years ago have been modified. They say that during the first four months 13,000 recruits have joined, and that whereas they were coming in only at a rate of some fifty or sixty each month, about four times that number are now engaging. The scheme under which these results have been obtained is to give each recruit the option of enlisting for three years with the colours and nine in the Reserve, or for twelve years with the colours. In the former case, he can extend his active service to seven, then to twelve years, and then

can be allowed to continue for twenty-one years on a pension. Now, what is this but actually returning to what Mr. Childers and Lord Airey's Committee found so wasteful and extravagant, and which the former stopped, viz. enlisting immature boys? Not a word is said of chest measurement, and we shall be curious to hear what Commanding Officers say after they have seen the squads now joining. If they really are well-grown lads of *bonâ fide* eighteen years old, and that supply keeps up, and if a considerable per-centage agree, when the times comes, to prolong their colour service, no one will rejoice more than the writer of the foregoing article; but, for the reasons enunciated therein, it is difficult to believe it possible.

If this system does answer, and if men are induced to serve on for seven, twelve, and twenty-one years with pension, my case is proved, for Long Service is practically reverted to, by whatever name it is called; but I must still humbly think that it is a mistake to give the option of Long or Short service, and that this will be shown when the time arrives. That 5,000 men should have been induced by a handsome bounty to prolong their service in India with a confident hope on the part of the authorities that not more than 2,000 will come home for transfer to the Reserve (by which the difficulty is solved of keeping the British establishment in India up to its full strength), is a fact of inestimable value just now, and will be hailed by all with unfeigned pleasure.

HERTFORD.

II.

THE AUXILIARY FORCES.

In our attempt to Germanise the English army we have followed the shadow and failed to grasp the substance. Our efforts have been directed, in vain, towards copying one part of a vast military machine, wholly unadapted to our wants and circumstances; while the remaining portion, which is strictly capable of being applied to the organisation of the auxiliary forces, has been overlooked. After the Franco-Prussian War the short-service system was adopted for our infantry of the line, in imitation, so far as circumstances would permit, of the conditions existent in the German army. The scheme, on paper, was enlistment for a few years with the colours, short service in the ranks, and a rapid transfer to the reserve, with liability to be called up for any portion of the unexpired engagement. It is not within our scope to insist on the fact now practically admitted by the authorities themselves,—

that the short-service system, as initiated by Lord Cardwell, is a failure, utterly unsuited to the military requirements of our Indian Empire and Colonies, and not sufficiently elastic to supply men for our so-called "small wars." It is proposed to consider the system of German organisation in relation to its adaptability to the auxiliary forces, and to show that no attempt has hitherto been made to copy that part of a large and minutely elaborated scheme which could be applied to our home defences.

Is invasion possible? The best answer to the question is the evidence given by Lord Wolseley before the Select Committee on the Channel Tunnel. In it are the following remarkable statements—the more remarkable as they are the utterances of a distinguished officer who has exceptional opportunities, in his capacity of Adjutant-General of the Army, of knowing the real condition of our national forces. Lord Wolseley is reported to have said, "I think the invasion of England by the army of France is a most feasible operation now, and will be always until the country is placed in a proper state of defence." On being questioned whether he considered that we are at this moment organised to meet an invasion of that nature, Lord Wolseley replied, "Certainly not," adding that we could not in twenty-four hours scrape together more than 30,000 men to resist the landing. Again, Lord Wolseley, while admitting that the whole of England's available army, including the regular and auxiliary forces, was 500,000 men, adds, "But they are men with muskets—I will not call them soldiers." He further stated that 1,600 guns would be necessary for the above force, whilst we have only 200; and that for the small army of 70,000 which we could put in the field after some months, we have nothing like the amount of transport required for its movement and maintenance. Thus, according to the highest military authority, while the number of men, on paper, available for home defences, amounts to half a million, we could only "scrape together" 30,000 at short notice; and after some months we *might* place an extra force of 40,000 in the field, unprovided, however, with proper transport. Assuming the possibility of invasion, we are paying annually, in trainings of the militia and yeomanry, and capitation grants to the volunteers, for over 350,000 men who, on an emergency, would be practically useless. Trusting to our insular position, we may decry the probability of our shores being invaded; but while the possibility exists, are those at the helm of State justified in trusting the fate of the country to a paper army?

That the fear of invasion cannot be a bugbear, nor the wild chimera of visionary alarmists, may be seen by the action taken by the late Duke of Wellington, when, in the absence of a sufficient

army at home, the dread of a hostile invasion was constantly recurring. General alarm was aroused when it was found, in the year 1847, that the Duke participated in this fear. In a letter to Sir John Burgoyne, he said: "I have endeavoured to awake the attention of different administrations to the defenceless state of our country. We hear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, but, unorganised and undisciplined, that spirit opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated with such spirit to confusion and destruction. I hope that the Almighty may prevent me from being the witness of a tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert." The Duke of Wellington's warning words were slowly acted upon. He spoke in the days when Louis Philippe was on the throne, and the rupture of the alliance with England, consequent on Spanish intrigues, caused an uneasy feeling in this country. Effect, however, was not given to the illustrious soldier's admonition until a few months before his death, in 1852, when, under the administration of the late Lord Derby, the militia, which had been disembodied shortly after Waterloo, were revived, recruits enlisted, and regiments called out for annual training and exercise. Their services were required not long after their enrolment, not to repel invasion, but to take part in the war against Russia. For this purpose the militia garrisoned the Mediterranean stations, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, while large drafts volunteered for the regular army, and helped to feed the "thin red line." On the declaration of peace and the return of our forces from the Crimea, the militia were disembodied in the summer of 1856. The services of several battalions were required in the following year, on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, when the sudden call made on our regular troops for foreign service left our shores wholly denuded of line regiments. In 1878, when another Russian war was imminent, the militia reserve, for the first time, was called upon to join the colours; and in 1882, during the Egyptian Expedition, six battalions of the militia were kept under arms for a period beyond that of their annual training, on the supposition that their permanent embodiment might be necessitated. Thus it appears that on four occasions within the past thirty years the services of the militia have been required, not to resist invasion—the purpose for which they were re-established in 1852—but to assist the regular forces employed on foreign service. This fact must be borne in mind when we consider the organisation of the other branches of the auxiliary forces.

The history of the volunteers is shortly told. In 1859, dread of a French invasion again spread like a panic through the land.

The warlike attitude of the Emperor of the French, who had marched into Italy, and his apparent intention to aggrandise France at the expense of the rest of Europe, gave ground for this alarm. Our defences were absolutely inadequate: vast numbers of our troops were in India and elsewhere abroad. The uneasy feeling created spread through the country, and the voice of the nation demanded the enrolment of the volunteers. With a splendid spirit of patriotism they responded to the call, and, after an existence of twenty-three years, the volunteer movement has outlived alike the obloquy of its opponents and the exaggerated anticipations of its promoters. The volunteers are not mere puppets or toys; they are drilled troops, who, if they are from the very nature of things unequal to the men whose sole business in life is to be soldiers, are capable, nevertheless, of being made, in case of necessity, equal to the best soldiers in the world. They show themselves to be amenable to discipline, capable of great self-sacrifice, and animated by a noble spirit of patriotism. A body of men who, without compulsion, but simply at the call of self-imposed duty, can muster 240,000 strong, is an honour and credit to the country; and we may point out to foreign nations, with legitimate satisfaction, that in case of necessity England possesses a Citizen Army—troops inferior in physique to none—which voluntarily undertakes the defence of our shores against any invader; an army that only needs organisation to render it a match for any enemy that may assail us, and one determined to uphold the honour and to maintain the dignity of England at any cost. Yet these troops are called by Lord Wolseley "men with muskets"—and he is right.

An erroneous view of Lord Wolseley's words would be taken by construing them in disparagement of the volunteers. So far from undervaluing them he has always been their warm supporter, and he recognises them as an important factor in the scheme of our national defences. His opinion may be judged from a few remarks made by him at Shoeburyness in 1874, when distributing the prizes of the National Artillery Association. At that time he was Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces. "I have always looked upon these meetings," he said, "as of really great national importance, not only for the amount of instruction afforded to those who come here, but because they associate the volunteer force with the regular army, and bind both together in the manner which no other means could possibly afford. I am sure that the more the army and the volunteers know of one another, the more highly they will appreciate each other, and become tied up together in those indissoluble bonds which are necessary for the formation of a strong military force. It is a very pleasant thought to think that those

whom I see before me represent a large body of reserve behind them; that they, in fact, represent thirty and odd thousand efficient gunners of this kingdom. It must be most gratifying to all those who have really thought over what ought to be the organisation of this country. It is impossible for us to have a large standing army, and, therefore, it is essentially necessary to have behind it a large volunteer reserve." Have the volunteers deteriorated in numbers or in efficiency since Lord Wolseley made the above speech? The contrary is the fact. How comes it, then, that he leaves the volunteers altogether out of calculation when estimating what available strength we have to repel invasion, and he states that the maximum force forthcoming would be 30,000 men at short notice, with an additional 40,000 after an interval of some months? A fitting answer may be given to this important question by quoting some remarks made this year by Lieutenant-General Sir G. H. Willis, when distributing the prizes presented by the Inns of Court Volunteers to members of their corps. The question often occurred to him when commanding the Northern District:—If the volunteers were to be utilised in case of need, what time would be required to put them in the field? General Willis considered that probably six months would be required for that purpose. In his opinion all the brunt of organising their transport service would fall on the volunteers themselves, for, as he forcibly remarks, before Government could help them, the regulars, the militia, would have to be provided. "Transport would be absolutely necessary for the volunteers"—(by which General Willis means both *volunteer* commissariat and transport, wholly independent of the present existing corps of that name)—"for in case of invasion the railways would be required solely for the conveyance of material and provisions." General Willis recommended the volunteers to take the initiative in this organisation, and from this it is evident that he expects little aid from the Government in this direction. There is much to be done by the authorities in the equipment of the volunteers before they take up the matter of their transport. To this day the force is unprovided with great-coats and water-bottles, and it is armed with the obsolete Snider rifle, which requires a different cartridge from that used in the Martini-Henry; a fact which would preclude the volunteers from taking the field and being brigaded with the line and militia, as the confusion in the issue of ammunition of two kinds would be fatal on active service. Thus the vaunted efficiency of the volunteers, of which we are informed repeatedly in after-dinner speeches, is reduced to the consideration that they have acquired a certain knowledge of company and battalion drill, and a proficiency in tactics sufficient to enable them to take part with the regular

troops in sham fights and field-days; while they are destitute of equipment, efficient armament, mobilisation, and transport. This is the condition of our third line of defence, and the Government seem perfectly contented with it.

The importance of paying more attention to the proper organisation of this force will best appear by considering the present state of the militia and how it stands as a connecting-link between the regular army and the volunteers. The popular idea of the constitutional army of England—a force which has existed since the reign of Henry II.—is that we have a second line available for home defence, amounting to 137,000 men. This is the strength of the militia on paper; but the Earl of Morley admitted in the House of Lords that its effective does not exceed 110,000. How do these figures stand when analysed? In the event of a European war our small army would at once be supplemented by 30,000 militia reserve. Twenty thousand men would be required for Ireland and at least 10,000 for the Mediterranean stations. Drafts of volunteers from the militia would be attracted by bounty to fill the attenuated ranks of the Home battalions ordered on foreign service, and at a moderate calculation they may be set down at 20,000. Thus the militia, with a paper strength of 137,000, would, on the outbreak of serious hostilities, dwindle to an effective force of 30,000 bayonets to garrison England and Scotland. Where is the supply of men to come from to keep them up even to this number on the declaration of a European war? The recruiting-sergeant would be in the field seeking food for powder for the line, and the flow into the militia would practically cease. It will be impossible in the future to carry on a war, of half the magnitude or duration of the Crimean war, without inviting and accepting the services of the volunteers to take part in home defences; and it is not only possible but probable that they may yet be employed, like the militia, for purposes other than those for which they were enrolled. The attempt is being made in a half-hearted way to weld the volunteers into Mr. Childers's territorial scheme; but until their armament, uniform, and equipment are assimilated to those of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Territorial Regiments, nothing practical will result from the change. Were they thoroughly incorporated with the army it would be competent, as the militia furnish a reserve liable to join the colours, to form a volunteer reserve to fill the depleted ranks of the militia in the event of their embodiment. This would add materially to our strength at an insignificant cost to the nation.

The defects in the organisation of the volunteers hitherto considered are those which can only be remedied by the outlay of money. The Government have had the subject repeatedly brought

to their notice, but evidently think it will be time enough to attend to it when an enemy lands on our shores. Possibly diplomatic courtesy will be displayed by an intending foe giving six months' notice to the Foreign Office of his intention to land, and in this case time would allow to carry into effect General Willis's plan for volunteer equipment and transport. Meanwhile, until the authorities become alive to the necessity of paying a higher premium for our policy of national insurance against invasion, it will not be out of place to call attention to two subjects neglected in our scheme of national defence, which might be carried out without any cost to the country. The first relates to Mobilisation; the second to the Use of Railways from a military point of view. These are the parts of the German military system overlooked by us, and parts that we might study and copy with advantage.

The plan of the localisation and mobilisation of the forces, which occupied sixty pages of the official Monthly Army List from 1876 up to the publication of Mr. Childers's territorial scheme in July 1881, was commenced by Lord Cardwell and tentatively elaborated by his successor, Lord Cranbrook. It proved, as it was pretty sure to prove, a complete failure. There can be no doubt that the great defect in the scheme was that it had been framed principally with a view against invasion. Now, it has been the invariable policy of this country to prevent invasion by carrying the war into an enemy's country, and this will be the only sound policy for the future. The scheme of mobilisation was based on the supposition that a never-varying number of line battalions would be present on home service in the United Kingdom. The absence of one or more of them must have thrown the whole machinery out of gear and made it useless. The failure of the so-called attempt at mobilisation was, in one sense, so necessarily complete, that it is not apparent why it was made. The volunteers were dealt with in it as follows: A consideration of the conditions under which that force is raised, showed that, although it might be perfectly possible to call it out bodily and train it, it would be most unadvisable from a national point of view to expect from it, as a mass, that prolonged service under arms, which is a contingency to be thought of, should a threatened invasion be actually prepared, and yet delayed from time to time. For this reason it was decided not to attempt to embody the volunteers in the corps of the field army, every man of which would necessarily have to be present and ready to march at the word. The volunteer force consequently was assigned wholly to the garrison army. Each unit had its station, and that it might be represented at it fairly, throughout the entire period of any mobilisation ordered, without putting undue strain on the civil

life of its members, one-fourth only of the effectives were required to be constantly present at head-quarters. The regiment was to make its own arrangements within itself for their relief, which would thus have been carried out in the freest possible manner, as best accorded with the means and wishes of individuals. There were certain bodies of volunteers, however, formed especially for the defence of their own parts of the coast-line, which would have been mobilised, as it were, almost at their own doors. Of these, two-thirds would have been constantly on duty during the period. In this way, about 50,000 effective men could have been added to the garrison army, without putting any great hardship on that part of the force which undertakes its share of civil as well as of military duties. The metropolitan volunteers, as a very important and representative body, were specially dealt with. They were to form a distinct camp, stationed on the old historic site of Tilbury, and attended constantly by one-fourth of each regiment. The yeomanry were disposed of as the volunteers, and fell as naturally into the field army as the others did into the garrison. They were assigned in all cases to the corps to be mobilised near their own county, and put with its regular cavalry or in reserve. It was presumed that they would be called out bodily only when danger was imminent. In such case their services would be invaluable on those outlook and other detached duties, for which the only parallel formation in Europe, the Swiss Mounted Guides, are specially trained.

Lord Cranbrook's mobilisation scheme, although imperfect, was, so far as the yeomanry and volunteers were affected, better than nothing. Both were assigned certain defined duties in the event of threatened invasion, and, had they occupied the post assigned to them, the active army and the militia would have been set free to face any foe on landing. Since the cancelling of the cumbrous localisation and mobilisation table in 1881, nothing has been substituted for it, and all thoughts of the possibility of invasion—the words of Lord Wolseley notwithstanding—appear to have passed away. When the question is revived, the War Office, no doubt, will be equal to the occasion, and may draw up an elaborate scheme on paper for massing our home forces without contributing one jot towards their efficiency. Will this satisfy the nation? Will the day ever come when we shall imitate the German military system and do things thoroughly and not by halves? Let us suppose that Von Moltke were called upon to come over and report and advise on our scheme of national defence. What would he find? A weak home army, with attenuated battalions of boy-soldiers liable to be called upon to supply drafts to regiments serving in the four quarters of the globe; a *corps d'armée* practically locked up in Ireland, the battalions of which could not be removed with

safety to the country without replacing them by English or Scotch militia regiments; the militia, about 30,000 below their strength on paper, a portion of them liable for foreign service; and recruiting for both line and militia far from satisfactory. He might then turn to the volunteers and say, "The regular army and the militia of the country may, no doubt, be called upon at any time to take part in a foreign war, or in your colonial defences, and consequently cannot be reckoned on as a constant factor in any scheme for the protection of your shores against invasion. But here I find you can boast of an army numbering over 240,000 men, which represents the spirit and patriotism of the country. According to its history its formation does not date from yesterday, but is the growth of nearly a quarter of a century. During that time the military authorities have no doubt perfected its equipment, armament, and organisation. I may also assume that its mobilisation, commissariat, and transport have been duly attended to and provided for. With the network of railways existing in England, it should be competent with your citizen army alone, leaving other troops out of the question, to mass within twelve hours, on any point of your coast, 50,000 men, and to follow up the movement on the next day with as many more." Against this he would hear from the Adjutant-General of the Army that we could only "scrape together" 30,000 men in twenty-four hours to resist an invasion, while it would take some months to place 70,000 in the field—a force, however, which, after that lapse of time, would be without the amount of transport required for its movement and maintenance.

Any future scheme of mobilisation must not include the regular army and militia, for the reasons already stated. It should apply solely to the yeomanry and volunteers, which are essentially localised troops. The German system of mobilisation can be adapted to them with but little variation of details. In Germany each army corps occupies a district, from which it never moves in time of peace. Around each regiment or brigade cluster the houses containing the reserve men destined to complete that regiment or brigade to war strength. They have probably passed their service in the very regiment which they have to join on mobilisation. Not only do they join a regiment full of their own friends, and of officers known to them, but those friends in the regiment will expose any shirking of military obligations. All the civil authorities are meshes of the net which sweeps in the reservists, and the regiment is a sort of large family which rejoices or suffers by the conduct of its members; the reserve men being as much members as those who are at the time in the ranks. This is almost an ideal preparation for that collection of permanent cadres and floating rank and file which is the type of the modern regiment.

The use of railways, from a military point of view, engaged the attention of the German authorities on the conclusion of peace with France. The experience gained in the war of 1870–71 was utilised in order to get the greatest possible results out of these means of communication, so important in war-time. Hence the State acquired the railways, and established the Etappen system. Through this, revictualling stations were established in a permanent manner in the most favourable positions, and their accommodation was so increased that, in case of war, the military trains can find at them all the necessary means of revictualling. Staff officers of high rank are employed annually to inspect the railways, the material, the permanent way, the stations, and the warehouses. Special branch lines have been made to all the strong points and places of importance in the country, and, wherever space admitted, large military stations are erected capable of embarking a whole division. One is at Berlin, and others are at Cologne, Mayence, and Strasburg. The rolling stock is to be increased, so that when time allows the field army will be carried in third and fourth class carriages, and only horses, artillery, and material in the baggage-waggons, open waggons, and trucks. What have we done in this direction? Ever since 1865 there has appeared in the *Monthly Army List* a corps under the title of Engineer and Railway Transport Volunteers. The head-quarters are at 8, Victoria Chambers, Westminster. General Sir William M'Murdo is Honorary Colonel, and Sir John Hawkshaw Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant. The other officers consist of lieutenant-colonels and majors, amongst whom are the well-known names of Messrs. Grierson, Forbes, Knight, and Myles Fenton. What have they done of any practical value beyond occupying a page in the *Army List* for the last eighteen years? Have they elaborated a plan of stopping the ordinary traffic on their lines in the event of national emergency, and of placing all available rolling stock at the disposal of our military authorities? Unless it be a profound secret, no steps have been taken, even on paper, to include our vast and effective railway system in the scheme of our insular defences. In the German Intelligence Department there is a sub-section, under the direction of Colonel von Branderstein, charged with collecting information respecting foreign railways, and in the case of an anticipated war this department would have to furnish a table of the halting-places in the particular foreign country, regulated by the resources and wealth of the different towns and districts. Were a report required on the capabilities of our English railway system, both from a strategical point of view and in reference to the transport of troops and war material, we should look for it with greater confidence of finding it ready to hand

in the War Office at Berlin than in the pigeon-holes of Pall Mall. The Germans would scarcely understand our want of legal authority in the matter of railway transport. Our defensive measures, such as they are, would, on the threat of invasion, be thrown all aback, waiting for Acts of Parliament to be passed to give them legal life, and history tells us with what animosity such Acts would be discussed in time of excitement. At present, troops and stores can be moved by railway at fixed rates; but there is no power to interfere with ordinary traffic, and no power to exercise any control over the ordinary management. At present, troops can be billeted, on the march, in public-houses at fixed rates, but there is no power to quarter large bodies of men, or to take houses, or goods, or stock for their use for defensive purposes. At present, carriages can be impressed, at fixed rates, for small definite military requirements; but on invasion every horse and every vehicle would probably be required, and no legal enactment exists to provide for these necessities. The power of taking land for military purposes, or of occupying it temporarily, is at present limited to a few special cases, and would have to be greatly enlarged if any defensive positions have to be occupied. Other legal measures would be found absolutely necessary, as they have been found necessary before. The Acts of Parliament might be passed, and they might lie dormant until certain specified dangers called them into existence; so they need not alarm those fearful of standing armies—if, indeed, one still exists in England. But whatever cause of alarm may arise, it will not do, in these days, to leave it to the moment of danger to discuss the Acts necessary, or the House of Commons might witness the arrival of a hostile general to remove their "bauble" while the Obstructionists were talking the measures out.

The state of the yeomanry must now be considered. If our military authorities were imbued with the same spirit of perception that animates the Berlin War Office, they would recognise this force as of paramount importance in the scheme of our national defences, and turn them to many uses and purposes. At present, they exist as a corps on sufferance—supposed to swell the Army Estimates in order to afford the sons of country squires an opportunity to appear at balls in a "swagger" uniform, and to fill the coffers of provincial innkeepers for eight days in the year. Under Mr. Childers's territorial scheme we were promised that the Yeomanry would be brought into close connection with the cavalry of the line, but all that has been done in this direction has been to shift their position in the *Army List* from the back of the volume to the front—another instance of War Office re-organisation, on paper. Colonel J. R. Turnbull, late Brigade-Major of Cavalry, has

already pointed out the necessity of the cavalry having a reserve force, and showed that this reserve might most easily be created and kept up through the yeomanry branch of the auxiliary forces, after some necessary and obvious changes had been carried out. Yet the authorities leave the re-organisation of the yeomanry untouched and neglect to bring them into closer connection with the regulars and auxiliaries. Many plans have been proposed to change the composition of this force. Some would turn them into foot cavalry or mounted infantry, while one sapient military critic —Sir Wilfrid Lawson—proposed in the House to do away with them altogether as an encumbrance and thoroughly useless. The question occurs, if the Germans had a similar body of men, would they put them down or try to make more of them? In connection with Lieutenant-General Sir G. H. Willis's suggestions to the volunteers, already quoted, to take the initiative in forming their own transport, what a powerful accessory the yeomanry might be made in this direction! Without altering the existing force, the strength of the yeomanry could be considerably augmented, and a transport corps might be formed from them to work in harmony with the volunteers. The objection may be raised that the yeomanry and volunteers are distinct forces, and not likely to amalgamate. This difficulty, if it exists, can be overcome by making the yeomanry, as a mounted arm of the service, senior to the volunteers. At present they have equal rank. Those who have seen the sturdy yeomen of Sussex horse the guns of the Honourable Artillery Company at the Easter-Monday Brighton reviews, can judge of what value the services of the English farmers would be if enlisted in a general plan of local transport. A movement in this direction should emanate from the officers commanding yeomanry corps the majority of whom are landed proprietors, capable of influencing the services of tenant-farmers. With their aid it would be possible amongst the older members of the yeomanry to form an auxiliary transport corps, which would be most valuable on account of its local knowledge. Many troopers retire annually from the yeomanry through age and weight, whose services might, with advantage to the country, be retained for transport and commissariat duties.

The foregoing consideration of the present state of the auxiliary forces shows that the yeomanry and volunteers are wholly unorganised and unable to take part in the defences of the country. The latter are without equipment, transport, and mobilisation, while no powers at present exist to utilise our railway system for their conveyance on emergency. The volunteers want cavalry, field-guns, engineers with working apparatus, field ambulances, and a commissariat; and are they likely to obtain these from the

Government? Let them follow Sir G. H. Willis's advice and initiate their own organisation. This matter will not involve the same difficulty as they experienced in starting the volunteer movement in 1859. One illustration will suffice to show how this object can be effected. Let it be supposed that the German system of administration is in force at our War Office, and that all the sea-board of Great Britain has been surveyed, and those places marked where troops could be landed. It would be found that, compared with the length of our coasts, the points suited for debarkation are few and far between. Take, for one instance, from Folkestone to the North Foreland. Here is a stretch of shore about thirty miles long, presenting few places accessible to a hostile force. On the supposition that a landing could be effected at Deal or Walmer, let the Kent volunteers, both artillery and rifles, be mobilised against this contingency. The volunteer strength of Kent consists of three brigades of artillery, the Cinque Ports, the Kent and the Royal Arsenal, with head-quarters respectively at Dover, Gravesend, and Woolwich. The rifle corps number six battalions, which assemble at Hastings, Blackheath, Tunbridge, Canterbury, Woolwich, and Staplehurst. In all, Kent could muster about 5,000 effectives. On the first sign of a hostile demonstration against Deal, the Yeomanry Transport—the corps above suggested—would drag guns from Dover to be placed in position and manned by the Cinque Ports artillery. They would be reinforced from the brigades at Gravesend and Woolwich. Of the infantry, the Canterbury corps would be first on the scene, and should be succeeded in rapid succession by the Staplehurst, Tunbridge, Hastings, Woolwich, and Blackheath battalions, in the order named. Now, in disembarking an army for invasion, one man must land first and the others after, and 5,000 volunteers could be massed on any given point of the Kentish coast in half the time that half that number could effect a landing there under the most favourable circumstances.

This is but a crude skeleton sketch of how volunteer mobilisation might be directed locally to the protection of the vulnerable points on our coast-line, irrespective of any aid from the regular forces. The object aimed at is to use the services of the volunteers for the purpose for which they were created—the defence of the country; for if they are led to believe that they are simply "men with muskets," and that it is beneath the notice of Government to increase their efficiency, the national spirit which gave them being will quickly die out, and the force will wither in the cold shade of officialism. General Sir Daniel Lysons, speaking on the volunteers seven years ago, said: "A large field of important duties is open to them. They will have to guard our fortresses, arsenals, dock-yards, and the heart and soul of England—London. If a

menace of invasion appears, they will have to watch the coasts; in case of a hostile descent, they will be the first to resist; if an enemy makes good his footing, they would hover on his flanks, interrupt his communications, circumscribe the area on which he operates, and aid in every way the more regularly trained army concentrated to defeat him." Since these words were spoken, what has been done to exercise the volunteers in the programme of duties laid down by General Lysons? At present we are in danger of trusting too much to our insular security and our sea-dominion, and of deferring all preparation for the defence of our shores until a blow has actually been struck. "There is no fortification," said Lord Palmerston, "like brave men armed against and ready to meet an enemy; that is the best fortification, and such fortification you will always find in the hearts and arms of Englishman." In the auxiliary forces we have the men. Are they "armed"? and are they "ready"? These are questions for the Government.

A. A. D. L'Estrange,
Lieut.-Col.

WILL PARTY GOVERNMENT CONTINUE TO WORK?

I THINK I have reason to say to the Retired Politician, whose very admirable reflections must have given pleasure to many readers of the *National Review*,* "Physician, heal thyself!" He has reproached me with "inveighing generally against Government by Party," which he regards as machinery indispensable for the preservation of our Parliamentary Institutions. Yet he himself has not been careful to measure his language in describing the state into which those Institutions have fallen. He has told us how, by the practice of "nursing" constituencies, "our Representative System is tainted at its source:" how a man who enters Parliament by such means is "a ready instrument for further degradation; and having in reality bought his seat, he next proceeds to sell his opinions"; how Representatives are being transformed into Delegates, and how, in consequence, many of our prominent politicians fail in political honesty: "they think one thing and say another, or they speak in one sense and act in another." It must be admitted that these expressions are strong; I do not say that they are not true; but if they be true it is surely waste of words to complain of anybody for inveighing against a system which is evidently a prey to incurable moral corruption.

I am, however, far from wishing to bandy words with the Retired Politician, who is evidently a person of distinguishing mind, and will, I think, see on reflection that, after all, there is not so wide a difference between us. We have each attempted to judge the Party system by its results, but we have approached the subject from different sides. So far from "inveighing generally" against government by Party, I merely showed, in the August number of the *National Review*,† what I think no one can deny, that, as worked on Lord Hartington's principle of the Whigs and Radicals "sinking their differences to turn out the Tories," the recent fruits of the system have been the surrender to the Land League, the Kilmainham Treaty, the abandonment of the Convention of Pretoria, the artful dodges about the Ilbert Bill, the suspension of the

* *National Review* for October, "Are Parliamentary Institutions in Danger?"

† "Thoughts on Family Politics."

Contagious Diseases Act, and other incidents of a like nature, all of which appear to me calculated to disgust honourable and high-minded men with the methods by which public affairs are administered. But I have not said that Party government cannot be worked in any other way; much less have I attempted to depreciate the great part it has played in the past history of England.

On his side the Retired Politician has asked the question, "Are Parliamentary Institutions in danger?" and he concludes that they are; yet not, says he, from any fault in the machinery itself, but from the corruption and want of independent spirit in those who work it. The only remedy for existing evils is, in his opinion, the revival of political honesty. "Government by honest men," he tells us, "is a thing that has frequently been asked for, and, properly understood, it is the only sound, and, in the long run, the only safe, form of Government." But then, as he himself allows, "you must first catch your honest men."

> You may call spirits from the vasty deep,
> But will they come when you do call for them?

Not always; and this seems to me the weak place in his argument. He has tried to take an active part in the system which he praises so much, but he has found that he cannot stomach it. With all his honesty, courage, and independence, he is still a *Retired* Politician. As a moralist, he is in an admirable position, but as an actor in practical politics he has apparently put himself out of court, because, as he tells us, other people have been found to do the dirty work he declines to do himself. The truth is, I fear, that men's consciences are not so acutely alive in public as in private affairs, and that they will not look very closely into the morality of their political machinery so long as it appears to work. The time may come when the country will be glad to turn to Cincinnatus; meantime it seems to think it can do without him.

This defect in the position of the Retired Politician has been indicated with much ability by a singular antagonist. When I read his paper, I felt sure that it would appeal with great force to the conscience of the *Spectator*, because what always distinguishes the views of that journal, over and above its honesty and candour, is its originality. The *Spectator* of our day, unlike his namesake in the eighteenth century, sees and puts things, as we all know, in a light in which they do not immediately present themselves to the ordinary intellect, so that when I found him discoursing on "Individualism in Politics" I imagined that he would be rather pleased with the independence of the Retired Politician. But I was soon undeceived, for, after admitting that there was much truth in what the latter had said about the want of honesty in public men, the *Spectator*, nevertheless, concluded that he was

much too squeamish. "You allow Party Government to be a necessity," said the critic in effect, "and yet you cry out against its necessary consequences. If you have party, you must also have discipline and co-operation; it will never do for each individual to be always airing his fads. Put some of your scruples in your pocket, and instead of retiring into private life, like respectable people in America, stay and mitigate the evils of the system with your own honesty. *Spartam nactus es; hanc exorna*: you have got Party Government; make the best of it."

So far, this unexpectedly practical sermon seemed fair enough; and, to tell the truth, it appeared to me, looking to experience, doubtful whether corruption *per se* would necessarily prove fatal to Parliamentary Institutions. It is generally admitted that these institutions were greatly strengthened during the long administration of Sir Robert Walpole; but it is equally certain that the methods by which that Minister maintained himself in power consisted, to a great extent, of unblushing bribery. It was a favourite saying of his, that every man had his price; and after my examination of the Tantivy papers, of which I gave an account last August, I begin to understand what he meant by it. The Retired Politician is an admirer of Pope; he will, therefore, certainly remember that glowing passage in which the satirist declaims against the progress of corruption in his age; perhaps, indeed, he may think there is something in it not inapplicable to our own:—

> Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
> Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
> Dragged in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
> His flag inverted trails along the ground!
> * * * *
> See thronging millions to the pagod run
> And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
> Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim
> That not to be corrupted is the shame!

Dishonesty in politics, in fact, sometimes seems to be the best policy. But I have never yet found anyone bold enough to avow that politicians ought, therefore, to be dishonest, and it was accordingly surprising to me to observe the *Spectator* sailing very near the wind indeed in this direction. The Retired Politician expressed the opinion that Lord Hartington, having avowed that his original reasoning against the extension of the Parliamentary Franchise appeared to him still unanswerable, ought to retire from a Ministry which made this a fundamental portion of their policy. Not so; said the *Spectator* in effect; for, supposing statesmen were to act in this way, what would become of the Party System which you consider indispensable to the proper working of our Parliamentary Institutions?

> If the thing it is proposed to do were something that, in Lord Hartington's opinion, *it will always be wrong to do*—not imprudent merely, or premature, but wrong—it would be his plain duty to leave the Cabinet rather than have a hand in it. A practical politician cannot put his foot down too firmly where principles are concerned; but if he is to continue to deserve the title of practical, he must not jump to the conclusion that in everything wherein he differs from those with whom he is associated principles are concerned.

Now, I think that the *Spectator*, when he penned these words, must have had a lurking suspicion that they were not quite ingenuous. He is using *principle* in an ambiguous sense. He knows perfectly well that the Retired Politician is speaking of *political* dishonesty, and that the moral standard is by no means the same in public as in private life: he knows that the questions of expediency with which statesmen have to deal are not of a kind into which the element of what "is always wrong to do" largely enters. It would not be wrong to bring in a Bill to give Ireland a separate Parliament, to disestablish the Church, to abolish the Monarchy, or to nationalise the land, in the sense in which it would be wrong to steal or to tell a lie. What the Retired Politician was reproving was that growing temper which induces men who believe in the inexpediency of all of these things, nevertheless, either from the love of power or for the preservation of Party, to co-operate by speech and action with those who pursue them as objects desirable in themselves. He was not dealing at all with the principle of give and take on minor points, on which I have no doubt he would, as a sensible man, concede all that the *Spectator* might require in the interests of party discipline. What the *Spectator*'s argument comes to, though he, of course, would not admit it to himself, is this: In order to keep the Liberal Party in power, and to bring about all the beneficent legislation which that Party contemplates, its supporters must not be so faddish as to stick at a little harmless insincerity; indeed, they ought not to strain at conduct which a strict moralist might describe as dishonesty, but which is really only the suppression of their own unpractical scruples in the interest of the united Party.

All this line of reasoning is as ingenious as it is venerable, being in fact nothing but a fresh application of the old axiom that the end justifies the means; but let me remind the *Spectator* what honest old Bishop Burnet says of it:—

> I had much discourse on this head with one who knew Cromwell well, and all that sort of men; and asked him how they could excuse all the prevarications and other ill things of which they were visibly guilty in the conduct of their affairs. He told me, they believed there were great occasions in which some men were called to great services, and in the doing of which they were excused from the common rules of morality; such were the practices of Ehud and Jael, Samson and David; and by these they fancied they had a privilege from observing the standing rules. It is very obvious how far this principle may be carried, and how all justice and mercy may be laid aside on this pretence by every bold enthusiast.

I do not mean to say that the *Spectator* is ever likely to imitate Cromwell; but, as Burnet says, it is obvious how far the principle on which he relies may be carried. Still, assuming the necessity of the Party system, it is plain that there is a great deal in what he says about discipline, and I believe, if we look at the admissions of himself and of the Retired Politician, we shall find, as so often happens, that the question between them is one of fact and degree rather than of principle. The Retired Politician, while insisting that the only safe form of government is government by honest men, concedes that Parliamentary Institutions cannot be separated from Government by Party. On the other hand, the *Spectator*, though he reproaches the Retired Politician with exaggerating the amount of dishonesty prevailing among our public men, admits that, if the sacrifice of principle for the sake of Party were to become general, the danger to Parliamentary Government would be great. Under these circumstances, it appears to me that I may contribute something to the controversy by combining in a common survey the practical and moral sides of the problem treated respectively by the two disputants, and by raising the question in the form in which I said last August it must, sooner or later, present itself: Will Party Government continue to work?

I am quite aware that many people object to discussions of this kind. They say they are "unpractical" and "academical," and at any rate they give rise to unpleasant reflections which disturb the equal tenor of our lives. Nevertheless the difficulties which suggest them are real, and are largely occupying the minds of men, nor can they be got rid of by the simple policy of the ostrich.

"Hack phrases," says one who has lately addressed us in impressive tones, "are a dangerous snare to an age too hurried or too busy to think. We live under a Parliamentary Government; we have lived two centuries under a Parliamentary Government; all other Anglo-Saxon communities live under a Parliamentary Government. Whether in the three cases the same word means the same thing, no one is careful to enquire. The phrase blinds us to the peculiar position, a position wholly without any precedent or parallel, occupied at the present day by the House of Commons. Our Government was called a Parliamentary Government a century ago, as it is now. But the control of the machine was largely shared by the Crown and the aristocracy. Now it is entirely in the hands of the democracy. It is impossible to express in words a wider difference. We have passed from one pole of political ideas to its exact opposite. The consequence is, that arrangements which worked perfectly well under one system are wholly unsuited to the other." *

These words go to the root of the matter, and it appears to me that to push the enquiry into a region which the *Quarterly Reviewer* abstained from entering, and to ask *why* the machinery which worked so smoothly in the times of our forefathers should give so much trouble in our own, need by no means necessarily be an unpractical proceeding.

* *Quarterly Review* for October, "Disintegration."

How was it, then, that Party Government worked well between 1688 and 1832? The answer is, I believe, a very simple one: because it was an instrument of oligarchy operating in an oligarchical Constitution. The Government of the country was fairly shared between King, Lords, and Commons. The reigning family had been established by the action of Parliament. Parliament was for the most part composed of members of the landed aristocracy, who were, practically, elected by the aristocracy themselves. All of these belonged to the Protestant religion, and to one or other of the Established Churches. Though public opinion, the great engine of the democracy, possessed no direct share in the government, except in so far as it was expressed by the small free-holders in the county constituencies, it nevertheless exerted a powerful influence on the course of affairs, as is shown by the Spanish war of 1739, and by the great overthrow of the Whigs under Fox in 1784. In his advocacy of Reform, Brougham always admitted that public opinion found its way surely into the House of Commons under the old system; his only objection was that it did not enter it quickly. What the country then had was, in fact, government of the many by the few, through a Parliament which regarded Public Opinion as its judge rather than its master.

That the machinery of Party was admirably adapted to work under conditions like these, a moment's reflection on the nature of the system will suffice to show. For the successful working of Party there must, according to Burke, be not more than two parties; and though the immediate object of association be the acquisition of power, its final cause must be the promotion of the principles on which all the members of the Party are agreed. Men would not care to associate for the purpose of ventilating abstract principles, unless they hoped at some time to be able to put those principles into practice. On the other hand, if, in the pursuit of power they lose sight of principle, their prime motive of association is gone, and their union becomes little better than a confederacy of robbers whom common interest unites in the vulgar struggle for booty and plunder.

Under the old Parliamentary *régime*, these conditions were fulfilled. There were only two Parties, and these were separated from each other by historic lines of division easily traceable to the circumstances out of which the two factions originally sprang. Between 1688 and 1832 two elementary principles of the old Constitution are found constantly balancing and opposing each other—the Monarchical principle of Government by Prerogative, and the Parliamentary principle of Government by Oligarchy. The aristocracy was divided into two sections, which, by family tradition or individual preference, were associated with one cause or the

other; and as the power of the Crown was still considerable, and the great body of the people lay outside the electoral system, the balance of power was constantly shifting sides. The *raison d'être* of the Whigs was to act as the champions of Parliament, limiting and controlling the power of the Crown, and forming a bulwark between it and the people; while that of the Tories was to assist and defend the constitutional prerogative of the Sovereign against the encroachments of the Parliamentary oligarchy. We find these principles at work in such characteristic epochs as Walpole's long administration; in the conflict between George III. and the Whigs; in the struggle between Pitt and Fox; in the rupture between the old Constitutional Whigs under Burke and the Democratic Whigs under Fox; we find them in the utterances of such representative men as Walpole, Fox, Burke, or Junius, on the one side, and in Bolingbroke, Lord North, Pitt, and Johnson on the other.

Whatever were the anomalies and drawbacks of the old Party System, it possessed one virtue that outweighed them all: it worked. Mr. Gladstone has furnished a sufficient testimonial to the superior business capacity of the unreformed Parliament. Of its patriotism, firmness, tenacity, in the midst of great national perils, we have a lasting record in the history of the Revolutionary War. Its genius, its generous rivalries, and its eloquence, have been celebrated in immortal verse. Some traditions of the old *régime* have lingered to our own times, but is any poet of the next generation likely to sing of the Reformed Parliament as Byron sang of its predecessor:—

> We, we have seen the intellectual race
> Of giants, stand like Titans face to face,
> Athos and Ida and a dashing sea
> Of eloquence between?

But for good or ill, probably for both, the ancient system, with all its greatness and all its anomalies, has gone. The powers of King and Parliament both sank into nothingness before the new element first introduced into the Constitution in 1832. The democracy, as the *Quarterly Review* says, controls the machine. The question is, Will the machine continue to work under the completely altered conditions to which it has to be applied? Before we can answer this we ought to be agreed as to the extent of the change in the Constitution itself, because on this point very different opinions seem to prevail. On the one side we have the *Times* constantly telling us that as it was in the beginning, so it is and ever will be, world without end. On the other, that distinguished prophet of ill, Lord Sherbrooke, pronounces that the Constitution is already as good as gone.

"I hold," says his Lordship, "the same opinion which I have always held—that to place the supreme power of a State in the hands of the poor and ignorant is the way

to destroy it. But from the time when the Tories basely sold their principles, their convictions, and their country, for a few months of ignominious office in 1866, I have felt that the completion of the work could not much longer be deferred. The crisis has now come, and no one who has watched the beginning can doubt what the end will be. What the Conservatives commenced the Liberals will complete, and numbers will rule in the place of intelligence. All I can say is, taste not, touch not, handle not, and leave the task of pulling down the Constitution to the hands of those who think such a wreck not too heavy a price to pay for a few months of dear-bought office."

I will say nothing as to the motives which Lord Sherbrooke, in such choice and decent language, assigns to the authors of the Reform Bill of 1867; there is doubtless an element of truth in his contention, but it does not touch the principle of the question. But what as to his reading of history? Is it really the case that "the Conservatives commenced" the movement which he so much deplores. He seems seriously to advance the proposition that the government of the country was first transferred from trained intelligence to numbers in 1866. What was it, then, that was done in 1832? In that year the Whigs pretended that, however well the old system had worked in practice, its anomalies were so glaring and absurd that they could no longer be defended, and they succeeded in transferring political power from the hands of the proprietors of the boroughs to those of the ten-pound householders. By doing this they asserted in the fullest manner the supremacy in our political system of the democracy, whose champions they had first constituted themselves, when the party split asunder in 1791. They established, within a certain chance property limit, an absolute equality of voting for all Englishmen, whatever their differences in rank, wealth, and intelligence; and they removed the governing power from a practically independent Parliament to a numerical majority in the constituencies. If it be urged that the ten-pound house-holders were a very different electorate from that created in 1867, such an argument is beside the question; for it is obvious that the principle of equal numerical representation having been once admitted, it could not be arrested at any mere arbitrary point. From that hour, Members of Parliament, instead of being representatives, have lapsed more and more, as the Duke of Wellington always declared they must, into mere delegates.

So much for the transformation of the Constitution in 1832; the revolution effected in the principles of the two historic Parties by which the Constitution was worked was equally complete. The principle which gave unity and cohesion to the Whig Party was Oligarchy. They had always represented themselves as the sole repositories of the secret of Parliamentary Government, and as a kind of national bulwark, of the people against the Crown and the Tories on the one hand, and of the Crown against the Republicans on the other. But when they brought in a Bill which recognised, in the fullest sense, the

sovereignty of the people, their occupation was plainly gone. They could not any longer assert that their assistance was necessary to defend, against the power of the Crown, the people on whom they had conferred the right of self-government; nor could they pose as the moderators of the rash impulses of the majority, whose will they had bound themselves to regard as an irresistible mandate. Nothing of their traditions remained to them but their hereditary passion for power, and, by our hypothesis, the pursuit of power without principle implies the utter corruption of the Party system. The Whigs, throughout this century, have displayed great adroitness in putting themselves at the head of popular movements which have been initiated *outside* Parliament; but not one of these has been connected with the vital Whig principle; and their conduct in carrying them into execution has been marked by an unscrupulousness which tends always, more and more, to drag down English politics to the level of the American machine. The Kilmainham Treaty, and the Crimes Bill of 1882, the work of the statesmen who inveighed against the comparatively mild Irish Government of Lord Beaconsfield, are only the developed products of the same spirit, from which sprang the Lichfield House Compact in 1835, and Lord John Russell's Coercion Act, after his discreditable coalition with the Protectionists against Peel in 1846.

The effect of the Reform movement on the Tory Party was not less remarkable. The Whigs had been forced by it to abandon their ancient historic principle, and the Tories instinctively took up the defence of this, as if it were essential to the Constitution, though in fact it was quite alien to their old traditions. Lord Sherbrooke, indeed, says that the "Tories basely sold their principles and their convictions in 1866," meaning the principle of oligarchy which they defended in 1832. But the principle of oligarchy had originally been directly opposed to the convictions of the Tories. As I have already said, the principle which gave them cohesion as a Party was purely monarchical, being the defence of the constitutional prerogatives of the Sovereign from the encroachments of the Parliamentary connection headed by the Whigs. That was the position assumed by Pitt in 1784, and he, so far from being opposed to the admission of the democratic element into the Constitution, was anxious to relax the restrictions of the old *régime*. While staunchly defending the rights of his Sovereign against the oligarchy, he wished to correct the anomalies of the electoral body, to enlarge commercial liberty, and to improve as far as possible the position of the Irish priesthood. I do not think that any fair-minded person will contend that, in taking this ground, he was falsifying any

principle of Toryism. On the other hand, it is no doubt the case that, after the death of Pitt, circumstances changed the entire attitude of the Tory Party. The French Revolution and the Irish Rebellion, taken in connection with the revolutionary and anti-national principles asserted by the Whigs during the great war, caused the Tories, backed by the strong prejudices of the King and the people, to believe that the safety of the Constitution depended on the maintenance of those oligarchical privileges which were then supposed to be the great bulwark of the Protestant religion. A section of the Party always adhered to Pitt's policy in respect of commerce and religion, but even they were opposed to any change in the electoral system, and the Duke of Wellington was doubtless expressing the feeling of his Party when he made his famous declaration in the House of Lords:—

> If at this moment I had to form a Legislature for any country, particularly for one like this, in the possession of great property of various descriptions, although perhaps I should not form one precisely such as we have, I would endeavour to produce something which would give the same results, namely, a representation of the people containing a large body of the property of the country, and in which the landed proprietors have a preponderating influence. In conclusion, I beg to state that not only is the Government not prepared to bring forward any measure of this description, but that, as far as I am concerned, whilst I have the honour to hold the situation I do now amongst His Majesty's counsellors, I shall always feel it my duty to oppose any such measures when brought forward by others.

Here it will be observed that the Duke relies on the principle always asserted by Burke, a Whig of the Whigs, that the landed aristocracy are the safest rulers of the country. Into the merits of that opinion I am not concerned to enter. It is sufficient for my argument to assert, in opposition to Lord Sherbrooke, that the cause was practically a lost one in 1832, and that, in abandoning it in 1866, the Tories were in no sense betraying the key of their Monarchical position. They merely reverted at the latter date to the lines marked out for them by Pitt in 1784.

If this historical retrospect be accurate, we ought now to be able to realise the change which has been effected in our form of Government, and the dangers which it will surely entail upon us in the future. Hitherto the unbroken continuity of the system has blinded men to the fact that the circumstances to which the machinery has to be applied, and much of the machinery itself, have been silently transformed. One of the two great Constitutional Parties is dead as far as principle is concerned: the other is tacitly adapting its ancient principles to new conditions: a third Party has risen in Parliament, which is opposed to the existence of the Constitution itself: all that is really left of the old oligarchical order, is the struggle for power between leading statesmen. And here lies our national danger. The peril springs principally not, as Lord Sher-

brooke says, from mere numbers, or even from the ignorance of these numbers, but from the fact that we have the most corrupting part of the obsolete oligarchical system working in the midst of numbers and ignorance. By the Reform Bill of 1832, and still more by that of 1867, the power of deciding what individuals shall rule the State, was invested in a mere numerical majority of a large electorate. To suppose that such an electorate will exercise its power judicially, is to close one's eyes to the facts of human nature. Each class in turn, as it has acquired political ascendency, has endeavoured to get out of the Government as much material advantage as possible for itself; the more numerous and the more ignorant the electorate has become, the larger is its belief in the efficacy of State intervention. Hence there is always a compact more or less venal going on between the governing classes and the constituencies. On the one hand, the electors are inclined to commit power to the hands of those who promise them the most; on the other, those who acquire power by this unworthy bargaining, insensibly degenerate in point of honesty, independence, and courage. In all directions, therefore, as far as the working of the political machine is concerned, the interests of society as a whole are subordinated to the ambition of classes and individuals. If anyone wishes for a proof of the state of degradation into which the political conscience of a large portion of the community has sunk, he will find it, I think, in the following complacent utterances of the great organ of Optimism:—

> Lord Hartington has pronounced such a conception (Home Rule) to be madness, but Mr. Chamberlain, and more recently Mr. Courtney, have declared it to be imperatively necessary. The differences of opinion on these and other questions in the Liberal Party furnished Lord Salisbury with matter for some pungent sentences, but they do not, perhaps, really forebode any serious weakening of the party forces. When a struggle for the mastery draws near, the means of reconciling discordant views will be found, *at whatever cost in pangs of conscience or more material sacrifice.**

Either the one or the other! As if it were a matter of trifling importance whether the question were solved by a sacrifice of principle or place! Were the *Times* really what it pretends to be, the voice of the common sense of the country, it would certainly be high time to stand aside from the tottering Constitution, and to say to one's neighbour like Lord Sherbrooke, "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" But I do not think that this is a course which will commend itself to the courage, the patriotism, and the honour of Englishmen. I do not believe it is one which the Retired Politician himself would advise us to follow. Though it seems to me that he has weakened the effect of his sermon by the apparent pessimism of his conclusion, I do not construe him as bidding us despair of the country; and, as moralists, must we not all be on

* *Times*, October 31.

his side? If Parliamentary Institutions are to be saved, if Party Government is to continue—it is thus I understand him to counsel us—there must be a revival in political life of principle, honour, and conscience; men must dare to say what they really think, and to stand by their opinions; they must decline to make themselves the supple instruments of a "scratch" majority. Mr. Chamberlain's dictum, that the essence of party discipline is *compromise* must be disavowed; and statesmen must once more recognise that, as Burke declared long ago, the only legitimate bond of Party is *agreement*.

The successful working of Party Government in the future must depend, in the first place, upon whether the great historical Parties in the State are prepared to employ their organization to promote the interests of the country rather than to secure a monopoly of power for themselves. Will they at last perceive that the ancient rules of the oligarchical *game*, are no longer applicable to the struggle of conflicting interests which has been the consequence of the introduction into the Constitution of the "fierce democracy"? A heavy weight of responsibility lies on the Whigs. Hitherto their hereditary passion for power has made them ready enough to go wherever the force of circumstances and the managers of the electoral machine have arranged. They have talked loudly and boldly beforehand of the resistance they intended to offer to extreme counsels, but when the moment for acting has come they have always yielded to the pressure of their more earnest allies. The future action of the Whigs and all the "moderate" men in the country who vote with them will be greatly influenced by Lord Hartington. It was Lord Hartington who sent Lord Ramsay a certificate of approval, after he had given a pledge to the Home Rulers, in order to win the Liverpool election in 1879. It was Lord Hartington who, on the eve of the last general election, told the Scotch that his mind was quite open on the question of the connection between Church and State, and that he was prepared to do whatever the majority of the people should think right. It was Lord Hartington who advised Liberals in general to postpone principle, "to sink their differences and unite for the purpose of turning out the Tories." And, lastly, it was Lord Hartington who, after proclaiming in the House of Commons his full belief in the wisdom and necessity of the Contagious Diseases Acts, nevertheless stooped at the bidding of a mere Parliamentary majority to suspend their operation. When a statesman of great name and position sacrifices his own independence for the sake of his party in a matter vitally affecting the well-being of the country, it is small blame, I think, to the rank and file of his following if they

conclude that conscience had better be excluded from politics. Of course it is easy for the Whigs to sophisticate with conscience. They may say that, as Party Government is acknowledged to be a necessity, it is necessary, whatever happens, to keep up an impassable line of demarcation between the two great Parties. Or again, it may be argued by political fatalists that democracy is irresistible, and that it is therefore expedient for the Whigs to act as a drag upon the Radicals, with whom they are completely at variance, rather than to join the Tories, with whom, in all fundamental principles, they are agreed. But these are only excuses and transparent ones. Lord Hartington has declared sturdily that the concession of Home Rule would be "madness." It must surely be a bitter mortification to a man of his high spirit to see how much value is attached to his declarations by the philosophers of the *Times*.

But if a revival of political honesty in the Whigs be indispensable for the restoration to health of the representative system, it is no less necessary that there should be a recognition of the true nature of their ancient principle on the part of the whole Tory Party. I am not in the secrets of the leaders of that Party. The Retired Politician, who has served in their army, is far better qualified than I am to speak as to its constitution. He will doubtless correct me if I am wrong, but my studies of history show me that the strong lines of cleavage which divided the Tory Party between 1815 and 1830 may possibly still exist. It may be that the spirit of caste is still dominant in a considerable section of the Conservatives, and that the deep distrust of democracy, which was engendered during the Revolutionary War, may prompt its champions to resist inch by inch the growth of the popular movement, rather than to study its nature, and to guide it and control it by their tact, their knowledge, and their social influence. And again, it may be, as Mr. Shaw Lefevre says, that the bulk of the Party is made up of the defenders of vested interests. I say it may be; I do not believe that it is. But if it be so, it is not to this section—though the defence of vested interests, and through them of liberty, is one of the duties of Conservatism—that the Party can look for ultimate victory. If they are to gain the complete confidence of the English people, the Conservative Party must revert not to the oligarchical spirit of Eldon, but to the constitutional spirit of Pitt.

Whig as I have always called myself, the old Monarchical instinct of the Tantivy family has made me join the Tories, because I believe that they are determined to re-assert for their Party its old popular character. Many moderate Liberals have done likewise, but more hesitate to give in their adhesion, because

they fear that if they do so they may find that they have committed themselves to the cause of stagnation or reaction. I would venture to commend to the attention of Tory statesmen two very striking utterances from journals, which have never ceased to call themselves Liberal—passages that remarkably illustrate the evolution of thought through which men's minds have recently been passing, and that seem to indicate plainly the course which wise Conservative statesmen will elect to follow. The first is from the *Saturday Review*:—

> The defect of the Conservative organization is not that the party is wanting in respectability, or that its leaders are at a loss for plausible arguments. Their sarcasms and invectives are often well deserved, but they faintly represent the distrust and alarm which are excited in thoughtful minds by the more or less conscious complicity of the Government with projects of political and social subversion. . . . If the greatness and imminence of the danger were once made intelligible to the respectable classes of the community, attacks on the Government would no longer be confined to charges of feeble legislation, or of personal inconsistency. The whole fabric of society is threatened with destruction; nor is the purpose of its enemies in any way disguised. Mr. Labouchere's Income Tax of fifty or a hundred per cent. on those whom he may choose to denounce as unnecessarily rich, might be converted into a practical measure if it became worth the while of agitators and adventurers to profess the theories of Dr. Pankhurst. *Grave Conservative politicians ought to assume the championship not of a Parliamentary party, but of the vast community which is exposed to anarchy and ruin.**

If this advice be sound, the policy of the Conservatives is to prove to the people that they are not merely an oligarchical faction, bound together simply for the acquisition of political power, but an union of patriotic statesmen, appealing to the Monarchical, the Imperial, the Liberty-loving spirit of their countrymen. They must extend their ideas beyond the mere Parliamentary principles of Party: they must rely on the democratic principle of Association.

The other passage is from the *St. James's Gazette*, and it is the immediate corollary of the advice offered by the *Saturday Review*:—

> The truth is that, though we have heard some rather spirited speeches of late from the anti-Radical side, very little has been or is being done. And yet the Opposition must know that, without the help of men who refuse to call themselves Tories, though they are absolutely opposed to the Radicalism of the period, they must make a halting fight. But what *can* be done, it will be asked, to bring the Moderate Liberals into the field? Conceivably the answer might be, More moderation in Conservatism—a more Liberal spirit. But that isn't it. Between the Liberals who turned Mr. Gladstone out in 1874 and the whole mass of Conservatives to-day, there are not many shades of difference. The answer is to be found in that other passage of Mr. Goschen's speech to which we have alluded; the gist of which is that the Opposition want the courage of their opinions. They do not speak clearly enough or boldly enough. They keep their principles in the scabbard too much; and when they do produce them, produce them in parade-day fashion. That is what Mr. Goschen's taunt comes to, though he does not put it in terms so mild. Now, is it true or not? Is it half true? Half true at least it is. But if so, then the Conservatives are not altogether unlike the arm-chair politicians themselves. Or, if that is too much to say, this is not, and it is the main point of these present observations. The men so accurately described by Mr. Goschen are far less likely to bestir themselves if they fancy there are among the Conservatives any

* *Saturday Review*, October 6, "The Conservative Case."

of the signs of confusion, or timidity, or hopelessness. Courage, confidence, promptitude, persistency, if these qualities are not seen in the Conservative ranks at a time like this, it is not very difficult to foretell what will become of the Moderate Liberal. In many and many an instance he will sink back into the indifference or disgust which have thrown politics in America into thoroughly bad hands, and when that happens, it will be an evil day for England; and no set of men are more concerned in averting the misfortune than the Conservative Party.*

The leaders of the Tory Party may be sure that what is here expressed is widely felt, not only by Moderate Liberals, but by Moderate Conservatives. The truth is, the Conservatives as a Party are hampered by their respect for the old traditions of Parliamentary conflict. We constantly hear them quoting such old saws, for instance, as that it is the business of an Opposition to criticise the policy of a Government, and not to propose a policy of their own. No doubt the Opposition has its own functions, but nothing but opposition is weariness to the flesh. To fight in this way is very much as if a general should hope to win victories by applying the principles of Vauban to the circumstances of modern warfare; it implies that the people are to have no disclosure of what Conservative policy will be till the Conservatives are in office. But if there are such things as Conservative principles opposed to Radical principles, true statesmen ought to be able to indicate, at least in outline, to the people the direction which Conservative policy will take in opposition to Radical policy, and having done so, they should fight stoutly for their opinions till they have brought the people over to their side. The people will follow those who show courage, wisdom, and honesty in defence of what they believe to be right.

Courage, wisdom, and honesty! The hope of the future lies in these. Politically speaking, it may be difficult to see how Party Government would work if all those who desire to maintain the Constitution were gathered into one party, and opposed to the motley sections who, for one reason or another, wish to destroy it. I have my own ideas on the subject, whatever they may be worth, and perhaps on some future occasion the editors of the *National Review* will let me express them. But at any rate, the only rational division of parties on principle is that of Constitutionalists and Radicals, and without principle, as I have all along argued, Party Government will not work. I am, however, rather inclined to think that the great problems which lie before us in the future are not so much political as social in the widest Imperial sense of the word; they will be solved, if they are solved, not by machinery, but by character. If the English aristocracy will dare to *lead* the English democracy, the State may weather the storm by which it

* *St. James's Gazette*, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

is assailed; if they show fear or distrust of the people the peril is great indeed. As I passed the other day along the Thames Embankment, I came to a spot at which I seemed to see embodied in outward form the existing condition of English society. It was where old Northumberland House used to stand, with its gardens sloping towards the river; and the recollection of that noble mansion and its famous lion appeared to me a kind of image of the old aristocratic Constitution before the first Reform Bill. Northumberland House has vanished, but its site is not occupied by ruins or desolation. Where the turf of its garden was once green is now rising the front of a vast hotel; just above this is the emporium of one of our great religious societies; and beyond this a long array of shops and offices, all bearing witness to the activity and vitality of the present, yet not unconnected with the historic life of the past, for in one direction the eye passes by an easy transition to the old seventeenth-century church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in another to Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall, and in a third to the Houses of Parliament. These seemed to me symbols of the wisdom of *Laissez-faire* in the only true and just sense of the word, the fruits of the energies of a people confident in the rights secured to them by centuries of rational liberty. But as my thoughts crossed the water to the foul sights of the New Cut, or eastward to the crowded dwellings of Bethnal Green, the shadow on our prosperity, as Lord Salisbury has called it, passed over my mind, and I saw the great aristocratic structure of society no longer alive with commercial enterprise, but beleaguered by the sullen-dreaming hordes of an overgrown democracy. The prospect was a gloomy one, and yet there was nothing desperate in it, though desperate it might well be if we had nothing to look to but political machinery. Our hope, as it seemed to me, lay not in Parliamentary Institutions, Party Government, or State Intervention, but rather in the transformation of the heart and spirit of society itself. Two words came into my mind as suggesting the most powerful defence against the antagonism of classes and the disintegration of Empire. They were NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THOMAS TANTIVY.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY.

HALF a century ago, the first feeling of all Englishmen was for England. Now the sympathies of a powerful party are instinctively given to what is against England. . . . For ourselves we are disposed to think that patriotism has become in some breasts so very reasonable an emotion, because it is ceasing to be an emotion at all; and that these superior scruples, to which our fathers were insensible, and which always make the balance of justice lean to the side of abandoning either our territory or our countrymen, indicate that the national impulses which used to make Englishmen cling together in face of every external trouble, are beginning to disappear.—*Quarterly Review* for October, "Disintegration."

> O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
> Like little body in a mighty heart,—
> What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
> Were all thy children kind and natural!
>
> *Shakespeare*, Henry V.

I.

Streams that are fed by far-off snows,
  Though, swept in sea-ward course,
Through vale and plain their volume grows,
  Still feel their mountain source:
So as our annals we remount,
  And trace each famous line,
We reach at length the Empire's fount,
  And hail it, Cecil, thine!

II.

Saviour of Unity! who first
  Didst gather at their shed
The springs of Freedom, long dispersed,
  To flow in deeper bed;
That jarring states, ancestral foes,
  With blended force might run,
The Thistle wed the English Rose,
  And rival realms be One.*

* Cecil's policy of uniting England and Scotland.

III.

Swept down were Faction, Schism, Plot,
Upon that current strong;
The Puritan his zeal forgot,
The Catholic his wrong;
Till Spain, too late from dreams awake,
On foundering decks had seen
A Howard's hand could strike with Drake
For Country, Hearth, and Queen.

IV.

Great Spirit! if, though far away,
We here invoke thy name,
'Tis that in English hearts to-day
Still glows the sacred flame;
And, feeding thy transmitted torch,
The sacred trust we own,
To keep division from the Church,
And treason from the Throne;

V.

The old corruption to amend,
But guard the old design;
Bid selfish Opposites to blend;
Enlarge, embrace, combine;
Like Rome, an empire to expand,
And yet, than Rome more wise,
Each proud aggressor to withstand
But let the conquered *rise*.*

VI.

Thus, as our cause with thine we link
And pray that, soon or late,
The Class may in the Nation sink,
The Party in the State,
Thy Spirit, breathing from the Past,
Shall be our leader still,
Till what a Cecil's hope forecast
A Cecil's hand fulfil.

* The Roman policy was purely military; Domination rather than Justice was its principle: "*Parcere* subjectis sed debellare superbos."

VII.

So from thy patriot source shall spread
  Victoria's equal rule,
From Athabasca's pine-built shed
  To mosques of the Mogul.
Fair Commerce shall unite the fold,
  And Faction shall crouch down,
And all the Federate Realm uphold
  One People and one Crown.

PHILO-TUDOR.

WHAT IS "THE SCENE"?

THERE has been much discussion of late on the subject of scenery, and what is called the "mounting" of plays. It has risen chiefly in consequence of the rich and sumptuous fashion in which plays have been set forth at the Lyceum Theatre, where it may be safely assumed that stage adornment has been brought to its highest perfection. Indeed, it may be conceded that all that taste and artistic feeling can do has been done there. The cultivated instincts of the manager, the skill of the painters, costumiers and designers, the groupings, lights, and colours, all have combined to dazzle and delight the audience, and satisfy, in the highest degree, the supposed requirements of the drama. The progress of science has curiously aided the movement: without the lime-light the glittering clothes, the armour, the brilliant hues of the scene, could never have displayed their sheen to advantage. The rich plush stuffs now manufactured in profusion, and the "silver armour"—a modern discovery—have also contributed to the show. Yet the thought often suggests itself, Does the brilliant view of a street in Venice, bathed in a gaudy glaring light, really resemble anything in the outside world; or have not training and habit made us accept these conventional forms in despite of reason? Certain it is that this unnatural and Plutonian atmosphere with its adjuncts must, of necessity, overwhelm the actors and the acting. It is out of all proportion to the simple figures, and to what they utter. It attracts the chief part of the spectators' attention, and makes the actors appear inferior. Under the older dispensations of the last century, four chandeliers, suspended over their heads, supplied the needful light, and the scenery was a simple painted screen behind, in low colouring, and but faintly illuminated. Hence we can see how much the force, the impression, of their figures was intensified. They, and all they said, at once riveted attention. The natural result of the modern system is the moral dwarfing of the performers.

For when we can see a gathering of houses, statues, an open *Place*, all brought within one *coup d'œil*, the figures must be dwindled to correspond, even if they be real living figures. Any-

one who looks at a painted landscape will see how small the figures are compared with the rest of the canvas. We cannot have both large. To suit the proportion of the living figures, and to let them assert their place, just a sufficient portion of the scene behind should be furnished; the rest—the trees, houses, &c.—should be thrown back to the proper distance by the painter's art. But this will be shown more minutely further on.

In some of these richly-mounted dramas the stage seems choked with figures, furniture, dressings, projecting scenes, and frames, with the result that the leading characters have an undistinguished air, and are confused with the background. Words and speeches, like those of Shakespeare, are delivered with infinitely more effect when the stage is less encumbered, for there is less to distract the attention. Modern scenery is now constructed on the "building-up" principle. Great houses and other buildings, streets, &c. are all constructed in their actual form, and drawn on the stage by numbers of men, and, as one scene does for an act, there is sufficient time to rear these edifices. The "cloth" is but rarely used, perhaps because it looks poor and ridiculous in company with so much solid matter. But is not this "building-up" system really opposed to the illusion of the stage? The stage is but a small area, under the most favourable conditions, reaching to some forty or fifty feet in width, by, say, a hundred feet in length. In this contracted space the scene-builder proposes to exhibit a market-place, for instance, in an Italian city. Houses, fountain, flights of stairs, streets—all are brought together in one view. In real life, only a fragment of these things could be seen at once from the same point. Possibly it may be said that at the distance at which the spectator is seated, the eye would take in all the objects named. But then they would be far smaller and more indistinct, according to the rules of perspective. The living figures would supply the scale of proportion. As it is, the arrangement is all at fault. For these "built up" structures are on a miniature scale, the tallest house being only some four or five times the height of the performer. It is like the apparition of a human face in a puppet show. It may, perhaps, be urged that we see something of the effect of this relief in *alto relievos* on the sides of monuments, where a scene with houses and figures, raised a few inches, produces an effect. But here the perspective is simulated, the buildings, &c. are sloped at various angles. They are actually on the plane, or a flat, whereas the theatrical relief recedes, as in reality. The whole is, in short, an attempt to combine the conditions of reality with the conditions of illusion.

The statement of a few simple principles—conceded by all—will help us to a clear understanding of the matter. It will be found

that scenic effect depends on the same principle as dramatic effect. In both it lies in the essence of a number of details, as the untrained dramatist soon finds out to his astonishment. In real life when a genuine or exciting dramatic situation occurs, it is surely not with richly-dressed people, symmetrically grouped, nor in the exact centre of palatial apartments, nor at the exact moment that a procession is passing, nor with magnificent furniture appointments and decorations specially arranged. These things never enter into the situation. A battle is a grand complex panorama to the mind; but the real battle, to those who have witnessed it, is a few men grouped near, and a cloud of smoke. It might be a street fight. The death of Lord Chatham, as painted by Copley, showing the House of Lords in all its extent, and all the peers in a vast crowd gathered round, is a good memorial. But those who witnessed the dramatic moment, saw nothing of this, or saw it all faintly. For them there was the dying orator and his agonies, and perhaps the one or two who supported him and who entered into the action.

The simple answer to the question, "What is '*the scene*'?" will help to clear up the matter more effectually. The "scene" has, indeed, come to have a limited technical meaning, as applied to the immediate surroundings of the action, either painted or "built up." But it has a more abstract or general sense, in which it seems to imply the dramatic moment of interest arising out of a situation where two personages, for example, are engaged in a room, either conversing or arranging a conspiracy, or busy with some other dramatic purpose. If they are interrupted by a third, he "enters on the scene," and adds a fresh dramatic element. Now, by our present scenic laws, this process is always carried out with a *literal* exactness. From the moment of the actor's appearance at the edge of the scene, his progress must be according to the strict conditions of real life; there must be a door for him to open and close, and from the door he must be followed across the real carpet till he joins the party in the centre. Yet surely in the case of a dramatic incident in real life these things are not considered. A man who has been present at an exciting scene in some drawing-room, does not recall whether the door opened, or how the person entered. All he remembers is, the person came and joined the party. He recollects that they were standing in the *centre* part of a great room, with a general notion of furniture, &c. in the background, which made no particular impression on him. But all that took place within the zone that held the figures is vividly before him. Thus, when we read "*Scene—A Street,*" there is meant, not that a whole street should be displayed to convey to our greedy senses that something

took place in the street. In real life, a person who has witnessed some dramatic episode "in the street," bears away with him a kind of abstract notion of "street," a corner, with a house or two as background. This generally is all that dramatic action asks for; more interferes with its effect; it is surplusage. Hence, the merit of what was called "old stock scenery," when there was one general view of "a street" used in almost every play, a palace interior, a church, a cottage, which scenery did service in every drama. Of course there would be an absurdity in using an English street scene for an Italian play; but there is no doubt the scenery could be much more generalized than it is, and particular scenes could be used for many plays.

And this principle applies particularly to the fashionable practice, before alluded to, of loading the stage with heavy furniture and "built up" scenes—obstructions, as they might well be called. For the theory of the stage, or "the scene," it must be repeated, is that it is a segment or fragment of the ground on which human figures move, and which should be clear and unencumbered. In real life, where anything dramatic occurs, one is conscious of this clear space, and when we recall it, the furniture, &c. seems to recede into indistinctness. "The Stage" offers this ideal space, and the necessary encumbering objects belonging to the enclosing screens should be painted on the canvas.

This, then, should surely be the idea and ideal of "the scene," not the *whole* of the room, with all its furniture and decorations presented in one *coup d'œil*, seen from afar off, looking, as it were, into a stereoscope, but so much of it as a spectator standing close to the persons engaged in the dramatic situation would note. In our memories, in short, the image always takes the shape, not of something surrounding the figures, but of a strip of background, much what we see in a bas-relief. With this idea is connected the curious problem of the ideal position of the audience or spectator. Is he looking on, Asmodeus-like, from afar off, the wall of the room being removed to allow him to see what is going on; or is that wall *behind* him, and is he supposed to be in the room, and, though virtually at a distance, presumed to be close to the performer? The adoption of the first theory really seems to have led to all the cumbrous abuses in the matter of scenery. For the opening, which is covered by the curtain, thus becomes a sort of "peep-show"; everything, as we have shown, must be compressed and dwarfed so as to give a complete view—a complete cathedral interior, drawing-room, market-place, square, street, interior of a cottage, all must be fitted to the one Procrustean standard, while, oddest of all, the area of the cottage interior is equal to the area of the Italian market-place.

The other theory really obtained till so lately as thirty years ago, when the stage represented not a complete interior or a complete area of any kind, but merely a segment. When there was "a Flat" exhibited, with "side scenes" to mark the exits and entrances, there was simply a background for the performers. They were not enclosed, and for persons in the pit and stalls, the background was there, just as it was for the actors. They were only further removed. This system of flats, or painted cloths, therefore, must be considered the true scenic one. By it it is given to the painter to produce the effects with which the stage mechanic and "builder up" finds it impossible to grapple. The painter, by the arts of perspective and effects of colour, can supply enormous distance, heights as enormous, and subdue all to a proper proportion. More remarkable, however, is the effect of largeness and dignity in the action of the personages, which the use of flats and side-scenes supplies. Take the case of a "Chamber in a palace." It is now usually presented as a sort of deep box with the side toward the audience removed. The flanking walls always give the idea of contraction and restraint. But under the old system it seemed to stretch away to the right and left behind the scenes. We were only looking at a portion of the great chamber, the portion with which we were directly concerned, because the characters were there. Under this system too, the character entered and "came on the scene," not through a door, but from behind a side-scene, thus carrying out the idea that we only see him in his passage to join the characters. He entered by the door which might be somewhere behind the scenes. It did not, indeed, matter, for dramatic purposes, how or where he entered; all that we were concerned with was the zone, as I have called it, of dramatic interest, in the centre of the chamber, and his passage to it. It seems to me that this and all that flows from it, tends to a largeness and dignity in the dramatic action. In this shape, of course, it is merely a rude principle, but with study and development it would be the foundation of a wonderful reform and would lead to the heightening of genuine dramatic effect.

In other directions, too, we see the same mistake, of attempting by a literal representation, on a limited area, to convey the presentment of what is real. This is physically impossible, and the failure is in proportion to the ambition of the attempt. Take the instance of "an army." The mode now is to enlist a vast number of supers, arm and drill them, and then marshal them across the stage. By stage law they take the one course, defiling down to the foot-lights, passing across, and turning transversely up to the back, where they spread out their ranks. This is assumed to be most effective, but, in truth, the effect only shows the poverty

of the device; for how can some fifty, or even a hundred men, squeezed into a space forty or fifty feet square, convey the idea of an army? Formerly half a dozen "soldiers" did for the purpose, but this ridiculous force was no more absurd as representing "an army" than the hundred men. At this moment such displays have become so conventional and familiar that they no longer impress. I believe that on truer dramatic principles, an *indication* of an army would be infinitely more effective. In real life, when a general comes to visit a potentate, he does not enter at the head of his "army" and defile round the room in such a style. So with battles on the stage, which somehow never appear natural, and generally verge on the ludicrous, however well done.

Enough, however, has been said to show the nature of the true principle of scenery. It will be easily seen how the present system has grown into a vice which is impoverishing the stage, to say nothing of an impoverishment yet more literal. To the system of "cloths" and side-scene should, of course, be applied all the resources of art, and great improvement might be made on the old and rude methods. The properties could be brought out with a startling vividness, and I have seen attempts in this direction which for effect were indistinguishable from the most elaborate "built up" efforts. One single result proves that the existing system is wrong: it entails the running of a single play for months, since it is impossible to change the scene once set in its place. The true ideal of a theatre is a succession of plays; with the "cloth" system, the trouble of changing scene and scenery counts as nothing. But the intelligence of the reader will deduce innumerable other blessings and advantages certain to flow when this devouring ogre has been destroyed.

A few "canons," based on the principles we have been considering, will be useful as a summary:—

1. The background, surroundings, &c. of a dramatic incident should be as unimportant or subsidiary on the stage as they are always in real life.

2. The less the importance given to scenery, the more that of the figures increases, and *vice versâ*.

3. The abundance of light now shed upon the scene diminishes the relief of the figures, whereas the comparative shade, or indistinctness of the background, throws out the figures. The colouring should be low in tone.

4. The object of scenery is negative rather than positive—the exclusion of the homely outside world and its details, with the creation of an illusive world; instead of which the aim now appears to be to introduce the outside world and all its details, and join the stage to real life.

5. As dramatic character, diction, &c. is all *general*, so the same principle should be, as far as possible, applied to scenery.

6. "The scene" is the immediate segment of locality where the incident occurs; not a complete representation of the room, street, courtyard, &c.

7. The relative proportion of surrounding objects to the figures, as well as the sense of distance, can only be conveyed by painting. Painting conveys the illusion of relief far more effectively than material imitations.

8. The sense of dramatic *interest* and excitement is kindled more powerfully when left to the unaided exertion of the performers; shows, vast groupings, elaborate "built-up" effects, more or less enfeeble the dramatic effect.

With these canons in view, I could fancy the manager of the future carrying out quite a reform of the stage, in the essential points of economy, better illusion, more dramatic power, and improved acting.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE ROAD TO THE EAST AND ITS PROTECTION.

THE political and commercial interests of the world—specially of this country—are so closely linked to the destinies of the highway to India and our colonies, that it is almost impossible to approach the subject in an unbiassed spirit.

Politics, national feeling, party tactics, and vast commercial interests, are jointly and separately liable to obscure sound judgment, and people are to-day as likely to exaggerate the dangers, or to underrate the consequences of M. de Lesseps's proposals, as they were a quarter of a century ago, when he endeavoured to obtain the support of England for the Suez Canal by suggesting to start simultaneously the Euphrates railway and offering the chairmanship of the twin company to a distinguished Englishman.

Fate, and Lord Clarendon, willed it otherwise; but the great Frenchman succeeded, and, whilst we pigeon-holed the Euphrates scheme to oblige Napoleon III., the energy of M. de Lesseps overcame all obstacles, in the very teeth of British opposition.

Events have proved the mistake of Lord Palmerston and his colleagues; yet it will be well to recollect that when he opposed the construction of the canal "as a scheme at variance with the political and national interests of this country," he did so distinctly on the plea "that it was not our interest that there should be open, between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, a water passage at the command of other Powers and *not ours*."* He evidently had an intuition of the political dangers the protection of this water-way would entail upon us, and he could not be brought to believe in the neutral *genus* of the Universal Canal.

It is too late to lament a fatal error of judgment, but it would be suicidal to repeat it; and by backing to-day M. de Lessep's supposed monopoly—contested by the advisers of both the Egyptian and the Turkish Governments—we shall do as much and more harm, than in days past, when our refusal to join in the Suez Canal undertaking, or to link it to the Euphrates scheme, became the means for establishing French preponderance.

Yet the Egyptian Government was even then desirous, not only that England should be a party to the venture, but that England

* Speech of Lord Palmerston, House of Commons, June 1st, 1858.

should take the lead and the management; for soon after the opening, Ismail, the munificent patron of the enterprise, told Colonel Stanton "that the only way to make the canal serviceable for general navigation, was that an English company should obtain possession of it," an idea Lord Granville must have countenanced at the time, as he caused the Board of Trade to investigate the proposal. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that M. de Lesseps felt also, from the first, uneasy on account of the possible dangers arising out of Anglo-French rivalry, and therefore suggested that the Canal should be purchased by the Governments of Europe, and be made international.

That this would have been the lesser of two evils is evidenced by the sequel, and by the false position into which England would have been placed, had not Lord Beaconsfield prevented the Khedive from parting with his 177,642 shares to a French syndicate of capitalists, which would virtually have made the Canal French property until the expiration of the concession.

The purchase of the Khedive's shares in 1875 was an able move on the political chess-board, and, minimising the evil of French preponderance, it asserted the determination of H.M.'s Government not to let the highway to India fall into other hands. This step was certainly welcomed by Egypt, for Cherif Pasha—then, as now, Premier—assured Colonel Stanton "that the Egyptian Government, looking upon England as its most sincere friend, preferred seeing the Egyptian interests in the Suez Canal transferred to *her*, than to any other country." Indeed, it must be regretted that we did not, at the time, go a step further, and also purchase the right of the Egyptian Government to the 15 per cent. of the net revenues of the Canal, as specified in the concession, which Ismail Pasha offered to sell us, suggesting "that it would in his opinion carry with it a greater power of control over the company, than the mere possession of his shares." No doubt His Highness was right; for all centres round the power of control, it is the *alpha* and *omega* of the Suez question.

Indeed, as far as England is concerned, even M. de Lesseps' proposed agreement would be acceptable, had we—instead of the French—a majority on his board; but, as matters stand, there is good reason to fear that the master mind that coaxed Saïd Pasha into giving him a, for Egypt, ruinous concession, was on the point of getting once more the best of a clever bargain.

However, public opinion was too strong, too vigilant, and M. de Lesseps scored only a platonic victory—at least, as far as we know.

That the proposal was tantamount to a surrender for a hundred and four years of our commercial interests in the East will hardly be denied by anyone, except Sir Rivers Wilson and his colleagues on

the Suez Board, and though "political dangers may vanish before the determination of the British people to allow no one directly or indirectly to hamper their intercourse with India," it would have been a risky thing to stake the peace of the world on the sense of equity, or the good pleasure of a board of Frenchmen. On the other hand, one can well understand the desire of Her Majesty's Government not to provoke the susceptibility of a friendly power, by an infringement of acquired rights, and one must approve of their endeavour to conciliate the interests of all concerned.

According to Mr. Gladstone, the question is not "about supporting our interests, but whether they are to be supported by *separate* or by *common* action"; and it would certainly simplify matters could "the free, safe, and continuous use of the canal" be insured by a common understanding of the Powers. But how?

The proposed agreement would in no respect have been conducive to facilitate an object unattainable as long as the present monopoly of M. de Lesseps—not the canal monopoly across the isthmus, but the *monopoly of management*—is allowed to continue.

When, in November 1854, Saïd Pasha assembled all the functionaries and foreign consuls at the citadel of Cairo to notify his project, His Highness stated, "that a company, representing *all* countries, was to be formed, *to whom* he would grant the concession of making the canal, entrusting M. de Lesseps only with the execution of the scheme"; indeed, in one of his stormy interviews with Mr. Green, Her Majesty's Consul, the Viceroy laid particular stress on the fact, "that *he* was personally the promoter, and that M. de Lesseps was simply executing his orders."

The universal character of the undertaking has, moreover, been specified in the various acts of concession; and the Porte, threatening to withhold its consent unless international stipulations would guarantee absolute neutrality, protested distinctly against an almost independent *imperium in imperio.*

Neither any of the Viceroys nor their Suzerain ever contemplated the creation of a French monopoly. The *pouvoir exclusif* claimed to-day by M. de Lesseps did not, as alleged, refer to the piercing of the canal, but to his personal and exclusive right of management, for a period of ten years. Indeed, this very stipulation, guaranteeing the promoter against the caprices of the grantor, is a *tacit* recognition of the Viceroy's power over the company, and neither M. de Lesseps nor anyone else would, in those days, have dared to start the notion of *exterritorialité* and canal monopoly.

English opposition to the scheme gave it a French tendency, and the interested support of Napoleon III.'s *entourage*, converted the conception of a great Frenchman into a National enterprise, though it must be admitted that M. de Lesseps himself wished it all

along to be international. Its success is incontestable, and it is only right that M. de Lesseps should reap the fruits of his labour and perseverance, and he and his friends are doing so.

To use our present hold on Egypt as a means for stripping the Suez Canal Company of their vested rights would be as ungenerous as it would be impolitic; but desirable as it is to avoid, as far as possible, any friction with France in her present state of over-sensitiveness, we can hardly be expected to leave the key of the highway to India in the hands of foreigners, and to efface ourselves *because* we are the strongest, and, as such, inclined to be generous, and *because* M. de Lesseps is a Frenchman.

He said, himself, in his letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, of February 28th, 1855: "L'Égypte est la route la plus directe de l'Angleterre à ses possessions orientales . . . cette route doit lui être constamment ouverte, et en ce qui touche ce puissant intérêt, elle ne saurait *jamais* transiger."

Yet when last year we were compelled to enter the canal for the protection and at the request of the Khedive, the wild protestations of M. de Lesseps might have led to serious international complications, had France been ready or disposed to pick a quarrel.

One may, therefore, conclude what England has to expect in case of a European conflagration; but, dismissing this contingency for the present, it suffices that purely commercial considerations oppose any further extension of the privileges of the Suez Canal Company, under the present—virtually French—management.

Space does not permit to enumerate the many and daily vexations to which British shipping is exposed, they are embodied in a Memorandum laid recently before the Admiralty; and in his able report, Captain Rice, R.N., calls attention to the prevalent favouritism shown to French steamers, occupying on an average forty-eight hours against seventy-one hours spent by P. and O. boats and others in navigating the ninety-six miles between Port Saïd and Suez; also to the fact that of 117 pilots, only one-sixth can be fairly regarded as competent, including the only three English pilots in the canal; further, to the absurdity of making a captain responsible for the grounding of his ship, and not the pilot, to whom the Company obliges him to resign the navigation; and, lastly, to the minor grievances of extortionate pilotage-dues, the rights and charges of towage and tug-boats, the inefficiency of harbour police, the bumptious and arbitrary ways of the French canal officials, and the difficulties of fair trial in legal disputes between shippers and the Company. Looking only at the exaggerated transit dues, which so much affect our commerce, they are obviously the consequence of the absence of competition, and and consequently one has to submit to the inevitable; but when

it comes to the construction of a second canal, surely we are justified—nay, it becomes our duty, to study first of all the interests of this vast Empire; and it would simply be suicidal to agree, for a century, to a royalty affecting almost exclusively British shipping; considering that the competition of a second canal would at once lower the tarif, or that, at all events, the concession for another waterway to an English syndicate would put us in a position to treat *pari passu* with the Canal autocrat.

M. de Lesseps is far too cute a man of business, not to suggest an understanding, if he saw us in earnest. England's indecision is his force, the fear of our Government to ruffle French national susceptibility is his chief trump, and our want of initiative makes him bold. And how could it be otherwise, when the very men who are supposed to represent and to defend British interests on his Board argue that we are powerless, and that we must be thankful to get what he condescends to offer, and when even the law officers of the Crown admit the existence of a monopoly?

Yet all we require is simply a free, safe, and cheap waterway, which an adequate representation on the Board, with alternate meetings in London and Paris, could and would secure. Indeed, there is no reason why M. de Lesseps should not remain the President and the leading spirit of the concern; on the contrary, it is highly desirable in the interest of all that the new Canal should have the benefit of his vast experience and indomitable energy.

It may be for France a matter of national *amour propre* that a French board should manage the Company's affairs; for England it is a question of *to be or not to be*, that her commerce should not, for generations to come, remain at the mercy of foreigners. Indeed, it is only fair that the construction of the second canal should inaugurate a new era, and that modifications of the articles of association should put an end to the supremacy of French management, and secure equitably balanced powers. Shareholders would not be affected by a change of personalities on the Board, nor would the French Government have any reason for complaint as long as the individual rights of French subjects are respected.

In fact, the whole difficulty lies in a nutshell, for it centres around directors' fees and the patronage attached to the office; Surely England is rich enough to indemnify retiring directors on a liberal scale, and it is preposterous to think that the commercial interests of Great Britain should suffer, nay, that the political existence of the Empire should run risk, out of consideration for the pockets of a few French gentlemen.

The fact, accepted by Mr. Childers and his colleagues, that M. de Lesseps has the absolute right, for the whole of the remaining

eighty-five years of the concession, to charge, if he pleases, a toll of ten francs per ton, plus pilotages, &c. suggests more than anything else the necessity of either an independent railway or canal, or such modifications in the existing arrangements as will protect English commerce and shipping against arbitrary exactions, and will place Englishmen on an equal footing with French competitors.

It is idle talk to say that M. de Lesseps can snap his fingers at England, that the proposed agreement embodied all and more than we can expect, and that it is "all take and no give" on our side; for where would the Company be without our custom, and the two millions paid last year in transit dues by English commerce?

For every French vessel there are *twenty-five* English passing through the Canal; and the Company would not be able to live twenty-four hours, were British shippers "to strike"—if such a contingency was possible—considering that they contribute in round figures £6,000 a-day, whilst the combined shipping of France and the rest of the world reaches hardly £2,000, or one-half of the daily average requirements.

A few figures will help us to realise the justice of my plea. Opened in November 1869, a British steamer was the first to pay transit dues, and of the 12,454 that passed the canal during the first ten years, there were 9,154 English, and though there has been a falling off of about 50 per cent. in the number of barges, the number of vessels has increased from 486 in 1870 to 3,754 in 1882, the tonnage from under half a million to over seven millions, and the receipts from about five to sixty-three and a half million francs, as shown by the following tables:—

Year.	Ships.	Gross Tonnage.	Gross Receipts.
1870	468	435,911	5,159,327
1871	765	761,467	8,993,732
1872	1,082	1,439,169	16,407,591
1873	1,173	2,085,072	22,897,319
1874	1,264	2,423,672	24,859,383
1875	1,494	2,940,708	28,886,302
1876	1,457	3,072,107	29,974,998
1877	1,663	3,418,949	32,774,344
1878	1,593	3,291,535	31,098,229
1879	1,477	3,236,942	30,949,148
1880	2,026	4,344,519	41,820,899
1881	2,727	5,794,401	54,676,189
1882	3,754	7,122,125	63,409,590

And for the first half of 1883, a gross tonnage of 4,305,882, with gross receipts exceeding 35,329,243, as far as returns have come in.

The proportion of English vessels, and the amount of transit dues, &c. contributed by British shipping, is officially stated as:

64	per cent.	in 1870	78	per cent.	in 1877
65	,,	,, 1871	79	,,	,, 1878
70	,,	,, 1872	77	,,	,, 1879
69	,,	,, 1873	79	,,	,, 1880
71	,,	,, 1874	82	,,	,, 1881
71	,,	,, 1875	87	,,	,, 1882
73	,,	,, 1876			

Figures which, independently of our large stake in the share capital, would fully justify an adequate representation on the Board, notwithstanding the assurances of the present English delegates that our interests could not be in better hands, and "that they cannot call to mind a single occasion when a division in the Council has been taken on a question of real importance," an undeniable proof of either their incompetency or their indifference to the abnormal disadvantages of our shipping.

True, opposition would have been of little practical use, as the three English Directors have no check on their twenty-one French colleagues; but it would have been better than a servile acquiescence to the good pleasure of M. de Lesseps, and more to our advantage than the advocacy of an impossible agreement.

A look at the last balance-sheet must convince even the most exacting shareholders that they have no subject for complaint, though British commerce and the Egyptian Exchequer have.

The total receipts for 1882 amount to something over two millions and a half sterling (63,409,593 francs), of which four-fifths are contributed by English shipping. The working expenses amount to £730,000, and the sinking fund and interest on consolidated coupons to about £500,000, leaving £1,260,000 for distribution.

15 per cent. = £189,000, to the Egyptian Government.

10 per cent. = £126,000, go to the founders, *i.e.* to the Lesseps family and the gentlemen whom M. de Lesseps presented with so-called founder-shares, for supporting his scheme.

2 per cent. = £25,200, to M. de Lesseps and his co-Directors.

2 per cent. = £25,200, to the invalid fund for *employés*.

71 per cent. = £894,600, for distribution to the shareholders (fr. 31·67 Founders, 56·22 ordinary, 82·73 Preference).

Nothing could be more satisfactory than these figures, and it is not likely that England would wantonly ruin so flourishing a concern, considering the enormous stake Her Majesty's Government have in the venture—over 40 per cent. of the share capital, and by the time we shall participate in the dividends the steady increase of traffic is sure to give us a return of more than half a million per annum for an outlay of only four millions. It is absurd to imagine

that we are likely to cut our own throats; but, on the other hand, it cannot be expected that we should wish to extend or to perpetuate a monopoly which, advantageous to the State as shareholder, is the reverse to the nation as a trader.

The proposed agreement has been dropped, and neither "the close and familiar communications" which Mr. Gladstone foreshadowed at the Lord Mayor's banquet, nor M. de Lesseps' crusade to our shipping centres, are likely to remove what he calls "the regrettable misunderstanding," or to secure for England "the unbounded, most solid and real advantages" anticipated by Her Majesty's Government, if the illustrious Chairman of the Suez Canal Company has only come to England, as the *Morning Post* reports him to have stated at a meeting of the Geographical Society, "for the purpose of augmenting the prosperity of *his* undertaking," and *if British capital is to pay for another hundred years a usurious and ruinous interest on what M. de Lesseps calls "le capital Français et de ses Associés,"* and that without having an adequate voice in an undertaking of which Great Britain owns half, and to the success of which her shipping contributes 87 per cent. However, as again officious negotiations are being carried on, I should like to call attention to two points which seem not to have been sufficiently noticed. One, the deceptive effect of the sliding scale suggested by M. de Lesseps; the other, the new hardships in store for Egypt.

All men of business will agree that French Directors cannot be expected to recommend considerable reductions of transit dues, considering that it would hardly affect French commerce, and only reduce dividends; whilst, on the other hand, M. de Lesseps wisely provided for the contingency of a possible falling-off of profits, by stipulating that, in that case, the sliding scale devised for the reduction should likewise operate in an opposite direction.

In other words, British commerce was eventually to make up deficiences in order that shareholders might continue to enjoy at least 20 per cent. The Company would thus have had nothing to fear from accidents, bad management, or reckless expenditure, as an increase in the dues would provide for all emergencies—a satisfactory outlook for the shareholders, had the British public endorsed the recommendations of its representatives on M. de Lesseps' board. That, notwithstanding the withdrawal of our Government from the agreement, certain reductions of the tariff will at once be inaugurated, proves only how anxious M. de Lesseps is to pacify public opinion in England, and shows him once more not only as a far-seeing business man, but as a shrewd diplomatist.

We must remember that, in addition to the serious drawbacks to British commerce which the proposed agreement would have

brought in its train, England was also "to be the means of securing substantial advantages to the Company," by obtaining "1st, sufficient land for the construction of the new canal and its approaches; 2nd, permission to construct a fresh-water canal between Ismaïlia and Port Saïd upon terms which would prevent loss to the Company; and 3rd, an extension of the term of the original concession," and this regardless of all the sacrifices brought already by Egypt.

Agreement or no agreement, M. de Lesseps tells us that he means to go on; he knows that he must make some concessions in order not to find us in his way at Cairo; and that nothing can be done without our *fiat* as long as we manage, or help to manage, the affairs of Egypt. But, before looking at his new demands, it may be instructive to recall the cost of the first canal.

M. de Lesseps, in a letter to the *Times*, dated September 13th, 1882, puts the hard cash expenditure at 437 million francs, of which 200 millions were covered by the issue of 400,000 shares of 500 francs each;* but the remainder, part of which was raised on debentures, is far from representing the actual cost to Egypt, which, without reckoning the free grants of land and the *corvée*, may be estimated at over fifty millions sterling,† as shown by the following figures:—

	£
Cash expenditure up to January 1871 - - - (This includes £428,927 for the cutting of Sweet-water Canal; £815,833 to French contractors for completing the work; £1,011,193 expenses of various missions to Europe and Constantinople, and for the opening festivities; £3,360,000 for the indemnity awarded by the Emperor Napoleon III., and paid to the Canal Company; and £3,544,000 for the shares of the Viceroy; the remainder commission and interest, or rather discount at which treasury bonds were negociated.)	16,000,000
Interest at 15 per cent. from January 1871 to January 1874 on £16,000,000 - - - - - - -	7,200,000
Conversion into loan at about 65 per cent. (it did not yield 63 per cent.) - - - - - - -	13,020,000
Interest at 7 per cent. from 1874 to 1877 (including compound interest) - - - - - - -	10,003,000
Interest at 5 per cent. for 1878, and at 4 per cent. for 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, and 1883 - - - -	11,555,222
Representing a total of about - - - - -	£57,778,222

* Of the 400,000 shares, 207,111 were subscribed in France, 5,085 in England, 96,517 by the Viceroy, 51,246 in Austria, 24,174 in Russia, 5,000 in the United States, 4,046 in Spain, 2,615 in Holland, 1,714 in Tunis, 1,353 in Sardinia, 460 in Switzerland, 314 in Belgium, 176 in Tuscany, 97 in Naples, 51 in Rome, 15 in Prussia, 7 in Denmark, 5 in Portugal, 1 in Sweden.

† *Vide Times*, August 11th, 1882.

Total brought forward - -	£57,778,222
From this amount must be deducted the sum paid by England for the Khedive's shares - - - -	4,076,600
Leaving still the enormous total of - - - -	£53,701,622

To the above have to be added not only the free grants of land to the Company, part of which Egypt had to re-purchase, but likewise the incalculable loss of life, labour, and produce occasioned by the gratuitous *corvée* employed on the works—8,000 men in the beginning, but rising to 20,000 after the operations extended, and to 40,000 when the Freshwater Canal had been brought to Lake Timsah, whilst at one time, according to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's official return, as many as 80,000 people were employed. One dare hardly think how many millions were thus indirectly lost to the country *without any consideration*; and yet that was not all, for once opened there was an end to the overland traffic, and the 15 per cent. on the net profits seem a poor compensation for the considerable decrease of revenue, and consequent loss to the Egyptian exchequer; with the amounts spent directly, or lost indirectly, Egypt might easily have made the canal herself, and, instead of being her ruin financially and politically, the canal would now be her property and a source of increasing revenue.

Nay, after its termination, the Khedive thought of digging a second one—a sweet-water canal—the cost of which was estimated at from four to six millions sterling *; but, unfortunately, political considerations induced our Government to recommend the abandonment of a scheme of which Sir Henry Elliot said, in his report of Sept. 24, 1872, to Lord Granville: "If a canal to serve the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, can be made for anything approaching the amount estimated, it would certainly realize a good return *upon a very greatly reduced tarif of transit*, independently of the benefit it would confer upon the country."

Indeed it would be curious if, at some near future, this project of Ismaïl Pasha were to be revived, after having slumbered for over a decade in the pigeon-holes of Downing Street; and it would be a posthumous evidence of the statesman-like foresight of the late Khedive, who thus wished to remedy his mistake of having been *plus canaliste que M. de Lesseps.*†

But whether this tracing or another be considered the most

* "H. H. gave me to understand that negotiations were actually in progress for the formation of an English company with the view of providing the funds necessary for the construction of the canal . . . which would be purely an Egyptian undertaking, though, when completed, it would be leased to the Company by whom the funds for its construction had been provided."—Letter of Col. Stanton to Earl Granville, Sept. 14, 1872.

† *Ce Prince ne cesse de me répéter qu'il ne serait pas digne d'être Vice-Roi, s'il n'était pas plus canaliste que moi.*"—Letter of M. de Lesseps to the Duc d'Albufera, Feb. 14, 1863

advantageous, there is good reason to believe that a powerful fraction of the public in this country will insist on a second canal independent from the first, and the motion adopted by a large majority at the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Derby, on October 2nd, the letter of the Association of Steamship Owners to Lord Granville, as well as the reception of M. de Lesseps at Liverpool and other places, seems to indicate that he is not likely to gain his ends as readily as he fancies, and that a firm stand will be taken against the ministerial views that he is master of the position.

That the British public may be trusted to take care of British interests is obvious, but in the present instance there devolves upon us the additional duty of watching the interests of Egypt, and to prevent our *protégé* from becoming a second time the scapegoat of Continental speculation and greed. For again M. de Lesseps demands not only new grants of land—the same which, given over before free of charge to the Company, Napoleon III.'s scandalous award obliged Egypt to re-purchase for £1,600,000—but he also asks for the Sweet-water Canal concession, so often refused him,* and, lastly, for an extension of his term to ninety-nine years, which means about twenty years from the completion of the new canal—a mere nothing, if we listen to the English Directors on the Suez Board, "considering M. de Lesseps had first thought of asking for an extension of fifty years."

In exchange for all this, Egypt was to receive an increase of 1 per cent. of the net profits of the Company, estimated by Sir Rivers Wilson and his colleagues at £12,000 per annum, or something like £248,000 during the term of 104 years the new concession was intended to run.

Now, considering that the Canal will at present revert to Egypt in eighty-five years, that after paying £730,000 for working expenses, the annual profits amount to-day to £1,800,000; considering that the receipts have increased in less than thirteen years from about £206,000 to £2,500,000, and considering that the

* The last time by Riaz Pasha, who wisely declined to ruin Suez altogether, and to create a state within the state, as M. de Lesseps' scheme comprised a perpetual grant of the lands on both banks of the proposed Sweet-water Canal. Possibly remembering how he got Said Pasha to sign the first Concession, M. de Lesseps attempted to rush Tewfik Pasha, and wanted him to sign the Fresh-water Canal Concession behind the back of his Ministers, and after its formal rejection by the Prime Minister. "But the Khedive refused point-blank, declaring that he should do nothing without his Cabinet; and when M. de Lesseps threatened to remain in Alexandria until the Viceroy should have signed, His Highness replied laughingly: 'In that case Egypt will have the pleasure of possessing you for good; nay, I should never forgive myself if, by signing, I deprived us of your good presence.'" (*Egypt, Native Rulers and Foreign Interference*, by Baron de Malortie, p. 205 *sq.*). And here I may add that M. de Lesseps' subsequent partisanship for Arabi was generally attributed to some promises Arabi was said to have given with reference to the Sweet-water Canal concession.

profits of the next 100 years are likely to increase in a similar proportion; considering, therefore, that the Egyptian Government is expected to renounce during twenty years, an average income of certainly not less than two to four millions a year, or something between forty and eighty millions sterling—it will be admitted that the proposed bargain is hardly one England could in good faith recommend; much less, as the English colleagues of M. de Lesseps benignly suggest, could England take upon herself to impose it on a nation she has undertaken to save from ruin.

True the second canal would be constructed at the Company's expense, and would, like the first, revert to Egypt in about 104 years, but, as the avowed object of a second canal is to reduce the transit dues, the Egyptian Government would have little opportunity for recouping past sacrifices by prospective advantages after the year 1988, for the Suez Canal Company would most likely be the first to recommend, and possibly to inaugurate, such reductions at the end of their term as to leave nothing for Egypt.

All over the world—we have only to remember the *Sound* and *Weser* dues—there has been a tendency to abrogate dues of that kind; and though the privileges of a great French or International Company may hold their own for years to come, there would be a poor outlook for Egypt a century hence, for, surely, long before, all restrictive transit dues will have been reduced to the bare requirements for the maintenance of the waterway; nay, already it has been suggested that England should buy up the canal, in order to make it free to the world. In fact, there are not two sides to the question, and, as the patron and adviser of the Egyptian Government, Great Britain cannot lend her hand to new spoliations; Egypt had to pay millions for her own lands presented to the Company,* and is therefore doubly entitled to expect reciprocity in future transactions. Indeed, it appeals to reason, that no concession for a second canal could be given by Egypt, without substantial advantages; and Egyptian statesmen look upon it as one of the means of extricating the treasury out of its financial difficulties. They anticipate that the promoters would willingly concede to Egypt a large share in the prospective takings; and, objectionable as it is to discount the future, they expect to obtain a sufficient advance on the profits *in petto*, to dispense with a new loan, or at any rate enough to meet the annual liabilities it would entail.

Possibly this view may not be shared by shipowners, who of course must wish to saddle a future canal with a *minimum* of burdens, so as to reduce the dues as much as possible. On the other hand, the just claims of Egypt to a fair compensation for

* Thirty millions of francs for the retrocession of 60,000 hectares, out of the 63,000 conceded free of charge to the Company.

past wrongs are evident; and if we think it to our advantage to construct a second canal, she would, undoubtedly, have to be associated in the venture. The firmness shown by the present Khedive with regard to the Sweet-water Canal concession, indicates that—unless forced by England—he is not likely to yield to French pressure on behalf of M. de Lesseps, the less as even the International Tribunals would hardly find in favour of a monopoly.

Ruined financially and otherwise by the first canal, a second edition of Saïd Pasha's folly, and an enlarged French concern, would expose Egypt to become the battle-field of Anglo-French rivalry, and hasten a conflict which can only terminate in a permanent occupation by one of the Powers.

Though England has no views on Egypt, she cannot allow any other Power—not even Egypt—to lord it over the shortest route to India. In fact, Tel-el-Kebir would never have been fought had not the lawless insurrection of Arabi threatened the safety of the canal; and we shall have to remain for its protection until we get either independent of this waterway—by the Euphrates Railway, the Jordan Canal, or some other scheme—or until means have been devised for insuring the permanent safety of the Suez Canal.

Whether that be done by a purchase of the canal, by a remodelling of the present management, so as to give England a majority on the Board, or by the construction of a specific English canal, is immaterial; but one of these alternatives will have to be adopted ere we can think of leaving. And even then we should previously have to re-establish the Khedivial authority, so as to prevent all chance of fresh interior disturbances threatening to the Red Sea route. To do so, we must not only justify British interferences, but revive faith and confidence in the hearts of the people by some great act of justice. Good advice, paper reforms, and ready-made Constitutions, will not help the Fellah out of his difficulties; acts alone can heal the wounds of past misgovernment and European greed and rapacity.

Space does not permit my dwelling on this side of the question, and it would only be repeating what I have endeavoured to explain elsewhere; but thus much I may be permitted to say, that no re-orgnanization of the native army, no police and constabulary, will insure security, unless we have endeared the Khedive to his subjects by some palpable advantages and blessings, unless we have stiffened the native army by the infusion of time-expired British soldiers, and until we have reformed, not only the interior grievances of the Egyptian people, but also the international wrongs under which the Egyptian nation is crushed, and which are perpetuated by the unjust and cruel provisions of the law of liquidation, which has handed Egypt over to the uncontrolled and

uncontrollable mismanagement of European bailiffs, who fatten on the sweat of the Fellah, and have cost Egypt millions.

Now, the greater the difficulties of the present situation, the greater is the duty to remedy its causes. This is only possible by either securing a share of the management proportionate to our stake, or by making ourselves independent of the Suez route.

The first alternative seems the most simple if we look only at the commercial side; but independently of the opposition it may meet on the other side of the Channel, there is the additional drawback of the protection of the waterway, which, though by no means eager to undertake it herself, England could not leave in other hands, as long as it is the only short cut to India.

Lord Wolseley remarked at the United Service Institution, "that the Suez Canal might be easily destroyed, and that it would be perfectly ridiculous for us to depend upon it in time of war."

Even a line of well-garrisoned forts on both banks, could not prevent the canal from being blocked by the timely sinking of one or more steamers. A second canal, in conjunction with the first, would have identical disadvantages, and would leave us as dependent as heretofore, without lessening risks and responsibilities.

A canal through the interior—be it the projected Sweet-water Canal *viâ* Cairo or some other—would no doubt greatly benefit Egypt, and, as the Association of British Steam-owners assured Lord Granville, prove highly remunerative; but such an undertaking should be left entirely to private initiative. If the Khedive can find there means for meeting pressing liabilities, all the better for Egypt and the commerce of the world, which always welcomes greater facilities; but though a second route would no doubt prove useful, no scheme can be satisfactory to England which does not leave the road to India *outside* the radius of political conjecture and international jealousy.

This is likewise the objection to the Jordan Canal, *viâ* the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akaba, which Turkey is said to patronize, but which would again burden Great Britain with duties similar to those incumbent on us for the protection of the Suez Canal.

In fact, the only route combining the most favourable conditions of security, speed and cheapness, is the Euphrates line; and though Lord Granville opposed Lord Lamington's recent motion in the House of Lords, on the plea "that it promised no certainty of commercial success," the political and strategical importance of this road seems beyond controversy, and it has been acknowledged by a Select Committee of the House of Commons that both the political and commercial advantages would "at any time be considerable," and, eventually, "exceedingly great."

Sir William Andrew, the greatest authority on this subject,

estimates the approximate cost of a single line at £8,000,000, the identical amount we were to advance M. de Lesseps for his second canal, and it is hardly conceivable what can have kept us from giving support to a scheme, which the Porte viewed so favourably as to offer securities for the payment of 4 per cent. interest and 1 per cent. sinking fund, in addition to other advantages.

I think it cannot be denied that it would serve Imperial interests to bring Australia within sixteen days and India within half that distance from home,* as would be the case if we adopted the Euphrates Valley route. Moreover, the Euphrates Railway would make England independent of the Suez Canal, bring India within easy reach, increase commercial facilities, develop Asia Minor, benefit the Ottoman Empire, give Persia access to the Mediterranean, and counterbalance the predominance of other Powers, whilst the line could easily be made defensible, as its only vulnerable side would be flanked by two navigable rivers, and as both termini would be on the open sea, with Cyprus as a *place d'armes*.

An additional consideration of great importance is that the establishment of the Euphrates line would facilitate the *neutralization* of the Suez Canal, and of any future canal through Egypt, and thus put an end to the Egyptian question. This alone ought to be sufficient inducement for a route which would alter existing conditions, and would eliminate contingencies so threatening to the good understanding and interests of especially England and France. Indeed, it would be to the advantage of Egypt, of Europe; and nowhere would the possibility of recalling our troops be hailed with more relief than in England, where public opinion has long pronounced against our playing the ungrateful part of international scarecrow, and guardian—*malgré-nous*—of the only highway to India.†

In the meanwhile we are pledged to a policy of "hands off"; a premature withdrawal, a wrong step might open the doors to Turkish or French occupation, and the anxiety of the Sultan to see us out of Egypt is only equalled by the regret of the French at not being there. It will be well to remember Junot's words, "that it was Napoleon's most cherished purpose to constitute Egypt the station from whence at some future day the blow should be struck which would annihilate the prosperity of England"; and though Republican France repudiates the race, it glories in Napoleonic ideas and conceptions, and must not be led into temptation.

* The nearest route, London, Constantinople, Kurrachee—five days and eighteen hours—offers, neither commercially nor otherwise, the advantages of London, Brindisi, Alexandretta, Grain, Muscat, Kurrachee, which would take about eight days and ten hours, and shorten the distance by over 1,000 miles as compared to Suez-Aden.

† It is due to Baron de Malortie, who, we believe, has now left England, to say that his paper was in type before the arrival of the news from the Soudan. [Editors N. R

We are at present in a position to mould the Egyptian question into any shape, and either to enforce an equitable re-adjustment of our rights to a proportionate share in the management of the Suez Canal, or to provide Great Britain with an independent route.

All we require is to ensure the peaceful and permanent enjoyment of free communication with Her Majesty's Indian empire and Eastern dominions. To evacuate Egypt without having secured this object one way or the other, would oblige us to return ere long under less favourable circumstances, possibly against tremendous odds; but that we mean at all hazards to secure it France will do well to bear in mind. "An attempt to interfere with the canal, or its approaches, would be regarded by H. M.'s Government as a menace to India, and as a grave injury to the commerce of the world . . . an attack on Egypt, or its occupation, *even temporary* . . . could scarcely be regarded with unconcern . . . certainly not by England."*

Coupling this warning with Mr. Gladstone's plea, "that England and no other country would be mistress of the canal,"† it seems an outrage on common sense to admit for a moment that a gratuitous surrender of British rights and interests could be contemplated, when fate has made England the arbiter of her own destinies.

Balancing the advantages of an independent route by rail or water against the evils of M. de Lessep's claim for a French monopoly, and the drawbacks of a permanent or prolonged occupation of Egypt, we must trust to the patriotism and enlightened judgment of British statesmen for a speedy and satisfactory solution of the most momentous problem of the day.

* Letter of the Earl of Derby to Count Schouwaloff, May 6, 1877.

† Speech of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, House of Commons, March 26, 1858.

MALORTIE.

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

In view of the mass of illustrations issuing daily from the press in England, and the number of persons interested in their production, it may be worth while to consider our position as regards other countries; to note some of the changes that are taking place in the graphic arts, and to suggest some of the possibilities of book and newspaper illustration.

There are, broadly speaking, two kinds of engraving for illustration in books, which are widely distinct—1, *intaglio*; 2, *relievo*. The first comprises all engravings, etchings, and the like, in which the lines are cut or indented, by acid or other means, in a steel or copper plate—a system employed, with some variations of method, from the time of Mantegna, Albert Dürer, Holbein and Rembrandt, to the French and English etchers of the present day. Engravings thus produced are little used in modern book illustration, as they cannot be printed easily on the same page as the letter-press; these *planches à part*, as the French term them, are costly to print, and are suitable only for expensive editions. In the second, or ordinary, form of illustration, the lines or pictures to be printed are left in relief; the design is made generally on wood with a pencil, and the parts not drawn upon are cut away. The blocks thus prepared can be printed rapidly on ordinary printing presses, and on the same page as the text. This is the almost universal form of book-illustration, as practised by Albert Dürer in the fifteenth century, and as revived in England by Bewick in the eighteenth.

In the present article it is proposed to speak principally of the second, or popular, form of illustration; but the changes which are taking place in all forms of engraving and illustration render it necessary to say a few words first upon *intaglio*. We have heard much of late from Mr. Seymour Haden of the painter-etchers, and of the claims of the etchers to recognition by the Royal Academy as original artists; and at the exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers in London we have seen examples in which the effects produced in black and white seemed more allied to the painter's art than to the engraver's. But we are con-

sidering engraving as a means of interpreting the work of others, rather than as an original art.

The influence of photography is felt in nearly every department of illustration. The new mechanical methods of engraving in relief *without the aid of the wood-engraver* (inventions of the last few years) have rendered drawing for fac-simile reproduction of more importance than ever; and now a wonderful and startling invention called *photogravure*, in which an engraving is made direct from an oil painting, is superseding handwork in steel-engraving.* The art of pure line-engraving is disappearing in England, giving way to the "painter-etchers," the dry-point etchers, and the "mezzo-tint engravers," and, finally, to a photographic method of engraving which is so extraordinary, and so little understood, that it may be worth while to explain, in a few words, the method as practised by Messrs. Goupil, of Paris.

In the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1882, Sir Frederick Leighton's picture called "Wedded" will be remembered by many visitors. This picture was purchased for Australia, and had to be sent from England within a few weeks of the closing of the exhibition. There was no time to make an engraving, or even an etching satisfactorily, and so the picture was sent to Messrs. Goupil, who in a few weeks produced the *photogravure*, as it is called, which we see in the print-sellers' windows. The operation is roughly as follows:—First, a photograph is taken direct from the picture; then a carbon print is taken from the negative, upon glass, which rests upon the surface of the glass in delicate relief. From this print a cast is taken in reverse in copper, by placing the glass in a galvanic bath; the deposit of copper upon the glass taking the impression of the picture as certainly as snow takes the pattern of the ground upon which it falls. Thus—omitting many technical details, and certain "secrets" of the process which it would be unsuitable to discuss in these pages—it may be seen how modern science is superseding much of the engraver's work, and how a mechanical process is producing in a few days what formerly took years.

What the permanent art effect of "photo-engraving" may be as a substitute for hand-work, is a subject which it will be better to consider when the system has become more general. In the meantime, it is well that the public should know what a "photo-gravure" is, as distinct from an engraving. The system of

* One of the last and best examples of pure line-engraving was by M. Joubert, from a painting by E. J. Poynter, R.A., called "Atalanta's Race," exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1876. The engraving of this picture was nearly three years in M. Joubert's hands—a tardy process in these days.

mechanical engraving is spreading rapidly; but it should be observed that no picture can be reproduced satisfactorily unless painted with the careful and precise handling which (as pointed out recently in this Review) are characteristics of the work of the President of the Royal Academy. That the actual marks of the brush, the very texture of the painting, can be transferred to copper and steel, and multiplied *ad infinitum* by this beautiful process, is a fact of which many English artists are unaware. The process has its limits, and photogravure has, at present, to be assisted to some extent by the engraver, especially in parts of a picture which fail in the photograph. But enough has been done to prove that photography will henceforth take up the painter's handiwork as he leaves it, and thus the importance of thoroughness and completeness on the part of the painter has to be more than ever insisted on.

At the risk of appearing too technical, a word may be useful here to explain that the coloured "photogravures," reproducing the washes of colour in a water-colour drawing, of which we see so many in Paris, are not coloured by hand in the ordinary way, but are produced complete, at one impression, from the printing press. The colours are laid upon the plate, one by one, by the printer, by a system of stencilling; and thus an almost perfect facsimile of a picture can be reproduced in pure colour if the original is simple and broad in treatment.

One other point of interest and importance to collectors of engravings and etchings should be mentioned. Within the last two or three years, an invention for coating the surface of engraved plates with a film of steel (which can be renewed as often as it wears down) renders the surface practically indestructible; and it is now possible to print a thousand impressions from a copper plate without injury or loss of quality. These modern inventions are no secrets, they have been described repeatedly in technical journals and in lectures, notably in those delivered during the past few years at the Society of Arts, and published in the Journal of Proceedings. But the majority of the public, and collectors of prints and etchings, are ignorant of the methods in present use.

It is necessary to the art amateur that he should know something of these things, if only to explain to him why it is that scratching on a copper-plate has come so much into vogue, and why there has been such a remarkable revival of the art of Dürer and Rembrandt during the last few years. The reason for the movement will be better understood when it is explained that by the new process just referred to, of steeling the surface of plates, the "burr," as it is called, and the most delicate lines of the

engraver, are preserved intact for a much larger number of impressions than formerly.

The taste for good etchings, and the higher forms of illustration in books, is spreading rapidly, especially in America, and the advances in science are rendering their distribution more easy; but etchings, and *editions de luxe*, do not yet reach one person in a thousand in a civilized community. It is only by means of wood-engravings, and the simpler and cheaper forms of illustration, that the public is appealed to pictorially, a branch of the subject to which we will now turn.

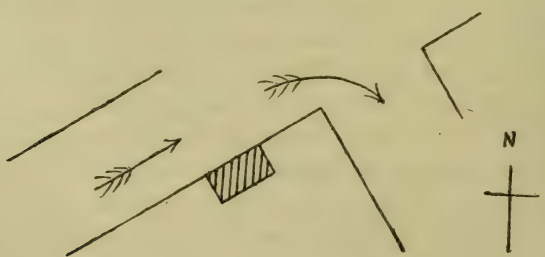
Eight years ago, at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, the general question was discussed, whether in the matter of illustrating books and newspapers we are really keeping pace with the times; whether those whose business it is to provide the illustrations which are tossed from steam printing presses at the rate of more than one thousand copies an hour, are doing the best work they can. The meeting was largely attended by experts, by those engaged in various ways in the production of illustrations in our books and newspapers—artists, engravers, publishers, and the like. The discussion was mainly technical, one of the principal points for consideration being the possibility of a more general adoption in England of what, for want of a better word, is called "Photo-typography." This system of producing blocks in direct facsimile of an artist's drawing, suitable for printing at a type press, without the aid of the wood engraver, is of such value for cheap and simple forms of illustration, and is, moreover, in such constant use abroad, that it seems wonderful at first sight that it should not be in common use in England. But the cause is not far to seek. We have not yet acquired the art of pictorial expression in black and white, nor do our artists excel in "illustration" in the true sense of the word. It was well said by the late Prince Consort that through the pictorial system the mind receives impressions with the least effort and in the quickest way, and that the graphic method is the true way of imparting knowledge. Are we, then, in the matter of giving information or in imparting knowledge through the medium of illustrations adopting the truest and simplest methods? I venture to say that in many cases we are doing nothing of the kind. We have pictures in abundance which delight the eye, which are artistically drawn and skilfully engraved, but in which, in nine cases out of ten, there is more thought given to pictorial effect than to illustrating the text.

Are we, in the art of expressing our ideas to each other, doing anything better than was done in the 15th century; or, to go further back, have we achieved anything more expressive pictorially than has been found in cuneiform inscriptions, or in the early art

of the Japanese? It has often been suggested that the art of printing is, after all, but a questionable blessing on account of the error and the evil disseminated by it. Without going into that question, I think we may find that the art of printing with moveable type has led to some neglect of the art of expressing ourselves pictorially, and that the apparently inexorable necessity of running every word and thought into uniform lines has cramped and limited our powers of expression, and of communicating our ideas to each other.

Let us begin at the lowest step of the artistic ladder, and consider some forms of illustration which are within the reach of every writer for the press. With the means now at command for reproducing any lines drawn or written, in perfect facsimile, mounted on square blocks to range with the type, and giving little or no trouble to the printer, there is no question that we should more frequently see the handiwork of the author as well as of the artist appearing on the page. For example: it happens sometimes in a work of fiction, or in the record of some accident or event, that it is important to the clear understanding of the text to know the exact position of a house, say at a street corner, and also (as in the case of a late trial for arson) which way the wind blew on a particular evening. Words are powerless to explain the position beyond the possibily of doubt or misconstruction, and yet words are, and have been used for such purposes for hundreds of years, because it is the custom.

But if I am permitted to point out, in the pages of the *National Review*, that where words fail to express a meaning easily, a few lines, such as those below, drawn in ink on ordinary paper, may be substituted (and, if sent to the printer with the manuscript, will appear in facsimile on the proof with the printed page), I think a new light may dawn on many minds, and new methods of pictorial expression come into vogue.



This illustration (which was written on the sheet of MS.) is one example, out of a hundred that might be given, where the pictorial method should come in aid of the verbal, now that the reproduction of lines for the press is no longer costly, and the blocks can be

printed, if necessary, on the rapidly revolving cylinders which produce in a night 100,000 copies of a newspaper.

This kind of information, given pictorially, has no pretension to be artistic, but it is 'illustration' in the true sense of the word, and its value when rightly applied is great. When the alterations at Hyde Park Corner were first debated in Parliament, a daily newspaper, as if moved by some sudden flash of intelligence, printed a ground-plan of the proposed alterations with descriptive text; and lately a rough pen-and-ink sketch of the floating islands with their weird inhabitants, at Stanley's Station on the Congo river, appeared in a daily newspaper—instances of news presented to the reader in a better form than words. "The very thing that was wanted!" was the general exclamation, as if there were some new discovery of our powers of description in news-giving. There are many items of news, such as the alteration in the position of troops on a field of battle, which could be recorded day by day in this manner by war correspondents, especially as, with certain limitations, *form can now be transmitted by telegraph.** As the war correspondent's occupation does not appear likely to cease in our time, it would seem worth while to make sure that he is fully equipped. One cannot help thinking what interest would have been added to Dr. Russell's famous letters from the Crimea had he introduced a line or two pictorially into the text. The method of writing employed by correspondents on the field of battle is unnecessarily clumsy and prolix; we hear of letters written actually under fire, on a drum-head, or in the saddle, and on opening the packet as it arrives by the post we may find, if we take the trouble to measure it, that the point of the pen or pencil has travelled over a distance of a hundred feet! This is the actual ascertained measurement, taking into account all the ups and downs, crosses and dashes, as it arrives from abroad; and the same clumsy process is generally gone through for telegraphic purposes.

The announcement has several times been made that the publication of a daily illustrated newspaper was imminent in London, but there are mechanical difficulties in the way of artistic illustrations, and no newspaper proprietor has yet had the courage to adopt the simple pictorial language referred to above. In New York a daily illustrated newspaper has been published for the last ten years. It is a lithographed sheet, reproducing daily (and without leave)

* Some years ago, at an International Rifle Contest in Dublin between English and Americans, engravings of the targets with the marks of the shots of successful American competitors appeared on the front page of the *New York Tribune, on the morning after the contest*, whilst the English newspapers, published at the same time, occupied columns of words to chronicle the same result.

many European engravings; but not attempting in any serious way to give a pictorial record of events. Thus, happily for the present, the nuisance of a daily illustrated newspaper in England is averted; 'happily,' because according to the present system of making illustrations the result would be perpetual failure. It may here be suggested that we have weekly illustrated papers which record events pictorially in all parts of the world. We have weekly illustrated papers showing great proficiency and completeness in organization; and from London, it may be said, are issued the best illustrated newspapers in the world; but our artistic skill and commercial success have led us into temptation, and by degrees engendered a habit of making pictures when we ought to be recording facts. We have thus, through our cleverness, created a fashion, and a demand from the public for something which is often elaborately untrue. Would it be too much to ask of those who cater for, and really create the public taste, that they should give us one of two things, or, rather, two things in our illustrated newspapers, the real and the ideal: 1. Pictorial records of events in the simplest and truest manner possible; 2. Pictures of the very highest class that can be produced on wood and printed with the type. These are two opposite methods of illustration which only require to be kept distinct, each in its proper place, and our interest in them would be doubled. We ask first for a record of news, and then for a picture gallery, and to have the means of knowing, to use a common phrase, "which is which."

Next as to the illustration of books. It is quite certain that the present fashion of drawing and engraving is too elaborate, the cost of which hampers the publisher and deprives the public often of what it would most care to see. Instances of this occur every day. I saw lately the author of a book of travel lay before his publishers a collection of sketches, photographs, and the like, which he had taken years to collect. To have seen these, or most of these, presented in some form in his book, might have been a valuable addition to our store of knowledge; but the publisher was wise from a business point of view, and out of some hundred subjects suitable for illustration he selected ten of the most attractive, and had them drawn by someone who knew nothing of the locality illustrated, and engraved on wood in the smooth manner which is now in fashion. The book will be a success financially, and everybody will be satisfied excepting the author, who knows that the most interesting part of that book lies in a drawer in his own chamber. There are, of course, many reasons for the ordinary method of book illustration, but the chief one is Fashion; we cannot hope to alter it all at once, but with the increased facilities for producing illustrations a change will come, and the book of

the future will not be considered complete unless the author has helped to express himself pictorially, and to consider it a legitimate part of his work.

In the description of buildings it is always necessary to draw a few lines to show the plan and elevation, if nothing more; in fact, it has been well said that "if you can describe a building in words it can scarcely be worth describing at all!" Again, in describing pictures how feeble are words! how much the interest of the distant reader is heightened, if the written description is accompanied by a little outline indicating the composition or effect of a picture. Many more instances might be quoted where pictorial notes leave an impression on the mind that words are powerless to convey. And yet we go hurrying on, ignoring these things!

Now, remembering how much the eye and the mind, even of the uneducated, will supply and picture for themselves, if only the leading lines of a figure, a building, or a landscape are correctly indicated, it would seem worth while to treat the subject scientifically, and for ordinary purposes of illustration to learn exactly where to stop; to learn how to express an effect in a few lines, and to master the shorthand of pictorial art at least as perfectly as the scene-painter has mastered his. In the great mass of ephemeral illustration there is waste of labour and superabundance of detail —detail which, for business reasons, seldom has a chance of being engraved properly. Some years ago the subject was mooted in the *Athenæum*, in the following words:—

> The great want is a simpler and better form of illustration for novels, tales, magazines, newspapers, and for all literature of the butterfly kind. The present system is too cumbrous, too costly, and too absurd to last. It is an absurdity, for instance, committed every day, to give an elaborate drawing of furniture, made out to the exact square of the page, for the purpose of expressing a lover's devotion; and almost as unnecessary, one would think, to make a careful view of Hyde Park as the ground-work for a pun!

The arguments were shortly these:—1. That for necessary reasons of speed and economy, such details can seldom be well engraved; 2. That they are generally untrue; 3. That the cost of producing elaborate illustrations is prejudicial both to artists and the public.

Let us then ask our illustrators if they cannot as a rule, express themselves in fewer lines—in short, put half the work into one illustration and give us two. With so many facilities for reproduction and improvements in machinery for rapid printing, is it not high time to make a special study of drawing for the press—to stand aside, as it were, for a moment, and ask ourselves whether in the style and pattern of our illustrations we may not have been working in the old grooves too long, whether the moulds we have used so often are not beginning to lose sharpness and significance?

The first stage of illustration, where little more than a plan or elevation of a building is aimed at, and an author, with little artistic knowledge, is yet enabled to explain himself to his reader pictorially, is easy; it is when we approach the hazardous domain of art that real difficulties begin. As matters stand at present, it is scarcely too much to say that the majority of art students and the younger school of draughtsmen in this country are "all abroad" in the matter of drawing for the press, lacking, not industry, not capacity, but method. That they do good work in abundance is not denied, but it is not exactly the kind of work required—in short, they are not taught at the outset the *value of a line*. That greater skill and certainty of drawing can be attained by our younger draughtsmen is unquestionable, and, bearing in mind that *nearly every book and newspaper in the future will be illustrated*, and that the best qualified reporter for the press will be the best draughtsman as well as shorthand writer, the importance of cultivating the shorthand of pictorial art is much greater than may appear at first sight.

Referring to the evident want of training amongst our younger draughtsmen, the question was put very bluntly in the *Athenæum* thus:—

> Why is not drawing in line with pen and ink taught in our own Government schools of art? The present system in schools seems to render the art of drawing of as little use to the student as possible, for he has no sooner mastered the preliminary stage of drawing in outline from the flat with a lead pencil, than he has chalk put into his hand, a material which he will seldom or never use in turning his knowledge of drawing to practical account. The readier method of pen and ink would be of great service, as a preparatory stage to wood drawing, but unfortunately drawing is taught in most cases as though the student intended only to become a painter.

Since these lines were written, efforts have been made in the Government schools of art to give special training for draughtsmen on wood, and instruction is also given in wood engraving, which every draughtsman should learn; but up to the present time there has been no systematic teaching in drawing applicable to reproduction by photo-engraving, or "process" as it is called, for the reason that *our masters do not understand it.*

The art of expression in line, or of expressing the effect of a picture or a landscape from Nature in a few leading lines (not necessarily outline) is little understood in this country; and if such study, as the *Athenæum* pointed out, is important for the wood draughtsman, how much more so in drawing for reproduction by photo-mechanical means? A few artists have the gift of expressing themselves in line, but the majority are strangely ignorant of the principles of this art and of the simple facsimile processes by which drawing can now be reproduced in books. In the course of nine years of editing the *Academy Notes*, some strange facts

have come to the writer's notice as to the powerlessness of some painters to express the *motif* of a picture in a few lines; also as to how far behind our continental neighbours we are in this respect at the close of the year 1883. In the recent numbers of *L'Art* and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, we may see the latest, and most artistic, results in the production of sketches and drawings in facsimile by means of photo-engraving, many showing great knowledge of the requirements of the processes on the part of the draughtsman, especially in the art of *drawing for reduction*, which is little understood in this country; and in a monthly publication called the *Art Amateur*, coming from New York, there are some excellent examples of these methods of illustration.

But to pass on to the consideration of ordinary wood engravings. Speaking generally (and these remarks refer to editors and publishers as well as draughtsmen), the art of illustration as practised in England at the present time is far from satisfactory; we are too much given to imitating the tricks and prettinesses of other nations, and there is a want of originality and individuality on nearly every printed page as it comes from the press; individuality as seen in the work of Adolphe Menzell, and, in a different spirit, in that of Gustave Doré.

It is seldom that the illustration is in artistic harmony with the rest of the page, as it is found in old books. One of the great charms of Bewick's work is its individuality and expressive character. Here the artist and engraver were one, and a system of illustration was founded in England a hundred years ago which we should do well not to forget. The first principle of illustration is surely to illustrate, and yet it is a fact that few illustrations in books or magazines are to be found in their proper places in the text, the very best and newest magazines erring in this respect. We are fast losing sight of first principles and aiming rather at catching the eye and the public purse with a pretty page; and in doing this we are but imitators. In such excellent magazines as *Good Words* and Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, it is strange to find a slavish, almost childish imitation of the American system of illustration; adopting, for instance, the plan of pictures overlapping at the corners and overlapping each other, with exaggerated black borders and other devices of the album of the last generation, having little reference to the text. This is what we have come to in England in 1883 (with excellent wood engravers in all styles), and the kind of art by which we shall be remembered at the end of the nineteenth century! "Book illustration as an art," as Mr. Comyns Carr pointed out lately in his lectures at the Society of Arts, "is founded upon wood engraving, and it is to wood engraving that we must look if we are to have any revival of

the kind of beauty which early-printed books possess. In the mass of work now produced, there is very little trace of the principles upon which Holbein laboured. Instead of proceeding by the simplest means, our modern artist seems rather by preference to take the most difficult and complex way of expressing himself. A wood engraving, it is not unjust to say, has become scarcely distinguishable from a steel engraving excepting by its inferiority." It may be as well to explain here that the reasons for employing the medium of wood-engraving for elaborate illustrations which were formerly only engraved on copper or steel, are—(1) rapidity of production, and (2) the almost illimitable number of copies that can be produced from casts from wood blocks. The broad distinction between the old and new methods of wood-engraving is, that in early days the lines were drawn clearly on the wood block (see Bewick's works) and the part not drawn cut away by the engraver, who endeavoured to make a perfect facsimile of the artist's lines. It is now a common custom to draw on the wood with a brush in tint, and even to photograph a water-colour drawing on to the block, leaving the engraver to turn the tints into lines in his own way.

In the very earliest days of book illustration, before moveable type-letters were invented, the illustration and the letters of the text were all engraved on the wood together, and thus, of necessity (as in the old block books produced in Holland and Belgium in the fifteenth century), there was character and individuality in every page ; the picture, rough as it often was, harmonising with the text in an unmistakeable manner. From an artistic point of view, there was a better balance of parts and more harmony of effect than in the more elaborate illustrations of the present day. The *illustration was an illustration* in the true sense of the word. It interpreted something to the reader that words were incapable of doing ; and even when moveable type was first introduced, the simple character of the engravings harmonised well with the letters. There is a broad line of demarcation, indeed, between these early wood engravings (such, for instance, as the "Ars Moriendi," purchased for the British Museum in 1872, from the Weigel collection at Leipsic, and recently reproduced by the Holbein Society) and the last development of the art in the American magazines, to which we must now turn. The movement is important, because the Americans, with an energy and *naïveté* peculiar to them, have set themselves the task of outstripping all nations in the beauty and quality of magazine illustrations. That they have succeeded in obtaining delicate effects, and what painters call colour, through the medium of wood-engraving is well known, and it is common to meet people

in England asking, "Have you seen the last number of *Harper's* or the *Century Magazine*?" The fashion is to admire them, and English publishers are also found who devote their time and capital to distributing American magazines (which come to England free of duty), to the prejudice of native productions. The reason for the excellence (which we freely admit) of American wood-engraving and printing is that, in the first place, more capital is employed upon the work. The American wood-engraver is an artist in every sense of the word, and his education is not considered complete without years of foreign study. He is always *en rapport* with the artist who draws the illustration—an important matter—working often, as I have seen them at Harper's and Scribner's in New York, in the same studio, side by side. In England the artist, as a rule, does not have any direct communication with the wood-engraver. Thus the American publisher, having a very large circulation for his works, is able to bring the culture of Europe and the capital of his own country to the aid of the wood-engraver, spending sometimes five or six hundred pounds on the illustrations of a single monthly number of a magazine. The result is *an engraver's success* of a very remarkable kind; but the system is not in accordance with true principles of illustration as taught us by the early engravers. A discussion of the merits of the various styles of wood-engraving, and of the different methods of drawing on wood, such as that initiated by the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., the styles of Small, Abbey, &c., would take us too far afield; but it will be useful to conclude with one or two professional opinions on the "American system," as it is called.*

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., who has had great experience in the graphic arts, and has lately founded a school at Bushey, where drawing and engraving will be taught together under his superintendence, says:—

> In modern times a body of engravers has been raised up who have brought the art of engraving on wood to such a degree of perfection, that the most modern work, especially that of the Americans, is done to show *the skill of the engraver* rather than the art of the draughtsman. This, I do not hesitate to say, is a sign of decadence. Take up any number of the *Century* or *Harper's* magazines, and you will see that effect is the one aim. You marvel at the handling of the engraver, and forget the artist. Correct, or honest, drawing is no longer wanted. This kind of illustration is most pernicious to the student, and *will not last* . . . . .
>
> America is a child full of promise in art—a child that is destined to be a great master; so let us not imitate its youthful efforts or errors. Americans were the first to foster this style of art, and they will be the first to correct it.

Mr. W. J. Linton, a well-known American wood-engraver,

* In *The Life and Works of Thomas Bewick*, by D. C. Thomson; in *The Portfolio*, *The Art Journal*, *The Magazine of Art*, and in *Good Words*, Bewick's merits as artist and engraver have been exhaustively discussed.

expresses himself thus strongly on the modern system, and his words come with great force from the other side of the Atlantic:

> Talent is misapplied when it is spent on endeavours to rival steel-line engraving or etching, in following brush-marks, in pretending to imitate crayon-work, charcoal, or lithography, and in striving who shall scratch the greatest number of lines on a given space without thought of whether such multiplicity of line adds anything to the expression of the picture or the beauty of the engraving. How much of talent is here thrown away! how much of force that should have helped towards growth is wasted in this slave's play for a prize not worth having—the fame of having well done the lowest thing in the engraver's art, and having for that neglected the study of the highest! For it is the lowest and the last thing about which an artist should concern himself, this excessive fineness and minuteness of work. . . . . In engraving, as in other branches of art, the first thing is drawing, the second drawing, the third drawing.

This is the professional view, ably expressed, of a matter which has been exercising many minds of late; and is worth quoting, if only to show the folly of our imitating a system, acknowledged by experts to be founded on false principles.

But there is another view of the matter which should not be lost sight of. Whatever the artistic opinion of the American system of illustration may be, there is, on the other side of the Atlantic, an amount of energy, enterprise, cultivation of hand and eye, delicacy of manipulation, and individual industry, cleverly organised to provide a wide continent with a better art than anything yet attempted in any country. Some fine engravings, which the Americans have lately been distributing amongst their people, such, for instance, as the portraits which have appeared during the last few months in *Harper's* and the *Century Magazines*, only reach the cultivated few in Europe in expensive books. What will be the ultimate art effect of this widespread distribution? The "prairie flower" holds in her hand a better magazine, as regards illustrations, than anything published in England at the same price; and a taste for delicate and refined is being fostered amongst a variety of people on the western art continent, learned and unlearned. That there is a want of sincerity in the movement, that "things are not exactly what they seem," that something much better might be done, may be admitted; but it will be well for our illustrators and art providers to remember that the Americans are advancing upon us with the power of capital and ever-increasing knowledge and cultivation. In the *Century Magazine* for last October there is an article on "The Pupils of Bewick," with illustrations admirably reproduced from proofs of early wood engravings, by "photo-engraving," a mechanical process. This is noteworthy, as showing that the knowledge of all styles is being disseminated in America; and also showing how easy it is to reproduce engravings without permission.

In this instance permission was given; but how often, in the present state of copyright law, are foreign engravings reproduced "without leave"?

The strength of English art is in its originality and individuality; its weakness is in the want of knowledge or capacity to turn the talent amongst us to the best account. We are still strangely ignorant of the art of expression in line, and of the best methods of drawing for the Press. The importance of special training for making drawings, which may be reproduced perhaps a million times, has never imprinted itself strongly in the national mind, nor are the various processes of reproduction for the Press understood in our schools of art. The advance in the art of colour printing by means of wood blocks, in the last few years, is remarkable. By its means, a beautiful child-face, by Millais, is scattered over the world by hundreds of thousands; and the reputation of a young girl, Kate Greenaway, is made and established. The latter artist owes much of her prestige and success to the colour-printer. Admitting the grace, taste, and invention of Kate Greenaway as an illustrator, there is little doubt that, without the engraver's sympathetic aid, and the example set by such artists as Walter Crane and R. Caldecott, she would never have received the praise bestowed upon her by M. Ernest Chesneau, or Mr. Ruskin. These things show how intimately the arts of reproduction affect reputations, and how important it is that more sympathy and communication should exist between all producers. In the mass of illustrated publications issuing from the Press at this time of the year, the expert can discern clearly where this sympathy and knowledge exists, and where genius has been allied to practical knowledge of the requirements of illustration.

Finally, let me repeat that the illustrations by Albrecht Dürer and Holbein, in the fifteenth century, and by Bewick in the eighteenth, are still the best examples for students as indicating the principles on which book illustration should be undertaken. The freshness and charm which pervade these works, and their artistic value, are due to the simple and direct method of drawing and engraving. It is time to call attention to these things when apparently the best we can do in 1883 is to imitate the mannerisms of others; and when a distinguished Slade Professor at Oxford, with a crowded audience clinging to his words, confesses that the drawings which he would hold up for special admiration are by—an American girl! And when we remember that the popular form of illustration by means of wood-engraving is almost the only kind of art which reaches the public, and that it is an important branch of skilled labour in this country, its integrity can scarcely be too much insisted on, and the enquiry as to whether we in England

are advancing or retrograding in these matters should not be allowed to sleep.

As to the simpler forms of illustration, suggested in the foregoing pages, I will only add the conviction that, with the rapid advance in the arts of reproduction, the time will surely come when we shall look back upon the present system with considerable amusement, and upon a book or a newspaper that is not illustrated as an incomplete production.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

LORD RIPON'S STATESMANSHIP.

I.

THE GOVERNMENT SURRENDER ON THE ILBERT BILL.

The surrender of the Government on the question of the Ilbert Bill, announced by Lord Northbrook at Bristol on the 13th of November, may be admitted to be so far complete, that it stultifies every argument that has been advanced in support of the Bill. But the Viceroy still expects to show an infinitesimal change in Indian Criminal Procedure, as the outcome of all the agitation and turmoil and miserable race-hatred of the past year, apparently in the vain hope that some vestige of credit for statesmanship may be thereby saved to him. I shall endeavour very briefly to prove that this weak attempt to preserve a shred of official pride results in an arrangement which, while it does absolutely nothing to satisfy the theories of those who have supported the original Bill, is, nevertheless, so perversely contrived as to be obnoxious to nearly all the worst objections on the other side.

It will not be necessary for me, I think, in this paper to go into the arguments for and against the original Bill, now defunct. The very full and exhaustive information on the subject, which had been collected by Lord Ripon from all parts of India, during the spring and summer, was made public in India on the 8th of September; and though Mr. Gladstone has not yet fulfilled his promise of the 22nd of August last, that those reports should be printed in this country as a Parliamentary Paper "during the recess"—and though, as a fact, they have not yet been published in England in a complete form—still, the enterprise of the London Press has, to a large extent, made up for Ministerial reticence. Further, the English public has enjoyed the very great advantage of reading, in the letters of Mr. Justice Stephen to the *Times*, a singularly complete and lucid summing-up of the whole case, from the pen of one who is a master of the art of judicial analysis. I believe that the result of the publication of the local opinions, happily illuminated by these admirable letters, has been profoundly to modify the feeling towards the mischievous theory embodied in the Ilbert Bill, of many of those who have hitherto been among its most intelligent supporters. It does not seem

likely that anything material, in the way either of fact or of argument, can now be added to the case on either side. I shall, therefore, in this article, deal with Lord Northbrook's proposals on the assumption that my readers are not altogether unfamiliar with the broad facts of the recent controversy. Those proposals go far enough in the direction of entire withdrawal to prove that the Government is quite aware of the enormity of the blunder it was about to commit, and recognises the danger of its position; but, just stopping short of the frank avowal of utter and complete failure, they will be regarded as dishonest by both sides, and will still further embitter the relations between the Natives and the English in India.

I will state at once the best that can be said of the new Bill, as described by Lord Northbrook. It is, in effect, a return to the tiny measure first suggested by Mr. Gupta to Sir Ashley Eden, with the addition of some further safeguards (devised by the Chief Justice of Madras) against possible miscarriages of justice. There have been in existence for some time, in India, two very small and "anomalous" classes of native judicial officers—Native High Court Judges, and Native Presidency Magistrates—exercising jurisdiction over European British subjects in criminal cases. The ridiculous abortion, which is to be the sole result of Lord Ripon's legislative labour, will add to these two classes yet another two—Native District Magistrates and Native Sessions Judges, who will exercise the jurisdiction, under checks and safeguards specially devised to keep them from going wrong! That is all.

But what now becomes of Mr. Ilbert's magniloquent declaration, in the "Statement of Objects and Reasons" annexed to his Bill, that—

> The Government of India has accordingly decided to settle the question of jurisdiction over European British subjects in such a way as to remove from the Code, *at once and completely*, every judicial disqualification which is based merely on race distinctions. *With this object the present Bill has been framed.*

It will be observed that this, and this only, was stated by Mr. Ilbert to be "the object" of his Bill. Where, oh where, is this "object" now? It is clear that Mr. Ilbert will have to draw up a new "Statement of Objects and Reasons" for Lord Ripon's new proposals; and it seems to me that it will try the ingenuity of even that eminent draughtsman, to give colour to the pleasing figment that the new Bill is after all only a modified form of the old.

What becomes, under the new Bill, of Lord Ripon's tilt against "anomalies"? The anomaly complained of by Mr. Gupta was, that on leaving the Presidency Magistracy for any judicial charge in the interior, he would be disqualified by his race from exercising

a certain criminal jurisdiction over Englishmen, which he had exercised in Calcutta with general approval and success. If he had been told that—due consideration being had for the immemorial rights and usages of the English people—the anomaly really consisted in his having exercised (in the public interest, and for the more convenient administration of justice) an anomalous jurisdiction in Calcutta, there would have been an end of all complaint. Mr. Gupta, as a reasonable and tolerant man, would have felt that the immemorial rights and usages of the English people, in demanding that Englishmen and Englishwomen should be tried on criminal charges by some (or at least one) of their own race, were as much deserving of consideration as the many similar rights and usages of the various Indian peoples that are religiously respected by their English fellow-subjects. And from this point of view, the anomaly would have ceased to appear objectionable. On the contrary, it might have been held as a proof that the tenacity of the English, in sticking to their ancient usages in the matter of trial by jury (or its equivalent), is not mere bigotry or prejudice. Unhappily, Lord Ripon and Mr. Ilbert had got hold of the idea, that this English right (or sentiment, if you will) in regard to trial by jury, &c., deserved no consideration; and that the anomaly in Mr. Gupta's case consisted in *his* being deprived of the jurisdiction on going into the Mofussil. And now, having laid down this intolerant and unjust doctrine, what are they going to do with the anomaly? It must happen over and over again to every native civilian, who is made a district magistrate or a sessions judge, that he will have to revert to his substantive position as a joint-magistrate. And every time he does so, there will be (from this point of view) a flagrant, glaring anomaly; for if he had been an Englishman he would have retained his full judicial powers, whereas being a native he must lose a part of them. And as the whole theory and contention of Government would make the lost functions seem to be of the nature of a privilege or dignity, what a plentiful crop of grievances and anomalies is Lord Ripon sowing for his unhappy successor to reap!

Then, again, under this new Bill, what becomes of Mr. Ilbert's anxiety about removing the "slur," which no one had ever thought of as such until Lord Ripon came to India, but which, both the Viceroy and Mr. Ilbert were quite sure rested on the native civilians and grieved them, by reason of the state of the law? To anyone who assents to Mr. Justice Stephen's maxim—and has any intelligent person yet impugned it?—that "the privilege as to jurisdiction is the privilege of the prisoner, not the privilege of the judge," it must be at once obvious that the "slur" was a figment of Lord Ripon's imagination, *so long*

as the law remained as it was. But now, what will be the case? Remember, Government will have brushed aside, by this Bill, and by the arguments on which it has been founded, the notion that Englishmen have any right (or even any privilege which they can reasonably demand to be preserved to them) of trial by their own countrymen. And yet Lord Northbrook proposes that no native joint magistrate or other native judicial officer, save only district magistrates and sessions judges, shall be held qualified to exercise criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects in the Mofussil; notwithstanding the fact that large numbers of these disqualified officers will be magistrates with first-class powers, about whose jurisdiction, if they had been Englishmen, there could have been no question. Why is this? On what grounds will Lord Ripon and Mr. Ilbert be able to justify this flagrant breach of all the Acts and Proclamations they have been quoting during the past year? Obviously, the only ground they will be able to allege will be the odious one of "unfitness"—the invidious ground which we, the honest opponents of the whole Ilbert-Bill theory, have studiously kept in the background, as entirely irrelevant, and in no way necessary to *our* case against the theory! On what other ground, than that of unfitness to try European British subjects, will they justify the disqualification of native deputy-commissioners in Assam, while they admit the qualification of native officers of precisely the same rank in Bengal? Here, then, we shall have a very real and palpable "slur," deliberately devised, and cast on the native magistrate, by the very Government that has professed so much consideration for his feelings.

Moreover, Lord Northbrook proposes to safeguard this jurisdiction, even in the cases of native district magistrates and native sessions judges, by additional checks suggested by Sir Charles Turner, over and above those that have been hitherto thought necessary in the case of English magistrates! It is idle to pretend that these checks, because they will in future be imposed on English magistrates as well as on natives, will therefore imply no reflection on the native; for it is admitted that they have been invented solely to meet possible objections to the extension of the jurisdiction to native magistrates. Verily, the native magistrate may pray to have his reputation preserved from the "precious balms" of his officious friends.

I think I have said enough to show that, from the point of view of the supporters of the Ilbert Bill, the new proposals of the Government have not a leg to stand upon. They will produce a state of things that will be utterly intolerable in whatever aspect regarded. And this brings me to the consideration of the light in

which these proposals must be regarded by all those who, with myself, have bitterly resented the introduction of the Ilbert Bill on the plain and simple ground that it wantonly attacks a most dearly-cherished privilege that the Englishman has inherited from his ancestors in England, and has hitherto retained in India with the utmost good-will of his native friends and fellow-subjects.

Lord Ripon, in the debate in Council, at Calcutta, last March, said—

> My honorable friend, Mr. Ilbert, in the speech with which he commenced this discussion, pointed out that all the safeguards now possessed by Europeans, and all the special privileges now enjoyed by them, were left standing by this Bill, except the single one of being exempted from the jurisdiction of magistrates who are not European British subjects. This Bill leaves all these safeguards standing ; and the Government has not the least intention of submitting any proposals now or hereafter, *certainly not as long as I am here*, with the view of interfering with these privileges.

The absurd attempt to pledge the Government to an impossible theory of finality in legislation in any given direction, which these words meant if they were worth anything, has long ago been abandoned, even in regard to the Radical and sweeping provisions of the Ilbert Bill itself. Indeed, the words I have italicised, in which the Viceroy referred to the days of the years of his pilgrimage yet remaining—few and evil, like those of Jacob—show that Lord Ripon was perfectly aware of the exact period for which he could pledge the Government of India. But what chance of stability, even for a few brief years—I say nothing of finality—can be claimed for an arrangement which stultifies all the theories of its proposers, and outrages every principle asserted by its opponents, whilst it offers no conceivable advantage of any sort except as "the thin end of the wedge"?

Elsewhere in the course of the same speech, Lord Ripon endeavoured further to recommend the Bill to the English community, by repeating that "so far as this question is concerned, this is not the thin end of the wedge." The value that ought to be attached to any such assertion, even in regard to the original Ilbert Bill itself, has been well illustrated by the course of the controversy on that Bill. One of the favourite arguments of the supporters of the Bill—and the one that has probably appeared most conclusive to people at home who know nothing of India—has been founded on an ungenerous use of the concession made by the Anglo-Indian community in 1833, when the appointment of native magistrates, with criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects, in the Presidency towns, was assented to as a special case, and in the interests of public convenience. This special case has been quoted, almost universally, as a precedent for the Ilbert Bill. Now, the discrepancy between the circumstances of the English community of a Presidency town—and, I may add, of Ceylon—and those of

the English community of the rural districts of India, is so plain and palpable, that a little explanation is sufficient to bring it home to the mind of any honest doubter, even if he has never been in India. The Indian district—the area of jurisdiction of a district magistrate, and generally of a sessions judge, with about a dozen other European officials, and, perhaps, a few scores of non-official Europeans and their families dotted about the country in bungalows, frequently distant thirty or forty miles or upwards from each other—is a region often larger than Wales, and far more populous. On the other hand, the Presidency towns are, for all purposes in point, English cities; the Presidency Courts are virtually English Courts. Ceylon is only a little larger than the largest Indian district, and is not so populous as the Bengal district of Maimansiah. Its inhabitants are chiefly Buddhists, free from the prejudices of caste: and it possesses an English Governor and his suite, with executive and legislative Councils; a High Court and a Bar, with many English judges and barristers; a large Civil Service under seven heads of districts; an English Bishop with his clergy; a Brigadier-General with English troops; and, above all, a numerous English population of planters, merchants, and others, with Chambers of Commerce, planters' clubs and associations, newspapers, and, in fact, all the resources of a powerful and highly concentrated English society.

Notwithstanding these palpable and all-important discrepancies, the precedents of Ceylon and the Presidency towns have been constantly quoted in the present controversy. There has not been the slightest scruple about using them as the "thin end of the wedge." They supplied the main argument in Lord Hartington's speech in Parliament on the subject, which has been reprinted and widely circulated as a pamphlet; and they have doubtless convinced thousands of people, ignorant of the simple facts I have just mentioned, that no great harm is likely to be be done to the English in India by the Ilbert Bill. If this *false* analogy has been so freely used, is it likely, is it credible, that equally free use will not be made of a precedent that will be absolutely to the point, and altogether unanswerable? And how long will it be before the other privileges of the Englishman in India—the right to be tried by a mixed jury (so insulting, according to Lord Ripon's theories, to the native juryman), the right to the Indian equivalent for *habeas corpus*, and all the other remaining privileges paraded by Mr. Ilbert—how long will it be before these privileges are pounced upon and taken away by the next Viceroy desirous of making a name for himself in the Radical Party?

This, then, is the first and the fatal objection to Lord Northbrook's proposals, on the part of those who cannot stand quietly

by and see Englishmen deprived of their highly-prized and necessary liberties and franchises, merely for the glorification of a Viceroy, however great and good. When once the principle has been established, that an Englishman or Englishwoman may properly be tried on a criminal charge in the Mofussil by a magistrate not of his or her own race, it matters nothing how small may be the present application of the principle. Its extension must, from the very nature of the case, be only an affair of time. There is not a single constitutional privilege, among all those which Englishmen have been accustomed to look upon as their sacred and inalienable birthright, which will not sooner or later be attacked with unanswerable logical force, when once this principle has been admitted; and each successful attack is likely to render the Government less scrupulous, and will certainly leave the Englishmen and Englishwomen of India more defenceless, than before.

To this it may be added, that the pronounced tendency of the present Government of India towards a more rigorous form of despotism, which appears to have been regretfully observed by the best authorities (such as Mr. Justice Stephen) at home, has awakened in India a much stronger feeling than regret; and certainly does not make the independent English community more eager to give themselves up to the tender mercies of the Viceroy. Mr. Justice Stephen, in his last letter to the *Times*, notices that the Government of India, in asking the opinion of the Local Governments about the memorandum by Mr. Gupta on which the Ilbert Bill was subsequently founded, had given them "a strong hint as to the answer which they wished to receive"; and though he does not blame Lord Ripon personally or his Executive Council for this, he adds, "I say distinctly that someone is to blame." It is not alone in the matter of the Ilbert Bill that this imperious manner, this tendency to substitute the Viceroy's *sic volo, sic jubeo* for the advice and concurrence of the experienced officers of the administration, has been conspicuous since Lord Ripon's accession. When the subordinate Governments were consulted about the Local Self-Government scheme, the Bombay authorities sent up to Simla an elaborate and carefully-prepared letter, founded on the ripest experience that the Bombay Civil Service could afford, but written (in accordance with the traditions of the Civil Service) with entire independence, and not at all answering to the Simla cue—and the result was the immediate publication of a letter "from the Government of India to the Government of Bombay," very much to the effect that the former Government "regretted" the stupidity and incompetence of the latter! And again, the judges of the High Court of Calcutta were asked to give their opinion on the

proposed Bengal Tenancy Bill; the Chief Justice submitted a minute in which he objected to the revolutionary character of the suggestions of the Government of India—and in reply, Lord Ripon's Home Secretary wrote a pamphlet in which he described the Chief Justice as "an elderly London lawyer," and politely stated that his minute had been pigeon-holed! It is not difficult to establish a reign of terror, by means of this sort. Nor has the confidence of the Anglo-Indian public in the good faith of the Government been increased by the strangely crooked methods which have been adopted to bolster up these despotic tendencies with support from home, by means of garbled telegrams and other devices, contrived (as Mr. Justice Stephen observes with just indignation) "with the obvious though puerile intention of influencing English opinion."

"The very bad thing about the Bill is its principle—the principle, that is, that by a stroke of the pen we are to establish equality, ignoring race-distinctions among a people who themselves repudiate the idea in their intercourse with each other, with the utmost scorn and aversion." These are the weighty words of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and it is obvious that they apply to the new Bill as strongly as to the original Ilbert Bill.

Nor is it to the principle of the new Bill, or to the certainty of further attacks on the privileges of Englishmen involved in it, that the objections of Anglo-Indians will be confined. On the contrary, in all the numerous adverse reports of all the experienced officers of India, I can hardly find a single argument advanced, that does not apply in its full force to the proposed extension of the jurisdiction to native district magistrates and native sessions judges; especially if, as I believe to be undoubtedly the case, Lord Northbrook's proposals include statutory civilians nominated in India, as well as native competition-wallahs who have visited England. And in connection with the last-mentioned point, by the way, I would remark that the whole English Press seems to me to have erroneously assumed that the "statutory civilians" will be excluded from the jurisdiction, by Lord Northbrook's statement; and that, therefore, the class of native officers to be admitted is a very select and a "dwindling" one. I can find nothing in Lord Northbrook's words to justify this assumption, except the fact that he was silent on this most important point in his second speech, when he corrected some far less serious and far less general misapprehensions of his meaning. It is to be regretted that the point should be allowed to remain in doubt. And I also venture to regret the stress laid by Lord Northbrook on the right to a mixed jury or to mixed assessors, as "safeguards" of an accused Englishman; both because it accentuates the "slur" on native

magistrates, and because it is misleading, since the jury system only extends to a few special districts, and the assessors (where there are any) simply give an opinion which the judge may or may not accept. I cannot but think that Lord Northbrook ought to have explained to his audience, necessarily entirely ignorant of the circumstances, that these "safeguards" are practically illusory in the vast majority of cases.

I most readily admit the great importance of the concessions made by the Government in Lord Northbrook's proposals, concessions which throw overboard all the principles, and most of the details, of the Ilbert Bill. But the practical result is simply this: that whereas the Ilbert Bill was to inflict a grievous injury on the non-official English community of the whole of India, the new Bill (pending further alterations) will exempt from that injury those who have the good-fortune to live in non-regulation provinces. In other words, the indigo-planters of Bengal and Behar, and the railway employés throughout the greater part of the country, are to suffer; the tea-planters of Assam and the Punjab (Kangra, &c.) are to be let off. Why? Can any position be more absurdly illogical? I rejoice with the men of Assam, good men and true, at the temporary exemption from Lord Ripon's tender mercies which they have obtained. But, I ask, does anyone suppose that such a monstrous arrangement can be stable? There is absolutely not one single argument that can be used to justify the disfranchisement of the English community in Bengal, Behar, the North-West Provinces, and other "regulation" districts, that does not irresistibly compel a similar disfranchisement in Assam; and it is only the happy accident of the name—the "district magistrate" of Bengal is called a "deputy-commissioner" in Assam—that has been permitted to save the latter province. The Government has shown some dexterity in availing itself of this happy accident of the difference in the appellation given to one and the same official in different provinces, to hide the absurdity of a proposal obviously designed merely to buy off the hostility of Assam. But I am confident that the men of Assam will see through this policy of *divide et impera*; whilst its dishonesty will only serve further to exasperate the Englishmen of Bengal and the other regulation provinces.

The late Lord Lawrence, in his resolution of the 19th August 1867, when calling on the local administrations to frame proposals for "opening up to natives of ability and character a more important, dignified, and lucrative sphere of employment," referred to the fact that "natives entrusted with administrative duties have a difficulty in dealing with independent Europeans;" and directed that due regard should be had "to the expediency of providing

English officials of all districts in which European settlers or travellers abound." No Indian statesman has been more solicitous for the advancement of our native fellow-subjects than Lord Lawrence was; none, with the single exception of Lord Lytton, has done more to facilitate their admission to high offices in the State with the cordial goodwill of their English colleagues. But he had the good sense to see that any measure which made that full enfranchisement of natives, which we all desire, in any way coincident with, or dependent on, a humiliation or disfranchisement of Englishmen, or which, as a matter of fact, brought the two races into antagonism from a sense of wrong inflicted, must not only defeat itself, but also draw in its train infinite troubles. Lord Northbrook now feels himself bound to make out the best case he can for an absent colleague, from motives of chivalry which all will honour, and perhaps not altogether without a wholesome dread of the scandal of Lord Ripon's resignation, which would, of course, have followed any less chivalrous support in the Cabinet at home. But Lord Northbrook, when Viceroy of India, took very good care to follow in Lord Lawrence's footsteps.

Lord Ripon and Mr. Ilbert rush in, in the very gaiety of recklessness, where Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook feared to tread; and the question now is, will Lord Lawrence's prophecies of the disastrous issue be verified? It is, after all, a matter of opinion. Of course, Lord Ripon may be right, and Lord Lawrence may be wrong; and I am well aware the popular Radical notion is, that "the man in the street" is a far higher authority than men of ability and experience, who labour under the disadvantage of being "prejudiced" by the results of a life-long study of such questions. But it is at least worthy of note, that all the experienced administrators of Bengal, who have been consulted, share Lord Lawrence's fears, and deprecate Lord Ripon's light-hearted recklessness. The Commissioner of the Burdwan Division says that "We, who live among the people, and have the best possible opportunities of gauging public opinion, tremble for the results that must ensue if it becomes law." The Magistrate of the Burdwan district says: "I have not the slightest doubt that an attempt on the part of a native magistrate to carry out the law by imprisoning a European British subject, more especially if of the female sex, would lead to a serious disturbance, possibly resulting in loss of life." The Legal Remembrancer says: "I quite anticipate that any district in which such a jurisdiction were forcibly introduced would very soon be thrown into disorder and confusion." And I might multiply such quotations almost indefinitely. Nor is this view confined to Bengal; it is universal wherever there is a resident population of Englishmen to be

affected by the Bill. For instance, the Deputy-Commissioner of Muzaffargarh, Mr. C. E. Gladstone, whom I quote—not because he is a near relative of the Prime Minister, but because he has a special knowledge of the planting districts of Kangra in the Punjab—says: "I should say that as far as such a small body of men could create mutiny, there would be a mutiny in Kangra if a native magistrate sent a European planter to jail; this may be improper, but I think we must at present take the planters as what they are, not what we would wish them to be." And Mr. Gladstone gives some excellent reasons for his belief that this improper feeling on the part of the Englishman is, after all, not a very unnatural one. He says—

Sir Walter Scott's Scotch Advocate declared that he often felt inclined to kick his clients downstairs, their own account of themselves made them appear so mean. But he said he found out that they were only angry and therefore unreasonable. A magistrate not knowing English ways, and seeing before him on the one hand an Englishman intensely excited and making the worst of his case in consequence, and on the other hand a meek individual (who has probably been intensely insolent outside) with the air of a suffering martyr, would naturally become indignant at the idea of the brutal Saxon trampling on a poor inoffensive ryot; and yet it often turns out that the swaggering Englishman has simply been made a victim of by the meek villager, and I know as a fact that the villager who salaams to an official down to the ground can not only cheat a non-official European, but be insolent to him to a degree, outside the court. Of this a Bengali Babu would know nothing. He meets the Anglo-Indian's contempt with hatred, and however honestly he might wish to decide the case, he would certainly be biassed against the Englishman and give full weight to his indiscreet manner and utterances. As for the Punjab Rais, my experience is that they would thoroughly dislike to have European cases made over to them. The experiment has, as yet, to be tried, I believe, of introducing Bengali magistrates among the manly Punjabi people. The magistrates who would be invested would probably be Raises. The Punjab Rais, as far as I have seen, has a great respect for Englishmen, and I should greatly doubt whether an Englishman who richly deserved fining or imprisonment would ever get it. There are black sheep among English planters, as I have seen, who are capable of every kind of meanness, and on whose statement I would not rely for a moment. The other planters would probably delight to see a European magistrate punish such a one, but his punishment by a Bengali Babu would probably be resented by them as a body. This perhaps should not influence us, but then it does not appear what use there would be in trying a Bengali in the Punjab and raising the question. Further, there would be the real fear on the planters, that a foreigner who did not understand them would convict them on what was really false evidence. The worst fear they would have would be that their wives might be dragged into court on a false charge before a foreigner who would not understand their ways. A proper-minded Englishwoman dislikes going into court as much as any *pardah nashin* can do, and should not be exposed to it, if possible. At present she is not much exposed to it; under the contemplated arrangement she would be. I think the Punjab Rais would be as much annoyed at having an Englishwoman of respectability in court before him as an English magistrate would be, and that he would consider it no privilege at all. Moreover, the Rais would not be able, as an English magistrate could do, to distinguish between a modest English lady and a masculine and over-bearing woman. They would to him be all *Mem-Sahibs* entitled to respect, whose word was beyond suspicion. Though he might be able to distinguish between an English gentleman of honourable feeling and an unworthy Englishman with good clothes, he would not be able to distinguish in the case of ladies. He has met gentlemen and *pseudo*-gentlemen: of ladies he knows nothing. It may be answered that if natives, and educated ones to boot, should not try English men and women, because of their ignorance of their ways and manners, a native should not be liable to

be tried by an Englishman. I would reply that, in cases triable by a first-class Magistrate, I would always allow a native to be tried by a native magistrate, if he wished it In conclusion, I would say that I doubt if legally an Englishman can be tried by a native. It is his birthright to be tried by his peers. By coming to India he does not cease to be a subject of Her Majesty. It may be said that Englishmen should not have invested their capital in the country till they were assured that they would not be tried by natives. But their capital was often locked up in the country long before there was any idea of taking any such step as is now contemplated, and that had the present Bill been foreseen, much capital would have been kept out of the country. It is the birthright of certain native ladies to be *pardah nashins*, of certain Rajas and others to be exempt from attendance in court; of Mussalmans to marry four wives. The Englishman does not ask that his wife should be considered *pardah nashin*; he does not object to go to court; and he does not want four wives. His birthright is to be tried by his peers. We do not interfere with the birthright of the natives, and there is no reason to interfere with the birthright of the Englishmen. The natives have so many privileges of their own that to try to make everybody equal by taking away the Englishman's sole birthright, appears like giving to him that hath, by taking away from him that hath not even that he hath.

The desperate energy with which this birthright is clung to by the railway *employés* and other English working-men of India—who, after all, know better than any others where the shoe is likely to pinch, and who outnumber the non-official English of a higher class in the proportion of at least ten to one—is surely sufficiently attested by their having subscribed their hard-earned wages to send home a representative to plead their cause with the English public. This delegate, Mr. Atkins, has been taunted by the *Bradford Observer*, and other Radical newspapers, with being the paid agent of the Indian working-men; as if it were possible that a *bonâ fide* delegate of that class—Mr. Atkins is the Secretary of the Railway Servants' Association at Allahabad, and was himself for many years an engine-driver on the Indian railways—could afford to undertake such a mission at his own expense! Mr. Atkins was deputed by resolutions passed in public meetings of the Working-men's Associations at Calcutta, Assensole, Dinapur, Buxar, Allahabad, Lucknow, Gosainganj, Bandikoi, Nagpur, Chhattisgarh, Lahore, Jhelum, Sukkur, Bombay, Vepery (Madras), Perambore (Madras), Royapuram (Madras), Pothanore, and, I believe, elsewhere. At some of these meetings the men agreed to subscribe each of them a certain number of days' wages; and, to my thinking, a nobler instance of self-help has seldom been heard of, even among Englishmen. Mr. Atkins has neither asked nor received, up to the present moment, the slightest aid or countenance from the London Committee of Anglo-Indians—a fact which I am free to confess that personally (speaking only for myself, and not as a member of that Committee) I think much to be regretted; for his addresses, as far as I have heard or read them, have seemed to me to be not only able, but singularly free from those extreme prejudices which are supposed to be characteristic of the class he represents; and, even if they had been otherwise, I think that the feelings, and even

the prejudices of that class, constitute a political fact which ought not to be ignored altogether by wise statesmen.

I think it is impossible to doubt that the bitterness of feeling among the Englishmen of India, who now feel very much like rats hunted by Lord Ripon into a corner, has very much increased since the opinions of Mr. Gladstone, and the others I have quoted, were given. Some most deplorably violent language has been used at the recent meetings in Silchar, in Behar, and even in Calcutta; and that, too, by men who are men of the world, and know well enough that, by using such language they are greatly damaging their cause with us at home, who contemplate their unphilosophical despair from the snug vantage-ground of a London arm-chair.

But, however serenely we may condemn this foolish and desperate violence, I appeal to my fellow-countrymen—as nearly the whole body of Anglo-Indians have appealed over and over again to the Viceroy and to the Home Government—is it worth while, for the sake of the paltry, illogical measure to which the Ilbert Bill has now been "whittled down," to drive these men further and further into a corner? I know that bitter words of hatred have been spoken, by some of the greatest men in England, of the "spirit of ascendency" which is falsely supposed to be at the bottom of all this panic. But every class of the English in India has come forward indignantly to repudiate the shameful accusation; and even the leader of the native press in India, the ablest and most influential native supporter of the Ilbert Bill, has felt bound to say that the non-official Anglo-Indians are calumniated by such charges. This is what the *Hindoo Patriot* says :—

> We cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Gladstone for his firm adherence to the principle of the Bill. We confess we do not take such an uncharitable view of the non-official or resident Europeans in India as he does. Whatever was the feeling among them at the time of the Mutiny or immediately after, that feeling had until the present agitation materially changed. They had identified themselves with the children of the soil, and were going hand-in-hand in the advocacy of necessary and wholesome reforms. They backed the natives in advocating reduction of expenditure, reduction of taxation, and the reform of the financial and administrative machinery of the State. If the police oppressed, they were loud in denouncing it. If the executive officers were high-handed, they were not slow in condemning them. It is only in connection with the Ilbert Bill they have, as we hold, diverged from the right path; we have ventured to tell them from the beginning that they have been egregiously mistaken, but they have their own sentiments and wishes, and they are as much entitled to cherish them as we consider ourselves entitled to cherish ours. We, therefore, think that Mr. Gladstone would have done well if he had put the necessity of passing the Bill on the broad ground of even-handed justice, instead of that of checking the race-ascendency of the resident Europeans in India.

Lord Ripon will hardly contend—or, at least, he would not contend, if he were in the habit of thinking the experience of officers who have spent their lives in India more trustworthy than his own crude *à priori* notions—that any serious difficulty would

attend the complete withdrawal of the Bill. Few can speak with more authority on this question than the Chief Commissioner of Rájputána. No officer knows the natives better, or has been on more friendly terms with them; and every Anglo-Indian is aware that he has had special opportunities, as head of the Secret Police, of learning their real views and secret opinions. And he says:—

I have no doubt that if the Bill is withdrawn, and if it is seen that the Government are resolved to abide by the settlement of the question arrived at in 1872, any soreness which may have been produced by the heated discussions of the last few months will gradually pass away.

This opinion is confirmed by nearly every report of the local authorities lately sent in. I assert most positively that no Indian officer of experience would dare to maintain that the agitation for the Bill in the educated native community, born of Lord Ripon's suggestions, has penetrated any further than the merest fringe of a minute section of the Indian people. There is not a single native statesman of the very first class—I mean men like Sir Madhava Rao and Sir Dinkar Rao—who has not condemned the Bill, or asked for its withdrawal. Some of the best and noblest arguments against the Bill are to be found in the report of Mr. Badshah, of the Bengal Civil Service, who is himself one of those who would be ere long the recipients of Mr. Ilbert's odious gifts. And, indeed, it seem to me to be a most remarkable fact, and one that has not yet attracted the attention it deserves, that out of sixty-four natives consulted by the Indian Government, no less than fifteen advised the total withdrawal of the Bill, whilst only forty-nine voted either for it or for a modification of it. When we remember the artful way in which the measure was dressed up to flatter the perfectly honourable and natural race-pride of the natives, while its persecuting aspect (as "checking the spirit of ascendency" of Englishmen) was concealed—and when, further, we remember the immense influence exercised on loyal natives by the Viceroy's name, and that the Viceroy was generally supposed to take a keen personal interest in the Bill—the fact that very nearly 25 per cent. of those who were honoured by being consulted had the independence and the conscientiousness to refuse to be parties to it in any shape, is one of the highest significance.

Further, a curious accident has enabled us actually to ascertain, as a matter of fact, what would be the attitude of the native press if the Bill were to be altogether withdrawn. Last session, it will be remembered, the "Criminal Procedure Bill," then pending in the Imperial Parliament—of course, the English Bill—was withdrawn. Reuter's agency telegraphed the fact to India baldly, without specifying *what* "Criminal Procedure Bill" had been withdrawn. Of course everyone supposed the Ilbert Bill was meant, and for a short time the happy restful dream was believed

in as a reality. And this is how the *Journal of the Anjuman-i-Punjab*, the leading native paper of the Punjab, described the reception of the news by the Native Press:—

> The announcement of the withdrawal of the English Criminal Procedure Bill has been so widely misunderstood by native papers to apply to the Ilbert Bill that we actually have in evidence the very criticisms that would be passed upon such withdrawal by the Native Press. Of course, the supposed withdrawal is generally regretted, and regarded as a blow to the hopes of the people; but we notice that the *Koh-i-Noor* does not see reason to indulge in any alarm on the subject, being of opinion that the Bill did not confer any great boon on the people of this country.

What, then, is it that stands in the way of this peaceful consummation? Clearly nothing but Lord Ripon's *amour propre*—a feeling deserving of the utmost consideration within certain limits—and the fear of his resignation hanging over the heads of the Cabinet. But is it really necessary that the Viceroy should resign, if the Bill be withdrawn by *himself*? Mr. Gladstone was not of this opinion in the case of the Suez Canal scheme. The most ardent admirer of the Viceroy—even Mr. Ilbert—must admit that a little mild penance will really not come amiss to Lord Ripon, after his amazing indiscretion in committing himself to the Bill first, and asking the experts' opinions about it afterwards. Moreover, His Excellency has erred in good company; for one of the most discreet members of the Cabinet declared from his place in Parliament that, though "the full reports have not yet been received" (*sic*), still "it would be an error, a fatal error, to withdraw" the Bill. These words were spoken on the strength of information that now seems to have been hardly more authentic than that conveyed in Reuter's famous telegrams on the subject. No one, who has any knowledge of the usages and traditions of the Indian Government, can doubt for a moment what must have been the fate of the Bill, if the "full reports" now received had come before an unpledged Viceroy. Surely, never in history has there been an occasion when such awful risks have been incurred, merely for the lack of a little magnanimity, as must be incurred if Lord Northbrook's proposals be insisted on to save Lord Ripon's self-esteem. It is obviously idle to talk of the prestige of the English Government being injured by the withdrawal of a measure that is condemned, and that is known to be condemned, by virtually every Englishman in India except Lord Ripon and Mr. Ilbert. As the Chief Commissioner of Assam well says in his report: "It need be no cause of shame to the Government of India to admit that one step in advance has been proposed too soon, and should be receded from"; and many of the best men in India, in the same set of reports, have echoed the sentiment with which the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal closed his speech in the debate of March last, when he pointed out that the

frank admission of a blunder is, after all, the wisest and most English course, and, indeed, the only course consistent with true manliness of character. Lord Ripon may well afford to put aside any petty vanity about his statesmanship, if by so doing he can once more give the land peace, and atone for some at least of the irreparable mischief that has been caused by the introduction of the measure at all. The Bill, as now modified, abandons the principle invoked by its authors as the only justification for its introduction. To go on with it, in its present form, is like burning down a house deliberately for the sake of roasting an egg that is already addled. By so doing, Lord Ripon will virtually say to the English in India: "I cannot combat your arguments. I cannot justify, and dare not pass, the Bill I intended to pass. And so far you have prevailed. But I am very angry with you for putting me in this position; and, therefore, I shall do what little I can to insult and annoy you."

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

II.

THE NEW INDIAN RENT BILL.

IN 1786, when Lord Cornwallis came to India, the province of Bengal and Behar, now containing a flourishing population of some seventy millions, was in the last extremity of decay. Despoiled by successive conquerors, it had been handed over, by a degenerate descendant of the great Akbar, to the East India Company, in return for pecuniary and other assistance. That Company, whilom traders, bewildered by their new duties as sovereigns, and already involved in furious wars, were fain to continue the native administration of the last rapacious Mahommedan ruler. Then came a devastating famine. With financial ruin staring him in the face, Lord Cornwallis signed the Proclamation which set forth the terms of what is called the Permanent Settlement.

In India, all the land belongs to the State. The cultivator occupies it, and pays rent to the State. The rent is a proportion of the value of the actual crop grown. In ancient Hindoo times, this proportion varied from one-twelfth to one-fourth. In Akbar's time (1556–1605), the maximum was one-third. In different parts of India, the rent is collected under innumerable varieties of method. In Bengal in 1793, the arrangement was this:—The whole country was held in large properties, in each of which

reigned, almost without control, an hereditary potentate, called a zemindar. He had the entire management of the assessment and collection of the rent from the cultivators, which rent, after deducting ten per cent. for expenses of collection, and ten per cent. for his own dignity and emolument, he was bound to pay to the State.

But the Mahommedan Governments, and that of the East India Company, had, for many years, been always demanding increased rents; and often more than the zemindar admitted to be due. Therefore, though prevented by law from ousting him, the Government often temporarily superseded the zemindar, by a contractor, or even by Government officials. These, armed with military assistance, exacted direct from the cultivators the full, or more than the full, demand of Government; paid the zemindar his legal, though unearned, percentage, embezzled what they could, and satisfied Government with the remainder.

Under this system, it is stated by authority that the proportion of the value of his crop which the cultivator had to pay as rent amounted to no less than three-fifths.

Under the Permanent Settlement which Lord Cornwallis made, the State gave up its claim to the rent altogether. This, in future, was to belong to the zemindar. In return, the zemindar was to surrender all his sovereign or quasi-sovereign powers. He was to be subject, in his dealings with the cultivators and in other matters, to the jurisdiction of courts of law; and he was to punctually pay to Government a certain fixed sum annually (settled after a more or less detailed inquiry, at the highest figure ever realised); in default of payment of which, his property was liable to immediate sale. As set-off for the very high assessment, the zemindar was to enjoy undisturbed all benefits from improvement.

It is of the essence of this agreement that the State abandoned, along with its right to the rent, the power, should better times arise, of restoring the cultivator to his ancient position, by reducing the proportion of its demand upon him; and the rate at which the contract sum was fixed equally precluded the zemindar from this course. The State, however, as we have seen, provided in the compact for the security of the cultivators; and it also, in general terms, reserved its inherent right to "legislate for" their "welfare and protection."

The bargain, solemnly made, was accepted; but at first the zemindars had the worst of it. Deprived of so much of their power, they failed to realize the high proportion required for the payment of the contract sum. Most of them were sold up, and their immediate successors fared no better.

Gradually, improvement supervened; and by the middle of this century, the rents from an enlarged and better-cultivated area, though levied at a greatly-decreased ratio to the value of the crop (one sixth to one twentieth), yielded an enormous margin above the contract sum. Thus, by the mere operation of a fixed demand in a reign of law, a vast capital had accumulated, and the cultivator regained his old position.

But there was another side to the picture. Averse to labour, apprehensive of the risk of management, and following their ancestral instincts (which former Governments had strictly repressed, but the present encouraged by its own example), the land-holders had under-let their lands. Wholly unchecked, sub-infeudation grew rapidly. A chain of middle-men, protected by perpetual leases at fixed rents, stepped in and absorbed the increasing margin of the rent. It is this class—engaged in other pursuits, not wholly dependent on, but closely bound up with, the land revenue system—which forms the mass of the middle class of the country.

Similarly, the cultivator, profiting by the increased proportion of the produce of the soil left in his possession, largely relinquished his agriculture, and sub-let his lands; not indeed at rates so high as ruled in Lord Cornwallis's days, but at the highest rates he could obtain.

Thus in the face of vastly increased production the landlord was discontented, and the actual cultivator poor. The former demanded a larger share of the produce, the latter complained of rack-rents and exaction.

It was the old cultivator, now become a middle-man, who was the cause of all this. The whole process of sub-infeudation, including the change in his status, and the rise of a new class of tillers, had passed almost unnoticed by the legislature. He was still by law, as regards the zemindar, the cultivator of the soil, though he might long ago have let his fields and betaken himself to other employment: as regards the unprotected actual cultivator, he was too often a harsh and exacting landlord. As a wily evader of obligations he made the name of cultivator odious to the zemindar: as an unscrupulous rack-renter, he caused the name of zemindar to be unfavourably regarded by Government.

Such was the aspect of affairs in 1859, when the Government, perceiving discontent at both ends of the chain, somewhat hastily interfered and passed the celebrated Act X.

By this Act wholesome restrictions were placed on distraint, and an ineffectual, only because ill-drafted, provision was made for enhancement of insufficient rents. But, burning to protect the tiller of the soil, the Government, from sheer neglect of the infor-

mation in the record rooms, created and conferred a "fixed tenure and a fair rent" not on the actual cultivator, the new, ignored, unprotected husbandman, who tilled the soil and produced the wealth of Bengal; but on the class of old cultivators, which was rapidly becoming functionless. Only a definition was wanting to make Act X. of 1859 a noble law.

To do what it did the Government had to break the Permanent Settlement: and who would have cavilled, if the problem had been solved? But it was not so. The benevolence of Government was wasted on a class of middle-men, containing, indeed, some who still cultivated, but largely composed of rack-renting, usurious money-lenders.

Act X. of 1859 was received by the zemindars with much alarm and dissatisfaction. The grave error which vitiated its treatment of the cultivator was not immediately patent, but in time became generally admitted. There was a widespread feeling that none of the objects proposed had been attained. But the Government, unwilling to rescind privileges ostentatiously bestowed, and forcibly awakened to a sense of its ignorance, took no action. Meanwhile an energetic policy of development, bringing unexampled, if only temporary, prosperity to the actual cultivator, had rendered the whole landed interest quiescent, if not contented. It was the imposition by Government—in violation, as was alleged, of the Permanent Settlement—of new cesses upon the land, which at length revived the question. To collect these cesses required the cordial co-operation of the zemindars. To conciliate expected opposition on their part, rather than to satisfy any definite demand, a pledge was given in 1877 that the law should be amended with a view to remove the difficulties admittedly encountered in the collection of rent. Soon after, a Commission was appointed in fulfilment of this pledge, but with instructions to take up the whole question of the land.

It was earnestly hoped by all who had practical acquaintance with the land system, that the appointment of this Commission would result not only in securing the object for which it was specially convoked, but in such a grapple with the land question, especially as regards the great subject of sub-infeudation, as would lead to correction, or, at least, restriction, of the working of the erroneous legislation of 1859, and place the actual cultivator, and not a middle-man filching his name, in a satisfactory position. Unless so much could be done, it was felt that it would be better to leave the law as it stood.

The newly-appointed Rent Commission was composed of able men, but only one official member had much personal revenue experience. It was not, however, left destitute of light from without.

The Famine Commission, appointed in England, and combining European knowledge with an extensive Oriental observation, was sitting about this time. They found occasion to discuss the question of occupancy rights, and the propriety of strengthening them by making them transferable. But turning from this point, they say in their report:—

> The question of sub-letting seems to us of even greater importance. The more valuable the occupancy right becomes by reason of such measures of protection as we have advocated, the more need there will be of guarding against a custom which is everywhere prevalent in India, under which the privileged tenant is apt to turn into a middle-man, sub-letting the land, and living on the difference between the rack-rent and the privileged rate secured him by the law. The occupancy right can only be beneficial to the community when enjoyed by a *bonâ fide* cultivator, and the object of the law should be to prevent anyone who is not a *bonâ fide* cultivator from acquiring or retaining such rights. If this can be secured, the chief danger in the way of making such rights marketable will be removed, for they will not be able to pass into the hands of money-lenders; and if a tenant who becomes deeply involved is sold up, his land will pass to another tenant.

These are weighty words, and they were not without an echo in the Commission itself. Dr. Field, one of the members, who had been deputed to draw up a digest of the existing law, supplemented by suggestions for legislation where it might be found imperfect or obsolete, did not fail to lay before the Rent Commission its defects in respect to the incidence of the occupancy right. As an explanation to his proposed section, No. XXI., he points out that the object of "a right of occupancy is to encourage agriculture" . . . "such encouragement will, it is apprehended, be afforded by securing the cultivator from arbitrary eviction; but it would be contrary to the policy and intention of the Legislature to allow a productive cultivator to convert himself into an unproductive middle-man, and, therefore, sub-letting in future (by the cultivator who has acquired a right of occupancy) is prohibited."

Nor was another, and he the most experienced member of the Commission, backward in pointing out the necessity of thoroughly dealing with the question of sub-infeudation. Mr. H. L. Harrison, after quoting Mr. Bayley, to show that even in 1810 the condition of the cultivator was unsatisfactory, owing to the interposition of middle-men, cites his own experience (with which every revenue officer will agree) that "the utmost rack-renting is to be found when the right of occupancy falls into the hands of Mahajans (money-lenders) or other persons who do not cultivate themselves, but sublet to korfa ryots (actual cultivators)." He goes on to say, "From the very outset I always maintained that the question of sub-letting was the cardinal point," and he adds:

> It comes, therefore, to this: The Permanent Settlement recognises the occupancy right in the resident cultivator. Act X. of 1859 recognizes it in someone who may be the actual cultivator, or who may not, while it refuses it to the actual cultivator, if his lessor happens to be an old ryot (cultivator) and not a zemindar. We are now placed

in this dilemma: Either we must perpetuate this injustice which slipped in, as it were, by a side wind; or we must create a second occupancy right in the same land; or we must go back to the principles of the Permanent Settlement, and prevent any further sub-letting of the occupancy right.

In this passage Mr. Harrison calls the sub-letting occupancy cultivator "the worst rack-renter." By this he means worse than the zemindar, worse than any of the intermediate holders introduced by the zemindar. For this there are several practical reasons, some of which will occur to the reader, and on which I shall not dwell. But there is one historical reason of great importance. The intermediate holder created by the zemindar necessarily absorbs a portion of those profits which previously went to the zemindar; but the cultivator who sub-lets and betakes himself to other employment absorbs a portion of the profits of cultivation. The leaseholding middle-man is an incubus on the rent, but the *çi-devant* cultivator is a parasite on the residuum which the policy of the State has always held sacred for the subsistence of the agency which renders the soil profitable. He does not drink at the spring, but taps the reservoirs from which the spring is nourished.

Hence it is that the Famine Commission, in continuation of the passage above quoted from their report, do not hesitate to recommend his excision.

"If," they say, "a tenant for a long period fails to keep up the stock required for cultivating his land, or otherwise ceases to be, by occupation and habit, a *bonâ fide* cultivator, the rights he or his ancestor acquired by cultivating the soil might reasonably pass from him to the person who, having become the actual cultivator, occupies his place."

The most influential member of the Committee, however, whose experience dated from after the passing of Act X. of 1859, was, it may be said, enamoured of the occupancy right then created, in the abstract and without reference to its incidence. He argued that "the ryot's" (*i.e.* the parasite's) "right has, by lapse of time and advancing prices, become generally a thing of real value," and asserted that he could "support no proposal which tends to confiscate this or to limit it in an arbitrary unconstitutional way."

This view unfortunately prevailed, and the Rent Commissioners, after much perturbation of spirit, and in the enforced absence of Mr. Harrison, who had left the country, subscribed, though not unanimously, the following decision on this momentous point:—

We have seriously considered whether the acquisition of a right of occupancy should not be limited in all cases to the actual cultivator of the soil. Having examined the subject in all its bearings, we have come to the conclusion that such a rule, if laid down, would exercise a disturbing influence, the immediate benefit to be derived from which appears doubtful to some of us, and the ultimate consequences of which none of us can pretend to forecast with any reasonable certainty. If all korfas or under-ryots were converted into ryots, having, or able to acquire, a right of occupancy, some of us think that the rate of rent of occupancy ryots would be forced up to such a point

that a right of occupancy would be valueless, as it would be necessary to convert the superior ryot into a tenure-holder or under-tenure-holder, and to take the present korfa rates of rent as the measure of the rates to be hereafter payable by the occupancy ryot.

This is not very clear, but the reasoning is in simple terms this. The actual cultivator who holds under the present occupancy ryots pays a high rate, which it is impracticable to lower; therefore a right of occupancy will be valueless to him. Therefore we will confine it to the middle-man, whose rent is lower, and we will do nothing, nothing at all, for the actual cultivator who holds under those middle-men.

But is not a right of occupancy—security, as Dr. Field calls it, from arbitrary eviction—a thing valuable in itself? In former times it was held so. At the time of the Permanent Settlement it carried with it no rent privilege. There is extant a report of certain land commissioners appointed in 1776, in which it is distinctly stated that the cultivators who then enjoyed this right "generally pay the highest rent for the lands which they hold." Act X. of 1859 itself only provided that the right of occupancy should entitle the holder to pay rent at fair rates, and Sir Henry Ricketts, one of the framers of that Act, has publicly asserted that by a fair rent was meant the market-rate. But be this as it may, the fact that the class which obtained a right of occupancy under Act X. of 1859 may now be holding at rates below the market-rate, is surely no reason why the right of occupancy should be denied to the actual cultivator. Again, if a right of occupancy, to be extended to the actual cultivator and taken away from parasitic middlemen, should include protection from arbitrary enhancement, would it be valueless then? We have seen how the "lapse of time and advancing prices" have, without any actual diminution of rent, improved the position of protected holders. Why should not the actual cultivator partake of future prosperity? Surely never shallower argument was used for bad statesmanship.

The reader is now prepared to understand the principle on which the proposed legislation has been framed. It is to increase the privileges and protection afforded by the occupancy right, and facilitate its acquirement by every member of the class to which it is at present confined, but to refuse it, even in its barest form, to the actual cultivator holding under that class. All the recommendations of the Famine Commission are to be carried out, except the one which they consider essential. The occupancy right is to be transferable and heritable as "other immoveable property." Elaborate precautions are taken to ensure that it shall carry with it a privileged rate of rent; but so far from "guarding against" the "privileged tenant" becoming a "middle-man," he is expressly permitted to do so whenever and however he pleases.

It would take too much space here to detail the various objectionable provisions of the Bill. It is sufficient to state that both the zemindar and the actual cultivator are plundered to raise the position of this parasitic middle-man; that all contracts are avoided for this end, and that the provisions are retrospective.

The zemindars of Bengal and Behar, who have been loyal to the English Government for 120 years, are deeply alarmed and gravely discontented. They have, for the first time since our rule began, combined to oppose the measures of their Government. Two well-drawn petitions have been presented by them to the House of Commons, and it is hoped that they will command attention. They will well repay perusal.

The actual cultivator is unable so to make his voice heard. He is not without eloquent friends in England, but their knowledge is not on a par with their benevolence or talents. I have endeavoured to elucidate his case, but I make no appeal *ad misericordiam*. The matter is one of State policy. By universal consent in the East, the prosperity of the actual cultivator lies at the root of all tranquillity, happiness, and good government. In Oriental countries the landed interest holds the position that Lords and Commons, landlords and tenants, manufacturers and operatives all combined, if such were possible, hold in English politics. No other interest is important, compared with the agricultural interest, and nothing in the agricultural interest is important compared with that of the cultivator. No nineteenth-century euphemism, no foisting of another class to take his name and intercept his claims, will avail. Act X. was mischievous because it hid the truth under specious pretences. The proposed law is worse, because it slurs over, patches, bolsters up, and perpetuates the mischief of Act X.

We hear much of *doctrinaire* legislation. I do not remember ever to have seen the phrase defined; but to worship an abstract right, because of its intrinsic beauty, and then to confer it on a class which has no claim to it, seems to be one form, at all events, of this false policy.

FLEETWOOD H. PELLEW.

ANOTHER TALK WITH CORKHOUSE.

[The ensuing Dialogue, sent us by Lord Sangfroid shortly before the *Review* was sent to press, seems to us so instructive, and bears so directly on the domestic politics of the past month, that we have put Current Politics aside in order to make room for it.—The Editors.]

* * * * * *

You gave so hospitable a reception to the account I gave you of "A Stroll with Corkhouse," that I feel tempted to send you a hurried and somewhat compressed report of a talk I had with that interesting person a day or two ago at a house in a hunting country, where we both were guests. Corkhouse does not hunt, thinking it contrary to humanitarian principles to minister, however indirectly, to the killing of anything, unless he happens to want to eat it, or it eats something he wants to eat himself. Accordingly, while we were riding across country, he was killing slugs in the kitchen garden, as he described to us with much pride on our return from a blank day; for the slugs, as he said, were spoiling the celery. But, in the evening, I managed to get some of his delightful society. I found him in unusually bad spirits, not to say bad temper. However, by dint of persistence, I at length extracted from him much wisdom, of which the following dialogue between us represents only a part.

Myself.—What is the matter, Corkhouse? You seem out of sorts? Has anything gone wrong? You surely are not bothering yourself about such a trifle as the ugly look of things in the Soudan, or the result of the York Election, vexing though this last is.

Corkhouse.—No!

Myself.—By Jove! it looks as if a sixth of the people who voted for us at the General Election did so because they were bribed, and no longer vote now that bribery is done away with. It will be a pretty business should it turn out that in passing the Corrupt Practices Bill the Liberal Party have cut away the bough upon which they were sitting.

Corkhouse.—So it will. But it is not that. It is that article of Lord Salisbury's in the *National Review*. A most mischievous article; a wicked article in fact.

Myself.—Yes. But Mr. Chamberlain is going to answer it; and

that will put matters straight, for I don't think Lord Salisbury will answer Mr. Chamberlain.

Corkhouse.—But fancy a great territorial noble writing a paper that is rank Socialism.

Myself.—But is it? I have not read it; I never read such things; but I see the *Times* and *Standard* concur in declaring it is nothing of the kind. Still I can quite understand that some of our people should consider it good policy to create the impression that it *is* Socialistic; and, therefore, I scarcely see why that should annoy you.

Corkhouse.—Well, look at it in this way. A number of our people, notably in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, animated, no doubt, by the best intentions——

Myself.—The best Party intentions.

Corkhouse.—Quite so; animated by the best intentions, as I said, hastened to disseminate the impression that Lord Salisbury had turned Socialist; whereupon a number of the poor voters in several of the constituencies seized upon the news with avidity, and, I fear, the result is that much sympathy has thereby been aroused for the Conservative Party in several boroughs where we thought ourselves safe. Actually my own seat is, I am told, endangered.

Myself.—You don't say so! Then, indeed, Lord Salisbury is a dangerous man, and ought not to be allowed to go at large. But surely it will be easy now that this particular interpretation of the article on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" is seen to be so mischievous to show that it is all a mistake, to correct the impression, and to convince the people we have unwittingly, or at least unwisely, misled, them, and that Lord Salisbury is not a Socialist after all!

Corkhouse.—To some extent, no doubt, that will be possible, and it is now being done. But there is some danger in that course, also; for, you see, we have now to prove that Lord Salisbury is *not* a Socialist to those of our own supporters who would only be too delighted if he were.

Myself.—Ha! I begin to see. Yes, yes! the position *is* a very awkward one. First, Lord Salisbury writes an article that is not in reality Socialistic at all, but which shows warm and reasonable sympathy with labourers and artisans; and the fact of his showing this sympathy so mischievous from a Party point of view, that it was necessary to correct the result by raising the cry that he was preaching rank Communism.

Corkhouse.—You put it a little—er—er—nakedly; but—er—perhaps—well, it was more or less like that.

Myself.—Just so. Then what next occurred, as I understand you, was this. A number of Radical voters, on being told that

Lord Salisbury is a Socialist, forthwith said, "Then he's the leader for us, and we shall vote for Conservative candidates at the next election." Is that so?

Corkhouse.—It is, unfortunately; and can you imagine anything more annoying, or more injurious to the highest welfare of the State, the interests of humanity, and the union of the Liberal Party?

Myself.—To tell the truth, I cannot. But let us pursue the process, and see what further has happened.

Corkhouse.—If you have read the speeches of Mr. Goschen, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and Mr. Forster, you will see what it is that occurred next.

Myself.—I read what the papers said about those speeches, and I gathered that they were a protest against Socialistic doctrines, and a homily upon the duty of self-help.

Corkhouse.—Precisely. So they were, and a very wise homily too, if not delivered too late. They pointed out the necessity for great caution, for great circumspection shall I say, and not doing for the working classes what they ought to do for themselves.

Here Corkhouse paused, and there was silence for a minute or two. But he still looked unutterably gloomy, and I sat wondering what was the cause of his distress. At last, daylight began to dawn upon me, and I resumed the conversation.

Myself.—I tell you what it is, Corkhouse, the position is a precious ugly and a precious embarrassing one; and it *has* been brought about by that article of Salisbury's. For look here! Our people first tell the Radical voters that Salisbury is a Socialist, and the Radical voters are delighted. Obviously, that would never do; so, by way of compensation, Mr. Goschen cracks up the doctrine of of *Laissez-faire*, Mr. Fawcett airs afresh the principles of Political Economy which forbid you to cheapen houses or anything else artificially, and Mr. Forster and Mr. Shaw Lefevre protest that only by their own action can the Working Classes be raised. Finally, there comes a letter from Mr. Smith, the Liberal Member for Liverpool, to Mr. Hyndman, of the Democratic Federation, in which he says, "Excuse me, Sir, I am not a Socialist; I am a Christian; and as one of the Christian Commandments is 'Thou shalt not steal,' I have not the smallest intention of allowing *you* to rob *me*, or of assisting the Democratic Federation to deprive the wealthy of their property."

Corkhouse.—Exactly. An admirable letter—one of the most admirable letters I ever read.

Myself.—Truly admirable, as you say: Political Economy and Christian Morality of the highest kind. But, my dear Corkhouse, observe the result. Is such Political Economy, such Christian

Morality, to be distinguished in any respect from the very lowest form of Conservatism? And if the voters in our Radical constituencies discern this, it might be a bad look-out, as you eloquently put it, for the interests of Humanity and the Liberal Party. I see that Mr. Chamberlain has just written to somebody or other, "True Liberalism must be always and especially the poor man's politics, the rich having nothing to gain by change." But when the "poor man" discerns that "true Liberalism"—unless, indeed, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre are not true Liberals—not only intends to do no more for them than Lord Salisbury, but professes itself alarmed at what it alleges Lord Salisbury is prepared to do, will not the "poor man," *alias* the Radical voter, come to the conclusion that Liberalism, whether true or false, is a huge imposture?"

I thought Corkhouse was going to have a fit. He bounded up from his chair, he stuttered, and gasped, and for a time was quite inarticulate. At length he once more became tolerably intelligible.

Corkhouse.—It 's all that confounded *National Review* (he used a stronger phrase still, but I suppress it out of regard for the usually strict propriety of his discourse). Our people have done everything in their power to suppress that noxious publication, and—and—and—this is what it all ends in.

Myself.—It *is* very sad; but as far as I have been able to judge, the wire-pullers of the Party have done their duty in the matter. The report was first assiduously spread that the *National Review* was not going to make its appearance at all. When it appeared, we all naturally prophesied it would not live six months. When this prediction proved inaccurate, I never met one of our people who did not assert with the utmost confidence that the contributors were not paid, and that the *Review* was a dead failure. When these assertions were likewise discovered to be false——

Corkhouse.—Don't talk about it; it is too provoking.

Myself.—We laughed at the "dormant talent," and the dormant talent has positively woke up.

Corkhouse.—I can't understand it. Chamberlain's sound advice to Liberals never to read a Conservative paper, combined with Bright's statesman-like declaration that the Tories have nothing to say for themselves, ought to have proved successful in preventing the *National Review* from finding its way into people's hands. Moreover, all our chief speakers, even when alluding to Lord Salisbury's paper, most wisely abstained from naming the publication in which it appeared; but it all seems no use. The *Times*, the *Standard*, and even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which ought to know better, are perpetually alluding to the *National*. I see

Lord Cranbrook is writing for the next number, and I am told Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing an article for January.

Myself.—All of which seems to point to the conclusion, Corkhouse, that if Conservatives will only write, and are once read, it is all over with us.

Corkhouse.—I—er—don't say that—er—quite—but——

Here Corkhouse grew so incoherent, that I came to his rescue, and pointed out that there is no serious ground for despondency, much less for despair, and that if the Conservatives have theoretical reason on their side, all the practical wisdom is on ours. A Party that contains both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Labouchere, the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Selborne and Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Goschen and Mr. William Morris of the Democratic Federation, is too strong in its heterogeneity to be displaced by a rival Party all of whose members think more or less alike. What the result of this harmonious hypocrisy may in the end be to the country, is another question. But it subserves to perfection the purposes of Party, which, as understood by all sound Liberals, and as explained on a celebrated occasion by Lord Hartington, is to keep out the Tories. Moreover, even if Corkhouse and I live to be as old as Sir Moses Montefiore, I doubt if the deluge will come in our time; and the next generation must build an ark for itself.

SANGFROID.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

London: Printed by W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. S.W.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 11.—JANUARY, 1884.

A FEW REMARKS ON CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL FINANCE.

"Mr. M.," said one of the judges *in banco*, interrupting an eminent counsel, "you have told us that four times." "Well, my lord," was the reply, "there are four of your lordships." I am afraid that, in reopening the question of Conservative and Liberal finance, I shall expose myself to a similar rebuke: I do not know whether I shall be allowed the benefit of a similar justification. In the running fight which is now regularly kept up between the two great political parties the same topics are continually being brought forward; the same allegations repeated; the same denials given; the same arguments used over and over again; till the wearied newspaper reader, and for that matter the wearied newspaper writer too, cries for mercy, or growls out remonstrances, at which one cannot feel surprise. At the time when the story of the Claimant was monopolising public attention, there is said to have been posted in a certain coffee-room a notice to this effect: "Il est défendu de parler Tichborne." Could such a prohibition be enforced, we can imagine that there are many who would be glad to apply it to some, at least, of the stock topics of Party recrimination; and of all topics, recriminations on the subject of Finance would stand the best chance of being tabooed. To some the subject itself is distasteful, especially when it ceases to have the freshness of novelty. Discussing the Budgets of by-gone years seems to them like discussing the *menus* of old Lord Mayors' feasts. To others it is the method of conducting the controversy that is so trying. To hear a Liberal making an allegation at Burnley or Wolverhampton, a Conservative partially answering him at Manchester or Liverpool, a Liberal retorting with a wholly new charge from the Land's End or John o'

Groats' house, and none of the attacks or defences covering the whole ground of controversy, is very confusing, and produces on the mind an impression that the disputants can "find no end, in wandering mazes lost." Certainly, if I may judge from the dozens of letters which I daily receive from different places, asking questions upon minute points, of which explanations have been given over and over again, such is the impression largely prevailing in the country.

Yet there is no topic upon which full and fair inquiry is more natural or more desirable than the comparative merits and demerits of the Financial administration of different political parties: nor is there any which can be used with greater effect in a party struggle. The loudly belauded economy of the one and the loudly denounced extravagance of the other, tell more with the body of tax-payers than any other argument; and it is only in human nature that such assertions and counter-assertions should be made, over and over again, regardless of contradictions, regardless of the yawns of the public outside, regardless of everything but the wise saw which reminds us that the continual dropping of water will wear out the hard rock, and the encouraging exhortation to the party combatant to throw plenty of mud, for some is sure to stick.

Let me now inquire what are the points at present in dispute, and what are the conditions of the contest.

It is hardly necessary to take notice of general allegations, or to ask why one party should be supposed to be naturally more extravagant than the other. Politically speaking, there is so much to be gained by a reputation for sound finance and economical administration, and so much to be lost by a character for the opposite qualities, that it may be assumed that each is likely to do its best to keep expenditure within as strict bounds as it can. The Conservatives, in so far as they represent the principle of property, have even a greater interest in doing this than their opponents; for excessive expenditure leads to increased taxation, and it is upon property that increased taxation in these days is sure mainly to fall.

But the question, of course, is not as to motives or aspirations. Statesmen are to be judged by their acts; and parties by the results of their policy. If expenditure is always high under a Conservative, and low under a Liberal, Government, it is quite fair and right to put the Conservatives on their defence.

Now, in the first place, we say the charge is not true; that is to say, the facts on which it is founded are exaggerated, or distorted, or misunderstood.

In the second place, we say that in some of its most important branches the increase in our expenditure, where there really has

been any, has been inevitable, and must have taken place under any Administration. And in support of this contention, we point to the expenditure of our successors under the same heads.

In the third place we say, that, where the increase has been optional, it has been incurred for adequate objects, and has been productive of substantial results, well worth the cost incurred; and we challenge comparison between our optional expenditure and that of our Liberal successors.

It would be well if the discussion of these heads could be strictly and logically conducted. The difficulty is, that it leads us into dry and technical details, which are repulsive to many minds, and which, moreover, it is seldom possible to work out in the course of such a speech as one of those in which they are commonly introduced. And when the reply to that speech comes, in some remote quarter and after some considerable lapse of time, it is impossible for the controversialist to interest his audience in a discussion of which they have hardly any knowledge or recollection; so that he most naturally takes refuge in some telling assertion which, whether he can make it good or not, is really wide of the actual points at issue, and tends only to distract attention from them.

Such an assertion as this, for instance:—When the Conservative says, Your expenditure is not less than ours, but greater, the Liberal replies, Yes, but we are paying your debts. This never fails to evoke a cheer, and it is often regarded as a conclusive answer; yet it is no answer at all; for the Liberal expenditure is fully equal to or greater than the Conservative, after making every possible allowance for what are called the debts of the late Government.

What I understand the Liberal to mean when he says that the present Government is paying the debts of its predecessor, is, that the late Government did not raise enough money by taxation in the year 1877–8, or in the two years following, to defray the cost of its military and naval expenditure within those years; but left a portion of it to be met in subsequent years; and that the present Government is still paying money on account of that unprovided expenditure.

Now, it is quite true that the late Government did not attempt to meet the whole charge for that expenditure by taxation within the years in which it was incurred; and I will by-and-by explain why they did not. They paid the bills incurred partly out of taxation and partly out of borrowed money; and they borrowed that money, in the first place, by Exchequer Bonds, the bulk of which they subsequently converted into a terminable annuity, which is to expire in the year 1885. When that annuity expires, the whole of the expenditure for the warlike preparations will have been discharged.

The total amount of the annuity was £1,350,583, of which £800,000 a year was to be provided by taxation,* and, so far as that amount is concerned, the present Government are at liberty to say that to this extent they are paying the debts of their predecessors; though it must not be forgotten that the Conservatives did not leave their successors to devise the means of meeting this additional charge. By adding twopence to the Income Tax, fourpence a pound to the Tobacco duty, and about £700,000 a year to the Probate duties, they had made the revenue sufficient to bear the additional annuity of £800,000, and had placed the finances on an equilibrium before Mr. Gladstone took charge of them in the spring of 1880.

But the expenditure of the Liberals is much more than £800,000 a year in excess of that of their predecessors. In the three years 1877–80, the Conservative Government spent £249,584,230, or on an average £83,194,743 a year. In the three years 1880–83, the Liberal Government spent £255,232,905, or on an average £85,077,635, being at the rate of £1,882,892 more than the Conservatives. Take off the £800,000 due to the special expenditure, and we still find the excess upwards of a million per annum. If we wish to be very strict against ourselves, we may add to the Conservative expenditure a further sum of £1,500,000 on account of sums applied out of loans sanctioned by former Liberal Governments, for Fortifications (Lord Palmerston's hobby), and Military Barracks (Lord Cardwell's legacy), and thus make our average annual expenditure £83,694,743, or £582,892 less than the Liberal average, after allowing the Liberals to deduct from their expenditure the £800,000 due to the account of their predecessors.

I may be met with the observation that in this comparison I have omitted to take notice of the sums which have been paid within the last three years to the Indian Government in respect of the cost of the Afghan War. There have been three payments, of £500,000 each, made on this account in the last three years. The

* The balance of the annuity (£550,583) was to be defrayed out of the "New Sinking Fund." Those who are not familiar with our financial system may be reminded that, previous to the year 1875, it was the practice of Parliament to provide, year by year, just so much money for the service of the National Debt as would suffice to pay interest, dividends, and annuities, together with the expenses of management; and that the surplus income of the year, if there was a surplus, was applied to the reduction of those perpetual annuities which we call the capital of the debt. By the system substituted by Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1875, a fixed sum of twenty-eight millions—being somewhat more than was required to meet the obligations of that period—was made payable year by year. As the debt diminishes by the redemption or efflux of annuities and the cancelling of stock, a smaller amount is required for paying dividends, and an increased amount is available for redemption purposes. This sum, so available, is called the New Sinking Fund. By the year 1880 it was producing about £650,000 a year, and it consequently afforded a margin for the creation of the annuity of £550,583, without any necessity for further disturbing taxation. It therefore does not affect the expenditure of the year.

present Government claim to charge these payments to the account of their predecessors. The claim is an exceedingly disputable one; but I have not space to enter into a full discussion of it. This only I will say, that if we are to relieve the Liberal account of those three payments, and place them to the account of their predecessors, we must by parity of reasoning relieve the Conservative account of the charge which I have just mentioned in respect of the Fortifications and Military Barracks, and transfer it to that of the Liberal Administrations to whose action it was wholly due. The one charge, curiously enough, exactly balances the other.

It is clear from such a statement as this, that it is not fair to charge the Conservative Government with greater general extravagance than the Liberal Government, without adducing some better proof than is to be found in the figures of the gross expenditure.

But I will not confine myself to the examination of these figures. I will call a witness whose testimony will hardly be impeached by our opponents. In his Budget speech of 1882, Mr. Gladstone made the following remarks:—

> The reduction in the Estimates is £750,000. But the relief from war charges has been much larger than that. . . . . The year is relieved of war charges, upon the whole, to the extent of £2,250,000, or more exactly, £2,272,000, against which I am only able to state a reduction upon the estimates of £751,000; and therefore I must tell the Committee what becomes of the difference of £1,500,000 between these two sums. Some part of that represents permanent increase; some part of it represents normal increase: but undoubtedly there are portions of it which I am not able to place under one description or the other.

He then went on to explain that about £430,000 of the addition was due to expenses in connection with Ireland, about £200,000 to an increase in the charge for the Post Office service, as to which he said:—

> I think I ought to state in justice to all parties that great care appears to have been taken by the late Government in restraining the extension of the establishment. The pressure since we came into office has reached a point which is nearly irresistible.

And, having mentioned certain other items, he concluded with these notable remarks:—

> That accounts for £900,000 out of a sum of £1,500,000, which I have represented as the increase to be accounted for. Effectively, the great bulk of the remainder of that increase is Navy charge (!) and is represented by demands with which the Committee is familiar. There are the changes of armament, which cause an augmentation of £250,000 in the vote for guns. There is another sum of £100,000 in the vote for ship-building; and, whatever the amount for ship-building may be, I must say that we look forward with considerable confidence to economy in matters connected with building, and to the securing of greater results for our money, in consequence of the arrangements which have been sanctioned by the First Lord of the Admiralty for placing a gentleman of the highest skill and character, and well acquainted with the practical details of the service, on the Board of Admiralty.

What would have been the comments on such a statement as

this, if it had been made by a Conservative Minister? I think we should have heard something about chicken-hearted Chancellors of the Exchequer and irresolute words on behalf of economy. But Mr. Gladstone is privileged; and if his admirers are a little startled by such apologies for increased expenditure, they take out their astonishment by an additional fling against the extravagance of those wicked Tories.

It is recorded of the celebrated Beau Brummel that, on being asked what he had done for a young gentleman who had been committed to his care, he replied, with some loftiness, "Done for him? I gave him my arm all the way up St. James' Street." One might almost draw a parallel with Mr. Gladstone giving his arm to the gentleman from the Admiralty with the bundle of increased Navy Charges in his pocket!

But our old friend Horace supplies the more exact comparison:

> Mœnius absentem Novium cum carperet; Heus tu,
> Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
> Verba putas? Equidem mi ignosco, Mœnius inquit.

Let us now, before we part with this question of comparative expenditure, take a rather more general survey.

In the six years of the Conservative Government, the total expenditure of all sorts, including the charge for the debt, and including also the sums spent on fortifications and military barracks out of loans previously contracted for those purposes, was £479,374,675, giving an average of £79,895,779, or nearly £80,000,000 a year. In the three first years of the Liberal Government, the expenditure has been £255,232,905, giving an average of £85,077,635. That is to say, the average expenditure of the Liberals has been £85,000,000 a year against the Conservative average of £80,000,000.

I will now exclude the debt items. I then find the following result: Conservatives, in six years, spent upon what are called the "Supply Services," and upon all other services, not including the charge for funded and unfunded debt, a total of £307,773,000, or at the rate of £51,295,000 a year. Liberals spent on the same services, in three years, £166,313,000, or at the rate of £55,437,000 a year.

I will next take the military and naval expenditure of the two periods; and here I find that the Conservatives, in six years, spent upon the Army and Navy, including the amount provided out of votes of credit, £168,726,000, or at the rate of £28,121,000 a year. The Liberals, in three years, spent on the same services £85,842,000, or at the rate of £28,614,000 a year.

Once more, I will take the expenditure on the "Civil List and civil charges of all kinds, exclusive of the Post Office Packet

Service," and exclusive also of the charge of collecting the revenue. Here we find the total Conservative expenditure £92,386,000, or at the rate of £15,397,000 a year; while the Liberal expenditure is £54,797,000, or at the rate of £18,266,000.

Now from these comparisons we arrive at one or other of two conclusions:—either the Conservatives were more economical, instead of being more extravagant, than their Liberal successors—which, to the mind of a Liberal, I suppose, would present itself as something like a *reductio ad absurdum*—or that comparative statements of gross expenditure cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence of extravagance without some closer examination. It is a great point gained if a Radical critic can be brought to admit so much as this. Generally speaking, he will close his ears to what he calls "explaining away"; but he cannot quite do that when Mr. Gladstone's expenditure is concerned: and he cannot exactly adopt the Yorkshire stable-boy's policy when, on being told by his master to get up and show his horse's paces, he inquired cautiously, under his breath, whether it was to sell or to buy. State his case how he will, one great fact remains: the expenditure of the Liberals is higher than that of the Conservatives.

It is unfortunate that the details of a financial controversy are generally so dry and uninviting that the human mind instinctively shrinks from their examination, and takes refuge in almost any short and easy method of escaping from it. The controversialist, therefore, who wishes to shift his ground when his argument is becoming embarrassed, is likely to have his audience in sympathy with him, and instead of being pinned down to the issue which had been joined until it is fairly decided, is encouraged to raise a new one. When the Radical finds that he cannot deny that his own friends have spent at least as much as the Conservatives, and that the general plea of paying their predecessors' debts does not supply an answer, he is apt to turn to another point and to say, "Look at our balance sheets: for three years you Conservatives landed the country in deficits, approaching in the whole no less a sum than eight millions; while immediately Mr. Gladstone took office he converted these recurring deficits into a series of surpluses, moderate it is true, but still surpluses."

I have already pointed out that the taxation of 1880–1, which inaugurated the surpluses, was substantially of Conservative imposition. This is apt to be forgotten.

The explanation of the three years of deficits is very simple. They were due to two causes. One, which particularly affected the last year (1879–80), was the great falling off in the productiveness of the revenue in consequence of the bad seasons and other cir-

cumstances, which had impoverished the country, and had reduced the tax-paying power of the people. The other was, that coincidently with this failure in the revenue, an extraordinary necessity had arisen for special military expenditure, which had to be met at once, but which, in the opinion of the Government, was more properly to be provided for by a moderate addition to the taxation of three or four years than by a large addition to that of a single year, to be followed by a corresponding remission in the year following. Accordingly, when the vote for Six Millions Credit was taken in the year 1877, instead of proposing to raise the whole sum in one budget by the addition of 3d. or 4d. to the Income Tax, which might have been taken off again in the following year, they thought it would be more reasonable to propose that 2d. only should be added, that the addition should continue for three years, and that the six millions should be discharged by three annual instalments. By such an arrangement as this there would, of course, have been a real difference between the revenue and expenditure of the first year amounting (in round figures) to four millions; in the second year the difference or deficit would be two millions, and in the third year the balance would be even.

The principle on which this decision was arrived at has been fiercely assailed by Mr. Gladstone and by other Liberal critics. It is, I venture to think, a sound and a right one. But undoubtedly it lies at the root of the whole controversy between us; and as I am anxious to discuss it on its merits, I shall endeavour to present it in its simplest form and apart from the minute complications of the actual figures of successive budgets. These may be noticed subsequently; and, indeed, the argument cannot be regarded as complete without taking them into account, for they suggest considerations of great importance, and may to some extent modify the conclusions at which we might arrive without them; but for the sake of convenience, and, in order that we may keep more closely to the argument, I will, for the present, leave them on one side. I refer, of course, more particularly to the disturbing effect of the hostilities in South Africa which were not contemplated when the six million arrangement was made.

Mr. Gladstone lays it down as an axiom, that the revenue of the year ought always to be so arranged as that it shall cover the anticipated expenditure of the year. From this it follows that, whenever any extraordinary service has to be provided for, an extraordinary tax must be devised to meet it. If we accept this proposition, we must do so in connection with the well-established fact that, whenever there is a prospect of a considerable excess of income over the expenditure of a coming year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer feels himself bound to

propose a remission of taxation; indeed, would be compelled to do so by some pretty summary method of enforcement if he showed any hesitation in the matter. The consequence, therefore, of accepting Mr. Gladstone's axiom necessarily is, that we must lay our account for very frequent alterations of taxation, sometimes in the direction of increase, sometimes in that of reduction. To estimate the full effect of these alterations, we must take a glance at the nature and sources of our revenue, and at the conditions upon which alone it can be made to accommodate itself, like the self-adapting rule of the Lesbian architects, to the varying demands of our expenditure from year to year.

Now the main branches of our Imperial revenue arising from taxes are as follows:—Customs Duties, which fall upon some seven or eight articles of general consumption, and which produce on the average something like £20,000,000 a year; Excise Duties, producing something like £27,000,000; Stamps, producing nearly £12,000,000; Land and House Duties, producing something under £3,000,000; and Income Tax, producing about £1,750,000 for every penny. To add to any of these five classes of taxes, except the last, is not a very easy matter; and it can only be done at the expense of a good deal of inconvenience. Trade operations are disturbed, and business is dislocated, perhaps for a very long time, by new imposts which may, after all, bring very little into the Exchequer. These are inconveniences which no doubt can and must be borne for adequate reasons, but to add to a tax one year in order to take off the addition in the next year is vexatious and harassing. Moreover, the policy would defeat itself. If a Minister were to add a sixpence to the duty on a pound of tea for a year only, the result would simply be that there would be a considerable reduction in the quantity of tea that would be imported. The trade would be agitated, but the Exchequer would gain little or nothing. But to the increase of the Income Tax there are none of the impediments which stand in the way of dealings with the other classes of taxes. At least, there are none on the surface; though, if we were to look deeper, I fancy that we should find mischief enough and suffering enough occasioned to many of the struggling tax-payers by the delightfully easy process of "taking the Income Tax at a penny higher."

Now, I venture to lay down as a canon of finance, that when money has to be raised for any national purpose, it ought to be raised in the manner least injurious to the nation. I do not mean by this that it should be the manner least disagreeable to the existing generation, or to any particular class or classes amongst us; but that we ought well to consider and settle the bases of our whole system of taxation—local as well as Imperial—and, having

done so, to maintain the system as a fairly equable one, and to abstain, as far as may be, from frequent and annoying changes. The wealth of the country is, no doubt, advancing; but the necessary expenditure, on account of unquestioned services, such as education and sanitation, as well as others equally important to our national security, is also advancing; and we have at the same time to support an increasingly severe competition with foreign countries, which throws no small burden upon all classes of producers among us. When matters are in this state, even small additions to taxation are felt very severely, and often recall the time-honoured "last straw" to the mind of the suffering contributor. And upon no class does the strain fall more heavily than upon the payers of the Income Tax,—a proposition which I think I need not take the trouble of demonstrating.

But if the revenue for the year is always to be made to cover the expenditure, however unexpected may be the demand, or however exceptional the circumstances, it is to the Income Tax that under our present financial system, the financier must have recourse. What our position would have been had the suggestions of 1874 been adopted, and had Mr. Gladstone done away with the great impost altogether, it is difficult to imagine. Unless he could have discovered some other balancing weight of revenue which could be shifted from side to side, and added to or taken from at pleasure on the shortest notice, he would have been sadly perplexed to keep to his theory. As it is, he shows us still, what he has been showing for the last thirty years, that he regards the Income Tax not only as a last resource in times of pressure, but as an instrument which may be freely used to facilitate financial operations (like the conversion of the malt tax into a beer duty) on which he sets his heart.

The view which the late Government took of the Income Tax, was a very different one from this. Their great object was to keep it low, and, as far as possible, to keep it steady. In cases of emergency, such as military operations, it could not but be called to aid; but even in those cases it seemed to be for the true advantage of the country that the pressure of the demand should be lightened by distributing it over a short term of years, rather than that we should insist upon its being fully met on the instant.

That there is anything essentially contrary to the true principles of finance in such a doctrine as this, I own myself unable to perceive. I understand, of course, the contention of those who maintain that we ought to make expenditure as disagreeable as possible to the people who incur it, by calling upon them for immediate payment. Such a contention may be magnificently moral, but is scarcely finance. But what is it that these gentlemen mean

when they endeavour to establish their general principle? If they mean anything, it is this: that those who are responsible for incurring expenditure, should themselves bear the burden of the taxes necessary for discharging the cost of that expenditure. Well, but how are they consistent with themselves? We find the same persons who use language of this kind when the expenditure is upon some service which they dislike, using precisely the opposite language, or acting upon a precisely opposite principle, when it is upon a service which they approve of. Mr. Chamberlain expends large sums of money to beautify Birmingham, and makes the expenditure palatable to the rate-payers of the day by borrowing what he wants for long terms of years, and at a very low rate of interest. Mr. Gladstone offers the Irish tenant facilities for acquiring the land which he rents on terms which spread the payment over something like half a century. The principle on which such arrangements as these are made is inconsistent with the principle that it is essential to compel those who order any particular expenditure themselves to pay the cost of that expenditure.

The truth is, that it is impossible to dogmatise in this matter. Mr. Gladstone must have long since discovered that any rule he may lay down must be qualified with so many exceptions that it is pretty sure to be destroyed in detail. I need not go into the old story of the Fortification loan, for which he was officially responsible, nor into the case of the provision for the China War in 1862. when he asked Parliament "to give authority for raising that sum in part by taxation, and in part from sources other than taxation," and added, "In so doing we follow the rule which is commonly applicable to war expeditions." I am content to take my stand on the common-sense of the matter. Imagine a gentleman who is living upon the produce of his estates and the rents paid by his tenants, and who is suddenly threatened with a serious inundation, requiring immediate action to prevent it sweeping away a considerable part of his land. His income is in steady excess of his ordinary expenditure, but the surplus is not sufficient to bear the whole charge of a great embankment in a single year. Would he be bound to cut down his establishment, turn off some of his servants, sell portions of his property, raise the rents of his tenants, or take other violent measures to provide the whole cost within a year? or would he be justified in borrowing at least some portion of the money, and repaying it by steady economy within a short term of years? I omit the third alternative, that of letting the flood come and the land be swept away, though I am not sure that I ought to do so in the parallel which I am attempting to draw; for the temptation to ignore the need of any precautionary expenditure at all, is one which certain classes of politicians are very

much exposed to. The case which led to the six millions vote of credit was one which did not admit of delay. The country had forces which were costing a good deal of money; but when the moment came at which it was necessary to show that they could be brought into action if required, it appeared that we were without the means of moving a *corps d'armée*. If those means had not been at once provided, the mischief would have been done. "Promptitude in war," Mr. Gladstone lately told us, "means cheapness." Promptitude in averting war means something better still.

But though it fell to the lot of the Conservative Government to make up for previous neglect, and to place our establishments on a footing which has increased their efficiency for the benefit of their successors, and though under those circumstances it was quite legitimate for them to place the burden of the expenditure on more than a single year, it must not be supposed that they shrank from imposing additional taxes altogether, or that they relied wholly on loans to meet the extraordinary war expenditure. Additions were made of 2d. to the Income Tax, of 4d. a pound to the tobacco duty, and of a substantial amount to the probate duty. It was my duty in the Budget speech of 1880, to point out to the House that, whereas the cost of the preparations consequent on the Russo-Turkish war, and of the South African wars, had amounted to about £12,285,000, the amount raised by borrowing had been only £8,100,000, showing that £4,185,000 had been provided by taxation. That is to say, 34 per cent. had been so provided under sudden pressure, at a period of unusual depression, and with results of the greatest magnitude and importance to this country and to the European nations. But I must not let myself be tempted into a discussion of foreign politics. My argument is a purely financial one. It is by no means exhausted; but as far as it has gone I think it has proved these things:—

1. That the Conservative Government did not spend more, but less, than the Liberals have done in their turn.

2. That the amount by which the Liberal expenditure has been increased by the debts of their predecessors, whether we take it at £800,000 a year, or include the payments to India and make it £1,300,000, falls short of that by which the Liberals have outspent the Conservatives, and, consequently, that if there was extravagance on the part of the earlier Government, there has been at least equal extravagance on the part of the later; or, contrariwise, if the expenditure of the later has been no more than was reasonable, it is fair to claim a similar admission with regard to the earlier.

But, after all, these comparisons and these recriminations are

but sorry work. They remind us of the dispute of the two mothers who came before King Solomon; and the public may well turn round on us as the King did on them, and put us to some test in order to prove our comparative sincerity. I heard a story not long ago of an unfortunate gentleman who met with a bad accident in the hunting-field. Two doctors were promptly in attendance, an operation was pronounced necessary, and the patient prepared to submit to it. What were his feelings when he heard the two medical gentlemen, with infinite courtesy, discussing over his prostrate body which of them should begin to operate! To judge from the language of some disappointed economists, in the House of Commons and out of it, feelings of a somewhat analogous character must be reigning in their bosoms with regard to the economical operation by which the tax-payer is to be relieved. They want to know who is going to cut down the expenditure, and when; and they are not much edified by the wrangling which they hear going on as to which party is, in the opinion of the other, the most to blame. I will, therefore, conclude my remarks by offering a few observations on what appears to me to be the actual position of this question.

A very interesting and instructive debate took place last Session on a motion made by Mr. Rylands, seconded by Mr. H. H. Fowler, and accepted by the Government, to the effect that, in the opinion of the House of Commons, the present amount of the National Expenditure demands the earnest and immediate attention of Her Majesty's Government, with the view of effecting such reductions as may be consistent with the efficiency of the public service. This motion was brought forward by two ardent supporters of the Government on the very day after the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer had made his Budget speech,—the fourth Budget speech of the present Government,—and had drawn his sharpest comparisons between the financial sins of his predecessors and the virtues of himself and his colleagues. To be told on the very morrow of that speech that the present amount of the National Expenditure requires "earnest and immediate attention" on the part of the Government, must have been an unpleasant commentary on a statement which meant, if it meant anything, that such attention had been steadily directed to that important subject ever since the Ministry acceded to office. It bore a strong resemblance to a vote of want of confidence. But the Government wisely determined to act upon Lord Chesterfield's maxim, that when a compliment is doubtful you should always take it; and they accepted the Resolution with reasonably good grace. They went further: they suggested that, if the House liked, they would be willing to appoint a select committee, or more than one, for the purpose of carefully

inquiring into the whole, or some selected portions, of our expenditure. The suggestion was favourably received by the House. Whether anything is ever to be done upon it remains to be seen. Presumably we shall hear something in the matter when Parliament re-assembles.

But the interest of the debate was by no means confined to the speeches of the mover and seconder of the motion, nor to those of the Ministers who accepted it. Two very remarkable speeches were delivered by gentlemen belonging to the most advanced Liberal school—Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Broadhurst, which deserve careful perusal and re-perusal. Mr. Collings impressed upon the House that, although the great mass of the people certainly required more economic expenditure, it by no means followed that they desired that it should be less in amount.

> If we were advancing in education and civilization an increase of expenditure was necessary. With regard to the aid given to local expenditure, which had been so much objected to, he was of opinion that that aid would become more and more necessary. Tax-payers did not object to expenditure upon free libraries, museums, baths, &c., provided that the local taxation was levied in a fair and uniform manner. Until that was done the demands on the central purse would be larger. . . . One step in education necessitated another. The Prime Minister the other day ridiculed a statement of his that the expenditure on education would come by-and-by to equal the expenditure on the army. Every step we took made that more possible. The problem we had to solve was how, with a more educated nation, we were to satisfy the tastes which education developed. A poor man could not have a picture gallery of his own; but in his corporate capacity he could possess picture galleries, as well as museums, libraries, baths, and parks, provided out of the rates and taxes.

Mr. Broadhurst, though less poetical in style, was equally earnest in his language.

> It had been his duty for a great number of years past to be constantly waiting upon different Governments, mainly for the purpose of increasing expenditure. He was secretary of a large body of people outside, on whom in the main the welfare and prosperity of this country depended; and what they contended was, that increased inspection of factories and workshops . . . was a good and wise and just purpose to which public money could be applied. It had also been his duty to ask Government to increase the expenditure for educational purposes, as machinery was becoming more and more complex, and greater technical training was requisite to extend the system of technical instruction to the children of the artizan classes of this country. In these circumstances, he had some difficulty in speaking in favour of a general resolution for reduction of expenditure all round. With reference to the two fighting branches of the service—the army and navy—these as science advanced would require greater knowledge and skill in those who carried it on of a high character. Therefore, the higher the class of men they required, the greater would be their expenditure in proportion; and in these two branches of the Government service, so far as he could see, there was very little hope of any considerable diminution in expenditure for years to come.

These speeches, especially considering the quarter from which they came, are eminently suggestive. It may be hoped that they will have some effect upon our future proceedings with respect to the control of expenditure. The question is one which should, of course, be ever present to the mind both of Ministers and of

Parliament; and it is much to be desired that Parliament should be brought to recognize more fully its duty in supporting the Ministry, and especially the Treasury, in resisting excessive demands upon the public purse. But that support will be of no avail unless it is given with proper discrimination. There are some who think that much good might come of the transference of the duties of the general Committee of Supply to a standing committee, consisting of a limited number of members specially chosen. I strongly object to this suggestion. It would seriously weaken Ministerial responsibility; and it would have this effect,—that, in any controversy between a department desiring to incur expenditure and the Treasury objecting to it, there would be a great temptation to make a sort of provisional agreement that the item should be admitted upon the estimates, and that it should be left to the Standing Committee to decide whether it should be retained or not. No Standing Committee, however ably manned, can supply the loss which would be sustained by weakening the departmental control. There is, too, no small danger lest, if the system were adopted, it might grow into one which would admit of new votes being proposed, or at all events increased, by the Standing Committee—a most fatal innovation. The active control exercised by the ordinary Committee of Supply is in one sense of little value, for it is seldom indeed that a vote asked by a Government is, or can be, actually refused. But criticisms intelligently made, and directed to matters of real importance, are by no means of little value; and it is to them that the Minister must look for his chief support in keeping unreasonable demands in check.

My own feeling in the matter is that which I expressed in the course of the debate. I believe that much good might come from a careful Parliamentary examination of the general system of our national expenditure, Local as well as Imperial. Whether such examination could best be made by one or by more than one committee is a question for consideration. If by more than one, it is important that there should be harmony in their proceedings, such as it would be difficult to ensure. Probably the better course would be, to appoint one strong committee to examine and report upon certain leading principles in the first instance, taking care not to lose itself in a mass of small details, and then to determine as to the conduct of more special inquiries upon the lines of the principles adopted under its guidance.

But the reduction of expenditure, important as that object is, must not be regarded as the be-all and the end-all of Financial Policy. There lie before us other problems of great difficulty and complexity, which we must not be tempted to slur over or to put aside. Amongst these the most prominent is the question of the

proper relations between Local and Imperial Finance. I need not enter fully into that great controversy, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to the two opposite errors which seem to prevail with regard to it in the public mind. Those who take the rough and ready method of judging by the gross totals of the public accounts, regard the recent grants or subventions to the local purse as so much additional public expenditure, and form their opinion of the economy or extravagance of the Government accordingly. On the other side we have no less an authority than Mr. Goschen, telling us (in the course of the debate on Mr. Rylands' motion) that the money we are paying for the reduction of the National Debt, and in local subventions, "is not expenditure in the ordinary sense of the term," and "is not expenditure which justifies the charge of extravagance." It is, of course, easy to see what Mr. Goschen meant: he was only arguing against the comparison of totals without distinction of items, and was pointing out that the assumption by the Central Treasury of some portion of the charges heretofore defrayed by the local treasuries, was not in itself an addition to expenditure as a whole, but a shifting of the burden of certain portions of it from a portion of the public to the public at large. This is, of course, true, though his classing this kind of expenditure with the payments for the reduction of the National Debt is certainly somewhat surprising. But what is important is, that the public at large should not be led by hazy language to overlook the real essence of the case.

As matters now stand, certain classes of public expenditure are rather arbitrarily charged upon local rates, instead of upon Imperial taxes. From this arrangement it immediately follows that the services for which the expenditure is incurred fall wholly upon the rate-payers of particular districts; and, as is well known, the rates fall very unevenly upon those who have to pay them, pressing, it may be observed, with peculiar severity on house property, and thus seriously increasing the difficulties which lie in the way of making better provision for the lodging of the poor. Expenditure of this class, I mean local expenditure in general, is initiated partly by local, but often and to a large extent by imperial, action. A "progressive" minister, animated by the spirit of Mr. Jesse Collings, may go boldly forward with schemes of education, sanitation, recreation, and other excellent but costly objects, and carry them triumphantly through Parliament, much to the credit of himself and his colleagues: while, if he be at the same time animated by the spirit of Mr. H. H. Fowler, he may decline to place any of the expense upon the general Treasury, and throw it all upon the local rates, of which, according to that gentleman, "five-sixths are defrayed by the upper and middle-classes";—a

remark, by the way, that might be at least equally well applied to the payers of Income Tax;—and, as the charges on the rates do not come much under the eye of Parliament, the great measures are lauded as costing the tax-payer nothing. But what is the result? The over-burdened rate-payers are driven to meet this heavy expenditure, not (be it observed) of their own seeking, by contracting large, and sometimes excessive, debts; and, to help them in their straits, the Government has to devise schemes for advancing them money at low rates of interest, and on exceptionally favourable terms of repayment. The whole system is unsatisfactory and demands careful examination. The late Government introduced some measures designed to remedy some of its most flagrant evils, and to palliate, if they could not wholly remove, some of its inequalities. The "subventions," which it is now the fashion with our opponents to abuse, and with our friends to forget, were given on the principle that the public tax-payer ought to bear at least a part of the burdens incurred for the public service. The introduction of the annual local budget was designed to bring local finance more distinctly under the notice of Parliament, and to put some check upon the dangerous tendencies of "private bill legislation," or the imposition by Parliament of heavy and intolerable charges, upon the rate-payers of various localities, by means of clauses lying hidden in Private Acts. Lastly, the system of the advances from the Public Works Loan Fund was reviewed, and, as I venture to think, very materially amended. The work, however, is still incomplete, and it is to be hoped that, whatever may be the "parade" measures of another Session, this really useful branch of reform will not be overlooked. We must not forget the wise French proverb, *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* If we are to wait till we have devised a perfect system of exactly equal local taxation, and local government, before we attempt to cope with its salient difficulties, we shall find ourselves committed to a task as impossible as that of balancing an egg on its end: and it is greatly to be feared that we may be tempted to adopt the solution of Columbus; and, instead of balancing, break the egg.

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

GANJAH.

Whilst the attention of the civilised world has recently been attracted to the controversy regarding the Indian opium trade, there are probably many people who have heard but little of the noxious drug known by the name of ganjah, or bhang, except as a substance with which the soldiers of Oriental armies were wont to stimulate their courage for the fight, or criminals to fortify themselves for the commission of murder, robbery, and any atrocious violence. Many people have probably never had any opportunity of learning how ganjah, or bhang, is produced, or how the taxation of the drug contributes a not insignificant sum to the excise revenue of the Government of India. It is proposed, in the following pages, to give some account of ganjah, and the other baneful drugs derived from the same source in the province of Bengal. The plant which produces ganjah, or bhang, is known in its uncultivated state as wild hemp, but when cultivated it bears the name of ganjah, by which name the drug itself is now most commonly known in India. After giving a brief account of the cultivation and taxation of ganjah, we shall approach the question of entirely suppressing its preparation and consumption, so that the Government of India may no longer continue to derive a revenue from such a polluted and objectionable source.

It is necessary to explain that a few years ago a very careful and protracted inquiry was made regarding the cultivation, manufacture and taxation of ganjah, by Mr. Hem Chunder Kerr, one of the most able and accomplished native gentlemen in the official ranks under the Government of Bengal. This gentleman had, on a previous occasion, been employed in inquiring into and reporting on the cultivation and commercial position of jute, so that he came well qualified by practical experience for the new task set before him. His report on ganjah was submitted officially to the Calcutta Board of Revenue, who received it with the following emphatic words of approval:—

> This very creditable and comprehensive report contains a permissible display of almost cosmopolitan erudition regarding the use and nomenclature of ganjah in India, and in other countries and in other times; whilst it provides a valuable stock of much new information regarding the cultivation, manufacture, distribution, and treatment of ganjah for fiscal and commercial purposes.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Kerr received the cordial thanks of the Government of Bengal, to whom his report was submitted by the Board of Revenue. As we shall have occasion to draw fully and freely upon the information contained in this valuable report, we must at once venture to express our great obligations to Mr. Hem Chunder Kerr for his very able and exhaustive investigation of all the principal questions connected with ganjah.

If antiquity could give a sanction to the use of a noxious drug, or if its consumption by almost every native of the world in all ages could in any way redeem its objectionable character, ganjah might well be said to come into court supported by a host of witnesses. Mr. Kerr tells us that it is mentioned under the Sanskrit name of "bhang" in the *Atharva Veda*, the last of the four chief scriptures of the Hindoos, which was written probably about three thousand years ago. It is there described as one of the five plants "which were liberators of sin," from which it is implied that its pernicious properties were then well known. The old Sanskrit lexicons abound with epithets derived from the use of the plant as calculated to fortify the courage of warriors, or as a specific for success in warfare. It is known as the "all-conquering," "the invincible," "the conqueror of the three regions of the universe," and "the producer of leaves which make heroes." Another group of epithets indicate the intoxicating properties of the plant. It is termed "the joyous," "the delight-giver," "the intoxicator," "the causer of unsteadiness," "the wife of the *datura* apple" (a potent narcotic poison), and "the noisy." One epithet refers to it under the name of "kashmiri," from which some have supposed that its original *habitat* was in the happy vale of Kashmir. It is now to be found growing over all the lower Himalayan ranges, and it is suggested that possibly it was first brought into use in Kashmir. Be this as it may, Kashmir has always enjoyed and still maintains a doubtful reputation for the morals and manners of some of its inhabitants.

It has been supposed by some writers that ganjah is referred to in the Old Testament under the Hebrew name of "shesh," which means "cheerful and joyous." But there seems to be no sufficient authority for this. In the Arabic language it is known under two names, "benj" and "kinnab," which are applied to it indifferently by Arabian medical writers. The Arabic word "kinnab" brings us at once to the Greek "kannabis," and the Latin "cannabis," which are obviously derived from it. Another curious etymological connection may be discerned in the Sanskrit and Arabic epithets referring to the colour of the plant. In Sanskrit it is called "harita," "the green one." In Arabic the name "hashish" literally means a green herb, but some writers think that this name

has been applied to the drug ganjah from the green colour of the draught which is prepared from it. Those who drink the draught are called "hashâshins," or green-draught drinkers, and De Sacy concludes that the English word "assassin" is derived from it, "as it was believed that the assassins generally fortified themselves by over-indulgence in intoxicating drugs before undertaking the hateful task which has made them so infamous." Space would fail us to enumerate all the epithets applied by Arabic authors to the drug; "the leaf of delusion," "the increaser of pleasure," "the exciter of desire," "the cementer of friendship," all of a highly poetical character, as Mr. Kerr remarks, and all indicative of the intoxicating power of the herb.

To those who are not deeply versed in etymological transmutations it may be a matter of some interest to learn that the Sanskrit word "bhang" and the Arabic word "kinnab" are explained by Mr. Kerr to be one and the same word. The problem is proved in the following manner: In Sanskrit the letters are written from left to right, as in English. In Arabic and other Semitic languages they are written from right to left. We therefore take the Sanskrit word *bhang* or *bang* (*k*, as the letter *g* is wanting in Arabic) and write it backwards, the result being "kinab," with the supplement of the permissible vowel *i*. Mr. Kerr observes that this etymological argument would seem to throw some light (though he admits that it would be but slight) upon the early migration of the plant from its primitive Aryan home in the Indian Himalayas to Arabia and other regions of Asia and Europe. He then proceeds to inform us that the Italians have made the word into "canapa," the Russians "konopel," and the Spaniards "conamo"; whilst the French have disguised it as "chanvre," which, with the last two letters dropped and the *ch* pronounced hard would be "kanv" or "kanb." In the Germanic and Scandinavian groups the initial letter has become *h*. In Icelandic the name is "haufr," in Swedish "hampa," in Danish "hamp," in German "hanuf" and "hanf," in Dutch "hennup," in Anglo-Saxon "henep," in English "hemp." Mr. Kerr then gives us seventy-five other different names or synonyms for hemp in different languages which were not so easily amenable to the permutations of etymology. It is indubitable that etymology is a great science, when nearly all consonants are intermutable, and the vowels do not signify; and it must be eminently satisfactory to plain-speaking Englishmen to learn that when they use the word "hemp" they are speaking the same word that their Aryan progenitors pronounced with the sound of "bang."

We are next introduced by Mr. Kerr to the use of *hemp*, *ganjah*, and *bhang*, in the land of Egypt. Here we may be said to arrive

on somewhat firmer ground, and we also obtain a clearer insight into the obnoxious qualities of the drug. De Sacy, in his *Chrestomathie Arabe*, quoting from the native writer, Tukyudin Makriji, gives an interesting description of the use of the drug in mediæval times. Two varieties are mentioned by him, the cultivated (*de jardin*) and the wild (*sauvage*) and they are both equally denounced as "ordures revoltantes." A passage from Makriji is thus translated by him:—

J'ai reconnu que l'usage de cette drogue produit des inclinations basses et avilit l'ame. Nous avons toujours observé ceux qui avaient contracté l'habitude, et nous avons remarqué constamment que toutes leurs inclinations naturelles se degradaient, et que leurs facultés allaient en diminuant de plus en plus; en sorte qu'à la fin il ne leur restait plus, pour ainsi dire, aucun des attributs de l'humanité.

Lane, writing of the modern Egyptians, says:—

It is amusing to observe the ridiculous conduct and to listen to the conversation of the persons who frequent the shops called "mahsheshehs" for the sale of intoxicants.

Mr. Kerr adds the following remarks:—

Many forms of ganjah are used for intoxication in Egypt. It is smoked under the name of "hashish." Conserves of different sorts, with specific virtues attributed to them, are prepared from the leaves, flowers, or capsules of the plant. One sort is called "majum," which name is also well-known in India. A second sort is called *barsh*, well known amongst the well-to-do Mahomedans as a love-potion. A third sort is said to produce singing or laughing. A fourth is soporific, and so on.

In India ganjah is used for smoking, and the liquid preparations called "*siddhi*" are favourite offerings to the god "Siva." At the great shrine of Tarakesvara they are cast over the Phallus by devotees from all parts of India. A comparatively modern Indian writer attempts to ascribe some good qualities to ganjah, and credits it with the power of curing leprosy, and increasing the strength and the memory. He says that it was "given out on the churning of the ocean for the benefit of man." The Hindoo religious books called the "Tantras" abound in references to ganjah as a potent means of disengaging the mind from its mundane associations, and leading it up to the divinity; and hermits and *fakeers* appeal to these authorities to justify their inordinate attachment to the drug. The Tantras, however, do not confine their recommendation of the drug to its aptitude to promote intellectual abstraction. They supply a large number of recipes for the preparation of conserves and electuaries which are strongly recommended for their virtues as love-potions.

With regard to the present use of ganjah and its subordinate varieties in India, we shall make a quotation from Mr. Kerr's report, which is not to be suspected of either exaggeration or bias. He writes thus:—

The most important products of ganjah in India are its leaves, flowers, and resin, all used as intoxicating drugs. The leaves are known under the different names of *bhang*, *siddhi*, *patti*, and *subji*, and form rather an important article of trade. In some

official papers these native names are used as if they applied to different articles, but they are really synonymous of one and the same substance. They are consumed in a variety of ways, the most common form being an emulsion. The quantity taken at a time varies from about half an ounce to four ounces. Dried rose-leaves pounded, black pepper, rose-water, and sugar are added to the draught according to taste. To the uninitiated, a draught of an ounce is enough to produce strong intoxication, with a tendency to laughter, great thirst, and constriction of the throat, followed by a peculiar sensation of everything tumbling upside down, and protracted sleep. But those who are accustomed to the drink feel nothing beyond a pleasant sensation of intoxication, with a more or less obliviousness of all mundane cares. The effect, however, varies greatly according to constitution and temperament. In Bengal this drink was at one time very popular everywhere, rich and poor, men and women alike indulging in it, but of late it has fallen into desuetude. But on the last day of the Doorga Pooja holidays it is religiously offered to every guest and member of the family, and those who do not like to take it put a drop of it on the tongue by way of acceptance. In the North-West Provinces the use of the draught is common everywhere, and, like tobacco, is nowhere held to be reprehensible or in any way discreditable.

These remarks may be considered to contain the most favourable testimony that can be offered in favour of the use of the drug. There doubtless are some tolerably innocent preparations of the liquid form known as "Siddhi," such as Mr. Kerr describes, which only produce a pleasant sense of intoxication in the initiated, or cause "a peculiar sensation of everything tumbling upside down" in the uninitiated. We presume that Mr. Kerr and some of his acquaintances may be looked up to as "experts" on these points. From many private inquiries in conversation with the highest classes of native gentlemen in Bengal, we have reason to believe that the ladies of their households do prepare a comparatively mild decoction of "Siddhi" at the Doorga Pooja holidays, in order to revive the waning powers of their friends who have gone through all the pleasures and dissipations of the long days and longer nights of their favourite annual festival. This decoction may be a stimulant, something analogous to the hot elderberry wine or similar domestic delicacies not unknown in English country-houses at Christmas time; but it is much to be feared that the preparations of the drug are not always either so simple or innocent. It would be possible to state the case much more unfavourably, if expressions not offensive to good taste and propriety could be found. By those who can read between the lines, the tendency of the use of the drug by dissolute individuals can easily be discerned, and we have little doubt that the great Napoleon fully understood the reasons and object of the edict issued by him in Egypt, which is included in the following quotation from Mr. Kerr's report:—

Boiled with ghee over water, the leaves part with a portion of their resin to the ghee, which floats on the water in the form of a green jelly. A portion of this jelly mixed over a fire with dried milk and syrup, produces a paste which readily hardens when cooled, and it is then cut into small tablets. This is called *majum*, which is a favourite form of taking the drug. It is used only by the dissolute for exciting their animal propensities. The draught or emulsion known as *siddhi* is believed not to

be so effectual in this respect as the comfit. The dried leaves in powder are also mixed with a variety of hot spices, and made into different kinds of conserves, which are reckoned to be highly stimulant. The Mahomedans of Northern India make a conserve called *barsh*, which is greatly prized as an excitant. In an edict of Napoleon Buonaparte, issued when he was in Egypt, it appears that in that country a liquor was distilled from the leaves. It says: "La distillation de la liqueur de *hachich* est prohibée dans toute l'Egypte. Les portes des cafés, des maisons publiques ou particulières, dans lesquelles on en distribueraient seront murées, les propriétaires arrêtés, et detenus pendant trois mois dans une maison de force."

We have space for only one more quotation from Mr. Kerr's report, but it will probably suffice to convince any impartial person who has hitherto hesitated to form a decided opinion on the merits or demerits of ganjah :—

The flowers of the female plant produce ganjah. It is used only for intoxication, and in only one form, *i.e.* smoking. From twenty-five to thirty grains of the flowers are carefully separated from the leaves, stalks, and seeds, well mixed with dry tobacco leaves on the palm of the left hand, and then placed in a small bowl over a thin layer of prepared tobacco, and then smoked through a small hookah. The effect is instantaneous, three whiffs are enough to keep even an habitual smoker dizzy for some time. The intoxication lasts for several hours. All the evil effects of hemp-smoking, which cause such wide-spread mischief, are due solely to ganjah. No narcotic used by man is nearly so deleterious and permanently injurious to the constitution as this baneful drug which has been most aptly described as an ordure revoltante.

In Dr. Chevers' standard work on *Medical Jurisprudence in India* there are several passages referring to the use of ganjah which may conveniently be cited in support of Mr. Kerr's opinions. For instance, Dr. Chevers writes thus (page 504) :—

Late in their miserable career the ganjah-smoker and the opium-eater become utterly shattered, alike in mind and body. The opium-eater sinks into the condition of a hopeless driveller; the ganjah-smoker and bhang-drinker often remain chronically inebriated, and are sometimes excited to acts of frantic violence. A madman, who had used ganjah, would probably continue insane for months, if merely confined without medical treatment.

Again, on page 541 he records :—

It is a matter of popular notoriety both in Bengal and the North-West Provinces that persons intoxicated with ganjah are liable to commit acts of homicidal violence; hence we find several cases in the law reports in which the accused urged the plea of intoxication by ganjah in mitigation of their crimes.

Dr. Chevers gives the particulars of several criminal trials, in which it was urged for the defence that ganjah had excited the fury, or nerved the hand, of the murderer. He also mentions several cases of "running amuck," as it is called, where a man madly attacks and stabs every person whom he meets whilst he is in this state of frenzy; but some of these cases are attributed to the use of opium as well as ganjah. At page 563 he remarks :—

We have abundant evidence that *fakeers* keep themselves almost constantly under the influence of ganjah, the excuse being that this mode of intoxication abstracts the thoughts from the objects of sense, and assists their absorption into the Deity. The face of an habitual ganjah-smoker can scarcely be mistaken. The expression of the countenance forcibly carries with it the idea that reason has been partially unseated.

We now propose to give some information regarding the growth

of both the wild and the cultivated varieties of the plant, *Cannabis Sativa*, or *Indica*, from which ganjah and its several preparations are produced. The eminent botanist, Mr. Charles Clarke, who lately held high office at Kew Gardens, recorded the following remarks when he was holding a Government appointment in Bengal:—

The whole country (about Rajshahye) abounds, especially in waste spots round villages, with the wild hemp. Of this the males and females are equally numerous. The ganjah plant is supposed to be a variety of this species by most botanists, but, as two such authorities as Griffith and Benjamin Clarke have doubted this, it may fairly be treated as an open question whether the ganjah plant should be considered a different species. The ganjah plant differs from the wild hemp in its woody, thick, straight stem, its bushy pyramidal habit, the crowded female flowers, and the presence of the viscid ganjah-bearing hair on the calyx and bracts.

Mr. Kerr reports that—

In the wild state, the plant is common all over India, and grows to a height varying from five to ten feet, a bright, handsome, pyramidal plant, with rich green leaves, and small greenish-white flowers. The so-called "wild" hemp is not necessarily a wild plant, but in some places is cultivated for its leaves. The cultivated variety is a little more stunted, rarely rising above six feet, and more slender, delicate, and regularly pyramidal, assuming more the character of the cypress.

The cultivated ganjah of Bengal is now grown in only a very small tract of country, within a circle having a radius of about sixteen miles. In this small tract it occupies an area of only about 1,000 acres, and is distributed in small patches in about 250 villages. The number of persons occupied from year to year in the cultivation averages about 2,000, of whom the majority, or about seven-eighths, are of the Mahomedan persuasion, the remainder being Hindoos. The cultivation is carried on with considerable skill, and according to traditional rules and precepts. Taking the selection and preparation of the plot of ground as the initial process, and the harvesting of the crop as the final process, the cultivation may be said to extend over twelve months from the beginning of March to the end of February. The actual growth of the plant begins in the nursery-bed in August, followed by transplantation in September, and it comes to maturity in February. The crop is cut and manufactured in February, or early in March. There is one peculiar and interesting feature in connection with the cultivation. About the end of November, when the plants are sufficiently advanced to show the indications of sex, the village ganjah-doctor, as he is called, examines all the plants, and carefully destroys all the males. The cultivators are under the belief that the female plants are destroyed, and the males saved. But scientific examination proves that this is not the case. The male plants must all be destroyed; and only the female plants, uncontaminated by the presence of the males, produce the substance commercially and financially known as ganjah.

The average annual amount of the ganjah crop is reported by Mr. Kerr to be about 7,000 hundred-weight, according to English weights.

The manufacture is very simple. It consists chiefly in drying the plants, getting rid of the leaves, and part of the stalks, and compressing the smaller twigs and flowers into bundles, so that they may be conveniently tied together and packed up for exportation.

We will now try to explain briefly how the Government of Bengal regulates the cultivation and the sale of ganjah, in order to obtain a revenue from the sale of the drug throughout the country. The cultivation, as has been already mentioned, is carried on within a very limited area. The land belongs to the cultivators; but if any man wishes to grow a crop of ganjah on his own land, the law compels him to take out a license from a local native officer, styled the supervisor of ganjah. Under this license he can grow ganjah in the area, usually about one or two acres, specified in the license. No great interference need be exercised by the Government officials whilst the cultivation is in progress; but when the crop is ready to be cut and manufactured, then each cultivator is bound by his license to report to the supervisor the estimated amount of his crop, and obtain a permit to sell that amount. But as no person may grow ganjah without a license, or sell it without a permit, so on the other hand, no person is allowed to buy it from the cultivator without a license to buy. It is at this point that the revenue officers practically begin to interpose their authority.

The persons who come from all parts of the country to buy the new ganjah crop are called "wholesale dealers"; each wholesale dealer must get a license from the collector of the district in which he trades, authorizing him to buy so many hundred-weight of ganjah, and bring it home to his district. Thus the wholesale dealer, on arriving at the office of the supervisor of ganjah, produces his license and obtains a pass, authorizing him to buy and remove the quantity of ganjah specified in his license. When the wholesale dealer returns home to his district, he is bound to produce his pass, and the full amount of ganjah covered by it, before the collector from whom he obtained his license to buy it. He is next required to store it in a secure warehouse, under double lock and key, one lock and key being kept by the collector, without whose consent it cannot be removed from the warehouse.

Up to this point it may be remarked that no money or revenue has been paid to the fiscal authorities. The license to the cultivator is issued free of charge. The wholesale dealer gets his license to buy, and his pass for the removal of the ganjah, at almost a nominal cost. It is only when the ganjah passes into the

hands of retail dealers for local consumption that the collection of an excise revenue from it begins. In each fiscal district the collector annually grants a fixed number of licenses for shops to retail dealers for the privilege of selling ganjah to their customers. The revenue is collected in two modes. First, the licenses for the fixed number of retail shops are sold at public auction to the highest bidder. A minimum price is fixed on each license, for the protection of the revenue. The rival competitors for each license regulate their bids according to their knowledge or belief of the profit to be made, according to the business to be done at each particular shop. Thus, supposing that a ganjah-shop were to be opened in London, in Bond Street, the fixed minimum price of the license might be five shillings; but if the use of ganjah were fashionable in Bond Street, and the trade very profitable, the bids for the license might run up to fifty pounds—as the license gives a sort of monopoly of the trade in that quarter. Another shop might be opened in the more moral and less fashionable region of Clapham. Here the minimum price of the license would also be five shillings; but competition at auction might not elicit a bid of more than five pounds. The shopkeeper at Clapham could, therefore, under-sell his rival in Bond Street, if people would take the trouble to go to his shop; but the Bond Street man knows very well that they will not take the trouble to go to Clapham. The second mode of levying the revenue is by fixing a high duty on each pound of ganjah as it is sold by the wholesale to the retail dealer. The wholesale and retail dealers make their own bargain between themselves as to the price of the ganjah. But the Government duty must be paid by the retail dealer before he can get delivery of the drug from the warehouse in which it is stored, under the double lock and key of the wholesale dealer and the Collector. It thus comes to pass that there is a very great difference between the price of ganjah at the place where it is grown and at the place where it is consumed. To use imaginary figures, the case may be stated thus:—A pound of ganjah is bought by the wholesale dealer for five shillings. To this amount he adds five shillings for his own trouble, risk, and trade profit, when he sells it to the retail dealer. Then comes another five shillings for the retail dealer's license, and another five shillings for the Government fixed duty per pound. The retail dealer obviously has to make his own trade profits on the sale of the drug, to cover the cost of his shop, and douceurs to excise and police officers, and his outlay for his license and the duty, so that we may add another five shillings on this account. The cost of the drug to the actual consumer is therefore about five times the original cost of the drug, or the price paid to the grower of the crop. But it must be remembered that the figures here used

are imaginary, and do not represent the real prices or charges on wholesale and retail ganjah.

Although an attempt has thus been made to show that the sale and consumption of ganjah is heavily taxed by the Indian Government, it remains to be considered whether the Government would not do well and honourably to clear itself from all connection with the cultivation and sale of such a noxious and abominable article. In the year 1877 the position of the Government regarding ganjah was thus defined by the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal :—

> The Lieutenant-Governor has himself no doubt that the use of ganjah, in any form, is injurious to the consumer, and that it is the duty of Government to make the tax on this article as high as it can possibly bear. Unfortunately, it is habitually used by large numbers of the lower classes of the population, who would, if deprived of it altogether, apparently, find in the leaves of the wild hemp plant, and in other drugs, narcotics and stimulants of equally deleterious character. It does not seem possible, therefore, to stop the cultivation altogether. The policy of Government must be to limit its production and sale by a high rate of duty, without placing the drug entirely beyond the reach of those who will insist upon having it.

It may be accepted as a fact that the Government of India, in its general dealings with its excise revenue, under which ganjah is included, adopts the principle here laid down of imposing the highest amount of taxation which is consistent with the safety of the public revenue against what may be vaguely but broadly denominated as smuggling. It may also be admitted that in recent years the financial difficulties of the Government of India have been so great that it would have become very inconvenient to consider the expediency of abandoning any such certain and long-recognised source of revenue as ganjah. But, in the Indian Budget of the present year, a very different and far more prosperous aspect of affairs has been presented to the public. Thus, independently of the simple merits of the question of suppressing the cultivation and sale of ganjah, we may come to the consideration of the comparative importance of abandoning the revenue derived from ganjah instead of abolishing some of those other items of taxation which have either been recently swept away, or of which a further reduction is contemplated.

There can be little doubt that the cultivation of ganjah could be easily suppressed by the authority of Government. The same power which enacted the law now in force prohibiting the cultivation of ganjah without the license of a Government official, could easily prohibit it altogether, either directly or indirectly. If the licenses were withdrawn, the cultivation would cease; or if the conditions on which the licenses are granted were made more difficult, the cultivators might no longer care to apply for them. Almost every other kind of crop which the natives like can be grown on the rich high lands which they now devote to ganjah. Tobacco,

onions, chilies, potatoes, and several other crops would prove as remunerative as ganjah, especially now that a railway runs through the heart of the ganjah-growing country, and thus opens up the market for any kind of valuable produce. In fact, it is almost a matter of doubt whether the cultivation of ganjah may not be spontaneously abandoned by the men now engaged in it. In former years the cultivation of ganjah, which was then carried on in another part of the country, was entirely given up, as Mr. Kerr informs us, "on account of the oppression of the zemindars and the vexatious interference of the Government officials." Possibly, owing to a little local mismanagement, the cultivation might suddenly cease altogether in the small tract of country where it now exists. The people who use ganjah would then, as the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal suggests, be compelled to have recourse either to the leaves of the wild hemp-plant, or some other drugs of equally deleterious character; what these *other* drugs may be, it is not easy to suggest, but it is difficult to find any that would be more deleterious than ganjah. With regard to the wild hemp plant, it is sufficient to state that it does not produce the substance emphatically known as ganjah, as the male plants growing promiscuously with the female plants prevent it. The leaves of the wild hemp-plant produce *bhang*, and *siddhi*, and *churrus*. Up to a recent date the consumption of these articles was comparatively almost untaxed. An attempt has been made in recent years to subject them to taxation, but the result has not been satisfactory. Only a petty revenue of about two thousand pounds sterling has been derived from them. From this it would appear that either the scheme for their taxation is defective, or that their consumption is by no means so large as was supposed.

If, therefore, the cultivation of ganjah were suppressed, and the public sale of it in any form prohibited by law, there would be a total extinction of this item of excise revenue, except in the indirect form of fines and penalties on those who persisted in cultivating or selling the drug illegally. Some provision might, perhaps, be made temporarily for the sale of the produce of the wild hemp through licensed chemists and druggists, as there are some people who believe and assert that it has certain medical qualities, such as opium unquestionably possesses. It is obviously not our purpose to enter into any discussion of the comparative merits and demerits of opium and ganjah. But whereas in many parts of India, opium is used chiefly as an antidote to malarious fever, or as a prophylactic against the influences of a feverish climate, it may be confidently asserted that ganjah and its congeners are seldom used for any good purpose, and are chiefly used for the abasement of the human mind and body.

It is not very easy to obtain correct statistics of any items of Indian revenue. The latest official reports of 1880–81, to which we have had access, appear to show that the total annual excise revenue derived from ganjah in Bengal amounted to £145,467 sterling, or, in Indian phraseology, about fourteen and a half lakhs of rupees. It may be admitted that the present forms of the taxation of the drug are so far effectual that whilst the revenue has largely increased, the quantity of the drug consumed has considerably decreased. The quantity consumed in 1875 amounted to about 6,728 Indian maunds of eighty pounds each, and the revenue obtained was only £126,779 sterling. The quantity consumed in 1880–81 was only 5,600 Indian maunds, whilst the revenue derived from it had risen to £145,467 sterling. This amount is not a very large item in the total annual revenues of India. We are not in accord with those professed philanthropists who are anxious to sacrifice the whole of the seven millions sterling of the Indian opium revenue, chiefly for the very doubtful advantage and amelioration of the people of China, and with the most disastrous consequences to the financial position of India. But it does seem to be quite within the reach of practical statesmanship and political philanthropy to put an end to the petty item of £150,000 (in round numbers), which is now derived from ganjah, with the almost perfect certainty that this measure would tend to the abatement of immorality and crime in India, and, we may also add, of insanity. It is not at all improbable that the suppression of the use of ganjah would diminish, by something like 20 per cent., the number of the inmates of the State Lunatic Asylums, who are maintained at the cost of Government. In a newspaper recently received from India, we find a review of the official report for 1881 on the lunatic asylums in Bengal. Out of two hundred and thirteen cases admitted during the year, the cause of insanity is specified in one hundred and eleven cases. Of these, sixty-six cases are said to have been due to ganjah, and three to bhang or churrus, which are preparations of ganjah. Thirteen cases are attributed to the excessive use of English or other spirits, and two to opium. Although only eighty-four cases are thus accounted for, it is easy to see how pernicious the use of ganjah must be. The Surgeon-General considers that the number of cases due to intoxicating agents is under-stated. Out of the total number of 1,094 patients treated in the asylums during the year no less than 328 cases were ascribed to one or other form of intoxication. Judging from the figures of the admissions in the last year fully 20 per cent. of the patients maintained in the State Lunatic Asylums must be victims to ganjah; so that we may reasonably infer that if the use of ganjah were suppressed, there might be a

reduction of expenditure on the State Lunatic Asylums, which would go far to balance the loss of this item of the excise revenue.

We must conclude by taking a brief glance at the opportunity which the improved financial condition of India presents for extinguishing the revenue derived from such a polluted source as ganjah, instead of abandoning the whole of the import duties levied on cotton and piece goods, or of further reducing the amount of the Government duty on salt. Perhaps it might have been possible in last year's Budget to maintain and continue the duty on some particular classes or items of imported Manchester goods, to an amount equivalent to the loss to be anticipated from the suppression of the revenue derived from ganjah. But it is too late now to press this consideration practically. With regard, however, to the duty on salt, which it is proposed to reduce still further, the case seems to be much more simple. We do not desire to raise any question as to the abstract propriety or expediency of the taxation of salt. But, as a fact, the taxation of salt in Bengal is of such long standing, that the consumers of salt are practically unconscious that there is any tax imposed upon the salt which they use. It would be difficult to show that there has ever been any *bonâ fide* agitation from the actual consumers of salt in the whole body of the people for any reduction of the salt tax. On the other hand, there have been several occasions on which the associations of native gentlemen, who believe themselves to represent the national feelings, have proposed that the tax on salt should be increased in preference to the enforcement of an income tax, or any other form of direct taxation likely to lead to personal vexation and oppression. We do not deny that there is another side to the case, and we should be fully prepared to support the policy of reducing the salt-tax wherever and whenever a reduction can be made for the general benefit of the community as compared with other forms of taxation. But the tax on salt is now levied imperceptibly and without observation, so far as the mass of the people are concerned. They do not know whether the salt-merchant has paid a duty of a penny or twopence, more or less, on each hundredweight of salt. They do not know what the cost price of the salt itself is, as distinct from the duty. The same administrative machinery collects the tax without any difference in expense whether the tax be twopence higher or twopence lower. The wholesale salt-merchant pays the duty in a lump sum to the collector of customs; and in his own accounts he adds the amount of the duty to the prime cost of the salt, and his own trade profit, when he sells the salt to the retail dealers from whose shops it passes to the consumers. But to the consumers,

according to their petty personal wants from day to day, the difference of a penny or twopence in the duty on each hundredweight makes no perceptible difference in the price of the few ounces of salt that they buy. If the salt is dearer to them by the fraction of a farthing, they attribute it to the greed of the shopkeeper. It is just the same with the tea duty in England, where the reduction of two or three pence in the duty seldom percolates down to the daily purchases of the mass of the consumers. Therefore the case as between the suppression of the ganjah revenue and the further reduction of the tax or duty on salt appears to stand thus :—Ganjah yields an annual revenue of £150,000 (in round numbers), as we have shown above. A difference of about twopence in the taxation of each hundredweight of the total annual quantity of salt cousumed in Bengal would probably cover the sum, though, for certain reasons, we cannot give the exact figures. The average consumption of salt per head of the population is usually taken at ten pounds in weight per annum ; so that a tax of twopence, more or less, would be distributed over many heads in rather minute fractions. It seems, therefore, to be very feasible for the Government of India to consider whether it would not be advisable to be what might be called "just before it is generous" ; by suppressing the use of a noxious drug injurious to its subjects instead of attempting to relieve them from an additional fraction in an item of taxation which they do not really feel. We are satisfied of this, that no Englishman, and especially no medical man, who knows what the curse of ganjah is to its consumers, would hesitate to come to a decision. We feel fully assured that all high-minded and well-educated native gentlemen would be exceedingly glad to see the Government assert its power and authority against the use of a baneful drug, which has too often been a potent agent in leading on young men of the best native families in a career of debauchery which has ended in their disgrace and ruin.

C. T. Buckland.

SOME FACTS ABOUT REDISTRIBUTION.

About eighteen years ago, when every Minister or aspirant to office was going about with a draft Reform Bill in his pocket, an important measure of this kind was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. It was simply a Franchise Bill, the Government of the day having resolved—as we are told that the present Cabinet have resolved—to deal with the franchise first, leaving the question of redistribution to be dealt with in the following Session. On the motion for the second reading of the Bill, a resolution was submitted by a Whig nobleman, who is now a duke, to the effect that the House, while ready to consider, with a view to its settlement, the question of Parliamentary Reform, was of opinion that it was inexpedient to discuss a Bill for the reduction of the franchise until the House had before it "the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people." The motion, after several nights' debate, was lost by a majority of five, but the numbers were so close as to compel ministers to introduce a Redistribution Bill, which was found to be so defective that it did not command the approval of the ordinary supporters of the Government, and the House, therefore, felt the less reluctance, at a later stage, in rejecting the Franchise Bill and dismissing the Ministry. Perhaps the most forcible speech delivered in favour of the motion to which I have referred, was that of its seconder, a nobleman at that time holding a high place in the councils of the Conservative Party, and generally looked upon as one of the most popular candidates for its future leadership. In the course of a comparatively brief but singularly lucid address, he made use of the following powerful argument :—

> The question is not merely one of what a Ministry may wish to do, but of what they may have it in their power to accomplish. Who is to answer for the events of the next twelve months? Who can say that the Cabinet of next year, though still composed of members sitting on the Liberal side of the House, will be the identical body which we now see before us? Who can tell what question, foreign or domestic, may arise, leading to a dissolution of Parliament, after the passing of the Franchise Bill—supposing it to be passed in the present Session—and before the Bill for the redistribution of seats is brought on for discussion? And if, in the interval between the passing of the two Bills a dissolution should occur, in

what an extraordinary position would not this House and the country be placed! If you appeal to the old constituencies, you make your appeal to those whom the House will have by its deliberate vote already condemned, and from which it will have transferred political power. If you appeal to the new constituencies, you will have this still more extraordinary anomaly, that you will be called upon to perform the most important act known to the Constitution—that of appealing to the country to return members to Parliament under a provisional Constitution; for the constituency will be neither that of 1865 nor that of 1867—neither the old constituency which we have been accustomed to, nor the new constituency which Parliament will have sanctioned, but something between the two—an electoral body which will be the creation of an accident, and which no one ever intended to be the depositary of political power. This is a consideration which I think it but fair the House should take into account. What we really want is some guarantee that the body which deals with enfranchisement shall be in a position also to deal with the question of the redistribution of seats.

If it be true, as rumour affirms, that the present Government propose to divide the two questions and to consider them in separate Sessions, it will be interesting to see what answer Lord Derby, as a member of a Liberal Cabinet, can make to the argument which, as Lord Stanley, he employed with such efficacy against Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill in 1866.

It is not my purpose, however, to introduce party politics into the discussion of this important question. I desire simply to place before the country a few facts connected with it in a somewhat different light from that in which they are usually presented. The language of the platform is one thing; the preparation of a Bill for the practical consideration of a business assembly like the House of Commons is a widely different matter. Lord Hartington has recently pointed out how extremely complicated is the question of the reduction and extension of the county franchise—a matter which more than one enthusiastic but unthinking Radical member of Parliament has declared to be so simple that it could be effected by a short Bill of a single clause! If such an extraordinary amount of ignorance prevails with regard to the subject of the franchise, how much greater is the want of knowledge in regard to the subject of redistribution. Enterprising politicians with a taste for statistics, but altogether unacquainted with the nature and growth of the Constitution, work out a mass of figures in which what are supposed to be the anomalies of our system of representation are set forth with a prominence sufficiently startling when looked at for the first time. It would be unjust to include Mr. Bright in this category; at the same time, he is not above making use of these fallacious statistics for the purpose of oratorical effect. In the speech delivered by him in October last, at the Leeds Town Hall, he took up the case of the small boroughs, from those with a population of 7,000 and under, up to those with a population of 53,000, which would be a Parliamentary unit—or, in other words, would be the number required

to form a Parliamentary constituency, if the proposal for equal electoral districts were adopted. He was content, however, for the object he had in view, to deal with the boroughs with a population of 30,000 and under, and these, he affirmed, would, if disfranchised, as they ought to be under a fair system of representation, give 172 members to be distributed among the great towns and the counties. Everybody admires the eloquence of Mr. Bright, but he is not, in the true sense of the word, a statesman, and, despite his long Parliamentary experience, has never shown himself to be a practical politician. Why, even the great Reform Bill of 1832 contemplated the disfranchisement of only fifty-six boroughs, and Mr. Gladstone, in his Reform Bill of 1866, did not propose wholly to disfranchise a single constituency. Yet Mr. Bright—though he avows an affection for the forty-shilling freeholder, and is not yet prepared for equal electoral districts—talks of disfranchising 172 boroughs as airily as if it were merely working out a rule-of-three sum. Has he, or those who cite his figures, ever thought what the disfranchisement of 172 borough constituencies means? Let us look at the actual result. We will take England and Wales first. To disfranchise all boroughs in England and Wales with a population of 30,000 and under, would involve the disfranchisement of the following cities and towns:—

Abingdon	Chippenham	Hereford (2)
Andover	Christchurch	Hertford
Aylesbury (2 membrs.)	Cirencester	Horsham
Banbury	Clitheroe	Huntingdon
Barnstable (2)	Cockermouth	Hythe
Beaumaris	Colchester (2)	Kendal
Bedford (2)	Cricklade (2)	Kidderminster
Berwick (2)	Denbigh Boroughs	King's Lynn (2)
Bewdley	Devizes	Knaresborough
Bodmin	Dorchester	Launceston
Boston (2)	Dover (2)	Leominster
Brecon	Droitwich	Lewes
Bridgnorth	Durham (2)	Lichfield
Bridport	Evesham	Liskeard
Buckingham	Eye	Ludlow
Bury St. Edmunds (2)	Flint Boroughs	Lymington
	Frome	Maldon
Calne	Grantham (2)	Malmesbury
Canterbury (2)	Guildford	Malton
Cardigan	Harwich	Marlborough
Carnarvon District	Haverfordwest	Marlow (Great)
Chichester	Helston	Midhurst

Montgomery District	Rochester (2)	Truro (2)
Newark (2)	Rye	Wallingford
Newcastle - under - Lyne (2)	St. Ives	Wareham
Newport	Salisbury (2)	Warwick (2)
Northallerton	Sandwich (2)	Wenlock (2)
Pembroke	Shaftesbury	Westbury
Penryn (2)	Shrewsbury (2)	Weymouth (2)
Peterborough (2)	Stafford (2)	Whitby
Petersfield	Stamford	Whitehaven
Pontefract (2)	Tamworth (2)	Wilton
Poole	Taunton (2)	Winchester (2)
Radnor Boroughs	Tavistock	Windsor
Richmond	Tewkesbury	Woodstock
Ripon	Thirsk	Wycombe
	Tiverton (2)	

From this list it will be seen that out of 198 Parliamentary boroughs in England and Wales, no fewer than 108—returning altogether 140 members—would be disfranchised! Now, I put it to any sober-minded politician whether there lives a Minister (including even Mr. Chamberlain, the advocate of manhood suffrage) who would dream for a moment of placing such a proposal as that before the House of Commons. There is no Minister who would dare do anything of the kind. He would know perfectly well that if he did so his tenure of office would not be worth a week's purchase. I have already said that Mr. Gladstone, in the Reform Bill of 1866, did not propose entirely to disfranchise a single constituency. The same line of policy was adopted by Mr. Disraeli in 1867. He held it to be most unwise—and he took credit to himself for having for twenty years impressed that policy upon the House—to completely disfranchise, without urgent necessity, any centre of representation.

Mr. Disraeli, however, himself admitted, in his speech on Mr. Trevelyan's motion in 1874, that if household suffrage were extended to the counties, it would be necessary to "move in the direction of electoral districts," in the scheme of redistribution which would naturally accompany the change. "All our late legislation," said he, "for the last forty years, with respect to Parliamentary reform and the distribution of seats, has been leading to electoral districts; and although I, for one, should think it a great misfortune if we entirely destroyed all local influences and distinctions; although I believe that, if we did, we should very much weaken the spirit and character of the country; and although I hold that we ought to cling as much as possible to maintaining those local influences and distinctions: still it is impossible not to see that if you do reconsider and redistribute

political power in deference to these views, you must, to a great extent, be approaching electoral districts." It was because he was not prepared to "strike a blow, a fatal blow, at the borough constitution of the United Kingdom," that Mr. Disraeli refused, within seven years of the settlement of 1867, to re-open the question of Parliamentary Reform. I am not immediately concerned to argue whether there exists any real necessity for re-opening the question now. There have been no meetings, no demonstrations, no signs whatever in the counties to proclaim the fact that the inhabitants thereof are suffering from a sense of grievance and deep-seated wrong. It is undoubtedly true that a number of delegates from the big towns, sons of the Caucus and wire-pullers, have assembled at Leeds and Glasgow, but it is difficult to understand how these gatherings can be interpreted as manifestations of opinion on the part of the inhabitants of counties.

But, leaving aside these considerations, and returning to the subject of the borough constituencies, I have already shown what would be the effect of disfranchising all boroughs in England and Wales with a population of 30,000 and under. If, however, we are to discuss the possibility of the formation of equal electoral districts, the results will be of a much more serious character. According to the Census of 1881, the division of the country into equal electoral districts would give an average of about 53,000 persons for each constituency. Let us take 50,000 for the sake of round numbers. What would be the effect on the borough representation? To the list given above would have to be added the following cities and boroughs:—

Anglesea	Gloucester (2)	Retford (East) (2)
Ashton-under-Lyne	Gravesend	Scarborough (2)
Bury	Great Grimsby	Shoreham (2)
Cambridge (2)	Hartlepool	Stalybridge
Carlisle (2)	Hastings (2)	Stroud (2)
Carmarthen	Lincoln (2)	Tynemouth
Chatham	Macclesfield (2)	Wakefield
Cheltenham	Maidstone (2)	Warrington
Chester (2)	Monmouth District	Wigan (2)
Coventry (2)	Morpeth	Worcester (2)
Darlington	Oxford (2)	
Exeter (2)	Reading (2)	

This gives us a total of 142 boroughs, returning 192 members, out of a total of 198 boroughs. There would consequently be but fifty-six boroughs left in England and Wales! Nearly every cathedral city and county town in the kingdom would be disfranchised. And what would remain? Let anyone take a political map of the country and judge for himself. The manufacturing districts in

the centre and north of England—that is to say, the Midlands, West Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Durham—would, with the exception of a few sea-port towns like Bristol, Cardiff, Southampton, Plymouth, and Hull, absorb almost the whole borough representation of the kingdom. All the rest of the country would have to be parcelled out into districts, and all the historic and characteristic features of our representative system would be swept away. Whole counties—as, for example, Cornwall, Kent, Essex, Surrey, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Lincolnshire,—would be left without a single borough constituency; in fact, in the eastern, southern, and several of the western counties, the entire system of borough representation, on its present lines, would be virtually extinguished.

Strangely enough, while we are called upon to make this extraordinary change in the borough representation, in order to remove existing anomalies and secure something like a symmetrical system, there are positively but four towns—Aston (a suburb of Birmingham), Croydon, St. Helen's, and West Ham—with a population of 50,000 and upwards, which are not already represented! No doubt these places, together with towns like Accrington, Barrow-in-Furness, Burton-on-Trent, Rotherham, Southport, Tottenham, Margate, and Ramsgate are entitled to consideration. If a member each were taken from Aylesbury, Barnstaple, Boston, Grantham, King's Lynn, Newark, Tiverton, and Weymouth, and given to the above-named towns, no great harm would be done. But why should Parliament be called upon to disfranchise Canterbury and Winchester—cities whose names and fortunes have been bound up with our national history—simply that we may give a representative each to Bootle-cum-Linacre and Oswaldtwistle?

If we turn to Scotland, and apply the same rule to its so-called borough representation, the results will be even more surprising than those already demonstrated. In Scotland, as in Wales, the plan of grouping the small towns has been largely adopted. Out of the twenty-two borough constituencies, fifteen are, in reality, electoral districts. But if the limit of 50,000 population be laid down, thirteen of the existing constituencies would disappear, to be remodelled on the new basis; and the only constituencies left with their present boundaries would be Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, the Kilmarnock district, Leith district, Montrose district, and Paisley.

As regards Ireland, it is hardly necessary to say that there are only three borough constituencies—Belfast, Cork, and Dublin—with a population of 50,000 and upwards. By a little manipulation of the boundaries, perhaps, Limerick might be enabled to make up the necessary number. It is manifest, however, that if

anything resembling the plan of equal electoral districts were adopted in Ireland, it would be impossible to maintain the borough and county system of representation in existence side by side. No scheme of grouping would be practicable which would suffice to give the borough representation a separate existence.

This brings us to what is, after all, the most important branch of the subject. No one knows, as yet, what the real result would be of extending household suffrage to the counties. There are no trustworthy *data* available. At the best it would be a "leap in the dark." The facts are sufficiently clear, however, to convince the most thoughtless politician that whatever anomalies our existing system of representation presents, they would be trifling when compared with the anomaly we should introduce by the creation of household suffrage in the counties, if it were not accompanied by a very extensive scheme of redistribution. Let the figures speak for themselves. According to the Census of 1881, the borough population of England and Wales was 12,285,537, or, in round numbers, twelve and a quarter millions. The county population was, roughly speaking, thirteen and three-quarter millions, or, to be exact, 13,688,902. Thus, as regards population, there is a balance of nearly a million and a half to the credit of the counties. With the existing franchise, however, the borough constituencies have a decided advantage in point of numbers. A Parliamentary Return published last summer, which had been moved for by Sir Charles Dilke, gives the borough voters as 1,351,761, and those of the counties as 966,631. When Mr. Disraeli discussed this part of the question in 1874, he estimated that a rating suffrage in the counties would place at least a million electors on the register. But if we take a slightly reduced estimate, I am justified in assuming that household suffrage would raise the number of county voters to 1,900,000. Thus, then, we should have the startling anomaly of 1,900,000 voters in the counties returning only 187 members, whilst 1,351,761 voters in the boroughs would return 297 members! What have the advocates of equal electoral districts to say to such an inconsistency as this? And what would the Radicals, whose voting strength lies in the big towns, think of a proposal—which, on their own showing, would be reasonable and just—to transfer about 150 borough members to the counties? Moreover, if we are to have equal electoral districts, with an average of 50,000 as a unit of representation, the counties would still be entitled to 273 representatives, while the boroughs would have only 245, of whom about eighty would belong to the metropolis alone!

This is not a new difficulty, nor do I present it now for the first time, but it is one that the reformers never care to face. One

writer, indeed, whose pamphlet Mr. Bright quoted with approval at the Leeds meeting, has the courage to suggest a way out of the dilemma. He boldly proposes to take all the unrepresented town populations out of the counties and add them to the boroughs, which, he contends, would restore the balance, and preserve to the boroughs their preponderating influence. Yes, "cooking the constituencies," as Mr. Gladstone phrased it, seems to be the only hope of the Radical. Nothing frightens him so much as an attempt to carry out his own principles in a fair and honest manner. He appeals in the name of Eternal Justice for equal representation in town and country; and when you give it to him he sets to work to manipulate boundaries and to "Gerrymander" the constituencies, in order to prevent the change he has hypocritically prayed for from operating to his own disadvantage. Well might Mr. Bright say that the "question of redistribution was the very soul of the question of reform." No one knows better than the Radical who has given the subject the slightest consideration, that whether we proceed upon the basis of numbers —short of manhood suffrage—or that of interests, the Conservative Party has nothing to fear from the broadening of the foundations of our representative system, provided that the process is honestly carried out, and without regard to Party needs.

This question of boundaries must of necessity occupy a very prominent position in the consideration of the new scheme of redistribution. In previous Reform Bills greater attention has been bestowed on the borough constituencies than on the county representation. In the forthcoming Bill the positions will be reversed. The boundary question will be the essence of the new experiment. Let me quote, as bearing upon this point, an important passage from the speech in which Mr. Gladstone introduced his abortive Redistribution Bill in 1866 :—

> In England (said he) we have a great many boroughs, Parliamentary boroughs, which have already been extended not only up to, but far beyond, their natural limits. It must never be forgotten, in considering the apparent disparity between the representation of boroughs and that of counties, with reference to the population, that, quite apart from the important circumstance that many small boroughs are, in point of fact, merely head-quarters of the rural districts to which they belong, a large number of small boroughs are under a great, sometimes even a dominant, influence from purely agricultural and farming districts, which have at previous periods, and mainly at the great epoch of the Reform Act, been attached to them. If, then, we are to adopt this as a principle, that the limits of the Parliamentary borough are in all cases to be the limits of the town, and if, accordingly, we are to have a general re-consideration of the boundaries of boroughs on the principle of including everything that substantially belongs to them, how are we to reply to the argument that we ought to re-consider these boundaries with a view to abridgment, in all instances where by an artificial arrangement they now include, as they do in many, perhaps in scores of cases, rural districts of the kind I have described? Now, Sir, we are not willing to set in motion any such

universal disturbance of the boundaries as they exist at this present time. For if we are to have, by our proposed legislation, a consideration of the question of the boundaries of towns, founded on principles as broad as those which were included in the Bill of 1859, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that in equity a double process will be rendered necessary, a process of curtailing as well as of extending, while we think that upon such a process it is by no means desirable to enter.

If this was Mr. Gladstone's opinion then, what, if anything, has occurred to alter it? And is he prepared in 1884 to enter upon that "universal disturbance of boundaries" from which he instinctively shrank in 1866? The truth is, that, owing to the fact that the question of electoral reform has been virtually decided by the Liberals, the counties have never been fairly treated. Nor is it any reply to this argument to say that the Reform Act of 1867 was a Conservative measure, since it is well known that—excepting so far as the principle of a ratal franchise is concerned—the Act of 1867 was less the work of the Conservative Government than of the House of Commons, in which all parties were anxious to get rid of a troublesome question with as little inconvenience to themselves as possible.

But, if we are to have a new Reform Bill, in which the franchise is, as far as possible, to be equalised in town and county, a fresh set of considerations at once come into view. It may be asked by some—indeed, this is the position assumed by those who advocate the formation of equal electoral districts—Why, when you, for all practical purposes, assimilate the borough and county franchise, do you make any distinction between them? Why, when all the voters are on the same level, do you not extinguish all existing local characteristics of the representation, and parcel out the country into districts as is done in the United States? The answer to these questions is furnished by asking another—What is it that you wish to have represented? Is it so many men, women and children, so many tons of living animal matter in human shape, or the varied interests with which their existence, and that of the great Empire to which they belong, are bound up? It is only new countries that can adopt theoretical constitutions, and experience has taught us that even these break down more often than they succeed. To be successful, the Constitution of a country must be fashioned by its history, moulded by the genius of its inhabitants, and adapted for its present and future needs. A representative system which represents only one or two classes of the people and their interests must necessarily be defective, and is, therefore, unjust. Yet, what do we see? We are constantly being told that a larger share of the representation must be given to the big towns, because, numerically speaking, they are at present at a disadvantage. At the same time, it has already been

shown in this paper, that to materially increase the representation of the big towns at the expense of the small boroughs, is simply to hand over the political control of the country to the mining and manufacturing districts, and to place all other national interests at their mercy. Would it be fair or statesmanlike, would it conduce to the happiness and prosperity of the kingdom to remodel our system of representation on such a principle as this?

When we are told that our political institutions, our theory of Government, and our system of administration, are full of anomalies, it may be worth while to remember that the existence of the British Empire is the greatest anomaly of all. What is it that has invested a little island in the Atlantic with the right and the power to rule the destinies of nations and of empires scattered over the surface of the habitable globe? There must be something good in the institutions which have made possible these results. Why should we, ignoring the greatness it has brought us, turn our backs upon the past, and throw aside its teachings, simply in order to square our national life by the phantasies of idle dreamers or enthusiastic *doctrinaires*? When Earl Grey brought forward the great Reform Bill in the House of Lords he was careful to point out that his Ministry were resolved not to disfranchise any constituency with a population of over 2,000 which could be found to return an independent member to Parliament. "The only way," said he, "in which the Reform Bill could be rendered perfect in theory, would be by a new distribution of the elective franchise, and for that purpose to divide the country into electoral districts. But," he went on to say, "I am sure noble lords will do us the justice to believe that we never had any such project in view; on the contrary, we have evinced a sincere desire to avoid any change so extensive; and if we have left the Bill subject to this charge of being full of anomalies, it was for the sake of preserving, as far as possible, the institutions of the country as they exist at present." This has been the practice of all Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative. "Whatever you do," said Mr. Disraeli, in introducing the Reform Bill of 1867, "your representation must be fairly distributed over the country; if you give a greater preponderance to one part at the expense of another, you create two nations; there will be a want of sympathy and cordiality between the parts, and you will, in fact, be going back to the principles of the Heptarchy."

I will add but one further quotation, and it shall be from the lips of a statesman whose words command the respect of the whole Liberal Party, even in the composite form in which it exists to-day. In his famous speech in the Liverpool Amphitheatre,

when the fate of the Reform Bill of 1866 was trembling in the balance, Mr. Gladstone said :—

> The position of England, gentlemen, is a peculiar position in the world. England has inherited from bygone ages more perhaps of what was august and venerable in those ages than any other European country; and at the same time that her traditions of the past are so rich and fruitful that our minds and all our characters have, both within our knowledge and beyond our knowledge, been largely moulded by them, she has likewise been exposed in the highest possible degree to the sifting and stimulating power of every modern influence which the nineteenth century has brought into activity. As, geographically, she stands with Europe on one side of her and America on the other, so she stands between those feudal institutions, on the one side, under which European states were formed, and which have given to England her hierarchy of classes, and, on the other side, those principles of equality which form the base of society in the United States. What, in these circumstances, is the course which duty and prudence mark out for us? Surely it is this. It is the business of England not, by a servile imitation of the one or the other, to disown her glorious and most characteristic history, but, on the contrary, to cherish everything she has inherited and to improve it, but to improve it for the sake of preserving it.

To improvement for the sake of preserving an institution no reasonable man, and no true Conservative, can object. But "reform it altogether" is the advice of the Radical, who desires to root out all that is left of the European system in our national institutions, and to reconstruct them on the American pattern. It is needless to inquire whether the American system has been more successful than our own. Everyone knows that in the United States politics are a profession, and that the more respectable classes of society keep aloof from the task of government, because they will not associate with the adventurers and "carpet-baggers" who swarm in every district of the Union. It would be a lamentable day for England if the aristocratic elements were eliminated from her national life, and the country was handed over to the tender mercies of an organised Democracy. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Gladstone would be a consenting party to so violent a revolution. Nor is it credible that he would deliberately sanction the introduction of measures which must inevitably tend to this result. At the same time, the country cannot afford to risk its future for the convenience of a Minister however powerful, or a Ministry however talented. This is why the House of Commons, when the new Reform Bill is introduced, should insist, as the present Lord Derby insisted in 1866, on seeing the whole plan of the Government. If the whole scheme is not produced, if Parliament is called upon to deal piecemeal with proposals involving vast organic changes in our representative system, I feel persuaded that the Franchise Bill will be relegated to that limbo of abortive creations which, we are assured on Mr. Gladstone's own authority, is peopled with the skeletons of Reform Bills.

GEORGE BYRON CURTIS.

FALLOW DEER AT HOME.

It is a fine warm morning in the early part of September, and, after a pleasant walk across the hill, I have just come in sight of the sea, a narrow part of Loch Craignish lying immediately below me, at a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards. A large fir plantation, sloping down to the shore, clothes the hill-side below me; there is a crisp, fresh feeling in the air, and the whole view is clear as only an Argyleshire landscape can be. These cliffs of Mull to the west, which look so distinct as they come down sheer to the blue water, are more than twenty miles distant; and Scarba, upon which one would expect to be able to "spy" the red deer with a good glass, is eight at least, as the crow flies. Below, the loch itself is studded with innumerable islands, varying in size from the small rocks which are barely visible at high tide, to Righ and Macaskan, which, between them, must attain a length of two miles. To the south-west, across the dreaded whirlpool of "Corrievrecan," a faint outline of land is distinctly visible, and nearly due south the double peak of Jura stands out distinct and clear in the distance.

But what am I doing on the hill-side? for I have not come here simply like Dr. Syntax, "in search of the picturesque." My express rifle is beside me, and I have also a coat, for I know that I shall probably spend the best part of the day on the hill-side, and it is not impossible that there may be some showers before long, notwithstanding the almost supernatural brilliancy of sea and sky. However, I am prepared for any fate. I have my lunch, I have my flask, I have my coat, and I have my rifle and stalking-glass; and long experience has convinced me that I am in just the place to spend a happy day. I know that there are wild fallow deer either in the large fir plantation below me, the hazel copses and bracken beds which clothe the brae-faces around me, or the natural cover on the face of Benan to the south; and I am sure that the hounds will find some of them, and hunt them round in my direction before the day is over. Whether I shall see anything more than does and fawns and small bucks not "worth a shot," or whether, if I do see a muckle beast, he will come within shot of me; or, again, whether I shall hit him if he does, are all questions of a more doubtful character. But I hope for the best, and, at any rate, I am determined to enjoy myself whatever happens.

I have plenty of time before me, for the keepers have gone round to place the other rifles, and will then begin to hunt at the end of the wood more than a mile off, and I know that I can look about me without the least danger of anything passing me unperceived. Practice has sharpened my ears and eyes, and, even if a beast slips away without the hounds giving tongue, I shall be pretty sure to hear a stick snap, or the bracken rustle, and to see him before he is within shot of me.

I take out my glass and adjust it to focus, and first I turn it upon a small group of rocks close to the shore of the island opposite. Are there any seals on them? Ten years ago I counted twenty at a time basking and enjoying themselves there on such a day as this at low tide. Three—no, four, weird-looking cormorants, with their wings outstretched. No wonder Milton depicted Satan on the Tree of Knowledge in that form, it can hardly be called disguise. Then some herons; and—yes, three long shapes, which an unpractised eye would take for rocks protruding above the tangle, but which I should know for seals, even without the occasional lazy motion of a tail or flapper, by which, I suppose, they are trying to get into a more comfortable position, just as Watts' sluggard "turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head" for the same purpose. Poor, pretty, persecuted beasts, I know you are mischievous, for I have seen you with salmon in your mouths, and poaching at the stake-nets; but an angler should not be too hard on you for that last fault, considering the way you tear them. How is it that, although I am always vowing that I never will shoot at you again, I never can resist if I get an opportunity. It is not for your blubber, for I leave that to the boatmen; and it is not for your skin, for I have two, and should not know what to do with any more. I hope it is because of the well-founded confidence I feel in the probability of your escape, unless I get a chance at you on the rocks, stalking you from that very island opposite by creeping down the burn. It is surprising to think how many seals I have seen shot at in the water by good rifle-shots, and how few I have seen one penny the worse.

However, I am not after seals now, and I can watch those at my leisure with no bloodthirsty design, and I look up and down the loch to see whether there are any more dog-like heads in view; for there is scarcely a ripple anywhere, as what wind there is is from the west. I turn my glass on different distant objects in the water, to disclose in succession a flock of mergansers diving and swimming merrily along, many gulls of various species, some quaint little guillemots, some more cormorants fishing, and, lastly, an eider-duck with two young ones. I see the boat, too, which has

come round from Duntroon; but the boatmen cannot have understood the message sent them in the morning, as they have gone into the landing-place instead of lying out half-way across, in case the deer take the water.

Some time has now elapsed since the keepers and hounds passed through the field below the plantation on the way to their starting point, and I expect I shall soon hear the hounds. The pack is at rather a low ebb just now, but although they would be looked askance at in the Quorn country, no doubt they will manage to "put some of them out of that," as the old keeper says. There are three foxhounds and three harriers, a small Mull terrier, who will hunt anything, from a red deer to a rat, and who is very useful in the high bracken beds, and a brown retriever. The gillies also will walk through the wood, and some of the best hounds will be kept coupled until a right beast is found.

There is something crossing the clear place in the wood where so many trees were blown down by the Tay Bridge gale: one, two, three, four—all does and fawns. I hope the hounds have not got upon them, for I hear the cry beginning and they are certainly hunting something; no, it is all right, for I hear Woodman and Rachel on this side of where those deer passed, and they are coming this way. I take up my rifle and unbolt the hammer, and my heart beats a trifle quicker, for if the deer does take this line it will not be many minutes before he is here. There he is by the dyke, about 400 yards off, standing and thinking which way he will go next. The dyke is a rough stone wall, at least five feet in height; but if he means to make across the hill to Large, or to skirt the outside of the wood for the face of Benan, I shall be sure to get a shot at him. For fully a minute he stands hesitating; and I can see by his long brow antlers, and spreading, but not widely palmated horns, that he is a rare old stager, far superior in weight to the graceful creatures which ornament our English parks. Will he come? Alas! it is not to be; a turn and a bound, and he is off through the brackens and out of my sight, and I have the mortification of first seeing four of the hounds upon his track, and then hearing them pass below at a distance at which I might almost have shot the deer if it had been possible to see him in the thick cover.

My chance is gone for the present, but there is one rifle at the end between the two woods, and another in the "park" (Anglice, field) below to the south, and one or other of them will surely get a shot. The first is out of my sight; but I know where the second should be, and mechanically I turn my glass upon the spot. Oh, shame! is that the way a soldier (and a colonel to boot) watches his pass? He is lying at full length in

the heather, he has taken off his Norfolk jacket, and his white shirt shines conspicuous to the naked eye—worse, he has covered his head with a towel he had brought with a view to bathing, and he is waving a bunch of brackens, and doubtless objurgating the flies and midges, while his rifle lies unheeded beside him. Well, no doubt the insects are pretty bad down there out of the wind; but surely he will hear the hounds coming towards him, and rouse himself to a sense of his position. If not, I am well assured that no self-respecting deer will come within a quarter of a mile of such a conspicuous object. As I expected, the deer has turned, for I hear the cry of the hounds coming nearer to me, although still a long way off.

Is that a seal just off the small promontory a little this side of the landing-place? No, it is the deer; and he is making straight for the island opposite, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. He swims very deep in the water, nothing but his head showing, with his horns well thrown back so as almost to touch his back, bringing his grand brow antlers prominently forward. Now, had the boatmen understood orders, he would have been ours, but, in spite of my shouts and waving handkerchief, he is three parts of the way across before the boat is after him; the men pulling with a will to make up for lost time and neglected opportunities. He hears the splash of the oars and quickens his pace; and it is well for him that he does so, for the bow of the boat is actually touching his back before he reaches the shore. For a moment he stands and shakes himself, and then, trotting leisurely up the hill, is lost to sight in a bank of hazel. No doubt he thinks himself safe, but he is mistaken. All depends upon circumstances. If I can find the men and they can catch some of the hounds, while there is time to go across after him, we may have him yet; for the island, although long, is narrow, and there is not much wood in it. He will, no doubt, be lying close, and, when found, will readily take to the water again to return to his home; but this time, at least, he will have no chance of escape in that quarter, for the boatmen will be on the alert and watching for him.

The baffled hounds, after fruitlessly baying for a minute or two on the shore, have straggled back into the cover. I despatch my lunch, and watch the herons lazily flying over the island opposite, counting over thirty, some of which, no doubt, are young ones of this year, bred upon the spot. Presently twelve black objects are seen crossing the field below, in line, which I can recognise with the naked eye for a flock of the wild American turkeys which have been introduced into the locality and thriven fairly well. Fine handsome fellows they are, with their glossy metallic plumage

and cinnamon wings and tail, but disappointing from a sporting point of view. It is almost impossible to persuade them to fly; but when they do, they look grand, swooping over your head from some woody bank above you, with hardly a motion of their great wings. It is, however, rather amusing sometimes to stalk them and shoot them, with a pea rifle, through the head or neck; to hit them anywhere else would be too easy for sport, besides spoiling the meat. Once fairly alarmed they seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and it is no easy matter to get a second tolerably easy shot. Their principal merits are that they are excellent birds for the table and a great addition to the landscape.

This time I do not watch them for long, for I can study them at leisure from the window of my room. Never were there birds of more regular habits. The city clerk watching for his daily omnibus does not appear on the same place at the same time with more certainty. Unless something startling has happened to alarm them, you might safely set your watch by their movements as they stroll along in line morning and evening, picking the grass seeds as they go, with a rapid motion of head and neck which I have timed to take place a little more than a hundred times a minute. Next a red object appears in the wood below me, and I seize my rifle as I recognise a roe well within shot. It raises its head to listen, and I cover it with the sight, but do not pull the trigger, for the motion has shown me that it has no horns; and, except in some very young plantation where the trees are being destroyed, I never shoot at a doe.

The hounds are hunting again in the wood below me, and a shout or two shows that the beaters are approaching, when I see another deer in the water just where the first one crossed. This time the boat is on the look-out, and from my watch tower I see him caught and bound before he has got half-way across. He is, however, a reluctant and recalcitrant captive; for when he has been hauled in on one side of the boat, he jumps out once upon the other before he is fairly secured. He looks a pretty good beast, lighter in colour than the other, but certainly not so large. To-day it seems that the boatmen are to have all the sport, which surprises me, as the deer have not been shot at, or particularly hard-pressed by the hounds. I suppose it is the fine day and the unrippled sea which makes them so ready for a bath. However, it is a good opportunity to signal to the boatmen; the gillies are near, and the hounds will be easily caught, and we can see what we can do with the big beast on the island before we determine the fate of our unfortunate captive. One man is sent round to fetch the other rifles and bring them down to the shore, while I and the keeper

make for the same point through the wood; and before we reach the boat we have caught Prudence and Woodman, who will be quite enough to find and start the buck that got away from us this morning. As we announce our intention of sailing or rowing home, which may make us rather late, one of the party prefers to walk back across the hill; so we start off with six men in all, two keepers, the boatmen, and ourselves, with two hounds and the brown retriever, whose presence is not at all relished by the fallow buck which lies at the bottom of the boat, with his legs tied together, and his horns tied to the seat in a workman-like manner. We examine him, and pronounce him to be five years old and very fat; the palm of the horn is widening, but the brow antlers are still short, and, as he has two years of growth before him, I make up my mind that, whatever may happen to his companion, when the council is held to determine his fate, my voice shall be given in favour of mercy.

A very few minutes brings us to the island, and we take up our positions. I mount guard on a knoll near the landing-place, from which I can see the whole breadth of the island except the wooded banks, which slope down to the shore on either side, while my companion takes his place further to the south, where he is almost certain to get a shot, if, as is probable, the buck has not left the cover which was his point in the morning. A few old black cocks, glossy enough, although not in the full perfection of their autumn plumage, rise and fly lazily across to the mainland on either side, and there is a fresh breadth of sea to explore with the glass, more ruffled, because more exposed to the now stiffening breeze. The mainland on the west is some distance off; and the nearest island on the same side, a rocky precipice with hardly grazing enough upon it for a goat, must be nearly a mile away. However, I have not long to spend in contemplation, for, before the hounds have begun to give tongue, I recognise something brushing a path through the long brackens below me, and a smart run brings me within shot of the beast, galloping away as hard as he can about 150 yards off, end on towards me. Another moment and he will be out of sight. Shall I shoot? At least I determine not to repeat a feat accomplished some years before, when I planted an expanding ball well between the haunches of a deer in a similar position with deadly effect, actually cutting off its tail, which my companions proposed to present to me as a testimonial, with a suitable inscription. Head or nothing, here goes! and the ball whistles between his horns just before he passes out of sight below the brae. My companion has seen him, and fired a fruitless and melancholy shot at him at a long range; but never mind, he will have to come back again, and, once I make out his intentions, I know the island

sufficiently well to cut him off whatever point he makes for. Vain hope! to my great surprise, I see him in the water again on the west side of the island. I join my companion, and we watch him with our glasses. Surely an unwounded beast would not have taken the water at a wholly unknown point without a notion where to make for. It does, not, however, take long to convince us, from the pace he is swimming, that he is quite unhurt. It is too late to get the boat, although he must be in the water a long time. As the biggest fish are those that get off the hook, so the length of those brow antlers and the span of those horns gradually increase as we watch him ploughing his way across the bay. Once or twice we think, or try to think, that he means to turn, in which case he is ours; but the hope is vain, and at last we see him land and trot up the island in the distance, unscathed and safe; for, even if there were time, we have no right to pursue him there. Slowly we collect our forces, and join in lamentations over the deer departed—not, alas! the "dear deceased," to quote Hood's wonderful pun. Next we land, and liberate our captive, after marking his ear in order that we may recognise and calculate his growth on some future occasion, and then up with the sail. Two beats take us out of Loch Craignish, and as we watch the setting sun purpling the clouds over Jura, and lazily discuss the pipe of peace, we think of the lines so inimitably illustrated by Caldecott:—

> So they hunted and they hollo'd till the setting of the sun;
> An' they 'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day was done.
> Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay,
> But we 'n powler 't up an' down a bit an' had a rattlin' day."
> Look ye there!

It must not be supposed that all our expeditions are as unsuccessful as the one I have just described. I chose it for description partly because it is an almost literal and exact account of what occurred on the last occasion I was out after the deer, and partly because I thought there was some spark of originality in describing a failure. Many deer are doubtless missed upon the hill-side, but few indeed in the smoking-room or in the pages of sporting chronicles. There was one occasion, ever to be marked with white, when, as I occupied the same position, two grand beasts trotted out of the hazel bank between me and the dyke, about sixty yards off, before I had been in my place half-an-hour. I chose the one which had the finest head, and shot him through the neck, and, hastily putting a fresh cartridge into my single-barrelled Henry, fired a snap shot at the second, without success, as he galloped off. By the time that I had loaded again, he had stopped for a moment at the dyke, either to wait for his "neighbour," or to look before he leaped. It was a long distance, but then he was standing

broadside to me, and, putting up the 200-yards sight, and taking it full, I fired again. A sudden start, a turn, and he disappeared into the hazel bank behind him. I ran hurriedly on to the end of it to see where he went; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for, when the keepers and hounds came up, he was lying dead not twenty yards from where I shot at him, with a ball through his heart. A noble beast, the largest of its kind killed within my own personal knowledge. He weighed a hundred and ninety-two pounds clean; his companion a hundred and sixty-seven. The weight of the deer first killed, which had the better head, was by no means unusual or remarkable; for these wild fallow deer have what they like best, a wide range and abundance and variety of food, which makes them on an average far heavier than their domestic cousins, and a full-grown buck is seldom less than one hundred and fifty pounds. For the benefit of anyone who may wish to institute a comparison, I should say that the weight of the deer are given as they are brought in off the hill, with the head and the horns still on, but "gralloched" and bled. Their horns are not nearly so broad and shovel-like as those of a park buck; some run to points almost like a red deer's. I have heard various suggested explanations of this, but none satisfactory to my mind, so I content myself with merely stating the fact. To conclude the catalogue of their qualities, their venison is the finest known.

Fallow-deer are naturally frequenters of woods, only leaving the cover to feed in the early gloaming and in the evening just before the twilight, and, therefore, cannot be stalked in the proper sense of the word. I have, however, often succeeded in getting a shot, walking quietly through the covers in the evenings, and keeping a sharp look-out in the open places. Even when startled at your approach, the deer generally stand for a moment, and give an opportunity for a snap shot. In the smaller woods it is as well, in the first instance at any rate, to try to start them by simply sending two or three beaters through, as they do not travel so far or so fast as when the hounds are after them. I have never known an unwounded fallow-deer actually run down by the hounds, although they might, no doubt, be occasionally caught by a more numerous and swifter pack. The best sort of hound for the purpose is one with a good nose, and solid of bone and sinew, and, above all, plenty of tongue to tell the soporific sportsman of the approach of the deer. I remember one distinguished literary character who insisted on taking Homer out with him on one of our expeditions; and, although he loudly protests to this day that he kept a good look-out the whole time, and that nothing came anywhere near him, he will never persuade the keeper or myself that the deer did not pass within a hundred yards of him. Horace is our authority for the statement that

Homer was not above taking an occasional nap himself; and I can well believe that, on that fine autumn day, on the pleasant hill-side, he was the cause of sleep in another.

Although on most occasions the position of the rifles is changed more than once, there is no doubt that many sportsmen look upon such a deer hunt or drive as monotonous and dull, and only take part in one, quite unnecessarily, out of good nature. It must be admitted, too, that on a still, muggy day, in a sheltered place, the midges can make themselves extremely disagreeable. It is curious how much more they attack some people than others, and with what different effect. For myself, to quote the expressive sentence of an Irish milkmaid, "It is not the bit they ate of me that I grudge; it 's just the everlasting trampling they kape up." Not a sign of their attacks remains upon me in the evening, whereas I have seen the face of one of their victims covered with good-sized bumps which did not disappear for more than a week.

After all, it is a good deal a question of temperament whether the sport ought really to be termed monotonous. To me, "custom cannot stale its infinite variety." I have described a day in a particular place—certainly, to my eyes, one of the loveliest spots in Scotland—but there is no place which has not its objects of interest for eyes that are open to see them. In one single August morning I have seen no less than eight woodcocks flushed, each carrying a young one strangely huddled up between its beak and feet; and, on another occasion, one ran up within a yard of me, snapping its bill and making a curious hissing noise when I picked up its half-grown baby, which, it is needless to say, I had no intention of hurting. But the commonest birds and beasts have an interest, as you watch them, unconscious of your presence. The startled surprise of the hare, rabbit, or squirrel, which, after feeding for some time quite close to you, suddenly discovers that you are really alive, has its comical element. Then thousands of lovely mosses, and ferns of all kinds, from the tall Osmunda to the tiny film fern, more like a moss (if one may say so without a bull) than some of the true mosses, disclose themselves unsought in places where, as yet, they are safe from the predatory instincts of collectors. The true botanist or tourist does little harm; but a new race has sprung up, of whom it is difficult to speak or think with patience, who have discovered the commercial value of ferns, and are rapidly destroying what is rare and beautiful. I know one exquisite highland loch, of which the most remarkable and beautiful feature was the Osmunda, which fringed its banks in veritable bushes. Last year, an enterprising collector fairly stripped the accessible portions of the banks, and carried away three cart-loads of roots! I do not know if he could swim, but

I should have been very glad to have given him an opportunity of learning to do so in his clothes.

The same hounds which hunt the fallow-deer also serve for following the roe; and indeed, if they had the choice, would probably select the latter amusement (as the scent is stronger or more attractive). The roe prefer the natural birch-woods and young plantations to the high woods and thick bracken, and trust more to their cunning than their speed to elude pursuit. Their endless turns and devices, and the fact that they usually run more or less in a ring, and never go far in front of the hounds, make a roe hunt very amusing to watch, particularly as in the open cover on a hill-side one can often see the whole course of the hunt for an hour together. I have seen an old buck, with the hounds after it, push a doe out of its couch in the bracken, and take its place, thus providing a substitute in a manner which did more credit to its ingenuity than its gallantry. The hounds frequently run them down, wearying them out much as a stoat does a rabbit, by perseverance rather than speed. There are legends of the prowess of one old otter-hound, named Towler, who, when taken to a roe hunt, considered himself entitled to dine and sleep on the premises, and used to return to his kennels the following day weary, but contented and replete.

I may conclude with the story of a roe hunt in another place, for which I cannot vouch my personal knowledge. Some years ago, the roe had increased to a mischievous extent in a young plantation, and the fiat was issued for a massacre on a large scale. All who were willing to assist were invited, and a mixed crowd of farmers, shepherds, and keepers made their appearance, each with a gun or rifle over his shoulder, and a flask of whisky in his pocket. Boys, gillies, hounds, and collies were employed in starting the game and keeping it on foot; and from an early hour a terrific bombardment continued—slugs, buck-shot, and bullets flying in all directions. The head-keeper, to give his own account, soon retired into a dry ditch and prayed, thus providing, as far as he could, for his bodily safety and spiritual welfare. Happily, no one was killed or even wounded. The next morning, one of the farmers came and asked him, with an air of mystery, if he had paid his boys. He replied in the affirmative. "And did they all come for their money?" "Yes," he said. "Then," said the questioner, with a sigh of relief, "it will be a roe that you will find lying under the dyke a wee bit west of the withered ash tree."

ALFRED E. GATHORNE-HARDY.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

I.

IS ENGLAND GOING TO KEEP IRELAND?

It is the opinion of those who are best acquainted with the present state of political affairs in Ireland, that the result of the approaching General Election will bring a considerable accession of strength to that body of politicians known as the Parnellite or National Party. This is to say, that in the next Parliament the Government and the legitimate Opposition of the day will again have to deal with that faction which of late years has almost monopolised the public time, but whose means and capacities for general obstruction and for the degradation of the House of Commons will be largely increased. The war-cry of this Party at Westminster is "Home Rule." Its war-cry from the Irish platform is also Home Rule, but with a difference; the agitator, from his place in Parliament, is fond of referring the absence of loyalty in Ireland to the absence of a Home Parliament. From the platform we hear few expressions of regret on account of the disloyalty of the people, but many and violent exhortations to agitation. The people are to agitate, it is true, till they obtain their "legislative independence," but this somewhat vague phraseology has to be expanded, they are also to agitate till the "last vestige of English rule has disappeared from Ireland." *Separation*, though the word be not spoken, is the object in view; the orators know it, the people know it, and if it was not thoroughly and reciprocally understood, there would be a good deal less "National" enthusiasm forthcoming, and a great deal less American money.

Well, Mr. Parnell has declared his determination to obtain Home Rule for Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone has met him half way by requesting that some definite scheme may be formulated in this behalf for the consideration of the Liberal Party. Such being the present state of affairs, it is natural that Irish loyalists should also, on their part, desire the expression of some definite determination on the part of the British nation at large with respect to this same Home Rule question, in order that they may be enabled to understand what they have to hope for, or, at least, what they have to fear; and thus it is that they are now asking the question:—What is England going to do? Are we still to

remain an integral portion of the great British Constitution; or are we to be handed over to the tender mercies of a section which, open in its avowal of hatred and enmity to England, is still more rancorous in its hostility to those who are loyal in Ireland?

But the broad question of Home Rule, though (one might almost say) a matter of life and death to the Irish loyalist, is also of tremendous importance to the English nation at large, and, if we view the rapid march of recent events, a question upon which they will have to decide, one way or the other, in the near future. It has been said, probably with truth, that upon the next electoral contest depends the legislative union of the two countries, and to many minds the thought suggests itself that upon the next election may ultimately depend whether England is to keep Ireland at all. It is quite true that the position of Irish loyalists is a serious element to be dealt with in any proposed alteration of the Constitution; it should of itself—and I trust will—be a fatal obstacle in the way of any scheme of separation, but it is not the only element, nor, from an imperial point of view, the chief one. The Irish loyalists, concerning whom I shall have more to say hereafter, will, as far as in them lies, support the maintenance of the Constitution in its integrity; but it is the English constituencies who are called upon to decide whether they are prepared to take the first step in a course calculated to lead but to one goal, namely, that of complete Irish independence.

It has been too much the fashion to credit the National Party with a want of earnestness in their demands for a dissolution of the union. "Home Rule," it is often said, "they know to be impracticable, and therefore they will not state what they want; why, otherwise, does not Mr. Parnell fill up the blank form with which Mr. Gladstone has so obligingly presented him?" But the truth is, Mr. Parnell is tremendously in earnest, and professedly very confident of success. His view of the situation is presented in the following sentence from one of his recent speeches: "The question is not of Home Rule, but of how much Home Rule," and the reason why he does not fill up the Prime Minister's blank form is because he is much too clever a tactician to do anything of the sort. His avowed policy is to worry and intimidate Parliament, till, in very weariness, it formulates some scheme to relieve itself of the intolerable presence of the National leader and his colleagues. Should this policy be successful, he would return to Ireland in triumph, having gained the first important and essential step towards the attainment of his ultimate object. But he will not commit himself to the formulation of any measure, for the very good reason that it would be impossible to devise any scheme which would have the remotest chance of passing through the

Imperial Parliament, and at the same time satisfy the aspirations of the great majority of those to whom he owes his position as National leader. In support of this view, let me refer to Mr. Parnell's own statement. Speaking at Cincinnati on the 23rd of February 1880, he is quoted as saying: "None of us, whether we are in America, or Ireland, or wheresoever we may be, will be satisfied until we have *destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England*." Now the Imperial Parliament at present is certainly not prepared to entertain the question of "separation" pure and simple. Bearing this fact in mind, the dilemma becomes apparent: any scheme emanating from the National quarter must have the effect either of completely alienating Parliament, or of discrediting its propounders with a large section of their own supporters. Mr. Parnell's obvious course, therefore, is to endeavour to induce the Government of the day to come forward with some scheme of Home Rule which he would accept, not in satisfaction, but by way of part payment of his demands. The bonds of union between the two countries would then be loosened, and the first great obstacle to the *destruction of the last link* overcome.

Mr. Gladstone cannot conceal from himself the real drift of the Parnellite agitation. In his celebrated Leeds speech, after contrasting the patriotism of O'Connell with that of modern Irish Nationalists, he says: "But O'Connell always professed his unswerving loyalty to the Crown of England. Mr. Parnell says, *if* the Crown of England is to be the link between the two countries, it must be the only link; but whether it is to be the link at all is a matter on which he has not, I believe, given any opinion whatever." It seems to me that Mr. Parnell has given a very decided opinion indeed upon this same matter, an opinion very fully embodied in his own language, already quoted, "we shall never be satisfied till we have destroyed the last link." In face of this plain declaration Englishmen will do well to pause before they assent to the Irish leader's first demand, even though Mr. Gladstone be desirous of considering it.

The first object, then, of the National Party being to extract whatever measure of Home Rule they can from the Imperial Parliament, it becomes important to estimate as far as possible beforehand the amount of pressure they will be able to exert. It is quite clear that after the next election, if the union between the two countries is to be maintained, England will have to answer the demands of at least two-thirds of the Irish constituencies with an emphatic No. I altogether fail to understand what purpose can be served by the conventional mode of describing the disloyal portion of the Irish people as a mere noisy and insignificant minority. It would

almost seem as though an idea were abroad that once you admit the preponderance of disloyalty in any portion of the Empire, some sort of argument has been made for delivering up the entire management of such portion to its own disloyal inhabitants! The fact may as well be recognised, once for all, that the majority of the Irish people are not loyal to the English Crown. I do not now speak of the educated and more prosperous mercantile classes; but with respect to the agricultural community—and Ireland is an agricultural country—it is undoubtedly the case that the bulk of the tenant-farmers who at present possess votes are disloyal, and in the event of any lowering of the franchise this preponderance would be increased. To ignore these facts is merely to ignore the true nature of the situation, and there is nothing to be gained by minimising on paper or from the platform the strength of the forces with which we have to contend.

And here I would venture to take exception to some of the conclusions suggested in an interesting article in the October issue of this Review, from the pen of Mr. Staples, entitled "The Representation of Ireland." The writer, whose figures were subsequently adopted by Sir Stafford Northcote in one of his Belfast addresses, endeavours to show that the "extreme party," *i.e.* the Parnellites, represent but a small percentage of the electors of Ireland. He estimates the votes given at the last election for the respective parties in the counties as follows:—

53,182 for the Advanced Nationalists, with 44 Members.
66,550 for the Constitutional Liberals (in which classification he includes those Home Rulers who do not sit on the same side of the House with Mr. Parnell), with 44 Members.
79,181 Conservatives, with 24 Members.

These estimates include the votes given to unsuccessful candidates.

According to these figures, if we add the Constitutional Liberal and Conservative votes together, the proportion is, of course, large as compared with the Nationalist total. I must, however, confess my inability to follow the reasoning which identifies "moderate Home Rulers" with "Constitutional Liberals"; and even could they be so classified, for practical purposes the argument is useless, because we have no evidence to support the proposition that these moderate or nominal Home Rulers represent the present views of the constituencies that returned them. What evidence we have points the other way. I cannot but think that this portion of Mr. Sexton's criticism upon Mr. Staples' conclusions is just. "The constituencies," he says, "must be classified with reference to the Home Rule pledge upon which the elections were decided,

and not upon any subsequent act of the elected. Nor, I venture to say, is there anyone acquainted with the politics of Ireland who doubts that the Liberal Party will be practically extinguished at the next election, and that the seats now held by nominal Home Rulers, whom Sir Stafford Northcote classifies as Liberals, will be occupied by members pledged, not only to advance Home Rule, but to act with the Irish Party. If evidence of this certainty be asked for, it will be found in the universal failure of nominal Home Rulers to address their constituents, and in the fact that whenever a seat held by a Liberal or a nominal Home Ruler has lately fallen vacant it has been won by a supporter of Mr. Parnell." Indeed, Mr. Staples himself admits the force of this reasoning by his own anticipation of a large accession of strength to the irreconcilable party; and no manipulation of figures, however ingenious, can conceal the fact that Mr. Parnell and his followers represent the opinions of the majority both of the constituencies and of the voters.

Having thus premised two things—first, the earnestness and determination of the National party to obtain a measure of Home Rule, as a means to the *destruction of the last link* binding Ireland to England, and next, the fact that the demand will be supported in the next Parliament by a large majority of the Irish representatives—the two alternatives between which the English nation has to choose come into bold relief. Will they, even now, make a stand against disloyalty for the integrity of the Empire, or will they yield again? But, say some, the measure of self-government which the English people might be induced to grant is quite distinct from that which you seem to dread. "Englishmen would never grant Home Rule as you understand it." This view is clearly put by the writer of the remarkable article in the last issue of the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Disintegration." "The impossibility," he writes, "of England's acceding to Home Rule is too plain to need enforcing; the proposal is not as yet advocated, even by the most advanced leaders of progress." True it may be that the proposal is not as yet advocated, but can it be denied that the possibility of such a concession is beginning to be entertained and discussed by English politicians? Complete legislative independence might not, in the first instance, be conceded; presumably it would not, because, as I have pointed out, the proposal would, in all probability, not come from the Government of the day. But once the principle, however guarded by limitations, is admitted, the *decree nisi* will have been pronounced, and it will be simply a question of time for those interested in the matter to render the divorce absolute. In presence of such a consummation it would surely be a poor consolation to reflect that, in

the first instance, no absolute proposal for separation emanated from the English Government!

Let us suppose for a moment that, yielding to the pressure of Mr. Parnell's reinforcements backed by a section of English Radicals, the Government grants a measure of Home Rule. What would be the nature of the new Parliament? The re-establishment of a House of Lords in Dublin would clearly be out of the question. It is part of the creed of the Nationalist Party that the abolition of every form of landlordism is a condition precedent to any settlement of the land question. This is their avowed policy to-day, and, presumably, it would not be altered should a measure of Home Rule be granted hereafter. What useful functions could an upper chamber, composed chiefly of landlords, conceivably perform, having regard to the fact that its practical abolition would be insisted upon by the large majority of the lower house as a condition precedent to any settlement of the main question affecting the country? If the existence of the House of Lords, as a legislative body, is even now menaced in England, where the land problem is in no sense the burning and absorbing topic of the day, how long could such a chamber exist in Ireland under the conditions I have indicated? An upper chamber, then, being out of the question, the new Parliament must take the form of a House of Commons with limited functions. It would be idle to speculate upon what the precise dimensions of these functions might be; but some imperial supervision, some controlling power, some right of veto, would be reserved to the Parliament of England, to be exercised in the event of the petty chamber out-stepping its prescribed bounds. It would, doubtless, be sought to draw the boundary line at what are called Imperial matters.

This looks simple enough upon paper, but it is just in the exercise of this Imperial control that the inevitable friction would arise, and it is in this very friction that the Separatists know they would find their most powerful weapon. To those of the community who are daily taught to expect magical and impossible results from the establishment of a Parliament in College Green, it would then be in their power to say, "This Home Rule is a sham, you are really under the tyranny of the English Parliament more than ever. It will place its veto upon any measure we pass for the good of the country, and you must support us in our endeavours to throw off this baleful Imperial control." Then would be exerted the pressure of reiterated representations from the Irish Parliament, resignations of the Ministry, monster meetings in the country, and all the forces of agitation which the National leaders can command so well.

Would an English Government with Radical proclivities be proof against the demand? Would they not rather concede what would

be, after all, but an expansion of principles already granted? Is it not, in a word, to be apprehended that the friction between the two Parliaments would be allowed to sever link after link of the chain binding the two countries together, until England's difficulties, or extremity, as the phrase goes, gave the long wished for opportunity for *destroying the last link of all.* It is easy to grant a modified measure of Home Rule; the expansion of the principle once granted is easy, nay, inevitable—*sed revocare gradus!* This, indeed is of the nature of a political impossibility.

The real question to be thought of is not what you are inclined to give, but what will infallibly be taken, if you yield at all.

It may be that some will say, "This picture you have drawn is mere unwarranted speculation—an alarmist's dream. The limited measure of Home Rule we think of would be granted as a final concession for the purpose of rendering Ireland loyal and contented." To such I would submit the following considerations: Does any thinking man suppose that a politician such as Mr. Davitt would consent, after a quiet protest, to give his approval to the Home Rule cause, to cease for the time from his violent oratory, to retire, in short, into comparative obscurity, if he thought such a measure as Englishmen would at present entertain with respect to Home Rule would be final? Recollect, Mr. Davitt is a man who has a power of swaying the masses in Ireland, possessed by no other among the Land League orators, not excepting Mr. Parnell himself. He is the father of the agitation which, up to the present, has been so successful, and has himself suffered in the cause of Irish disaffection. Therefore his attitude, and that of those who think and act with him in the present crisis, is very significant; and what it signifies is, that Mr. Davitt knows *any* measure of Home Rule which can be extracted from an English Government will compensate him for his present inactivity, by giving a freer scope for his action in the future. For this reason, and with commendable sagacity, he refrains from doing anything to incense the minds of Englishmen just at present. But Mr. Davitt would no more admit that his national aspirations would be satisfied by such a measure of Home Rule as the Imperial Parliament might conceivably grant, than that the Land Bill of 1870 was an adequate settlement of the land question.

It is probable that those Englishmen who seem to imagine that by granting Home Rule they will promote loyalty in Ireland, like Sir William Harcourt, "never read an Irish newspaper." But if this be so, they approach the consideration of the Irish question with the disadvantage of deliberately ignoring one of the most potent influences which operates upon the masses in Ireland.

There exists in Ireland what is called the National Press—national in this connection may be translated anti-English—consisting of Irish and Irish-American journals. These journals (they are mainly weekly publications) are, as a rule, notably in the case of *United Ireland*, conducted with very considerable ability. Their whole object is to present England and everything English to their readers in the most hateful and hideous colours. There is scarcely an act of the Government at home which is not distorted and misrepresented so as to seem a deliberate and malignant insult to Ireland. There is never a prospect, however remote, of a complication with foreign powers, or a mishap to English arms abroad, that they do not gloat and exult over. That "Ireland shall be independent," that she shall "take her place among the nations of the world," having shaken off the "accursed yoke of England," this is their avowed object.

Now, it must be remembered that these journals have an immense circulation in Ireland; in three of the provinces they constitute almost the sole political and literary food with which the masses of the people are supplied. As an illustration of the general spirit of this Press, let me give a short quotation from a recent number of *United Ireland*, which lies before me:—

> The proceedings which we chronicle elsewhere from the pen of a trusted correspondent will make the reader start with passionate indignation at every sentence to think that such things can have happened in "Rebel Cork."

These outrageous "proceedings" were neither more nor less than the cordial greeting with which the loyalists of Cork received the National Anthem at the close of the Exhibition.

Is it probable that by conceding a limited measure of Home Rule you will appease the spirit of this seditious Press? Is it for the birth of this puny measure that these mountains of misrepresentation and invective are in labour? Is this what is understood by "Ireland taking her place among the nations of the world"? Everybody knows to the contrary, and everybody knows that this Press is *supporting the advocates of Home Rule*. If its own teaching, therefore, means anything, it is that any instalment of Home Rule will be welcomed *as a means* towards national independence. The influence of the national journals upon the masses is beyond doubt real, and, if they are serious in the object they propose, the conclusion is irresistible, that in the event of Home Rule being granted they will use that influence with renewed vigour in the promotion not of loyalty but of disaffection, since it is by the ultimate and final triumph of disloyalty alone that this object, "National Independence," can be gained. Then, also, with respect to that greater Ireland beyond the Atlantic to which the agitators are so fond of appealing. The Irish-Americans, at least,

have never even temporarily disguised their bitter and relentless hostility to England, and their determination by fair means or foul to sever her connection with the "old country." Yet these same Irish-Americans have, as a body, supported Mr. Parnell throughout the agitation, and do still support him with their influence and with hard cash. Does anyone believe that there is no implied compact between this Irish people abroad and the agitators at home, or that they are expending their energies and dollars to bring about, as a final result, a limited scheme of Home Government which shall have the effect of securing the union with fresh bonds of loyalty? Englishmen may depend upon it, the ardent politicians of the Land League aspire to something beyond conducting the deliberations of a mere central county board! There are more things in the mind of Mr. Parnell and his political disciples than are dreamt of by those philosophers who would rid themselves of the Irish difficulty by an off-hand grant of this "measure of Home Rule."

My position, then, up to the present is this:—By conceding any measure of Home Rule you simply strengthen that threefold combination which, if any inference may be drawn from plain language and plain deeds, has for its end separation; you strengthen the Parnellites at home, the Irish-Americans abroad, and the National Press. Knowing their real object, whose attainment, you declare, can never be permitted, you take the very first step which they request, and fondly imagining you will be allowed to stop there, wait in placid expectation of some miraculous development of gratitude and loyalty. Gratitude, indeed, there will be, but not to you. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that the disaffected Irish will ever be grateful to England for concessions, which they know full well have either been wrung from what they choose to consider a hostile Parliament, or granted for the purpose of "squaring the Irish vote." I have no intention of entering into the ignominious history of England's recent policy of concession to seditious agitation; but now that another step in the same direction would almost appear to be in contemplation, one cannot help asking, What have you gained hitherto by yielding? Has the enormous bribe to the tenant farmers, by which nearly a third of the property of the landlords has been transferred into their pockets, been productive of gratitude? It has not even operated as a temporary sop; and the Liberal Government, from whose hands this tremendous gift was received, is at the present moment detested and execrated in Ireland, as no government, Liberal or Conservative, has been during the memory of living man. It is surely a fact worth considering, that the great measures which were to have obtained the undying gratitude of the Irish people, have resulted

in the necessity of placing the country under something little short of a system of military law! As Mr. Healy says, "It is war between the two countries as much as ever, and none the less war because the Irish are not in a condition to use physical weapons." The Irish people are not ungrateful for the Land Bill, but they are sagacious enough to know out of whose pockets the money came, and whom to thank for getting it; and among others they are grateful to Mr. Healy, and accordingly return him to Parliament for Monaghan, and present him with a purse of gold.

If Home Rule be granted, it will be received with the natural exultation consequent upon a hard-won victory in the "war with the enemy." But with regard to gratitude to the English, you will receive the same measure of gratitude that you received from the Boers when they made their own terms after Majuba Hill! Then, as to loyalty. The Irish masses have been taught for centuries to hate you: is there no other method of gaining their good-will in all your political pharmacopœia, than to let them now begin to feel that they can overcome you?

But there is yet another element to be dealt with by those who imagine they can solve the Irish problem by granting Home Rule, namely, the loyal portion of the inhabitants. "Two-thirds of the people hate you," says Mr. Healy, "and the other part despises you." I shall not discuss the correctness of the former clause of this proposition. Mr. Healy is a better authority upon the matter than I should be; but he is wrong in respect of the latter. The loyalists of Ireland have not *as yet* been taught to despise England. Whatever their sentiments may be regarding the treatment they have received from the present Liberal Government, the loyalists in Ulster, and throughout Ireland generally, are true to the Crown and Constitution, determined so far as in them lies to uphold the Union, and to remain a real integral portion of the empire, of which they still esteem themselves fortunate to be members. England may now abandon them to their fate; by the use of the vast machinery at her command, she may do that which the forces of disaffection could never accomplish unaided, and forcibly annex them to that party whose leaders her own statesmen declare to be "steeped to the lips in treason"—the loyal to the disloyal! But as surely as she does this, so surely will she earn the undying contempt of every loyalist in Ireland, a sentiment respecting which there is always the danger that it may deepen into hatred.

The loyalists of Ireland do not consist only of landlords. These are, indeed, a section of the loyal community, and have of late been subjected to a course of treatment which, if persisted in, bids fair to annihilate the class and drive the individuals out of the country; but the rest of the great mass of the educated classes, the leading

business men in places such as Belfast, Cork, or Derry, together with a large proportion of the Ulster tenant-farmers, and the whole Protestant and Orange party in the land, these must remain in the country, and will remain loyal if you do not render loyalty impossible for them.

In the event of the establishment of Home Rule, what is the future lying before these clssses? They must either be content to be represented by a permanent and oppressed minority, in a hostile and avowedly disloyal assembly; or, throwing their loyalty to the winds, cast their lot with the majority of the people who, as Mr. Healy says, hate you. Irish loyalists know well enough the amount of toloration which in an Irish Parliament would be extended to the representatives of what your Nationalist, with all the expletives at his command, is accustomed to denounce as "West Britonism." What right has England to suppose that the former of the above alternatives will be adopted, and to expect that men will adhere to principles, the profession of which not only can bring them no advantage, but actually entails upon them perpetual and increasing disabilities and penalties?

Loyalty has seen much of "neglect's cold shade" in Ireland of late, yet through evil report and good it has flourished; because loyal men, undismayed by present discouragements and dangers at home, always look for support and for the ultimate vindication of their principles to the great court of the empire to which they belong; so it will continue to flourish so long as any motive remains. But there are conditions under which even this sturdy plant must die. I do not, of course, mean to say that the *immediate* effect of granting Home Rule, would be to drive the loyalists into the National camp; but that, once granted, from the gradual and inevitable expansion of its principles this result is to be apprehended, and I do mean to say that loyalty will not continue to exist upon an historical reminiscence.

In Ulster, the first result of the passing of such a measure would very conceivably be an organized rising, and consequent bloodshed; men have frequently resorted to physical resistance under slighter provocation than, under these circumstances, would be offered to the Ulster loyalists and Orangemen. The visit of Sir Stafford Northcote to the northern province has at least demonstrated that there is a powerful party in Ulster which looks with abhorrence upon the dissolution of the Union, and is determined and prepared to resist it to the uttermost.

The Radical press in England is very angry with the Orangemen and Constitutionalists for this unseemly exhibition of loyalty, almost as angry as was *United Ireland* with the people in Cork who cheered the National Anthem. We hear much of a "revival

of sectarian hatred," a "stirring up of Protestant bigotry," and the like. That there may be bigotry among a certain section of the Orangemen is probable enough, but it does occur to ordinary minds that it scarcely lies in the mouths of Englishmen to revile them for devotion to those principles which, until lately, it has been thought treasonable to repudiate. It would seem that the loyalists are not only to allow themselves to be surrendered without a murmur into the hands of their enemies, but also to remain constant in their devotion to those who so surrender them. I am afraid poor human nature in Ulster is scarcely capable of soaring to so sublime a pitch! Of course, once Home Rule is conceded, the suppression of such a rising as I have spoken of would only be a matter of time. It may not be altogether an extravagant flight of fancy, to imagine that some of us may live to read in our newspapers of how British troops have been successfully employed in maintaining the *integrity of the new constitution*, by forcing the loyalists of Ulster into subjection to the Nationalist Parliament in Dublin. To certain Radical politicians the narrative might be grateful enough; but do loyal Englishmen like the prospect?

While, however, I would in no way seek to minimize the significance of the late loyal demonstration in Ulster, I must again accentuate the fact that it lies mainly with the English constituencies themselves to decide this great Imperial question. I observe, in an article in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, speaking of Sir Stafford Northcote's visit, the writer says: "If there were a General Election next week, the Ulster vote would probably be solid, or very nearly so, for the Tory ticket." In my humble opinion the reviewer has entirely misapprehended the situation. If there were an election next week, I do not believe it would result in any *large* gain to the Constitutional Party. Some gain there probably would be, but nothing of the nature he seems to expect, and it is well that Englishmen who desire to maintain the Constitution, should not be induced to expect reinforcements from a quarter in which they are likely to be disappointed.

Now it would be quite erroneous to say that the majority of farmers possessing votes in Ulster are not opposed to Home Rule. If an election could be decided upon this issue, pure and unembarrassed, I believe the overwhelming majority would pronounce against it; but the fact remains that at present, with the Land Bill and its prospective amendments in the air, they simply refuse to entertain the question, or any other, save only the land question.*

* I am here speaking of a majority of Ulster farmers, not an *overwhelming* majority; I need hardly point out that a great body of these men do recognise the vital and imminent importance of supporting the Constitution by their votes, as witnessed by the large numbers of tenant-farmers polled by Mr. Monroe in Monaghan, and the large minorities obtained by unsuccessful Conservative candidates throughout the province.

"Here 's more attractive metal," is their invariable reply, mental if not oral, to those who would divert their attention from their Ulster holdings to matters of Imperial importance; and with respect to Home Rule, "Well, we will hear thee again on this matter." The danger in Ulster at present is, that the tenant farmers, looking only to their immediate pecuniary advantages and closing their eyes to the possible ultimate results of their action, will support the Nationalists as the party most likely to obtain for them the largest *further* instalment of the landlord's property.

This mental attitude of the Northern farmer, as everybody conversant with the politics of Ulster knows, is the real explanation of the Monaghan Election. Mr. Healy said very little about Home Rule in Monaghan, but a vast deal about the land, and when Conservative orators in Ulster denounce the Government for yielding to seditious agitation, they are putting the argument in a form instantly apprehended by the tenant farmer that it is Mr. Parnell and his party alone they have to thank for the Land Bill. The conclusion is perfectly true, but its recognition by the tenant farmers, though it may, as Mr. Sexton anticipates, annihilate Liberalism in Ulster, will as certainly bring an increase of power to the National Party. The truth of this proposition under present conditions is scarcely doubtful. In the event of a reduction in the franchise it can admit of no doubt at all.

To speak plainly, the representatives of the cause of loyalty in Ireland must for some time be in a comparatively small minority, and if this fact is to constitute a reason—I do not say for abandoning them, for then they might hope to be able to take care of themselves—but for compelling their subservience to the disloyal majority, I do not know that it can be met. But will Englishmen accept this argument?

It is futile to suppose that the effects of the demoralizing policy hitherto pursued, of always yielding to seditious agitation, can be counteracted in a day. From this policy it flows as a natural consequence that the party which has made this agitation successful should for a time be in the ascendant, but it does not and ought not to follow that it is always to be so. There are now two Irish measures in prospect upon the Liberal programme, Local Government reform, and the reduction of the Franchise. That the passing of these in any form will increase the power of the National Party to some extent it would be folly to deny, but they are both measures which *do not of necessity* touch the first principles of the Constitution. They may make it more difficult to refuse, but they in no way involve the concession of, Home Rule. And here it is that the English constituencies at the next election can, if they choose,

make a stand, and here it *must* be made if England is to keep Ireland.

They can show unmistakably that in no form whatever will they entertain the question of a separate Parliament; that they will no longer submit to coercion at the hands of what, in this case, may with propriety be termed a disloyal and seditious *minority*; and that they have decided, once and for all, that what I may call the homœopathic treatment of disloyalty—by which it has apparently been sought to cure the disease, by permitting both speakers and journalists to pour their unrestrained floods of seditious oratory and literature into the ears of an already sufficiently disaffected people—has failed, and will no longer be suffered. If England will once treat the Irish as rational men, and show them that she is in earnest, she will ultimately be listened to and obeyed. It is surely time to have done with the detestable jargon which describes Irishmen as a "hot-headed, impulsive race," "easily led," little better than children. Look at the land agitation, as conducted by Irishmen under the leadership of men who do not treat them as children. What are the characteristics of the movement? Cool calculation, persistent and determined co-operation, prompt obedience to the direct instruction of the leaders, and ready apprehension of their insinuations. The agitation was utterly unscrupulous, merciless, bloodthirsty, what you will. It was, at least, eminently *practical*, and reasonable, too, from a low practical standpoint.

Before you can expect Irishmen to be loyal you must show them that *in practice* it is not advantageous to be disloyal. England is capable of showing this, and Irishmen are quite capable of apprehending the lesson. Once they thoroughly understand it, they will become loyal, for, in spite of all said to the contrary, they are a practical people enough, but they have never been allowed the opportunity of understanding this! There will, of course, be much to unlearn; and the task of inspiring loyalty amongst a people, in the theatres of whose capital no orchestra would venture to play the National Anthem, will be neither short nor easy.

But there are only two alternatives. Events will not remain stationary. It must be a new departure, or progression along the old lines; and that means the loss of Ireland.

I have not space, nor is it within the scope of this article, to speculate upon the possible results to England of total separation. There may be Englishmen, for anything I know, who, either from deliberate conviction, or in the petulance of irritation and disgust at the apparent hopelessness of establishing cordial relations between the two countries, have arrived at the conclusion that for England, at all events, it would be advantageous to relieve herself

of the burden of governing Ireland, and who can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of a hostile Ireland in the hands of hostile Irishmen in the day of England's extremity. To these, if such there be, I do not address myself.

My object has been, writing as an Irish loyalist, to place before those who, with myself, do recognise the supreme importance of England keeping Ireland, the alternatives between which they have to choose at the present crisis. I have sought to show that, by establishing a separate Parliament, however limited its functions, you place in the hands of your avowed enemies, the Separatists, the very weapon for which they ask, and whose employment subsequently against yourselves you will be unable to control; and that by so doing you strengthen the power of your foes, while you incur not only the disgrace of having deserted your friends, but the consequences of their alienation. I have endeavoured to estimate as impartially as I could the strength of the forces that must be met, and to show that the counteracting power must be sought mainly in the firmness and determination of Englishmen themselves.

If they decide to make this further concession, they do it with their eyes open, without even the poor excuse that it is a step taken in the dark. The whole miserable history of surrender for the last five years warns them with a trumpet tongue that if a new departure be not made Ireland will be lost. If any further evidence of this were wanted, it is forthcoming, as these lines are passing from my hands, in the outspoken and defiant speech of Mr. Parnell at Dublin when receiving the National Tribute, and in the open disloyalty that characterized all the proceedings and circumstances of that occasion.

England has the power to keep Ireland if she will. She is still, if she will but recognise the fact and act upon it, immeasurably stronger than her enemies. The words of old Hooker are as true to-day as when he wrote them, more than three hundred years ago: "The best things have been overthrown, not so much by puissance and might of adversaries, as through defect in council in those that should have upheld and defended the same."

J. T. C. Humphreys.

II.

AN UNTRIED REMEDY FOR IRISH GRIEVANCES.

Among the literary effusions which have appeared during the recent crisis in the affairs of Ireland, there is one which, under the title of *The Battle of the Moy*, recounts the coming events of a yet more stirring period than that through which we have recently passed. It records a struggle, a victory, and the after consequences. It is these fruits of the struggle, as recorded by the author whom I now quote, and about which I have something to say:

> An era of prosperity dawned; all industries resumed their functions: railroad lines quadrupled in extent; villages grew into towns and towns into cities; manufactories were built and placed in working order; mines were opened, and astonished their operators by the yield of the precious metals; and the numerous seaports, bays, rivers, and inlets were crowded with peaceful fleets engaged in busy commerce. The agricultural population tilled the ground to the best advantage, no longer relying on the solitary product of potatoes, but planting a succession of everything congenial to the soil, under the ægis of a protecting Government. And soon the wilderness began to bloom; wan children became sturdy, bright-eyed, and rosy under the influence of abundance; the peasant no longer a poor, pale, dejected scarecrow, now comfortably clad, whistled gleefully as with his team of well-conditioned horses he ploughed his native hill-side; his wife, no longer gaunt, sorrowful, and bare-footed, now milked her *own* cows, made her own butter and cheese, tended her lambs and calves, and fed her feathered broods. In brief, the vacant stare of hopeless desolation and despair vanished before the bright smile and magic wand of the Goddess of Liberty.

This pleasant picture of the future of Irish life was to be the sequel of a sanguinary struggle, in which an army of 80,000 Irish volunteers, assisted by a German force of 10,000, encountered and vanquished in bloody fray an almost equal force of British troops. The total loss in killed and wounded was 28 general officers, 1,286 commissioned officers, 52,708 rank and file, the heaviest loss naturally falling on the defeated British troops. Further fights are recorded, and much movement of troops, by which a large extent of country must have been devastated. The result, however, was the re-conquest of Ireland by her own people, the declaration of independence, and the proclamation of the Irish Republic. These events are placed in the year 1894, and the happy picture of prosperity drawn in the foregoing quotation was the rapid consequence of all this destruction and bloodshed.

> In the second year of her independence, gazing upon the spectacle of the "beautiful isle of the sea" tried by fire and regenerated, all the progressive nations of the earth welcomed with outstretched arms their new sister to her rightful place among them.

Now, it has occurred to me that it would be well if patriotic Irishmen, who provide such dangerous literary provender for their

excitable countrymen as *The Battle of the Moy*, would consider whether the results which are here pourtrayed may not be attainable by means of a less sanguinary nature; whether, in fact, as with Charles Lamb's Chinese, it may not be possible to obtain "roast pork" without "burning down the village."

It may also be well for us in England to consider whether the means which, under various administrations, have been adopted for pacifying Ireland are the right ones, or whether there may not be some simple remedy hitherto overlooked, or, if not overlooked, reckoned too humble, or too weak, to have a tranquillising effect upon the country.

The measures hitherto adopted have failed to remove the hatred which the Irish people entertain for England. The response which attends the appeals of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues at Parliamentary elections, shows that recent legislation has done no more than whet the appetite of those who think that further concessions may be wrung by continued agitation. To suppose that this hatred is universal, or so deep-seated as to be irremovable, is, I believe, an error; but I fear that, unless another and a better policy of pacification be speedily resorted to by the English Government, as a voluntary act of justice to Ireland, and not as a measure forced from it unwillingly by the National Party, the hatred for England will become ineradicable, and the reign of coercion will have to be made permanent, or the programme of the National Party be adopted. Either of these consequences would be deplorable, but, I believe, by timely measures both may be averted.

The discontent of the Irish people arises from poverty, from a sense of injustice, and from want of employment. This discontent, whilst it remains, is readily worked upon by agitation. If the causes were removed, the discontent would dissolve, and the pretext for agitation would cease to exist. How, then, are the causes to be removed? There is but one answer. By the development of Irish industries other than agriculture, and by the preparation of the people for industrial pursuits.

I know that this idea is scoffed at by many. Newspaper correspondents say, "Where are Irish industries? they do not exist." I would ask these gentlemen to refer to past history, and to explain how it is that Ireland, in former ages, excelled in the arts and in manufactures, and that many industries have existed in Ireland up to recent times, which are now extinct. Why are they extinct? First, because of the by-gone legislation of England, which stamped out various trades in Ireland for selfish motives; next, inadvertently, by the action of free imports of foreign manufactures, which, without contributing to the taxation of this country, are admitted to

unrestricted competition with the heavily-taxed manufactures of Great Britain and Ireland. The result of this system has been a keenness of competition, and a reduction of profit, which have subjected those industries in Ireland which had survived the unwise legislation of our ancestors to a lingering but certain decay. The agitation of the last few years has been the crowning mischief. The traveller in Ireland (Ulster excepted) now looks in vain for the old industries and manufactures of the country. Instead of thriving businesses which once existed, he sees warehouses, mills, and factories silent or in ruins; mines of valuable metals, and quarries of rare and beautiful marble, neglected; and water power which was formerly employed for manufacturing purposes, running everywhere to waste. My contention briefly is this:

1st. That England in by-gone times destroyed certain productive industries in Ireland for political or selfish ends, and that the effects of England's policy towards Irish industries still continue.

2nd. That a restoration of industries (other than agriculture) would remove the chief causes of discontent in Ireland.

3rd. That a measure of judicious assistance to Ireland in the development of her industries, and in the preparation of her people for industrial pursuits, is an act of justice which England ought to grant.

With regard to my first contention. The student of Irish history will readily call to mind the enactments which were passed by English Governments during the seventeenth century, either in retaliation for political disturbance, for the gratification of royal whims, or to satisfy the selfish demands of English manufacturers.

The Earl of Strafford (1636) regarded Ireland as a conquered kingdom, which could be dealt with as caprice or policy might dictate. He discouraged the growing trade in wool, and put restrictions upon its manufacture, on the ground that, woollen cloth being a necessity for the clothing of Irishmen and women in their humid climate, they would become more attached to England if they were entirely dependent upon her for their clothing. Whilst with one hand he destroyed the trade in wool, with the other he encouraged that in linen, which did not interfere with British manufactures.

In 1663 a complaint was made in Parliament that the agricultural interests of England were sacrificed to those of Ireland, that the importation of live stock from Ireland depressed prices in England, and that English farmers were no longer able to pay their rents. The result was an Act to prohibit the importation of Irish cattle into England. The prohibition was afterwards extended to

dead meat. The House of Lords withstood this measure on behalf of the rights of the people of both countries, but they eventually yielded to the mandate of the King (Charles II.), and the obnoxious Act was passed.*

By these measures both the agricultural and manufacturing population of Ireland were reduced to dire distress; which was somewhat alleviated during the short period of Ormond's Lord Lieutenancy (1667 and 1668).

During the eighteenth century a fitful policy was pursued by England. At times encouragement was given to certain industries, whilst at others the most galling restrictions were imposed. In 1778 the depressed state of Irish trade and the miserable condition of the people were brought before both Houses of Parliament, "but eloquence and entreaty were alike in vain. Though compelled at last to listen to the truth, the English Parliament did not act upon it." Heavy duties still remained upon the exports of Irish cattle, and onerous restrictions on manufactures and commerce.

These continued changes of policy must have produced a most depressing effect upon the Irish people. It was impossible for enterprise to grow, or for capital to be invested in trade under such circumstances. The export trade to England had been almost interdicted, direct trade to foreign countries was stopped, and every device of prohibitory duties was resorted to in order to enrich England and impoverish Ireland.†

Since the union in 1800 the failure of Irish industries cannot be attributed to any wilfully selfish policy on the part of England, or of the trading classes. That event removed the anomalous condition of the relations of the two countries which had previously existed, and which may be alleged as the reason why Ireland was treated rather as a hostile or foreign country than as a sister kingdom. But it is evident that some cause has operated against the development in Ireland of those industries which her geographical advantages, and the natural products which she possesses, would warrant us in expecting on the removal of penal laws and arbitrary restrictions.

Harassed by former misgovernment, her commerce and manufactures ruined, her seaports in decay, her shipping swept from the seas by unfair restrictions, her mines unworked, her quarries neglected, her people poor, crushed, ignorant, it needed more than equality of position to enable her to compete with her rich and powerful sister in the race of commercial activity, and to take her part in the manufacturing development and the agricultural

* Lingard, *Hist. of England*, vol. xi. p. 305.

† Erskine May, *Const. Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 306.

improvement which have marked the nineteenth century. What Ireland required was a system of industrial education, and of paternal assistance in the development of trade, such as have been found absolutely necessary in the small and similarly feeble kingdoms of Europe. The want of this tutelage has caused her to remain enfeebled. Her physical system has not the vitality which is required to originate new paths of commercial development; and for want of a beginning there has been no progress. The system of free imports, which brought temporary prosperity to England, has yielded few if any advantages to Irish trade. On the contrary, the unrestricted competition with all the world has helped to snuff out the few remaining industries which survived the misgovernment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or which sprang into existence after the union was accomplished.

I have asserted that the discontent of the Irish people arises from poverty, from a sense of injustice, and from want of employment; and that this discontent could be removed by a restoration of industries other than agriculture. I am aware that these assertions are not easy of distinct proof; but conversation with the working-classes in Ireland, and with those who have carefully studied the phases of Irish discontent and disturbance, lead me to the conclusion that they are correct. I received a short time ago, from a highly-skilled and intelligent workman in the west of Ireland, a letter on the subject, from which I append an extract. The words come from the heart of an Irish patriot, and are stronger than any arguments which I can employ to prove my assertions on this head. He says:—

> I am a true Celt who has learned to hate England much, and love Ireland dearly; but I could not carry my animosity beyond the grave of English misrule in Ireland. That day must be surely coming; for in my humble opinion there is more common sense, more of a true remedy for Irish ills, greater hope for the pacification of all classes in this country in your schemes [for the revival of industries], than in all that has come to my notice since I learned to read the newspapers.

We now come to my third proposition, which contains the pith of the whole, viz.: That a measure of judicious assistance to Ireland in the development of her industries, and in the preparation of the Irish people for industrial pursuits, is an act of justice which England ought to grant.

It requires few words to prove that if an injury has been caused by former legislation, and if the results of that injury still continue, and if there is a reasonable probability that these results can be remedied without injustice to any, that neither trouble nor reasonable cost should be spared to provide the remedy.

Fortunately the cure which I would recommend for Ireland's ills is not far to seek, nor need it necessarily be extravagantly costly.

It consists of two parts, which, however, are so closely connected that it is not easy to draw the line of separation between them.

1st. Industrial Education.

2nd. Development of Industries.

With regard to the first; anyone who takes the trouble to read with care the unpretentious Blue Books which contain the annual results of the working of the reformatories and industrial schools of Ireland, will discover that there exists already in that country a well-ordered system of industrial teaching, which is working great results among the lowest class of the Irish poor—the criminals and the totally destitute. If, after reading the report, a visit is paid to some of the schools, say to Artane, to Blackrock, or to Merrion, in Dublin, or, indeed, to any of the seventy-two schools scattered over Ireland which are included in the report, it will be found that the system which has attained such great success is worked upon the lines of sound principles of common sense, and that it is eminently practical in its measures and successful in its results. Devoted men and women will be seen giving their life's work to the reclamation of crime and the relief of destitution, whilst high culture and moral excellence are exercising a humanizing influence upon the degraded. Usefulness and skill in various trades, in agriculture, and in general daily avocations are imparted, and the child, rescued from prison or from the street at eight or ten years of age, is returned to the world at sixteen a well-trained mechanic or labourer; or, if a girl, is ready to enter upon the duties of farm or domestic service, or other suitable employment.

This department now affords instruction and industrial training to 7,000 boys and girls; but what are we to say of those other destitute waifs who, receiving no education whatever, are left to rot and fester body and mind in the towns and villages, or who are consigned to the unproductive idleness of those cesspools of poverty—the workhouses of Ireland?

These industrial schools are founded upon a system of voluntaryism, assisted by grants from the Treasury and from the Grand Jury Cess. Many of the managers are willing to extend the area of their institutions; surely, then, the State and the local authorities should assist in such an extension of the system as would include all the really destitute, and take the children away from the workhouses to the industrial schools. The money would be well spent and would eventually prove to be a profitable outlay.

If we suppose the utterly destitute to be thus provided for; we have next to consider how we are to bring within the reach of industrial training the children who, though not absolutely desti-

tute, are on the verge of destitution, and receive little or no education.

"Do you go to school?" I said to a bright boy in Connemara. "Sometimes," he said, "when father will let me go." "Would you like to go regularly?" "Yes; but I have to tend the cow or work at home."

Now this boy was living within a few yards of a quarry of green marble, where great blocks of the precious material were lying ready to be carted away, but no hand was employed upon them.

This case is but a sample of thousands. So long as ignorant parents can choose between education and work for their children, they will "go for" work. The inference is, that elementary education in Ireland should be made compulsory, but if this be done and the poverty-stricken parents are deprived of the benefit of the children's work, the education must be of a wage-earning description; the instruction imparted must apply to the hand as well as to the brain, and for this class it must be free or nearly so.

There are a large number of excellent school-houses in Ireland for elementary instruction, but there is room for great improvement in many of those in the poorer districts of the country. The scholastic teaching is good, but it lacks the industrial quality which gives wage-earning power. If elementary education be made compulsory, justice demands that connected with it there shall be a practical and useful system of industrial training. I would also urge upon the national board the consideration whether the school-houses may not be used for evening classes as well as for day schools, and that subjects having a direct bearing on industries should be taught there by qualified instructors.

It will be argued by some, that I am now pleading for an advantage for Ireland which England and Scotland do not enjoy. To this I reply that the state of society and of trade in Ireland demand more active measures in the supply of early industrial training than are necessary on this side of the Channel,* and I repeat what I have already stated, that until Irish industries have been rescued from the position in which, by legislation and other causes, they have been placed, Ireland requires something more than equality of treatment.

So far as the educational part of the subject is concerned, my recommendation is—

1st. An extension of the present certified Industrial Schools, on the existing basis, so as to bring all the really destitute within their care.

* How necessary more advanced measures are in England as regards technical training I have shown in a former publication. (*Lecture on Technical Education.* W. H. Allen & Co.).

2nd. Elementary education to be made compulsory, and that day-schools, on a mixed scholastic and industrial system, be introduced in places where they may be required. (The scholastic standard, which is high at present, would necessarily have to be lowered in these schools.)

3rd. Evening classes to be held in the existing school-rooms, or other buildings (as circumstances may suggest), the course of instruction being similar to that followed in the progressive schools which exist and flourish in many parts of Germany.

4th. The establishment of central seminaries, for training teachers in industrial requirements.*

In approaching the second part of my subject, viz. the development of industries, I have a more difficult problem to solve; but it is one which must be considered and dealt with along with the educational.

The method of actual operation is not to be found in England. When the question is put to me, "How do you propose to effect a revival of industries in Ireland?" my answer is, "Let us seek for examples of what has been successfully done in other countries, and let us apply the principles there adopted to Ireland, with such modifications as the special circumstances of the country may suggest."

The kingdom of Wurtemberg possesses a system of industrial training and of paternal encouragement to trade, which might with advantage be applied to Ireland. We already find in existence two organizations by which the educational part of the question can be assisted to attain the extended form which I have sketched out—*The National Board*, which, under the sound guidance of Sir Patrick J. Keenan, directs the elementary education of Ireland, and *The Department for Reformatories and Industrial Schools*, which owes to the untiring devotion, the firm guidance, and the mature intelligence of Sir John Lentaigne, the marked success which it has attained.

In addition to these, a new department would be required, the special duty of which would be the development of the natural resources of the country and the encouragement of trade. This department would answer to the "Central Stelle," in Stuttgardt. It would be closely connected with the two existing departments, which would co-operate with it in the special educational work which would come within its province. To give an idea of its

* It appears to me that such teachers could be found from among scholars who have passed through the existing industrial schools, and who have become skilled artizans or clever draughtsmen. Their duties would be to teach in the town schools, or to travel from village to village, for the purpose of reviving old industries or teaching new ones.

functions, I will briefly sketch those of the "Central Stelle," in Wurtemburg, which may safely serve as a guide, if not as an exact pattern for Ireland.

Its functions are of a paternal character. The central department is composed of a president, with administrative and technical officers, who conduct the general business. When occasion requires, they are assisted by a larger body, which consists of teachers from the industrial institutions, and representative counsellors from provincial Chambers of Commerce, chosen every four years—merchants, manufacturers, &c. The department superintends the collections of models for the various trades, and the formation of technical schools in connection with the various industries of the country; the purchase of pattern tools, and the acquirement of new methods of work and improvements in machinery. The system of apprenticeship, the payment of subsidies to clever students, who are sent to foreign countries to gather new ideas, and the operations of trade guilds, come under its notice. Its jurisdiction extends over all the technical schools in Wurtemberg. It is active, enterprising, and intelligent. It leaves no stone unturned, neglects no opportunity to extend its influence to every trade in the country, by encouragement to those which are prosperous, and by a helping hand to those which are flagging or unsuccessful. It does not matter whether the industries are great or small, useful or ornamental. The hand of help and instruction is held out to all, and is gladly accepted by those to whom it is tendered. It supplies machinery, and even establishes workshops where private enterprise fails. It acts upon the principle that by practical assistance in the management of an industry, more is to be gained than by theoretical instruction.

Wurtemberg has a population of about 2,000,000. Fifty years ago, trades and manufactures were almost unknown among them, or, if known, they were in a most primitive condition. Like Ireland, agriculture was the chief occupation of the people, and even that was in a backward state. By means of the system of industrial teaching and trade development which has been carried out, principally by the exertions of Dr. Von Steinbeis, the country is now a busy hive of industry, and agriculture is carried on upon the soundest principles. All classes share in the benefits of the system—from the civil engineer and the physician, to the servant-girl and the ploughman.

There are now in Wurtemberg 162 Schools of Industry (Gewerbliche Fortbildung Schule), with 728 teachers and 12,470 scholars, of whom 3,243 are females. Some of these schools are of a high-class character, and are closely connected with the trades in various centres of industry. Besides these industrial schools, there

is an extensive system of agricultural education, which supports 1 academy, 1 veterinary school, 3 farming schools, 4 vine-culture schools, 684 agricultural winter classes, and 97 agricultural progressive schools. There are over 16,000 students attending the agricultural schools and classes. At the head of all is the Polytechnic School in Stuttgardt, with 486 students. We thus find a total attendance at these schools and classes of about 29,000 students, out of a population of 2,000,000.

With regard to the cost of maintenance of these schools, it is derived from three sources—

1st. State Contributions.
2nd. Local Funds (rates, &c.) and Legacies.
3rd. Pupils' Fees.

The annual State Grants to the various departments are as follows :—

		Grants.
Art and Science Department in Stuttgardt		£8,800
School of High Art in Stuttgardt (72 pupils)		2,350
Technical High School (486 pupils)		11,740
Architectural School (811 pupils)		6,170
162 Industrial Progressive Schools (12,470 pupils)—		
Art Education	£2,010	
General Education	7,390	
		9,400
790 Agricultural Schools and Classes (16,000 pupils)		9,430

In addition to the above direct grants from the State, the Minister of the Interior spends about £5,000 a year on a variety of items, which must be reckoned among the expenses of the Industrial Department.

From the above figures we find that the total annual cost to the State of the industrial education of Wurtemberg, from the village classes for the labourers and the training schools for servant-girls up to the Art and Science Department and the High Technical School in Stuttgardt, is about £53,000, for a population of 2,000,000, being rather over 6d. per head.

I have quoted the foregoing particulars about Wurtemberg to show how large an amount of work may be done in promoting industries and industrial education at a very moderate cost to the State. I do not say that the requirements of Ireland can be provided for on an exactly similar scale. But if such a department as I have suggested were established, and judiciously worked in Ireland, I believe it would in a few years alter the whole condition

of the country, and the expenditure connected with it would prove to be a productive investment of Government funds.

Thousands of young persons who now grow up in idleness, and who become a burden to the State, would by such a system be trained to productive employments and become useful citizens and tax-payers, instead of being deported by public or private charity to swell the ranks of disaffected Irish in America.

The number of Englishmen who form their opinions upon questions of Irish policy by an actual acquaintance with the country is small, and so little is known of the real work which is going on in Ireland that very erroneous opinions prevail in England as to Irish affairs. I believe that the lower classes in Ireland, who are educated at all, receive a better education than the corresponding classes in England. I am not aware of the existence of any Industrial School in England which equals that of Artane, near Dublin. There are, however, a very large number of children in Ireland who receive no education whatever, and it is these families who form the class which discontent and agitation stir up to evil deeds. There is among the young in Ireland a strong desire for knowledge, and they are always ready and quick to learn when they have the opportunity. They are also willing to work at industrial pursuits when they have the chance. From the wild shores of Carraroe, Miss Yeates writes: "The people apply themselves vigorously to work. I am happy to say that a more eagerly industrious people I have never seen. . . . To work among them is an unmixed pleasure."

Then, again, as regards the Roman Catholic clergy. I have recently had the strongest personal experience of the zeal of a Bishop and a parish priest in promoting an extension of industrial education in a district in the west of Ireland where it is greatly needed. It required only a hint that some good could be done, to bring together an influential gathering—the Bishop, the chief inspector of industrial schools, the manager of Artane School and others—in a remote district of the country, to confer on the steps which should be taken to supply the want.* The people everywhere are eager for the introduction of a system of industrial development. Tied to the land, because no other occupation is open for them, they will hail with enthusiasm anything which will release them from the slavery which the land entails. Surely

* Numerous small organizations for the spread of industrial pursuits among the people are springing up under the auspices of charitable ladies and others. Mr. Michael Davitt has rendered effective help to the voluntary labours of the Misses Yeates at Carraroe and Loughrea, by sending them £400 from the funds of the Land League; but all these efforts, good though they be, only scratch the surface, and a far more powerful and effective movement must be made to grapple with the existing evils and provide a remedy.

it is better to spend money to give the people industrial habits, and, by raising their condition, to create wants which will lead to trade extension, than to spend scores of thousands upon police and soldiers to keep order among those who would be orderly of their own inclination, if poverty did not drive them to despair, and agitation urge them on to crime.

The adoption of such a course of treatment for Ireland as I have sketched in this article would be hailed by her people with gratitude. The results would be speedily felt in those places where local energy or central influence brought the advantages of the system to bear; and the "Department of Industry," the establishment of which I advocate, if worked by energetic and prudent men, could not fail, year after year, to make its impress on the prosperity of the country more strongly felt.

I will not say that by 1894 the bright picture which the author of the *Battle of the Moy* has drawn of Ireland's condition would be fully realized; but of this I feel sure, that Ireland would, by then, be well on the way to prosperity; and the victory which the kindly encouragement by England of Irish industry would have won for her people, would have been bloodless in its achievement, and pacifying in its results.

ALFRED HARRIS.

THE DIVORCE BETWEEN LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

Of all forms of literary composition, the dramatic form holds the highest place in the estimation of competent judges. When Aristotle propounded a conclusion that has been ratified by the deliberate verdict of every succeeding age, the greatest of epics had long been written, and poetry both lyrical and idyllic existed in ample volume that has not since been surpassed either in beauty of design or in charm of execution.

Such being the case, it is but natural that every man-of-letters who contends for the palm should remain ill-satisfied with his labours until he shall have produced dramatic work that has obtained the approval of his time, or in regard to which he may cherish the diffident hope that posterity will redress the oversight, the silence, or the preoccupation of his contemporaries.

The word drama, even when taken only in its legitimate sense, includes more than one species of composition. There is Poetic Tragedy, the greatest of all, and of which Shakespeare is confessedly the highest exponent. There is, next in order of merit and importance, Poetic Comedy, with whose successful exposition we just as indisputably associate the name of Molière. There is Prose Melodrama, a sort of bastard foundling of the stage, whose existence must be regarded as a concession to the weakness and vulgarity of the semi-educated portion of a large and mixed society; the passions that tread the melodramatic boards being, in reality, of a nature that demands for their just and adequate treatment the elevation and rhythm of tragedy proper. Finally, there is Prose Comedy, which may be comedy of plot, comedy of manners, or comedy of character, though the best prose comedy partakes in due proportion of all three. Burlesque, whether in verse or prose, and whether it be fairy extravaganza or bustling farce, is, I suppose, also drama of a kind, but not of a kind to require our attention when treating of the divorce between Literature and the Stage, since, if a man-of-letters ever stoops to this species of composition, he has for the time divested himself of his dignified calling.*

* Touches, and even passages, of burlesque, equally with passages of prose, are doubtless admissible even in poetic tragedy; but this would scarcely justify a burlesque writer in regarding himself as a dramatist of distinction, any more than it would warrant a prose dramatist in claiming to be considered a poet.

The generation which is ours, and therefore peculiarly interesting to ourselves, is one of great material vigour, nervous energy, and mental activity. It is a generation that does not shrink from hard and sustained labour, but it betakes itself with equal zest to diversion. It would be wonderful if such an age did not find in the theatre one of its most congenial amusements. We may paraphrase a well-known saying of Johnson's, and affirm that if a man is tired of the theatre, he must be tired of everything. The theatre is, or ought to be, the gayest, the saddest, the deepest, the lightest, reflex of human life. Not to be able to enjoy the theatre, therefore, not to care for the stage, is equivalent to not caring for life itself; to be sans eyes, sans ears, sans heart, sans everything. It may be feared that life itself is of very various value for various people. To those who play the leading parts, wear the most admired costumes, and draw the largest salaries, life is a most agreeable performance. To the obscure scene-shifters and poorly-salaried supernumeraries, it is probably an entertainment of doubtful worth. But, at the scenic representation of it, as given upon the stage, dress-circle and gallery are on the same footing, and perhaps the gallery has the larger share of enjoyment. The Theatre thus redresses, for an evening, the inequalities of fortune; and so we may say of it what the poet says of sleep, that it is—

> . . . . the baiting place of woe,
> The poor man's wealth, ...
> The indifferent judge betwixt the high and low.

Thus the only persons whom the stage fails to attract are the insensible, the disenchanted, or the austere; and that these persons are in an insignificant minority just at present, may be inferred from the numerous additions, apparently not yet at an end, that have during the last few years been made to our London and provincial theatres.

An increase in the number of theatres is almost of necessity attended by increased activity in the composition and production of plays; and we should naturally expect to find, after what has been said, that living men-of-letters of the highest distinction were dedicating a portion of their powers to producing dramas for the stage. It is notorious that they are not doing so; or, if the dramas have been written, they must be either burnt or lying in manuscript in a forgotten drawer, or have, at least, not travelled beyond the shelves of the library. The permanent status of men of genius cannot be judged with precision by those among whom, for whom, and, in a sense, with the help of whom, they write. Still, I think there is no presumption in asserting that there exist at this hour several men-of-letters of rare gifts and true distinction, some of whose works, at least, posterity will not let altogether

die. But the Stage knows them not; their names are never mentioned within the walls of a theatre; and their presence in the green-room would be as strange and startling as the apparition of a writer upon the differential calculus, or of an analytical lecturer upon protoplasm.

Whose fault is this? I imagine the reply of most people, and certainly of all theatrical lessees, stage-managers, and actors, will be: "It is the fault of men-of-letters themselves." It is for the purpose of inquiring whether the answer be a just one, and if the responsibility does not really lie with others, or should not, at least, be shared by them, that this paper has been written.

In speaking of the Stage, and of the notable advance it has made during the last few years in the estimation and interest of the public, much stress is usually laid upon the character of the plays that have been produced at the Lyceum. Tragedy and comedy of the very highest order, *Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*, have there been given before audiences packed and enthralled, with the approval of the most fastidious critics, and not without the significant accompaniment of a prosperous exchequer.

This is most satisfactory, even when due allowance is made for that profusion of stage scenery to which something of the success must, I fear, be attributed. But may we conclude that living men-of-letters have only to write poetic tragedies or poetic comedies deserving of production upon the stage, for them to be produced upon the boards of the Lyceum Theatre? That would be the conclusion of very simple people. I am not saying that any such poetic tragedies or comedies have been written; nor yet, supposing such to be the case, that any Stage Manager is bound to produce them. An author would have to be very conceited, or very exacting, did he expect the representation of the dramas of Shakespeare to be interrupted to make way for his own. That is probably the view of Mr. Irving himself, and any living author would be a legitimate object of ridicule who quarrelled with it. Obviously, however, so long as it prevails, it is not open to us to assert that no living men-of-letters can have produced work of the character of which we are speaking, merely because it has not been and will not be seen at the Lyceum. Until a play has been acted, it is impossible for any person duly diffident of his own judgment absolutely to assert that it is or is not dramatic in the just sense of that word, so long as other persons equally well qualified to form an opinion have arrived at an exactly opposite conclusion.

But, it will be said, the Poet Laureate has written poetic dramas, and they have been given at the Lyceum. That is true;

but the Poet Laureate occupies a peculiar and wholly exceptional position. He will probably enjoy lasting fame: but, in any case, he has a notoriety unprecedented in the record of English poets. Certainly, no English poet was ever so much talked of and written about in his life-time; and to have refused to put it to the test whether work done by him, ostensibly dramatic, be really such, was, I take it, for Mr. Irving practically impossible. The result has not been altogether satisfactory. But, without expressing any opinion of my own upon the subject, I may say that the warmest and most discriminating admirers of the Laureate's exquisite and delightful genius seem to think that it is not dramatic in the strict sense of the word. Unfortunately, the unsatisfactory result of the experiment has, not unnaturally, fortified a commonly prevailing opinion that men-of-letters of true distinction cannot, now-a-days, write for the stage. For the rest, I can only say—and I am not writing off the book, but upon the strength of facts that have come within my own knowledge—that if living authors who may have some repute but little notoriety, having written a tragedy or a comedy, were, in the performance of their duty, to submit it to the management of the Lyceum, the probabilities are not only that their play would not be produced, but that they would hear no word, and receive no line in reply, upon the subject.

I think, therefore, it must be allowed that though we may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the character of most of the plays that are represented at the Lyceum, we cannot fairly infer anything from them against the capacity or willingness of contemporaneous authors to compose dramas that might possibly turn out to be worth producing. The presumption always is against any man, be he who he may, being able to write a poetic drama fit for the stage. But do not let us run away with the idea that the fact of its not being produced at the Lyceum is any test as to whether it has or has not been written. When it has been produced, and has failed or succeeded, we shall then be in a better position for pronouncing an opinion.

From the Lyceum to the Haymarket, the St. James's, and the Court, is a longish stride; and in passing from Shakespeare to Mr. Pinero and Mr. Godfrey, we are necessarily conscious of some dramatic descent. Still, to write a really good prose comedy, a comedy that shall combine action, character, and manners, is no inconsiderable feat, and is a task to which no man-of-letters that ever lived need hesitate to betake himself. Yet, again, we find that the divorce between Literature and the Stage is, at these well-known and popular theatres of modern comedy, glaring and flagrant. Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Pinero, and other writers of recent prose comedy, have shown, by the finish of some of their dialogue, that they are

entitled to that extent, and in that sense, to be regarded as men-of-letters. But it will, of course, be understood that we are alluding to men-of-letters who have achieved literary distinction in other ways; and, speaking roughly, but, for the purposes of our present inquiry, with sufficient accuracy, we may say that current prose comedy, as given upon the stage, is written for the most part rather by playwrights than by men-of-letters proper. Why is this?

One hears the answer, even before it is uttered. "Because playwrights can construct comedies that can be acted and will please, while men-of-letters would write comedies that would empty the theatre and ruin its proprietor."

Now, is this quite so? Have most of the new prose comedies that have lately been given either afforded the audience much pleasure, or returned lessees extraordinary profits? There is yet another question to be asked, Have they been in any accurate sense good comedies, either of action, of character, or of manners, to say nothing of the combination of all these, and have they raised the dignity and reputation of the English stage? I am only repeating what I hear said on all sides, by judges not unreasonably fastidious, that *The Squire*, *The Rector*, *Comrades*, *Impulse*, *The Millionaire*, *Young Folks' Ways*, and *Lords and Commons*, notwithstanding the considerable amount of ability to be discerned in them by any observant spectator, are not good plays, but bad plays, and that some of them are not plays at all.

Why they are not esteemed good plays shall be considered in a moment. Meanwhile it may be observed, incidentally, that the persons who are of this opinion do not question the cleverness of the men who have written them, or even the capacity of these writers to compose better ones. Neither can it be alleged that the failure of these plays to please, in so far as they have failed, has been due to any imperfection in the manner in which they have been produced and represented. The amount of histrionic talent at present visible on the English stage is very remarkable. To take only the three theatres that have been named, one has but to cite Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Clayton, and Miss Ellen Terry, to convince oneself that prose comedy will never lack due interpretation whilst such actors and such actresses occupy our stage.

What, then, is it, in the comedies that have been named, which has irritated fastidious critics, and failed to please even ordinary play-goers, if, as we have seen must be allowed, they are written by clever men with a thorough knowledge of stage-effect, and an intimate familiarity with stage-craft; and if, moreover, they have

been performed by actors and actresses of shining ability in their own line? I venture to suggest that the cause is to be sought for in the fact that they exhibit one, or more, or all, of the following defects:—

1. *Fundamental faultiness in construction, whereby interest in the action of the piece is not adequately excited, or is interrupted and marred by patent and flagrant improbabilities.*

2. *Disregard of the ordinary laws and motives of human nature that are familiar, consciously or unconsciously, to everyone; whereby verisimilitude and congruity of character are lost sight of, to the surprise and disappointment of the audience.*

3. *The exaggeration of what ought to be the subordinate features of prose-comedy as distinguished from farce, in other words, the excessive intrusion of what is known to actors as "comic business," whereby the due proportions and harmony of the piece are destroyed, and what should be its main interest, viz. its story, or action, is thrust into the background, and subsidiary, and frequently irrelevant, elements, are perpetually being made to occupy the chief place.*

I fear that a careful examination of the plays that have been named would show that they suffer from one and all of these defects, though perhaps in different degrees and in different combinations. Indeed, I hope to be able to show directly that a comedy can scarcely have one of these defects without manifesting the other two to a certain extent, and that all three faults spring from one and the same cause. *Comrades* and *The Rector*, to speak frankly, sinned so grotesquely in the matter of construction, that their condemnation was swift and irrevocable. In *The Squire* and *Impulse*, weakness of construction and improbability of motive were more dexterously concealed, or were more indulgently tolerated by reason of the interest it is difficult to withhold from a young and lovely woman who is either sorely tempted or deeply wronged. But one requires to be rather simple, or very tolerant, to persuade oneself that a woman is in much danger from a man whose object is well known, not only to herself, but to a strong-minded sister-in-law, and to a male friend greatly interested in her, standing six foot in his boots; a man, moreover, who attempts to attain his purpose not by winning her affections, but by compromising her reputation, and forcing her into a fraud. Indeed, the merit of *Impulse* as a play may be gauged when we remember that its most engaging feature was the frequent repetition by Mr. Kendal, with admirable histrionic perseverance and versatility, of the somewhat monotonous and not strikingly original phrase, "You are, you are, you know you are." Equally difficult was it in *The Squire* to feel profound compassion for a thoroughly honest woman married to a thoroughly honest man, because

the latter was mistaken in supposing that a former wife, utterly worthless, was dead, who never appears upon the scene, and whose death at the convenient moment is necessarily discounted by the most unsophisticated of play-goers. In *The Millionaire* we are asked to feel interest in the conjugal sorrows of a man who has won his wife by an act of loathsome baseness, and most people naturally find themselves unable to respond to the invitation. *Young Folks' Ways*, it may be said in a single sentence, is not a play at all. Possibly many persons, among whom I may perhaps be allowed to say I am one, have seen it not without pleasure; for it contains some touches thoroughly true to human nature, its imaginary personages are most admirably represented, and that versatile actor, Mr. Hare, has rarely if ever been seen to greater advantage. But if there is any construction in *Young Folks' Ways*, and if subsidiary and irrelevant elements in it do not occupy the stage almost entirely to the exclusion of story, and of that action for which we look in vain, then language has no meaning and the dramatic art no canons.*

Lords and Commons is the latest production of the kind we are at present considering. It has not been very favourably received; indeed it has been condemned by every organ of opinion I have seen. The following verdict appeared in the *Times*, which I cite as giving, in the most compendious form, though with more severity of language than most of us would perhaps care to employ, what I fancy is the general opinion :—

> The whole structure of the play rests upon the assumption that a husband of perfectly sound mind may fail to recognise his deserted wife after fourteen years of separation, not merely at a casual interview, but during weeks and months of daily intercourse. Three entire acts harass us with doubts as to the identity of a certain lady in black, and in the fourth act this lady throws off her mask, reveals herself as the long lost one, and falls into the arms of her repentant husband. Such is the sum and substance of the new Haymarket play. If the motive is an adequate one, it is evident that the difficulties of play-writing have generally been over-rated. Starting with such an idea as Mr. Pinero has been at pains to derive from a Scandinavian source, the dramatist might fearlessly face the requirements of any manager or any stage. He might divulge his secret at the end of the first, second, third, or fourth act, or, if writing for a transpontine audience, he might extend it into the fifth, sixth, or seventh, filling up the interval with such casual topics of conversation as might occur to him. For no reason, be it observed, is shown in this play why the reconciliation should take place at the end of the fourth act rather than at the end of the first, or why, indeed, the lady should have waited fourteen years rather than fourteen months or fourteen days to assert her conjugal rights. She makes no pretence, as far as a perplexed house can gather, to win her husband's affection under her false name. It is never quite clear whether she acts from love or revenge. And there is no other complication to string the different acts of the play together.

On the occasion on which I saw *Lords and Commons*, the audience during the first two acts seemed somewhat depressed,

* Since this passage was written, *Young Folks' Ways* has been withdrawn. May we hope that the repeated and flagrant failure of plays of this description will carry instruction to the lessees of our chief prose-comedy theatres?

and sometimes irritated.* During the third act interest was occasionally aroused; but the incident of the fire, rather too melodramatic for a prose comedy, failed to hit the mark. In portions of the concluding act, the situation, being a strong one—though no situation in a fourth act can be strong enough to make people condone tiresomeness in three preceding ones—excited the feelings of the house in a marked manner; and the closing passages were played with such captivating ability by Mrs. Bernard-Beere, that I should think no one could help being moved. The pace at which this actress has acquired the technical secrets of her art is astonishing to those to whom it seems that the art of acting must be the most difficult in the world. Five years ago no one knew Mrs. Bernard-Beere's name as an actress. A year ago her merits were recognised only by the observant; and it does infinite credit to the judgment and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft that they have afforded her the means of showing the rare combination of qualities she has at her command. In stage ease and dignity of movement, in the sympathetic quality of her voice—so long, at least, as she is not unwisely induced to force it, where resort to such an expedient is wholly unnecessary—in the purity of her speech, in the clearness and finish of her enunciation, in the passion of tenderness, and, finally, in that vague but invaluable quality which may perhaps be described, where the stage is concerned, as silent attractiveness, Mrs. Bernard-Beere already stands in the front rank among our serious actresses of prose comedy. The public are likewise indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft for introducing to them the young actress who plays the part of Lady Nell, though the evident naturalness and grace of Miss Calhoun are heavily weighted by a part which the author has made grotesquely vehement in the first act, and grotesquely amorous in the last.

A brief survey has now been taken of the principal pieces that have recently been played at the three chief houses of prose comedy; and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that, taken all together, and as specimens of dramatic art, they have proved anything but satisfactory. They are faulty in construction; they are improbable in motive, and therefore in conflict with human nature; and, finally, they give undue prominence to what ought, in a play, to be subordinate features.

Now, is there any overpowering reason for this, any active

* Much has been said, and with perfect truth, in condemnation of the caricature of what are called well-bred people, which have been introduced into this play. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this has had anything to do with its failing to attain popularity. Interest an audience by your action, and you may ridicule them as grotesquely as ever you like. The cap always fits—someone else. But it is dangerous to weary and offend at the same time.

influence uniformly at work to account for the almost invariable presence of the same three faults in current prose comedy ?

I believe there is; and I will endeavour to point it out.

The almost invariable presence of the three defects that have been indicated, are due, I suggest, to the following causes :—

1. *The fact that the lessees and managers of the theatres that have been named are themselves actors, and leading actors, at the theatres at which they themselves appear.*

2. *That the pieces produced are written by playwrights who are not men-of-letters, save in so far as they are playwrights, and who therefore have no special concern, and are not bound to have any special concern, for the honour of literature or the dignity of the dramatic art, and whose main object is to write plays that will be acceptable to the leading actors and actresses, otherwise the lessees and managers of the theatres in question.*

Now, let us see, as fairly but as searchingly as possible, what happens; and, in order to understand what happens, illustration will be necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, for instance, who, whether singly or together, would be an honour to any stage, are the lessees of the St. James's Theatre. Mrs. Kendal, with that strong sense for which she is distinguished, is, it is well known, of opinion—mistakenly, as many persons think—that, though still young, she is not sufficiently young to play the part of a *jeune première*, or to take the part in which the sentimental or love interest of the piece is embodied. But the sentimental or love interest is almost necessarily the main interest of a properly constructed prose comedy. Therefore Mrs. Kendal cannot take what ought to be the principal female parts in her own theatre. Mark then what occurs. No one can pretend that Mr. Kendal is not young enough to play the chief lover's part in a comedy; but as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in their honourable anxiety to elevate the moral tone of their profession, think it desirable that husband and wife upon the stage should occupy the relation of lovers only to each other, Mr. Kendal is likewise debarred from taking what ought to be principal parts.

No person of proper feeling would fail to appreciate the motives that govern this arrangement. But, though it may minister greatly to the moral purity of the stage, it plays sad havoc with its dramatic requirements. For, again, mark what happens. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal fill what ought to be subordinate *rôles*, as in *Impulse* and *Young Folks' Ways*. But it is perhaps too much to expect of their artistic virtue, of their dramatic sense of propriety, that, being lessees and managers of the theatre, and most popular artists, they should consent to play parts that are actually sub-

ordinate. Accordingly, what ought to be subordinate parts are made by the playwright principal parts; what ought to be the chief interest of the piece is thrust into the shade; action, that should be the chief element in every good play, is manipulated simply as a background to "comic business"; the proper arrangement of the piece is turned topsy-turvy; and the rules and principles of dramatic art are flung to the winds.

Now, does the reader begin to perceive why what are called prose comedies are written by playwrights, and not by men-of-letters? Probably no man-of-letters could, and certainly no man-of-letters who respects himself would, write comedies of this description. A man-of-letters is bound to respect that department of literature in which his energies are engaged; and even if we suppose him to forget this obligation, no man-of-letters is likely to have the immense stage-craft, the nimble dexterity, the judicious audacity, the knowledge what liberties may and may not be taken with an audience, the intimate sense of when the action of a piece may be interrupted when it flags, or dissembled when it halts, by the introduction of a little comic business; when Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Wood, or Mr. Arthur Cecil, may be brought on to repress the menacing yawns, or to spur the flagging attention, of the spectators.

I hope it will not be thought I am saying a word against the playwrights who adopt this course, and whose ability I unaffectedly admire. They are perfectly justified, as mere playwrights, in doing what they do, viz. providing actors and actresses, who are masters of the situation, with excellent parts. Only they are not writing good comedies, often they are not writing comedies at all; a fact of which they are possibly just as well aware as I am.

Unfortunately, this trick—for it is only a trick, though an exceedingly clever one—has a tendency, like all tricks, to become a habit. Moreover, when a man once knows the trick, it must be much easier to write pieces of this sort than real comedies. The difficulty, the true crux, of dramatic composition, is to blend character and manners with action; just as in painting a picture, or writing a poem, the proper task is to harmonize colour and expression with composition or form; and a man who does not do this may have fifty thousand tragedies or comedies represented on the stage, but he is not a dramatist.

Just now I mentioned Mr. Arthur Cecil, a born actor, who has studiously cultivated his native capacity. But he would be the first to say, "I cannot play satisfactorily in any but what are called *character* parts." Accordingly, now that he is one of the lessees of the Court Theatre, he must be "fitted," as the phrase is, with a character part; and it is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that, so

provided, he saved *The Millionaire* from collapsing before it had run a fortnight. If anyone who has seen this play asks himself what he remembers of it, he will be pretty sure to recal the admirable acting of Mr. Arthur Cecil in a prominent but what, in a properly constructed comedy, should have been a subordinate *rôle* of the piece, and such bursts of merriment as followed upon Mrs. Wood exclaiming, "Hallo! Here's a man kissing his own wife! It's positively improper," and playful observations of a kindred character.

It has already been observed that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have exhibited no little magnanimity in engaging actors and actresses of great merit to play leading parts at their theatre. At the same time they are themselves such public favourities, that they would be greatly missed were a comedy produced there in which they did not appear. Unfortunately, they likewise seem to be of opinion that they can act satisfactorily only in character parts; and what is still more unfortunate, the character parts in which they appear are now nearly always the same parts, under a trivial and too transparent device of novelty. There is no greater favourite on the stage than Mrs. Bancroft; and a favourite is always welcome. But when we consider that that lady possesses real acting and mimetic power, it is to be regretted that she should prefer to appear simply as Mrs. Bancroft.* But so long as the public have no objection to this, a dexterous playwright, who wants to take the shortest road to success, irrespectively of the art he ostensibly professes to cultivate, not unnaturally avails himself of an easy expedient for getting his piece accepted, and concealing from most people that the piece in question is not a drama.

I now venture to submit that five things have been established:—

1. *That current prose comedies are nearly always faulty, and sometimes wholly deficient, in construction.*

2. *That they are written with a disregard of probability and of*

* It is to be feared that the practice of what is called "long runs" often injures and sometimes altogether destroys the quality of versatility, which is the essence of the histrionic art, and that actors and actresses end by being unable to present any but one *rôle*; so that though the name be occasionally changed, the part always remains the same. I find, from a telegram of the Paris correspondent of the *Standard* published a day or two ago, that at the Théâtre Français, during the past year, twenty-seven pieces have been produced, and played one hundred and seventy-eight times; in all, sixty-nine plays and eight hundred and twenty-eight performances. The most frequently repeated were *Le Roi s'Amuse*, forty-eight times; *Les Effrontés* and *Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*, forty-one; *Ruy Blas*, twenty-three; *L'Aventurière*, eighteen; *Le Demi-Monde*, sixteen; *Mdlle. de la Seiglière*, twenty-one; and *Le Monde où l'on d'Ennuie*, thirty-one. At the Odéon, during the same period, nine new plays were produced, and twenty-seven old ones were several times represented.

human nature, in order to furnish certain actors and actresses with certain parts, almost invariably grotesque and eccentric.

3. *That what should be subordinate rôles and subordinate elements in any drama, are made principal rôles and the most prominent elements.*

4. *That this is done because the leading actors and actresses at our chief houses of prose comedy are themselves the lessees and managers of these houses.*

5. *That the only persons who probably could, and certainly the only persons aspiring to be regarded as men-of-letters who would, write pieces of the description required, are playwrights, and virtually nothing but playwrights.*

6. *That if there be, as unquestionably there is, a divorce between Literature and the Stage, it is therefore not the fault of men-of-letters.*

If anyone were asked to say, as succinctly as possible, what is amiss with most of the prose comedies that are placed before the public, I think he would answer, when he had thought the matter out, "They smell of the foot-lights." They are written too exclusively on the stage side of the drop-scene, written too much from the actor's point of view and too little from the point of view of the audience; written more for the purpose of producing single situations and spasmodic effects than continuous and progressive pleasure; written more to enable certain actors and actresses to distinguish themselves than to send the spectators home satisfied. That is why they sometimes prove still-born, as often as not fail to achieve even vulgar success, and never attain to real distinction. Mr. Clayton is not only a finished actor, but one with whom it is impossible to talk without perceiving that he has deeply meditated upon the principles of the dramatic art. Yet, I dare say he will not mind my recalling that he was confident *The Rector* and *Comrades* would have a brilliant career. No man could have supposed anything of the kind, whose better judgment had not been for the time misled by ideas of what is dramatic that exist only in the green-room.

Now no one requires to be told that, in order to write a successful prose comedy, a man must acquire what is called stage-craft, and that it is pretty certain that even a man-of-letters who studies to acquire it, will, in writing a comedy, not avoid making several mistakes; but if he possesses the main qualities for writing a comedy, if he has an interesting story to tell, if he has, roughly speaking, constructed it properly, and if he can portray character and manners, his offences against stage-craft can easily be remedied by a stage-manager acting in frank co-operation with him after the play is written. I should be the last person to deny that men-of-letters, in preparing a drama for the stage, would

receive most valuable assistance from managers and actors. But it seems to me that, at the present moment, managers and actors need, and might receive, assistance from men-of-letters.

There is only one way to write a good comedy, and that is for the man who has got it in his head to write it. It may turn out poor, or even bad: it probably will. Most works of art do. But there is no other way of producing good works of art. A man who, before writing a poem, or painting a picture, asks himself what the critics will say of it, what impression it will make upon the public, and whether it will sell, is not only a craven, he is a fool as well. Write the poem you mean to write, paint the picture you want to paint, and then remit the rest to the gods. You may fail; but what if you do? You have, in a moral sense, deserved to succeed, for you have done the best you can. I should have thought that to succeed on any other conditions, to succeed by doing what you know is *not* best, but what you hope other people will think or pretend to think best, would be odious and intolerable. So it is with the writing of a drama. Keep the rules, the principles, and the dignity of the dramatic art implacably before you. Probably, you will still fail; for, though real success for an artist is unattainable without rules and self-respect, no amount of rules or self-respect will guarantee success. Probably, of fifty dramas written conscientiously, with the love of art and the fear of real fame before one, forty will be shockingly bad, five not without merit, four rather good, and one supreme. Does the waste seem very great? It seems to me very slight. Nature, that great though by no means infallible artist, is infinitely more wasteful. How many faultless days are there in a summer? How many perfect trees are there in a wood? Nature works in secret and silence; nor does she take her audience, Man, into her confidence until her work be done. Then it is for him to take or leave, to admire or to ignore; and when at last she shows him something, at sight of which he exclaims "How lovely!" she does not hear his plaudits, but is already at work again, to produce, if possible, something better.

Therefore, if we are to have prose comedies, good comedies, real comedies, they must be written by men who would be very pleased to hear them commended, very pleased and very proud to see them acted by such actors and actresses as have been named, but who, for no consideration on earth, would write plays of which they could not honestly be proud, in order that these actors and actresses might act them.

The nature of the evil and its causes having now been ascertained, it only remains to ask, What is the remedy? Were some simple soul, after reading what has been said, to sit down and

write a prose comedy that he wanted to write, writing it with the fear of the gods and his own proper fame before him, and were he then to submit it to the managers of the leading theatres where prose comedies are supposed to be given, he would, in due course, learn that he had written a piece which they admired and even liked, but that it did not "quite suit their requirements." As if there was any likelihood that it would!

Clearly, therefore, the composing of good prose comedies will not, of itself, provide us entirely with the remedy of which we are in search.

At this point, I hear distinctly the voice of interruption. "Yes, yes, we know what you want, It is the old story. You want a Home of prose comedy, and of buskined tragedy as well, subventioned by the State. You are as bad as Mr. Matthew Arnold, with a still worse chance of being heard. You want a Théâtre Français."

Pardon me, but I do not. Had I nothing to urge but what Mr. Matthew Arnold has already urged, and urged in vain, I trust I should have the grace to be silent. Mr. Matthew Arnold is supposed to be a Liberal, though his Liberalism has always seemed to me to be Liberalism of a somewhat eclectic kind, not quite the Liberalism, as Mr. Mallock would say, either of the Market-place or the Tabernacle, whereas I have the disadvantage of being a Conservative. Yet while Mr. Matthew Arnold, possibly because he is an official servant of the State, believes in State aid and State intervention as a cure for most of our evils, I strongly object to State help and State intervention whenever and wherever these can be dispensed with.

No, I would advise those who desire the elevation and advancement of the Stage not to accept a State subvention for any such purpose, even if, a most improbable occurrence, such were offered them. Once again, I ask for a Company of Wise and Reasonable Men, the same to whom I appealed last month, who shall cease to make their own dwellings so gorgeously spectacular, and shall, instead, provide the funds, should such be necessary, for real homes of the drama, by emptying drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and libraries in which no human being ever opens a book, of their superfluous stage scenery. It is to the Company of Wise and Reasonable Men, and to them alone, to Conservatives and Liberals, in this at least acting together, to true Aristocrats, since they will be in search of the best, that I look and lift up my weak voice, praying that they will endeavour not only to save, as I have asked them to save, an imperilled society, but likewise to redeem a corrupted drama. I find that the Théâtre Français receives a subvention from the State to the amount of £9,600, and

the Odéon £4,000. Nine thousand six hundred pounds! Not the price of a tiara of diamonds. Four thousand pounds! Not more than is sometimes spent on a single entertainment, or what we may call a private piece that runs for only one night. Is public spirit absolutely defunct? Are there no Wise, no Reasonable Men? Is nothing left but

The banker's shovel and the croupiers' rake?

I cannot believe it. To provide Labourers and Artizans Dwellings at a non-remunerative rent would be rightly described as Socialistic, and would tend to undermine those precious attributes, self-help and self-respect. For them no subvention, but only wisely expended capital is necessary. But there would be nothing Socialistic in building and maintaining a theatre that might possibly not pay, though it possibly might, any more than a poet is a Socialist who writes poems that do not pay, or a moralist is a Socialist who preaches doctrines that do not pay. *Paradise Lost* did not pay; Wordsworth's *Lyrical Poems* did not pay; Shelley's *Lament for Adonais* did not pay. It is not an uncommon fate with works of a high order.

I am not insensible that a Company of Wise and Reasonable Men, who were prepared to lose £10,000 a year—little more than a week's income to some persons—in building or leasing a theatre, choosing a manager, deciding upon the plays that should be acted, and selecting actors and actresses to act them, instead of having plays, or rather parts, concocted to suit actors and actresses, might conceivably not only lose their £10,000, and more than £10,000, but might likewise, either through ill-management, through the dearth of good plays, or through the well-known sensibilities of actors and actresses, not succeed in the object they had set before them. Moreover, playgoers have for now so long a period been educated to conclude that vulgar farce is high-bred comedy or an adequate substitute for it, that rudeness is wit and buffonery humour, and finally that the action of a play need neither cohere nor culminate, that it is possible the public might not readily appreciate comedies in which action was continuous, characters were consistent, and manners were refined. But if one only attempted those things in which success is certain, what wise or reasonable man would attempt anything? But if the Company of Wise and Reasonable Men did succeed? Again I say, Let us try.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

CONSERVATISM AND SOCIALISM.

Let us suppose an event happening which would startle a large number of people. Let us suppose that some responsible leader of the Conservatives were to say of his Party this:—"In its inherent aims and character it has far more in common with Socialism than it has with the Radicalism of Mr. Morley and the Leeds Conference." In that case, what would follow? It is very easy to tell. Mr. Morley and his friends would be delighted at an assertion seemingly so suicidal; but the Socialists would repudiate it with indignation, and the Conservatives themselves with horror.

I shall endeavour to show, however, that the politician who spoke in this way, would be speaking nothing but the most sober and momentous of truths; and that, when his real meaning was once apprehended, his courage in uttering it would be well rewarded. The doctrinaire Socialists and the Socialistic agitators would possibly hate him the more for it; the doctrinaire Radicals and the Radical agitators would, as they reflected, very certainly do so. But not only would those who are of his own party now soon realize that in this apparent paradox was stated the fact of facts most vital to themselves, and thank him for having expressed it in the living language of the moment, but an immense number of those who at present distrust Conservatism, and who call themselves some Socialists, some ultra-Radicals, would learn to take a new and a truer view of it, and would be as much appealed to by what it really is, as they have been repelled hitherto by what it has often seemed to be.

Alarms have been expressed in Conservative quarters already lest the Party should be tempted, in any coming struggle, to outbid their opponents in the way of wild social reform, with a view to dishing the Radicals, as they once dished the Whigs; and the mere coupling of the words Conservatism and Socialism, if officially sanctioned, would increase the alarms ten-fold. I should say to those who were affected in this way, that their political nervousness was not without excuse; but that, if they could compose themselves, and examine the matter, they would see that it was

without justification. I trust I may make the readers of the following remarks agree with me.

Let me first observe, then, that when we speak of any set of opinions as having at any given moment a practical power in the State—when we speak in this way of Radicalism or of Socialism, or, for matter of that, of Conservatism and of Liberalism also, we mean by each name two distinct things. We mean a theory, or a set of opinions, with their active exponents, on the one side; and we mean a set of people, powerful in proportion to their numbers, who hold these opinions, and who are led by the exponents of them, on the other. With regard to Conservatism this is, of course, sufficiently obvious. But it is by no means equally so with regard to Radicalism and Socialism; and yet it is true of these last in a far more important manner.*

Let us take the case of Radicalism. Radicalism, as we all know, is represented by its official exponents as consisting essentially of those demands and principles which are made and held by the People in the free exercise of their judgment. The actual voice which from time to time utters them, may be the voice of a meeting, such as the Leeds Conference, or the voice of an individual, such as Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. John Morley; but what such meetings or such individuals say, is not important, according to the current Radical theory, because the particular Radical says it, or the particular room-full of Radicals, but because it is supposed to have been virtually said already by the People in whose name they speak. Thus Mr. Chamberlain described himself, on a memorable occasion at Birmingham, as being not the master of the Caucus, but its "victim." The Caucus worked *him*; the People worked the Caucus. That, he represented, was really the sequence of cause and effect. He personally was the *servus servorum populi*; and even though every demand he made should be a Mandate, it would be a Mandate only because it came from the People; as coming from him, it would be nothing more than a message. And every Radical speaker speaks on the same assumption. He speaks as though he had his ear at one end of a telephone, and the sacred voice of the people were talking away to him at the other.

Such is the Radical theory of the views and the temper called Radicalism; but anyone who is calm enough to observe clearly

* I say this is true of Radicalism and Socialism in a *more important manner* than it is of Conservatism, because Conservatism represents the normal common sense, patriotism, and humanity of the country, which, though requiring for practical purposes to be expressed and represented by leaders, are mainly the results of an almost unconscious growth, not of the doctrines of any militant school to which the people have to be converted. Thus a Conservative leader is naturally far more really *representative* than a Radical leader.

for himself, can see that the theory has but slight connection with the facts. Nothing can be more evident from the tactics of the Radical leaders, from the tone of their arguments, and from their feverish activity in organization, than that, however great may be their numerical following, they represent at present no public opinion which has grown up spontaneously, and which contains in itself its own principle of growth, but a public opinion rather that on each new occasion requires to be galvanized into a new spasm of energy, and which, even when so galvanized, cannot be left to itself, but must every moment be carefully watched and manipulated.

This must, I say, be apparent to all calm observers who are outside the Radical camp. But we need not appeal to their own judgment only, we can refer them to the direct confession of one of the Radical leaders themselves. At the close of the Leeds Conference, Mr. John Morley made one of the most singular admissions that have yet been made by any member of his Party. Having remarked how representative that Conference was in its character, and how it spoke in the name of the Radical multitudes of the nation, he went on to say that the real power in elections did not reside in the multitudes of the nation at all, but in certain "*small handfuls of resolute and convinced men.*" "He therefore," we are told, "urged his hearers to endeavour in every way to ripen and influence public opinion in favour of their political views." There is the whole case put before us with the utmost simplicity. The doctrine that Radicalism is based on the spontaneous opinion of the people is swept aside with as little ceremony as if it were the doctrine of the divine right of Kings; and in its place we are presented with the doctrine, singularly different, that it is based on the opinions of the People as manipulated by small handfuls of resolute and convinced men. Official Radicalism in fact, as Mr. Morley admits, regards the People as a kind of gigantic phonograph. A number of things are said into the machine, at various times, by certain small handfuls of men. Mr. Chamberlain puts in a titter at the expense of the Royal Family; Mr. Bright puts in the aphorism that force is no remedy; Mr. Morley puts in a definition of logic as the conclusions arrived at by mass-meetings; and the handfuls of convinced and resolute men together agree to put in the statement that the country is hungering for a Reform Bill. Then when the time comes, the machine is set in motion, and all these things that have been said into it are ground out again, in a voice so unlike that of any rational human being, that it is hoped the Tories will be frightened into taking it for the voice of an oracle.

Now this state of things, which, in the case of the Radical Party, most Conservatives and not a few Liberals can understand and detect, is primarily the state of things which, in all essential points, prevails in the Socialistic Party also. There also, though on a smaller scale numerically, we have the teachers and the taught, the agitators and the agitated—two bodies between whom, at least at present, the division is very sharp. It is conceivable, no doubt, that the theories and the detailed views of the former, may be grasped more or less as a whole, by the masses they are addressed to, some day; but it is perfectly evident that they are not so grasped now. Socialism means, at present, a knot of schemers or theorists on the one side, and a mass of people managed by these men on the other—people more or less ready to do as their managers bid them, but unable themselves to form any independent judgment as to the schemes or theories which they are thus leagued to realize.

In the Radicals and the Socialists, then, we have two bodies of men, practically of importance only because they are numerous or may become numerous; and each of these two bodies consists of two further bodies—the mass, powerful because it is a mass, and the "small handfuls" of men, as Mr. Morley calls them, who lead the mass.

Now, how, let us ask, do these small handfuls of men get their power? Why does the mass, in each case, allow itself to be led by them? It is because in each case the leaders, by more or less genuine means, and to a greater or less extent, contrive to touch certain feelings existing in the mass, and profess to aim at the fulfilment of certain hopes cherished by it. The main questions, accordingly, to be asked, in each case, are, how deep and how worthy are these feelings, and how far are the leaders sincere in appealing to them? and how practicable, and how worthy are these hopes, and how far have the leaders the intention or the ability to realize them?

Now, these questions, in so far as they regard the official or leading Radicals, I have already discussed at some length in the pages of this Review; but, for the sake of the present argument, I must briefly recapitulate what I said about them. I said, and scarcely a day passes without some fresh evidence of the truth of it—that the feelings which official Radicalism appeals to, are the least worthy of all feelings; and further, that the hopes which it trades upon, whether worthy or unworthy in themselves, are hopes which official Radicalism has not faced honestly, or presented to itself accurately, or which it intends to realize, or thinks possible to be realized. What its heart is really set on is not social improvement in the interest of all, but constitutional revolution in

the interest of a particular class. The practical conclusion I drew from this, is as follows :—that of the mass of those who at present call themselves Radicals, all except a very limited number are bound to Radicalism by nothing but the slightest and most accidental ties. Such of them as are enthusiasts follow the Radical leaders under quite mistaken apprehensions as to what those leaders will do for them; whilst the majority of those who are not enthusiasts are Radicals partly because they are influenced by a slight social prejudice, and partly because this social prejudice is ingeniously handled and played upon by the active wire-pullers of the party. Hence I believe that if we look a little below the surface of things, we shall find that Radicalism, such as that of the Leeds Conference, has a strong and reliable hold upon a small class only. The remaining multitude of its nominal adherents are, one part of them, extremely lukewarm in their support of what it is; and another part, mistaken in what they conceive it to be.

But if we turn to Socialism the case is wholly different. The Socialistic leaders may be in many ways far more removed than any Radical leader is from the conditions of common sanity; but in the mad passion and in the feverish dreams of the Socialist there is contained one great truth, of a deeper and more important kind than any to be found in the narrow shrewdness, in the flighty cleverness, and the imperfect temper of the Radical; and the followers of the former have thus one source of strength and union for which we may look in vain amongst the followers of the latter. The truth I speak of, the source of strength and union I speak of, is the principle, the belief, the feeling, that the first test of a good government is not the theoretical reasonableness and perfection of its form, not the extent to which it embodies fanciful notions of abstract popular rights, but the extent to which it secures for even the poorest and least gifted of the community, the means of leading a life consistent with health and with self-respect. Theoretically, of course, this principle is assented to by all parties. That, however, is a matter of no importance. The important question is, in what spirit, with what degree of fervour, is it assented to? How far is the assent what Cardinal Newman calls merely "notional"? or how far is it a living conviction, which dominates thought and inspires action? It is here that the difference lies between Radicalism and Socialism.

Amongst the Radicals, in so far as we can judge them by their public conduct as a party, this assent has so little life in it that, instead of thinking political changes desirable only as promoting the social health of the community, they regard any existing social distress in the community mainly as an excuse for effecting political changes. Amongst the Socialists, on the contrary, the

case is just reversed. In political change for its own sake they take no interest whatever; and for such Radicalism as that of Mr. Chamberlain, they entertain and express not only a contempt, but a hatred, bitterer than any that is entertained for it by the most fiery of Conservatives. Political change, and that of the most violent kind, we, of course, know they do call for; but if any existing institution, no matter how aristocratic, were at all compatible with their dreams of social improvement, the Socialistic temper would be little inclined to quarrel with it. The Socialists hate the rich, not because they are rich, but because, according to the Socialistic theories of production, riches are the cause of poverty. They hate the rich, not because they hate inequality, but because they hate misery. So notably, indeed, is this the case, that the disciples of Karl Marx, in forming their ideal state, look less for their pattern to any modern democracies than to the feudalism of the fifteenth century; and amongst the many historical misfortunes which they allege have befallen the people, they actually number the downfall of the great feudal nobles.

The extreme violence of temper distinctive of the Socialistic leaders, is not due to the temperament from which thoughtful Socialism springs, but to the accidental necessities of their present wretched position. It is due, in the first place, to the fact that these men have unfortunately pledged themselves to a system of political economy which at once revolts the instincts of common sense, is utterly condemned by careful and dispassionate criticism, and forces them, from the very moment of their beginning any public activity, into the attitude of rebels against all existing governments, whether bourgeois or aristocratic. Hence on the Continent they provoke hard treatment, and in England hard words; and this persecution, which they court and force upon themselves, has on their characters the sinister but not unnatural effect of making hatred, envy, revenge—every form of personal bitterness—the allies and companions of what was at first, perhaps, a generous philanthropy. Nor is this all. There is a second cause, arising likewise from the necessities of their position, which is equally powerful in thus changing and degrading their character. Not only does their attitude towards existing governments produce in their own minds this savage and half-insane excitement, but it makes it necessary, if they would win adherents amongst the people, to communicate to the people an excitement precisely similar. For this purpose, they are compelled to use the strongest language possible. The mere statement of facts as they are will not do their work. One side of every question has to be wholly suppressed, and the other side caricatured. False statistics of the most grotesque kind, rabid and libellous invective against parti-

cular classes, are resorted to. Statements of this nature, made often in the heat of the moment, are repeated, printed, and obtain a wide circulation. Those who are originally responsible for them are unable to retract and expose them; presently, hearing them repeated in other quarters, they imagine them made by independent witnesses; they end by seriously believing them, and become the dupes, complete or partial, of their own savage infatuation.* Thus it results that the Socialists, as a body, are to-day leavened with the miserable and disastrous feelings which are inevitably developed in their leaders, from the accidents of the situation.

But of this moral disease, this virulent social fever, the Socialists as a body are not the source. The source of the contagion is in the leaders, and the leaders alone. They, hardly knowing what they are doing, infect those they lead with their own anger and envy, and their own hysterical delusions. But the deepest and most powerful feelings which they enlist on their side, and thus corrupt in enlisting them, are not anger or envy, or any disordered hopes; they are misery on the one hand, and compassion on the other. The two human sounds the Socialistic leader listens for, when he is in search of disciples, are the cry of the hungry and afflicted, and the cry of those who pity the hungry and afflicted. The misfortune of the case is, that the moment the poor, the moment the compassionate listen to him, the cry for help and the demand for justice become a cry for revenge, and a demand for what is impossible; and Socialism, which in its popular elements is like a beggar led by an angel, becomes, as manipulated by its present leaders, like a beggar and an angel mesmerised† by a criminal lunatic.

With regard, then, to Socialism, what is the position of Conservatism? I have no hesitation in saying of the great primary instincts, the great primary principles, which are appealed to and perverted by the leaders of Socialism, that they are the great primary instincts and the great primary principles which underlie all true Conservatism, and are most vital to it; and it seems to me

* It has often occurred to me that a most impressive series of pictures, analogous to the *Rake's Progress* and the *Idle Apprentice*, might be painted, representing the progress of the modern Socialistic agitator, who begins his career with the instincts of a saint, and ends it with those of a wild beast.

† I have not made use of this simile lightly. It seems to me to illustrate a most important fact in political pathology; and, strangely enough, not a week after I had written the above sentence, the Duke of Argyll's pamphlet on *Crofts and Farms in the Hebrides* was sent me, and I found in that precisely the same idea. "I lay," he says, "very little blame to the tenants into whose mouths these irrelevant complaints have been put. When men of that class are exposed to hearing and reading every day one continually repeated and reiterated set of stories, and when belief in these stories is instilled into them by an active propaganda, it is very difficult for them to resist the influence. The result reminds me of what are called in mesmerism, 'the phenomena of suggestion.'"

that at the present moment it is of supreme importance that Conservatives should recognize this fact, and take the trouble to proclaim it.

Let us consider this in detail.

Socialism, as I have said, is morally distinguished from Radicalism by the reality and the fervour of its assent to this proposition—that the main test of good government is the extent to which it enables even the poorest of the people to procure a sufficiency of food and clothing and comfort in their home surroundings. Now what thoughtful Conservative is there who will not admit that it is on this proposition that the Conservatives, more than any other Party, most logically base their position, and practically base their hopes? Conservatism doubtless means more than the material well-being of the people; but it means the material well-being of the people first, and everything else afterwards. Those things that come afterwards may in one sense be far higher than this material well-being I speak of; but they are higher only as the architectural beauty of a cathedral is a higher thing than the solidity of its foundations. Thus Conservatism means, as we all know, patriotism, loyalty to the Constitution, loyalty of class to class—of the higher to the lower, as much as of the lower to the higher—and that spirit of rational content which will not tolerate either dreams or crotchets. But how, let any Conservative ask, can any spontaneous love of country be expected from people who associate their country with nothing but hunger and misery? By men with secure and happy homes, whether in castle or cottage, the feelings entertained for such homes will be extended to the country which at once contains and defends them; but amongst men whose own immediate surroundings suggest nothing to them but want, discontent, or anxiety, it is hardly to be expected that patriotism should ever be an active feeling, or more, at the best, than a sullen acquiescence. Every man sees his country in the light thrown on it by the flickering of his own hearth; and if his hearth is cold, his country looks as chilling as his hearth does. I conceive few worshippers in church, no matter how devout, find it easy to be very devotional when their feet are freezing; but it is easier to be devotional with cold feet than it is to be patriotic on an empty stomach. And what is true of a man's country is true of its institutions—true of its forms of Government, and of its various orders of society. Conservatives, though they make none of those impracticable demands for the aristocracy that their enemies attribute to them, yet do claim for the aristocracy a proportional share of power; but no aristocracy can ever be strong or popular if it rests on the misery, not on the prosperity, of the people.

It is idle to think, and Conservatives do not cherish the illusion, that poverty can be abolished by any form of government, or that it will ever wholly disappear from the world at all; but the State can do much to help those that are willing to help themselves, not mainly by doing their work for them, but by removing, so far as possible, such adventitious obstacles as tend to make the required work hopeless. There is, further, good reason to believe that the spirit of self-help would be stimulated, in this manner, to a degree out of all proportion to the assistance actually given; and any Government which should convince the poorer classes that the State did so much even as honestly recognize the supreme importance of the health and the prosperity of the poor, would not only be strengthened by popular support itself, but would infuse, on its side, a new hope and strength into the people.

With regard, then, to the Conservative Party, it should surely be evident to Conservatives that they are, of all parties, the one that would profit most by the establishment with the people of such a cordial understanding. If Conservatism is to have any permanent power, or even any permanent place in England, it must be supported by a general wish on the part of the community to conserve; whereas, if Radicalism of the existing type is to have any permanent power, or even any permanent place in England, it must be supported by a constant discontent on the part of the community with something, and a consequent inclination to throw something down. Thus, while it is the policy of the Conservatives to look out for social grievances in order to heal them, it is the policy of the Radicals to look out for social grievances in order to use them. We have most of us heard the story of the passenger on the box of an omnibus, who, having obtained permission to drive, was about to encourage the horses by touching one of them with the whip on a certain sore on its back, when the driver checked him with the explanatory remonstrance, "We always keeps that place for 'Olborn 'Ill." Official Radicalism regards the grievances of the people exactly as the driver of the omnibus regarded the "place" in question. It regards them as so many "places" to be adroitly touched with the whip whenever it is necessary to put additional spirit into the electorate: it carefully keeps them for metaphorical Holborn Hills. The Socialists, on the other hand, would cure them by putting the omnibus before the horse; whilst the Conservatives, if they only act on the principles they profess, will at once set about re-adjusting the harness.

This however, is putting the matter only in the lowest light possible. It is putting it as merely a selfish party question. But it is possible to take with regard to it a far higher ground. The special aim to-day of all rational and far-seeing statesmen should

be to rescue from the Socialists those truths which, as we have seen already, are undoubtedly held and proclaimed by them—truths which are none the less important, none the less vital, because they are at this moment captive in the hands of dreamers and fanatics. Now not only is it in the interests of the Conservatives as a Party to accomplish this task themselves, but they are the only Party that can with safety undertake it. It is certainly not unknown, but it is certainly not generally realized, how enormous is the difference, in the mere point of population, between the England of to-day and the England of the beginning of this century. To the English nation as it was, when men yet living were young, two new nations of an equal size have been added. Where there were then one million of men, there are now three. With this astonishing increase in the number of Englishmen there have arisen new problems, new difficulties, new dangers, of which, though they have been developing gradually through the whole century, we are only becoming distinctly conscious now. To suppose that matters socially or politically can, under the present circumstances, remain absolutely and literally as they were, is not Conservatism, but madness; and equally mad is the supposition that Conservatism is inconsistent with change. The man who desires on ship-board to conserve his upright attitude, changes that attitude in its details every moment. The man who desires to conserve his health, changes his diet according to climate and circumstances; and Conservatism in politics is so far from being the negation of change, that its most necessary characteristic is that vigilant presence of mind which alone enables a Party, when any change is requisite, to see it in its true proportions, and to make it with calm temper and promptitude.

I will take two examples, both of which are connected directly with the growth of population and of manufacturing industry. I mean the housing of the poor in great cities, and the position generally of the agricultural labourer. The first of these questions certainly, probably both, will demand some new treatment at the hands of the State. Now, on both of these questions Radicals and Socialists are fastening with their usual semi-insane excitement, making first one suggestion, then another, like a set of hysterical housemaids who have been roused at night by a fire, the one party denouncing landlords, the other denouncing capitalists, and both "babbling of green fields" with as little distinct meaning as Sir John Falstaff on his death-bed. Now supposing, for argument's sake, that the leaders of both these parties have all the honesty of intention with which they delight to credit themselves; yet no man who is not himself either a Radical or a Socialist can doubt for a moment that the temper and the prejudices of the one,

and the false economy of the other, render them both wholly incapable of readjusting what requires readjustment. The Socialists, for instance, as specimens of their practical wisdom, demand that all real property, inclusive of the railways, should be confiscated, and the National Debt repudiated; whilst the Radicals would treat the Constitution as the Socialists would treat property. Each would reduce to ruin what they declare themselves anxious to improve. Now, in most social and political changes, the change that leads to improvement differs from the change that leads to ruin, not in kind, but degree. It is an operation as nice as that of tuning a piano; and the rules to be followed in performing it are not such crude and silly formulæ as that "force is no remedy," or that "force is a remedy." They are rules acquired by tact, experience, and a sound temper of mind, which show us when force is a remedy, and when not, or to what degree it is a remedy, and after what point it becomes injurious. But the political piano-tuners of the Radical and Socialist type regard the tuner's key as sailors regard a capstan, and the process of tuning a string like the process of heaving an anchor.* He that pulls hardest does the work best. Now the essential characteristic of the Conservative Party is that it is the negation of this violent temper. The more urgent a reform is, the more danger is there of its being accomplished hastily, and being pushed too far; the more imperious is the necessity that, though it be demanded with eagerness, those who accomplish it should be calm. Hence it is that the Conservative Party is, on occasions like these, marked out as the Party of reform naturally. The process that has to be performed is not unlike some critical operation in surgery. The resolve that the operation shall take place may be the result of the strongest feeling, but what is required in the operator is caution and perfect coolness. Let us revert to the question of the housing of the poor in our great cities. Here, pity, indignation, and alarm at the state of things existing, tend to suggest to a large number of minds a variety of remedies that would in reality both aggravate the evils they are designed to cure, and cause other evils in addition of far greater magnitude. Here it must be evident to all impartial observers that, in so far as the Government is to take any lead in the matter, what is required of the Government is cool sense and deliberation; and that, the nearer its conduct, in certain special details, may have to go to the brink of formal Socialism, the more we require in it complete steadiness of head, so that it may not

* Radical meetings, such as the Leeds Conference, are curiously like the "Yo ho!" of sailors at the capstan; and the state of mind they indicate is precisely that of one who thinks that that man tunes a piano-string best who tugs at the key hardest.

fall over. Were the Radicals to have the management of any wide social reform, there is no doubt that they would be assailed with suggestions, entreaties, mandates, from their own extreme supporters, of which none even of their own statesmen could approve for a single moment, but which they, if left to themselves, would find it very difficult to resist; and they would under such circumstances be obliged to rely for safety on the opposition of the Conservatives.

A more disastrous conjunction of circumstances can hardly be conceived of as possible. Whenever the political situation is such that it can possibly be represented to the people as a struggle between the rich and poor, it is before all things desirable that the moderation requisite, which is to the full as important as any boldness or enterprise, should emanate from the Government itself, and not from an Opposition. Else, though the moderation secured by the Opposition be really essential to any success attending the reforms in question, the impression left on the mind of the people will be that the moderation has been the work of their enemies, and that without it a success might have been achieved much greater.

For these reasons, and apart from all considerations of party, it must appear, I think, not only to Conservatives themselves, but to all fair-minded men who in a party sense are neutral, that the more urgently any social legislation be now called for, the more necessary is it for the progress and the safety of Society that such legislation should be conducted by the Conservative Party. And let us now come to the practical moral of the situation.

If ever the Conservatives are to be placed in the position indicated, they can be securely placed in it by one method only. If they are to be entrusted with the care of the popular welfare, they must themselves realize how important the popular welfare is, and show honestly and fearlessly to all that they are resolved to work for it. There is no occasion for their using big words, or soiling their lips with rhetoric about the majesty or about the rights of the people. Just as hard words break no bones, so fine words mend no bones that are broken. So, too, with regard, to the sufferings of the very poor, there is no occasion to mouth and rant, and court the applause of the moment by contrasting Lazarus with Dives. The pity that delights to parade itself in vulgar oratorical finery is not the pity that is most at home in the heart; and what is wanted in the Statesman who is to alleviate suffering in the State is not tears, but resolution. The last thing that we desire of a surgeon is that he should come to an operation sobbing, and grow hysterical while he is performing it; and the Conservative Party has no need to become hysterical. All that is required

of its members is that they should, in the first place, realize themselves that great social truth which they have always held more or less consciously, and on which their very existence as a party depends —the truth that the welfare of no class is of any private interpretation, that the welfare of all classes must be sought in concert, that the prosperity of the poor does not mean the poverty of the rich ; and that, whatever power or magnificence may illustrate the highest ranks of society, the power is only stable and the magnificence only noble when it promotes, denotes, and rests upon the well-being of the humblest. The first necessity is that the Conservatives should themselves realize this ; the next, that they should by every means in their power show that their conviction is as practical and profound as it is sober.

This advice may strike many at first as too general to have much meaning, or too mild to be of much use. They may be anxious to be given what the Radicals call a programme, and a " cry " ; they may be longing to be commissioned to perform some great thing ; and when the only true, the only saving course is suggested to them, they may be tempted to ask, in the language of their inveterate enemies, whether Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, are not better than all the waters of Jordan. If, however, they will reflect on their present situation, they will see that in advice that sounds so flat and so simple, and so vague, there is something really that is perfectly definite, and of the most immediate moment, and that might be put in practice to-morrow.

To understand this, one thing only is necessary ; and that is to understand the nature of the enemy with which Conservatism (and sound Liberalism also) has to deal. That enemy, at the present moment, is what I have called Official Radicalism, consisting of Mr. Morley's " small handfuls of men," together with that spurious public opinion which this Radicalism manipulates. What we have to understand, to realize fully, is the tactics of this party. Let me explain them briefly, and let me hope that every true Conservative will ponder the matter and lay it well to heart. In concerns all of us.

The tactics of the Radical Party can, I think, be best explained by a literary reference, which may at first sight seem far-fetched. Tasso, at the beginning of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, compares the poet who would reveal truth to the world to a mother preparing to give a child medicine ; and just as the mother, to attract the child's taste, sweetens the lip of the bitter cup with sugar, so he proposes to overlay truth with fiction, in order to attract the taste of the world in general. The Radicals follow a method not unlike that of Tasso. Whenever they have a truth of the least real importance to insist on they invariably overlay it with fiction

also. The only difference is, that they do so with a different object. They employ their fiction not to sweeten the truth to their supporters, but to make it as bitter and as nauseous as possible to the Conservatives. Their constant endeavour, whenever any change is called for, is to present this change to the Conservatives in a light so falsely repulsive that the Conservatives shall be forced into an irritating and futile opposition to it; and that then, when the struggle is over, and the change accomplished, the Radicals may pose before the people as their triumphant friends, and point to the Conservatives as their jealous and beaten enemies.

Examples of this method might be multiplied indefinitely; but for the present purpose one must suffice. It shall be, therefore, of a striking kind. In the November number of a monthly review there was published an article on the "Radical Programme" so far as it affected the "Agricultural Labourer." Now, not only throughout most of that article is the language extremely moderate, but there is hardly one of the main proposals made in it which might not have been made by a Conservative peer or squire; and of one of these proposals the writer observes that, if acted on, it would not only benefit the labourer, but improve the property of the landlord. But, in spite of this general moderation of tone, in spite of the nature of these proposals, there is in almost every page some phrase, some hint, some allusion, designed to convey the impression that any kind of change that was of benefit to the tenant would, as a matter of course, be resisted bitterly by the Conservatives, even should the landlords themselves be gainers by it. All the venom of this insinuation is condensed, as though in the poison-bag of some unclean insect, in the writer's concluding paragraph. "It is said," he observes, "that the rural classes, when they have the vote, will support the Conservative Party. That might be true in the ordinary contest between Liberals and Tories. But parties will not in future front each other on the old lines, but the issues of the struggle will be defined, and the object sought for made clear. Education, newspapers, railways, the knowledge and example of America, and modern civilization generally, are evolving forces which monopolies and privilege cannot withstand, and against which class efforts, prejudices, and angry assumption will not avail." In these last few words is the whole heart of the matter. Class opposition, prejudice, and angry assumption are not obstacles to progress which the Radicals deprecate; they are obstacles which it is their constant endeavour to create, to foster, to multiply; and the more really valuable are the truths they have to advocate, the more clear does it become that their first care, as Radicals, is so to state them that their opponents may

angrily deny them, and exhibit themselves to the people, in an utterly false light, as the opponents of the popular welfare.

Here we have in a nut-shell the main party tactics of the Radicals. They have been followed with considerable success; and it would be very difficult for unscrupulous ingenuity to conceive a more mischievous or more effective manœuvre. I do not, however, tax the Radical leaders with personal dishonesty in making use of it; neither do I attribute to them, on the score of it, any personal ability. It reflects as little credit on their intellect as it does discredit on their principles. What it really represents is no private quality at all belonging to the individuals as such, but a certain corporate instinct, developed in them as members of a Party, without, most probably, any conscious consent of their own. This question, however, of personal honour or morality, in no way alters the practical aspect of the situation. The tactics of the Radicals remain what I have affirmed them to be. For the Conservatives the problem is how to defeat their tactics.

To this I have already given the answer; and, by the light of what I have just added, the importance of that answer will, I trust be now understood. To defeat the tactics of the Radicals, the first necessity is to realize what these tactics are; the second necessity is to meet them in the right temper—to meet dishonesty with candour, and to meet rancour with calm. Let us master that wrong temper which our enemies are trying to rouse in us, and we shall in so doing master those enemies themselves. Whenever a Radical agitator, whenever a Radical statesman says anything true or sensible, let us never be tricked into sneering at or contradicting it. Let us admit frankly its truth and its sound sense. If he offers a suggestion for the benefit of the agricultural labourers, no matter how insulting his language, let us ignore the insult; let us consider the suggestion. If we treat the Radicals in that way, whatever truth they now advocate will by this process become ours. The class selfishness, the rancour, the mean and defeated ambition, will remain their own.

There is something more to add. In speaking of the Radicals as I have just spoken of them, I have foremost in my mind the all-important distinction, which I have drawn already, between the official or leading Radicals—"the small handfuls of resolute and convinced men"—and the masses that are led by them: and I refer to this faction only, when I speak of the effect on Radicalism of a right Conservative opposition to it. As to popular Radicalism, we must hold very different language. Of popular Radicalism a certain part, no doubt, represents the same unworthy characteristics that distinguish the Radical leaders, but a part far larger represents a kind of

nebulous Socialism ; and, again, of popular Socialism, by far the larger part represents a misdirected enthusiasm for the alleviation of social miseries. Between this vague popular Socialism and this vague popular Radicalism the difference is little more than superficial. The adherents of the one, differ from the adherents of the other only in being misled by different sets of leaders ; and they both differ probably from the most valuable of citizens only in the fact of their being misled somehow. Amongst these men, no doubt, we shall find much bitterness. I have a letter, for instance, before me, written by an East End clergyman, in which he speaks of the " unhallowed influences of pleasure-seeking and Conservatism." For such language, for such prejudice, we must be prepared. We can afford to bear with it. It differs wholly from the language and the prejudice of the political wire-puller, who would rather insult the House of Lords than improve the house of labour. It comes from earnest and devoted men, who have really at heart the welfare of the weak and suffering ; and if the Conservatives meet it in a forbearing spirit, and retort to it only by proving it to be undeserved, the effect, even if gradual, will be far-reaching and sure. Little by little, all that is genuine in the suffering, the pity, the enthusiasm, that is now played upon and misled by adventurers, by dreamers, and by charlatans, will range itself under leadership of a more sober kind ; and thus Conservatism will acquire new strength by absorbing into itself all the strengh of its enemies.

I shall not, I trust, be rousing any theological prejudice, if I compare Conservatism in one point to Catholicism—or at least to one characteristic in the conduct of the Roman Catholic Church, in which the Conservative Party may see its natural model.

" The Catholic Church," says Macaulay, " neither submits to enthusiasm, nor prescribes it, but uses it. She knows that when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the mind, they impart a strange energy, that they raise men above the dominion of praise and pleasure, that obloquy becomes glory. . . . She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant ; but he will do and suffer many things. She accordingly enlists him in her service, and sends him forth with her benediction and her applause.

" In England it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or a coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. He thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. His sleep is broken by dreams of the Judgment Seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker ; and there arises in his mind a natural, and surely not censurable desire, to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full. He exhorts his neighbours ; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for life, with tears and pathetic gestures, and burning words ; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps mixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence moves and melts his hearers, who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the Apostolic Succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, and pleasure in the exercise of his newly-discovered powers, urge him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel

with the Establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted amongst its humblest ministers. But for a man thus minded there is, within the pale of the Establishment, no place; and he is told that if he remains in the Communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer; and that if he is resolved to be a preacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A license is obtained. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

"Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy—and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy—the Catholic Church makes a champion; and to that Church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the Cardinals whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the Palace of the Quirinal.

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford: he is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome: he is certain to be the first General of a new society devoted to the interests and honour of the Church. Place St. Theresa in London: her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not untinctured with craft. Place Joanna Southcote at Rome: she founds an order of bare-footed Carmelites, everyone of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the Church." *

Can any Conservative who reads this passage doubt for a moment the meaning with which I quote it? Has he not already, sentence by sentence, transferred its application from religion to English politics, and seen how perfect, in almost every particular, that application is? To me, it seems hardly possible to conceive a more striking illustration of the spirit in which Conservatism should approach all kinds of reformers, than the spirit of the Roman Church as here described by Macaulay. England is, at this moment, full of political Wesleys and political Joanna Southcotes, who have not as yet definitely chosen their part. It rests with the Conservative Party to say whether it will turn them into enemies, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, most dangerous enemies, or whether it will make them as strongly attached to the Constitution as any of the peers and country gentlemen whose carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the Palace of Westminster. Amongst many clergymen of the Establishment, and yet more Nonconformist ministers, who see much of the poor in our great cities, the zeal of religion and the zeal of social politics are beginning to unite. What opening shall this zeal find? Shall it be used and played upon by the Radical and the Socialist, till it ferments into madness, not untinctured by craft? or shall Conservatism, superior to any unworthy temper, absorb this zeal into itself? If we are wise, if we know, even we, in this our day, the things that belong to our peace, here is our course marked out for us.

For us, as a Party, there is a great hope yet remaining. We may look for a revival in England of a sound spirit in politics,

* The reader who remembers this passage, will perceive that I have somewhat abridged in quoting it.

as there have often before been, in Christendom, revivals in the spirit of the religion. The nation is, at present, in a state of political fever; and fever in a nation, as in an individual, subjects the patient to maddening or deluding dreams. The distant seems near, the impossible seems possible. But when the fever passes, the dream will go, and the nation will smile at the visions that for a time so unsettled and bewildered it—visions of plundered aristocracies and barricaded streets dying fantastically into visions of universal wealth and equality—visions in which Salisbury Plain broke into corn wherever it was touched by the feet of a destitute costermonger, and in which, on the annihilation of a single Highland laird, a hundred peaks of granite turned into the delectable mountains.

W. H. Mallock.

POLITICAL PESSIMISM.

> There 's such a joy in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay,

is a poetic sentiment which will always find a responsive echo in the minds of a certain class of people. We must all have met with individuals who are only happy when they have a grievance, and who, if they have no active cause of annoyance, nothing to worry them, exercise all their faculties in conjuring up possible future evils. The *homo se ipsum crucians* is to be met with in every society. There are Cassandras who are never weary of prophesying misfortune. They are the stormy petrels who are happiest when the sea of their lives is ruffled by storms. Such do not believe in silver linings to clouds, or that "beyond the clouds is the sun still shining." If the day is "dark and dreary," they will not anticipate a brighter morrow; and should the next morn falsify their melancholy anticipations, they will still detect the small black cloud on the horizon. The philosophy of Pangloss, that "everything is for the best in the best of worlds," finds no favour with them; they prefer to feel that everything is in a bad state, and that the country, in their euphemistic language, is going to the dogs. If individually vanity prevents them saying "*Non sum qualis eram*," they insist upon it, "*Non sumus quales eramus*." No hope springs eternal in the human breast for them. They proclaim "the world to be flat, stale, and unprofitable" at its best. But, alas! for them it is always at its worst.

The Aἰ, Aἰ, the dismal Greek chorus, has ever possessed a great fascination for gloomy tempers, and assuredly there is no reason why, if people prefer it, they should not enjoy the pleasures of melancholy instead of the pleasures of hope; but the worst is, that the croakers and dismals will not croak solos, they wish for a full accompaniment, and, not satisfied with their own wretchedness, they become very irritable in the society of others of a more sanguine disposition. They require that their forebodings should be sympathised with; they like a community of melancholy; and it must be admitted that they frequently succeed in communicating their gloom to others. Depressing views of life, if not at once resisted, and their votaries shaken off, are very contagious. It is not possible to live

long in the society of kill-joys and grumblers without feeling the spirits affected; for, as Goldsmith makes Mr. Croaker say, "it is a great satisfaction to find people miserable with you." "*Uva livorem ducit ab Uvâ.*" Our minds take their impressions and their colour from our associates, in social as well as in all the other relations of life.

But if the dismals and night-shades are not rare in private circles, where there are so many inducements to cheerfulness, and whoever most largely contributes to its enjoyment is ever the most welcome, they abound in those careers where there are real causes of disappointment; and numbers have entered professions full of hope and energy, to find they have little chance of success, and that the bright prospect of youth is soon overclouded. Where is the military and naval mess to be found at which the grumbler does not take his place, and tell his tale to any unfortunate civilian who may be present? Frequently his lamentations conduce to a kind of cheerfulness: like Rasselas, he derives comfort from the eloquence with which he laments his misfortunes—"Il s'etourdit par la sonorité de ses phrases"—until gradually the real or assumed victim of relentless discipline feels a glow of satisfaction as he dilates on his own merits and the shortcomings of others.

To see the croaker in his perfection we must turn to the political circles. Here, co-extensive with the wide range of the region of disappointment and of blunder, is the opportunity for our melancholy Jacques; and it may be said that never was this wide area for gloomy forebodings more fully occupied than at present. We hear on all sides the direst predictions of evil days in store for us. Not only in the distant future, which, upon the principle of "Après moi le deluge," we might regard with equanimity, but during our own time. To hint at an indefinite postponement of a political convulsion is to excite the liveliest indignation; the revolutionary tidal wave must at once, to justify their portentous notes of woe, sweep away all the landmarks, not even in the days of our children and descendants, but in our own time. An absence of public interest, or a want of foresight, is attributed to those who presume to think that there is still "some time ere the end," and are sanguine enough not to mistrust the future; that, bad as the recent legislation has been, and, above all, the arguments and principles on which that legislation has been based, still there is a power beyond the Government, and more powerful than the Government, that is, the Nation. "Hear, hear!" says Mr. Croaker; "I have you now. You admit that there is a power beyond the Government. Well, I wish you joy of your nation. Why, you have given political powers to the masses; do you suppose that they wont use it against you? You bestow on a man a

giant's strength, he will use it as a giant. You sought for truth at the bottom of a pit; you have fallen in, and shall not get out of it. It is the nation itself, or the majority of the nation, who will make short work of all your institutions. Root-and-Branch men are they all. Systems of government based on tradition are all doomed. The tide of democracy is setting in. It will sweep you all away, and break down every barrier raised by civilization. You may play at Canute if you like, but, as Thiers said, 'La mer monte toujours.'" Then Mr. Se Ipsum Crucians rubs his hands with glee; he is delighted at his own vaticinations. He even feels there would be cause of regret if his prophecies were not to be fulfilled.

It must be granted that just now Croaker has a good start. What with Fenianism, Dynamitism, Nihilism, *et hoc genus omne* of *isms*, and the various combinations started with murder and plunder as their object, there is seeming foundation for the theory of future anarchy; and yet, on fuller consideration, confidence in the future may be derived from the extent of the danger. Great and manifest perils lead to equal precautions. A danger is half overcome when it is fully known. It is when the trumpet gives an uncertain sound that men do not prepare for the battle. When the army of order is once in battle array, crime is overawed, and skulks abashed back to its haunts. All the recent revelations and criminal associations in Ireland have called forth the soundness of the heart of the nation, and the righteous indignation of the great majority at the criminal enterprise of the few. Even a Government of *laissez faire*, that contains within it the advocates of extreme views, has been compelled, in deference to the feelings of the nation, to carry out a rigorous repressive policy in Ireland. The politicians who are ever willing to wound, and are yet afraid to strike, and—

> With the cold caution of the coward's spleen
> That fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
> And keep this maxim ever in the view,
> What 's basely done, should be done safely too,—

have for the time been compelled to conceal their sympathies with crime, and to ignore the wishes of their socialistic supporters.

Arguments and opinions such as these produce no effect on the Pessimists. They will not hear of any "circonstances attenuantes." They will not admit that there is any "balm in Gilead." Like Rachel, they refuse to be comforted. They would not, if they could, be free from the disturbance created by their own excited imaginations. The confirmed grumbler does not wish to have his growl wasted. He is like the toper who, when offered a lozenge to quench his thirst, refused it, saying "that he did not wish his

thirst to be quenched." The Ancient Mariner would not be done out of his story. Sunshine brings no comfort, dispels no gloom, and controls no fear. And yet fear, as is well known by the faculty, is the most powerful predisposing cause of disease; it weakens the energies, is opposed to calm examination of causes and effects, depresses the mind and the intelligence, disturbs all just political views. The weak-hearted man is always at a great disadvantage in life. He fears where no fear is.

> What are fears? Voices airy
> Whispering harm, where harm is not;
> And deceiving the unwary,
> Till the fatal bolt is shot.

That fear paralyses a man's political energies no one will deny; and it has the same effect on his judgment and mental powers, and therefore it is that these gloomy prophets really do as much, if not more, harm than seditious speakers, for they accustom the people to ideas which should never be entertained by them, and they would take from the nation that greatest boon from heaven to man—Hope.

When those unfounded and unworthy depressions are not the result of satiety, vanity, or bad digestions, they arise from the tendency to be influenced by superficial appearances. Many mistake the ripple on the surface for the main current, and judge of the force of the river by the partial eddies. Nothing is more remarkable in the English nation than the respect for tradition, even the very demagogues endeavour to found their arguments on early history and custom. Great and manifold our political changes have been, but a love of the past and a dread of innovation has in general characterised all our legislation.

It is not by the speeches of platform orators, of Hyde Park agitators, and philosophic Radicals, that we can judge of the feelings of the nation. "Radicalism," says Prince Bismarck, "in England is only child's talk"; the Cleons who preside at public meetings let off the condensed steam of excitement, without any injury to the bystanders, or any damage to the political machinery; the political vagrant must have an occupation, and fault-finding is the easiest. Half a century ago great changes were made, which, considering the growth of the nation, had been too long delayed, and these at the time seemed to be of a revolutionary nature, but the same conditions do not exist at present.

"Rest and be thankful," was the expression of the father of the first Reform Bill, and the nation is disposed to adopt this view. It requires a great expenditure of energy and oratory by the leaders on either side to keep alive any amount of political excitement. Half a century ago things were very different; the institutions of

the country had been practically unchanged since the Revolution; the eighteenth century was more fruitful in intrigue and political factions than in legislation. In the middle of the century the claims of the House of Stuart were sufficient to occupy the public mind, and at its close the terrible events of the French Revolution did not afford encouragement for constitutional changes. Then followed the great war when we fought for the independence of Europe, and all public interest was concentrated in the struggle which only terminated with Waterloo; but with the return of peace the nation became alive to the conviction that, with the vast increase of population, the gigantic strides which commerce made after the peace, and the great mechanical inventions which conquered time and space, the institutions of the country demanded adjustment to the requirements of the age, that changes had long been postponed; and these, therefore, were made in a manner certainly somewhat precipitate, but not organic. The only revolutionary idea at the period of the Reform agitation, was the menace to create peers, and even then it was proposed to call up the eldest sons of existing peers, not to enoble new families. Nothing occurred to weaken the respect and love for the Constitution in the popular mind; the aristocracy ceased to exercise a preponderating power in the State, but the middle-class then introduced to public life, possessed an equal interest in the stability of the Empire, because new vistas of the future were opened out to their ambitions; the weights were shifted, but the machinery of government remained the same. The organism of the Constitution is the same as it was prior to 1830; indeed, there are fewer dangerous influences existing at present, as those must admit who can recall the Swing fires and the Bristol and Nottingham Riots. In 1830, the language of professional demagogues was more violent than is now to be found in the pages of papers systematically abusive.

Mr. Bright was at that time at the zenith of his fame, when the energy and enthusiasm of youth lent additional weight to his matchless eloquence. And what was his language at Manchester? "We live," he said, "in a state of agitation. I am one who greatly approve of this state of things; there is a party in this country rapidly moving on towards a democracy; the glorious constitution of Crown, Lords, and Commons, is in fact an imposture which it is a part of my duty to expose." And expose it, indeed, he did in subsequent speeches, and even in more unmeasured language. On one occasion he spoke of the "Bishops as not of adulterous, but of incestuous origin; of the professions, the army and navy and diplomacy, as a system of out-door relief for an able-bodied aristocracy, who battened on the people like the jackals in the desert." A quarter of a century has elapsed

since these extravagant utterances of one of our most powerful orators, and still Great Britain stands where she did. We are no nearer a democracy; our institutions have been analysed, criticised, developed, but their fundamental character remains unchanged; the innate strength and inner life of the nation has overcome the democratic tendencies and influences which have affected other countries; the Throne was never more rooted in the hearts of the people—the Church has survived all the denunciations levelled against her, and her vitality is testified by the new churches rising in all directions; the beauty of the structure testifying to the love of the worshippers; the House of Lords bears with equanimity the periodical attacks of jealousy, the denunciations of those who would adopt the expression, "Thank God we have a House of Lords," if they could only force its doors open for their own admission. The language of Macaulay is as applicable to the Constitution at the present day, as it was to the period to which he referred. "The changes, great as they are, which our institutions have undergone during the last six centuries, has been the effect of gradual development, not of demolition or reconstruction. The present Constitution is to the Constitution under which she flourished five hundred years ago what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy. The alteration has been great, yet there never was a moment at which the chief parts of what existed was not old. A polity thus formed must abound in anomalies; but for the evils arising from mere anomalies we have ample compensation. Other societies possess written constitutions more symmetrical, but no other society has yet succeeded in uniting revolution with prescription, progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity."

The Heu Mihi! sentiment which so prevails in certain political circles, in fact, arises from the impression that the Conservative policy of the country depends on the fortunes of the Conservative Party. If the Conservatives are in power even Mr. Croaker smiles. If they are turned out, the gloom overshadows his countenance; but the fact is, that the love of the Constitution is quite independent of all party. It is not affected by any change of Government, for there has not yet been the Premier who has ventured to suggest a fundamental alteration in our Constitutional system, although it may have amused Government subordinates to air crotchets, which have been repudiated by their sounder-headed colleagues. A Prime Minister, whether it be Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone, has to feel the pulse of the nation, and the former was not mistaken when he adopted an Imperial policy which raised the Empire to its proper place in the councils of Europe. So

universal was this noble national feeling that Mr. Gladstone, after denouncing this policy in unmeasured language, has finally been compelled to adopt it. Lord Beaconsfield was chiefly attacked for his foreign policy, and Mr. Gladstone has had to become more warlike than Lord Beaconsfield. This testifies that the heart of the nation beats as vigorously as ever, and, let who may be in office, he will have to maintain the national greatness. Thus, in spite of mob orators, or the peace-at-any-price party, the country maintains its steady progress, and its determination to have the name of England respected.

A foreigner or superficial observer would be very much mistaken if he judged of the nation by its noisy demonstrations, or by the wave of excitement which at times sweeps over it. There is no country where such seeming license is permitted as in England. It is the conviction of the latent good qualities of the people that renders this license a matter of indifference to the authorities. Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park meetings, inconvenient as they are to the citizens, are tolerated as a harmless, if disagreeable, mode of giving vent to the superfluous energy of blatant orators. As Topsy shrewdly observes, "I feels more like a Christian when I lets it out than when I keeps it in." In what other city would mobs of the preachers of the rights of men, or even of the so styled "Salvation Army," be permitted to block the thoroughfares, and disturb peaceable inhabitants by their discordant voices? But, also, in what other city could such demonstrations occur without being dangerous to the public peace? In Paris the *sergents de ville* would make short work of Mr. Bradlaugh and "General" Booth. These nuisances are not tolerated under a Republic, in the land of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*; but Republican as these street proceedings seem, those alike who lead and those who follow in the processions well know that it is a case of "so far and no farther" for them, that there is a latent power in the Government that will only permit these demonstrations within certain limits; and if these limits are exceeded, these meetings would at once be dispersed, and the love of law and order among the many would overpower the license of the few.

The term "latent," as applied to authority, is precisely that which is applicable to the national character, and which enables us to smile at the gloomy predictions of the Pessimists. Although the political changes have been great, and may continue to be so, there is little danger of their leading to the overthrow of classes, or even of injustice to any particular class. In every step taken, as has already been remarked, not only the form but the spirit of the Constitution has been preserved; and this arises from the inner lives of the people, for, notwithstanding the extended intercourse

with the Continent, the home life of England has remained unchanged. The love of home is a distinctive feature in the English nature; it exists in all classes. Burns' "Cottager's Saturday Night" is no exaggerated picture of the cottage life of Great Britain, and this beautiful picture was painted by a Radical. Those who indulge their gloomy forebodings are always forming their opinions on the experiences of other countries, with which we have nothing in common. In no other country do the younger branches of the aristocracy mingle with the people, or are its ranks open to all orders and degrees of men. Competitive examinations may not be a desirable means of recruiting the services, but it opens opportunities of advancement to the highest positions in the State to every class of the community. There is not a mother who does not dream dreams, and see visions of her son on the woolsack or the Treasury Bench, sitting on the crimson seats of the Lords or on the green of the Commons, in command of fleets or armies, and covered with decorations. Where all things are possible, hope knows no limit; each family has boundless faith in its rising genius. There can be no wish, therefore, to destroy the careers in which they expect to succeed, or the dignities they desire to attain to, that would be to *tuer la poule aux œufs d'or*. If the institutions were not loved for themselves, they would be for the ambitions which centre in them.

Parents in the conduct of their families, teachers in their education, and statesmen in their policy, will greatly err if they do not recognise the inner life which is possessed by nations as by individuals, even unknown to themselves, and which circumstances may at any time call forth. Our national character has been strangely misunderstood, not only by foreigners, but frequently even by our own statesmen. When Napoleon called us "a nation of shopkeepers," he little imagined what years of sacrifice of blood and treasure we were prepared to undergo fighting for the liberties of Europe; he never foresaw the Peninsula War, and the crowning victory of Waterloo.

When Austria bent and Prussia broke,

England stood unmoved. Whenever an English minister has adopted a policy which has tended to the humiliation of the country, the people have deeply resented it; the English nature, instead of being cold and unexcitable, is roused at the slightest instigation. No people are so eager to avenge an injury or redress a wrong. Why, even an animal's supposed ill-treatment was sufficient to arouse a wide-spread feeling of indignation; and our diplomatic relations with the United States might have been affected by Barnum's speculation in Jumbo. As to the evidence of the love of our institutions, it may be seen on every

occasion when there is an opportunity of calling it forth. It will be admitted that if the Queen were in any peril, grief and anxiety would be felt not only in the castle and mansion, but in every cottage throughout the land, whether in the country, or situated in the bye-streets of the crowded cities. No one can forget the profound feeling which was exhibited during the Prince of Wales' illness; and there is no reason to suppose that, if a similar occasion were to recur, the same feeling would not be evoked. Leicester has not a very Conservative reputation; and yet those who were present at the recent visit of the Prince and Princess describe the manifestation of feeling on the part of the whole population as so touching in its affection, that the observers were moved to tears. "Yes," says Mr. Dismal, "I will grant you that the Monarchy is secure, not only in the person of the Queen, but in the future; the nation is not yet ripe for a Republic or a Democracy. But what about the Church and the House of Lords?" Well, let us consider whether the Church is less rooted in the country than it was a hundred years since. We are inclined to think far to the contrary. It has survived all the long talk of the levellers, all the attacks which have been made upon it, and there is now a far better feeling between the Establishment and all the denominations than there ever was previously; the feeling of universal Christianity among different Churches is beautifully expressed by Longfellow:

> Not to one church alone, but seven,
> The voice prophetic came from heaven,
> And unto each the promise came,
> Diversified and still the same.

There is, at the present time, no hostility to the Establishment among any influential parties in the country. The Established Church of Scotland has not been undermined by the combined efforts of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian; a crisis which, to use Mr. Gladstone's expression, was within the range of practical politics, has passed away, and the Church stands secure if not in the affections, at any rate in the habits of the people.

The House of Lords is in no danger from without; if ever a blow is given to its present constitution, it will come from within—indeed, this may be said of all great changes that originate with the class to which they apply. In 1628 Wentworth led the attack against the Royal Prerogative. On the famous "jour des dupes" it was the nobility of France who effaced themselves. When the House of Lords, as it is at present constituted, is seriously attacked, it will be by some doctrinaire suggesting some new mode of voting, or limiting the period for any opposition to a vote of the Commons. An attack of this nature would lead to a great theoretical, but to little practical change. As for the abolition of the

House of Lords, it is simply to suppose the entire overthrow of the Constitution; we may as well imagine the House of Lords voting the abolition of the House of Commons. We must wait for a long time before such revolutionary projects come within an appreciable distance. Lord Beaconsfield's political foresight is universally admitted, and, in one of his last speeches to his party, he anticipated the day when the country will look to the House of Lords to correct the party legislation of the House of Commons. "In vain," says Sir Archibald Alison, "do a few men seek to shake off the influence and feelings of an aristocracy. If it were possible to abolish it by law, it would immediately be restored by custom." In most constituencies, take the candidates of equal merit and party, the one whose birth is the most distinguished will in general have a decided advantage. A remarkable proof of the consideration paid to position may be found in Ultra-Liberal Scotland. In every parish, unfortunately, a school-board is compulsory. The voting is by ballot, so nothing is easier than to get rid of the influence of the land and the Church by electing an inferior class on the boards; and yet throughout the agricultural districts the instances are rare in which the leading proprietors and the clergy have not been elected. A foreigner of great distinction was visiting one of the great shipbuilding yards in Glasgow, where six or seven thousand workmen are employed, and he asked the manager what were the politics of the body of the workmen. When he was told that they were mostly "Liberal," he said, "I suppose you mean Republican?" "Republican!" was the indignant reply. "No, they prefer a Liberal to a Conservative; but if anyone talked Republicanism here, he would soon be in the river."

No one will deny that there is a continuous progress in all human affairs. New inventions, or, more accurately, new applications of natural causes, lead to changes of mind and habits which require the adaptation of our institutions to the existing order of things; but it in no way follows that these changes are democratic. It is true Conservatism ever to adapt our institutions to the requirements of the times in which we live.

> Nel mondo mutabile e leggiero,
> Costanza è spesso il variar pensiero.

Now and then a wave of excitement may pass over the country, and a brief and feverish advance may be made; but, in consequence of the sure instincts of the people, it invariably turns again in the right direction. A great deal has been written and said about the Radical character of our recent legislation, but this is an exaggeration of expression; save in Ireland, where the legislation must always be exceptional. Mr. Gladstone has been compelled, by the

force of public opinion, to carry out the policy of Lord Beaconsfield; there is, however, one great difference between the two Governments. Mr. Gladstone has held out inducements for the commission of fraud; and for the first time breaches of faith and of solemn engagements have been legalized. But this great error does not compromise the nation; it was spontaneous on the part of Mr. Gladstone, it was the outcome of his eccentric complex intellect and singular absence of conscientiousness. But, dishonourable as is the principle of the breach of contract in "The Employer's Liability Bill," the "Ground Game," and "Agricultural Holdings Bills," no harm will result from it; for the notion of taking advantage of such an opportunity for dishonesty will be scouted by the tenantry of Great Britain. Here and there may be found a man capable of entering into conditions in his own interest, and then using the Act to violate them; but the general conscience of the country will be opposed to such conduct. The croakers and dismals are, after all, the worst enemies we have: the heart of the nation is staunch and loyal. If we will only place our faith in the right feeling of the people, they will justify our confidence and falsify all ill-omened predictions. It was Lord Beaconsfield's principle never to despair of the Commonwealth. "La première chose," says M. Lesseps, "c'est d'avoir confiance en soi-même." If we govern on this principle the Constitution will long defy all the efforts of rampant Radicals, and the predictions of nightmare politicians.

LAMINGTON.

SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF VENICE.

In the year A.D. 452, when the great hordes of Attila came across the mountains and scattered fire and destruction over all the rich plains of Italy, there fled from Padua, into the dreary lagoons of the Adriatic, a company of despairing men, with their families, trusting themselves rather to the winds and waves than to the tender mercies of the Huns. Some found a refuge on the island of Torcello, and some on a smaller one, which, from its fancied resemblance to an olive, they named Olivolo; nor were they, tradition tells, the first who had made a home on this lonely spot, for thereon they discovered the vestiges of a castle built by Antenor, the Trojan, who fled thither after the destruction of the city, for which end he had conspired with Odysseus and Agamemnon.

In course of time, the little colony continuing to flourish, they built a church, which they dedicated to the fisher's patron, St. Peter, and, in memory of its site, called it San Pietro di Castello, and this church eventually became the mother-church of Venice, of which the island of Olivolo forms the most easterly point. Seeing, as one now does, these islands paved, covered with buildings, and connected with each other by bridges, it is difficult to realise what, in those bygone times, must have been the desolation and dreariness of a home upon them. The nearest approach to forming any idea of their ancient appearance is to be attained when, at low tide, Venice is surrounded by a series of flat, marshy-looking islands, the soil of which is bound together by a long green seaweed, and over which wanders here and there some poverty-stricken wretch seeking for any stray article left there by the receding waters. Such must have appeared the whole surrounding scene, when these poor fugitives from Padua established themselves on their olive island, poor exchange for their olive-clad plains of home. The prettiest view of the dome-crowned church of San Pietro is to be had by going in a gondola nearly as far as the island of Saint Elena, or, as the Venetian dialect has it, Sant' Eyena. From here the dome shows beautifully against its background of snow-covered mountains, and with its campanile (which leans perilously, as do most of the towers of Venice) casts long clear reflections over the still water. It was from this church of San Pietro that took place the celebrated robbery of the Brides of Venice, on the 2nd February 944. On this day, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, it had

been in olden times the habit for all the marriageable maidens to assemble before the Doge, and there the young men chose their brides, those who selected pretty ones paying a certain sum to dower the ugly ones.

But as the city grew, this custom fell into disuse, and after the marriages had been settled by the parents of the young people, the daughters of the city were wedded on that day at S. Pietro, taking with them each their dowry in a little ark. Still later, when the Republic had grown rich and great, the ancient custom became further changed; only twelve maidens were married, and these, chosen out of the poorest families of the city, were dowered by the State, and adorned for the occasion with crowns and jewelled breast-plates, from the public treasury, and, as before, each carried her portion in a little ark. The procession must have filed along the Riva dei Schiavoni, under the bright morning sun, as all the maids had first to present themselves to the Doge, before going to the church, where they were met by their bridegrooms and friends, all in their gayest attire, and by the crowds of their fellow-citizens assembled to see the ceremony.

The fame of this festival having reached the ears of some pirates of Trieste, they determined, at one bold swoop, to carry off the brides, with the state jewels on them, from the very midst of the bridal-train. Coming across from Trieste the night before the festa, they moored their boats under the island bank, and next morning, clothed, says the old chronicle, in robes of purple and scarlet, but fully armed beneath this festal guise, they mixed with the crowd which awaited the brides, and with them entered the church, where, at a given signal, they drew their swords, and, cutting a way through to the altar, seized the twelve frightened girls and bore them away to their boats, and then fled with all sail up. One scarcely realises how, amidst such a crowd of spectators, there were not found some to prevent this bold plan being carried out; whether they were all unarmed, or too much taken by surprise to effect a rescue, is not told; but no sooner were the pirates fairly off than the whole city seems to have woke to the fact that it would be to her everlasting disgrace if her daughters were not restored safe and sound.

The Doge, Candiano III., ordered out his galleys, and, sending his commands to the masters of the guilds to do likewise, put himself at the head of the little fleet and pursued the robbers, who, foolhardy, or impatient to divide their spoil, had landed on the shore at Caorle, and were there found by the indignant Venetians, intent on the distribution of the plunder.

The first Venetian boat was manned by some of the cabinet-makers from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, and these hardy

workmen, falling on the pirates, slaughtered them every one, rescuing the maidens. The Doge ordered the dead bodies of the pirates to be thrown into the sea, and then decreed that henceforth that port should bear for ever the name of Porto Delle Donzelle, the port of the damsels, and that the day of their rescue should be kept as a festival for all time.

Then the Doge, a man of many sorrows, whose reign, like that of David of old, was troubled by a rebellious son, calling for the cabinet-makers, asked them what reward they would desire for their bravery. Perhaps there was one of the bridegrooms among the party, and he thought the recovery of his bride sufficient reward; be that as it may, the honest workmen only requested that henceforth for ever, their serene Prince and his successors should, on the anniversary of that day, pay a visit in state to their parish church, Santa Maria Formosa. But the Doge, desirous they should ask more, feigned to see obstacles, and putting them off, said, "And what if it should rain?" But they, unwilling to be refused, replied, "We will give you hats to cover you." Whereto the Doge further objected, saying, "And if I am thirsty?" They answered, "We will give you to drink." So the Prince, marvelling at their modest persistence, agreed to their demand; and every year he, and his successors after him, accompanied by the Signoria in their robes of state, paid a visit to the Church on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and there was received by the parish priest, who, in remembrance of the promise of his flock, presented the Sovereign with some gilt hats, and flasks of malvoisie, and oranges; and further, to preserve the recollection of the day's events, twelve girls were yearly chosen by ballot, two out of each of the six parishes of the city, and, dressed with great magnificence at the expense of their respective parishes, were carried round the city in open boats, and, with the Doge and the Signoria in their gilt barges following, went on the octave of the 2nd of February, to San Pietro, to thank their God, who had protected the daughters of the city and rescued them from the hands of the oppressor; and then, returning to St. Mark's, were dismissed by the Doge with his blessing, after which they made the tour of the Grand Canal, every window and roof being crowded with spectators, while bands of music were stationed at intervals on the balconies.

The brides were received at the house of one of the richest families, and there fêted and made much of for the space of a week; great banquets, dances, and comedies were given, and such enormous expenses incurred, that the State at last interfered, and passed a law to limit the sums spent, and to reduce the number of the brides from twelve to four, afterwards to three, and finally, abuses having crept in, it was decreed that, in future, wooden figures

representing the maidens should be carried in their stead, which substitution caused such indignation amongst the populace that they followed the train with hisses and howls, and at last pelted them with showers of turnips, which, no doubt, then as now, lay handy on every vegetable stall, where to this day they form, both raw and cooked ready for eating, one of the chief articles of sale.

The riot was punished with a fine of 100 soldi, and from that day, 1272, until 1379, the procession was allowed to take place in peace; but the war at Chioggia breaking out, the State was either too sad or too impoverished to continue the festa, and the custom ceased, never to be revived, the only memorial of it being in the tongue of the people, who still, as a term of abuse, designate a stupid, skinny woman, a "wooden bride."

The church of San Pietro now looks very deserted, grass grows between the great flags of the paved campo before it, and the patriarchal palace is turned into barracks; but the tower, though leaning, is in perfect repair, and, with its facing of white Istrian marble and its arched parapet, is one of the finest in the city.

Close to this little island lie the arsenal and dock-yard, once renowned for the construction of war-galleys, now busy building a great ironclad, and all around stand the houses occupied by the workmen, great high buildings, peopled evidently by countless families, who all hang out their linen to dry at the front windows, the parti-coloured garments making curious patches of colour on the once scarlet but now peeling walls of these ancient tenements, over the doors of which are to be seen the half-obliterated carven shields of some old family, now perhaps extinct, or, as in the case of the last representatives of some noble houses, reduced to the condition of gondoliers.

It is a matter of wonder how any of the old Venetian stock are still in existence, when the number of deaths which took place during the great plague is considered; for in 1630, in the course of that one year, 80,000 people were swept away in Venice alone. The Government did all in its power to prevent the spread of the awful scourge by instituting, not only hospitals for the sick, but quarantine for those who had been in any way in contact with them. The sick were sent to the little island near the Lido, called the Lazaretto, where there is still a hospital, and those who were as yet well, but who had run the chance of contagion, were encamped around the Lazaretto nuovo, the island which is now occupied by the trim gardens and monastery of the Armenian Fathers. No better description of the scene can be given than in Sansovino's own words:—

But here came only those who were well, who, having been amongst the sick, doubting whether they were infected, retired to this place, and there did quarantine for twenty-

two days. Which thing I having known in my own person to my grievous loss by the death of my daughter Aurora, at the age of eleven years, and by the grief of Benedetta Misocca, my consort, in the time of the plague, in the year 1576, it pleases me to relate the order in which this work was maintained, for the example of foreign princes, so that they may clearly understand what was the singular charity of our fathers and lords towards the people in its urgent need, and so that they may learn to imitate them with works really worthy of them, and to make perpetual memorial to the glory of this, without doubt, Christian and pious city. There were there from eight to ten thousand persons in three thousand or more boats. To all these, for the most part poor people (although there were also some nobles and citizens who lived at their own expense), who had been despoiled of their infected property which they left in Venice, was given food at the public expense for two and twenty days. So many boats, small and large (because amongst them were some hulks of disabled galleys), posted round the Lazaretto, had the appearance of an army besieging a sea city. Above was seen a banner, beyond which it was forbidden to pass, and near by was the force for the punishment of those who disobeyed the commands of the superiors.

In the morning at a proper hour appeared the inspectors, who, going from bark to bark, informed themselves if any had fallen ill, and, finding any such, sent them to the Lazaretto vecchio. Not long after this, arrived other boats laden with bread, cooked meat, fish, and wine, and dispensed the above articles to the amount of fourteen soldi the day per head, in such order, and in such silence, that it could not be surpassed. As the evening fell, there was heard a wonderful harmony of divers voices of those who at the sound of the Ave Maria, praised God, singing, some litanies, and some psalms. At night-time not a sound nor a movement was heard, so that no one would have said that there was a living man there, much less eight or ten thousand persons. But scarcely did the day dawn, when there arrived at least fifty boats, full of people who came into quarantine, the which folk were all received and saluted with mild applause and cheerfulness by everyone, protesting to the new comers. that they ought to be of good heart, because here no man laboured, and they were in the country of Cockaigne. Meanwhile, with prayers that came from the depth of their heart, they turned towards heaven, and, with joined hands, prayed for the perpetual maintenance of this republic. It was also a marvellous thing to see the number of boats which went to visit their divisions with divers refreshments. And neither was it a small marvel to the lookers-on to see the wooden houses, made by the public on the shores of the Lido, near the water, for the convenience of the people: because from afar it seemed like a new city; and, besides this, it had a cheerful and joyous aspect, although the hearts of the people, so crushed with much suffering, were filled with extreme compassion and grief.

But all these precautions availed but little; the plague held its own, until the Doge and Senate, in despair, vowed to build a magnificent church in honour of our Lady of Health (the Madonna della Salute) if only this plague should cease, and annually to repair in state thereto, in thanksgiving for the answer to their prayers.

In 1631, the plague abating, they immediately took thought to redeem their word, and published a request for plans from architects of all nations, writing orders to their ambassadors at different courts to help them in this object. But meantime, not to put off the day of thanksgiving, a great wooden church was temporarily erected, on the spot on which now rise the white domes, so well known to all visitors to the queen of the Adriatic. The site chosen, being on the further side of the Grand Canal, a bridge was built on boats across from the church of San Moïse to the door of the temporary erection, and all adorned with oriental carpets, and

from this bridge to the door of St. Mark's the road was covered in with arches, draped with white cloth.

The chief magistrate of the Board of Health made proclamation on the Piazza di San Marco, that God, by the intercession of the Virgin, had in His mercy freed the capital of Venetia, and her provinces, from the scourge of the pestilence; and, as he finished speaking, all the bells rang out, every ship in harbour fired off a salute of artillery, and the air rang with the shouts of the people. High Mass was then sung by the Patriarch in the great Basilica, and then, in solemn order, the train passed under the white-draped arches, the Doge in his gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, the senators in their crimson brocades, richly furred, the nobles in purple velvet, and all the clergy of the city in full canonicals, making altogether such a grouping of colour as now exists only in the pictures of Paolo Veronese.

The Te Deum was sung in the temporary church. But we may well imagine that beneath all this outward show of rejoicing, and in spite of the heartfelt thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which had more than decimated the city, there must have been many a sore heart; for, amidst all that gaily-adorned festal troop, there can have been none in whose family some gap had not been recently made by the enemy which laid low rich and poor alike.

The design chosen for the church which should arise on the site of the temporary fabric, was that of Baldassare Longhema, and the work was soon set in hand, but the building was not consecrated until more than fifty years after the first thanksgiving day. Now, although it is of a corrupt style of architecture, with its monstrous rolled cornices and theatrically-posed statues, it forms one of the most charming features of the Grand Canal, particularly at sunset, when the traveller returning from the Lido sees the domes rising pearly-grey against the blue and crimson sky, the water rippling gold and violet and emerald green at their feet, the vista of the opening canal stretching away into the dusk, all its inequalities softened into one general beauty in the evening haze. One of the best views of the Rialto is from a little way above the "Volta di Canal," that is, the bend made by the Grand Canal just by the great Foscari palace. The posts which every house has for the convenience of mooring the gondola, with their bright tints (being painted with the owner's colours, his crest, or coat-of-arms on the upper end), add greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The aspect of the Rialto is probably as familiar to most people as their own house-door, so often has it been depicted by artists of all nations; and yet the bridge itself is not, except for the boldness

of its great span, really beautiful, being overweighted by the double row of shops on the top. Who does not think of Shylock when the Rialto is mentioned, and of his speech to the merchant?

> Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies and my usances.

But the Rialto here meant is not the bridge, but the space at the foot of it, where the vegetable market now is, and where in former days the merchants used to walk under the arcades and talk over their business. Here, also, after the death of a member of a patrician house, the men of the bereaved family assembled, dressed in deep mourning, *i.e.* in long training robes of black, with hanging sleeves, and girded with a leathern belt, and received the condolences of friends, who took them solemnly by the hand, murmured a few words of sympathy, and then passed on.

On the open space at the top of the bridge stood for three days Marco Polo, the great traveller, feigning to be mad and turning a wheel, and crying incessantly, "If the Lord pleases, He will come," until, on the back of a beggar in the gazing crowd, he recognised the ragged garments, in which his treasured jewels were stitched, and which his uncle's wife had unwittingly given away.

Leaving the Rialto behind us, we see the fish market on our left, and of an early morning it is a very pretty sight, covered with baskets of little silvery fish, something like whitebait, called here "bussichetti," great dogfish with wide mouths, and quantities of the razor shell-fish, "capi lunghi," which are eaten raw, and "capi santi," the pilgrim's cockle, with its pretty yellow and rose-tinted shells. Over all these, the fishermen make awnings with the beautiful golden and scarlet sails of their boats, which lie moored along the edge of the quay.

Almost opposite to the fish market is the opening of the narrow canal which leads to the palace erst belonging to the hapless Marino Faliero, "who," as says the old historian, "being aged eighty years, very rich, of excellent heart and great eloquence, but extraordinary choleric; by this choler, being moved with great indignation at an insult done to the honour of his name, and not avenged as he desired, conspired against his country, not for lust of lordship, being of the age of eighty years and without children, but by reason of weakness of the brain, he being then so old"; and so, with brief sentence he concludes, "he was decapitated in that place in the which he had received the ducal crown": this place not being, however, at the head of the Scala dei Giganti, as Byron would, in his drama, lead one to believe, that staircase not having been built until more than a hundred and fifty years after Marino's death.

The house just beyond the bridge, on the right, contains part of

the original fabric in which poor Marino Faliero was born, and which, after his death, was confiscated and given as the price of blood to the furrier who had betrayed him, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but, being of a grasping and restless character, was exiled by the Government. Over the Byzantine windows, on the second floor, is still visible the stone-carved shield of the Falieri, as well as other ancient carvings, let into the wall.

Returning into the Grand Canal, the gondola passes between many an old palace, each with its story attached. On the right, just before the bend which the canal makes towards the station, is the great Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, sometimes called the Palazzo Non Nobis, from the inscription "Non nobis Domine, non nobis," the motto of the family, cut on the stones forming its base. Here, in 1658, took place one of those brutal murders which occasionally occur in the annals of Venice. At that date there lived in this palace Vittore, a priest, Giovanni, and Pietro, three brothers of the house of Grimani, dissolute and factious men, whom the State, tired of their crimes, had sentenced to banishment; but the three brothers braved the law, and remained in their house, surrounding themselves with bravoes, ruffians ready to obey their worst bidding.

Francesco Guerini, a Venetian noble, having in some manner incurred the hatred of the three, they had him seized on the night of the 15th January, as he was leaving the opera at the theatre then existing in the parish of San Giovanni e Paolo, and brought from thence in a gondola to their own house, taken into the little garden, which lies alongside, bordering on the Grand Canal, and there had him murdered before their eyes. The Senate, indignant at this outrage, cited the brothers to appear before its tribunal; but they, refusing to obey the summons, were again sentenced to banishment, degraded from their rank as nobles, and their goods confiscated, and, furthermore, it was decreed that their palace-door should be built up, the garden, the scene of this dastardly murder, should be laid waste, and a column erected therein bearing this inscription:—

L'abb. Vetor, Zuane e Piero, fratelli Grimani, furono banditi per haver contro la publica libertà, nelle proprie case barbaramente condotte e con moltissime archibugiate interfetto s. Francesco Querini, fo de Z. Francesco.

[The Abbé Victor, John and Peter, brothers Grimani, were banished for having, against the liberty of the public, barbarously led into their own house, and laid low with many arquebus shots, Messeri Francesco Querin son of Messeri Francesco.]

This decree was carried out; but, in spite of it, we find that some years afterwards the sentence of banishment was repealed, the brothers were restored to their former honours, the column of infamy (as these pillars commemorative of a crime were named) was removed, the garden restored to its former state, and the

three murderers so far increased in wealth and prosperity that they added another wing to their already magnificent house. Truly these wicked men flourished like a green bay tree! It would be interesting to know whether their end was prosperous or whether retributive justice overtook them at last.

Further up the canal, and at the corner of the Canareggio, the broad canal which, before the days of the railway, was the main route to Mestre, stands the handsome two-storied house called Ca' (*i.e.* Casa) Labia, once belonging to the rich and powerful family of that name, of whom the story goes that their name even was a pun on their riches, "mi pare che *abbia* quella casa sempre richezze," says the gondolier (Venetian speech dropping every *l*) who tells the tale, of how so great and wealthy were they, and so proud thereof that they wished to appear even more so, and, therefore, gave magnificent banquets to many gentlemen, everyone being served on golden plates, the which, after dinner, the servants had orders to throw from the windows into the canal, as if these things were of but little worth to such as they; "but," adds the narrator, "mark this, guards were set to watch the spot, and at night, when all was quiet, the heir of the house dived, and recovered all his golden plates which for ostentation had been cast away; but the end of their pride and vain-glory was, that these who had been so rich and powerful ended their days in misery and poverty." We do not know what gave rise to this tradition, but certain it is that the Labia were very wealthy, for it is recorded that many a time they entertained more than forty gentlemen at banquets, where everyone was served on gold; and on one occasion, Paolo Antonio Labia, on his return from some naval expedition, when the men under his command were disbanded, furnished three hundred of them with new garments and food, and money sufficient to take every man to his own home, be the distance what it might. The richly ornamented Palazzo is now turned into a "deposito di carrozze," but, considering that such a thing as a carriage is unknown in Venice, the business can scarcely be a lucrative one.

Close beside the house rises the campanile of the church of San Geremia. A view of which is to be found amongst Canaletto's pictures of Venice; but the church then bore quite a different aspect to its present one, the entire building having since been remodelled.

Beyond the Canareggio bridge rise the tall houses of the Ghetto, the part of Venice which, after many years of total exclusion of the Jews from the city, was, in 1416, at last conceded to them; under the condition that they should never be seen without, says the ancient decree, a large yellow O, as big as a loaf, on their breasts, and a yellow cap on their heads. The Ghetto of Venice is, contrary to the traveller's usual experience, one of the cleanest parts

of the city; and its inhabitants seem here, as elsewhere, to have been prosperous in money-getting, for some of the finest houses in the Grand Canal now belong to members of the Chosen People.

The stranger in Venice is particularly struck by the curious narrow ways which lead up to some of the best houses, making it almost impossible for him to find his road to them on foot, as the narrow alleys, or "calle," as they are called here, twist and turn in the most confusing manner. Neither is the fashion of numbering the houses conducive to ease in finding any given address, as the whole of each parish is numbered through from beginning to end, without any reference to the names of the streets; the reason of this being, doubtless, that within a few hundred square yards several streets bearing the same name are to be found, "Calle della Malvasia" and "Calle del Magazen" being the most frequent—the former from the, in ancient times, large number of shops for the sale of the favourite wine, "Malvasia," *i.e.* Malvoisie; and the latter referring to the small taverns called "magazeni," where loans of small sums of money were obtainable as well as wine.

Passing from the Campo di San Polo, a large open square, surrounded with handsome houses now falling into decay, through one of the above-mentioned Calle del Magazen, a narrow tortuous passage, about four feet wide, we reach a little bridge, a modern erection, across which the way leads, under low pillars, along the quay of a little canal, the Rielo di S. Polo, to the back or land-entrance of the Ca' Cappello, not the house from which the famous Bianca Capello fled with her Florentine lover, but a smaller one belonging to another branch of the family, and the front of which was formerly adorned with paintings by Paolo Veronese and his friend Zelotti, but of which works of priceless value no traces now remain. In this palace, on the 9th of February 1519, the head of the Capelli gave a great fête, and Sanuto tells in his diary how it was feared that the merry-making would be broken up, a quarrel having arisen amongst some of the guests; but peace being fortunately re-established, the gentlemen proceeded, each with his lady, under the pillars, above mentioned, into the Campo San Polo, where, having danced till nine o'clock, they returned to the Ca' Capello, where they supped, the banquet being no doubt laid in the great hall, which here, as in most old Venetian palaces, runs through the centre of the house, on the first floor, and from which hall, it may be said in conclusion, these few glimpses of old Venetian customs are taken.

Amy Layard.

THE ORATORY OF THE RECESS.

The Christmas holidays have brought us a short respite from the ceaseless roar of the political artillery which has been thundering all through the autumn, telling us of the fierce battle that is raging between the two great parties in the State. Before it is renewed, we will seize the opportunity presented by this welcome lull to offer a few remarks on the practice that has been made by the contending batteries, the weight and precision of their fire, and the material which it affords for estimating the ultimate issue of the combat.

Lord Hartington was the first Cabinet Minister to break the short-lived silence of the Recess; and his speech at Sheffield, on the 6th of September, was principally taken up with dilating on its charms, when Ministers were freed from the embarrassing criticism of the House of Commons. We do not deny that there is a good deal of truth in what the noble Lord said, but it sounded rather odd from the lips of a Liberal Statesman who, but a little while ago, was rebuking his political opponents for deprecating the very same kind of premature interference in delicate foreign negotiations of which he now complains himself. The first week in October saw Sir Stafford Northcote in Ireland; and his speeches in Ulster, though strong on the franchise, denoted more apprehension of what might be done under the name of local self-government. That under the plausible exterior of a County Board Home Rule might be really introduced, is certainly far from improbable, or, if not Home Rule, something so exactly like it in its practical effects as to be undistinguishable from it. For instance, let us imagine an Irish County Board, elected as it is proposed that English County Boards should be elected, and invested with the financial powers which it is proposed that English County Boards should exercise; what would be the fate of the remaining rights of Irish property in that case? Nor can it be doubted that these local institutions would soon make a claim for far more extensive jurisdiction than has ever been comtemplated for them in England. Quite

enough, as we know, is meditated in a Radical direction by some of the advocates of County Boards in this country; and here is common ground on which Irish and English Conservatives may fight together. If Sir Stafford Northcote has succeeded in demonstrating to the Ulster Tories how closely they are still linked with England by political and social interests; and that, though the Irish Church has fallen, much still remains to be preserved by cultivating the closest and most intimate relations with their fellow Conservatives across the Channel, his visit will have done far more good than his Liberal critics are likely to find at all satisfactory.

An interval of about a week elapsed between Sir Stafford's farewell to Ireland and his first appearance in Wales, the head-quarters of Liberalism. The tone which he adopted in addressing his Welsh audience reminded one rather of Lord Beaconsfield. What charm, he asked, could an ancient and imaginative race, proud of its history and traditions, find in the Liberalism of the present day? And the question was really worth asking, because in the land which he had just quitted, the home of another ancient and romantic people, equally proud of its history and traditions, the Liberalism which is popular has little or nothing in common with the bourgeois Liberalism of England. Why, then, have the Welsh? The question is, have they? Wales was once the stronghold of the cavaliers; and even so late as the middle of the last century, Sir Watkin Wynn could have raised a Welsh contingent for the Stuarts. Why is she now the nursery of Dissenters and Democrats, the region to which every man points with hope and exultation, who would break our continuity with the past, overthrow the Church to which Wales was once so true, and pave the way for forms of government which Wales has never loved? There are reasons for it, we think, independent of those propounded by Sir Stafford Northcote. The ecclesiastical policy of the Whigs in the eighteenth century is really at the bottom of it: but we have no space for investigating this question at the present moment. Perhaps Sir Stafford Northcote did what was best in appealing to the religiousness of the Welsh people; and showing them that it would be religion in general that would suffer, and not Anglicanism in particular, by the disestablishment of the Church.

The great variety of subjects which have been discussed by the orators of the Recess precludes us from making any attempt at an exhaustive analysis of the whole. But it will be interesting to compare the views of the more important speakers on the more important of the questions now before us. The coming Reform Bill has no doubt occupied the largest space, and has elicited from

Ministerial speakers proportionable differences of opinion. The first note on the subject was sounded by Mr. Chamberlain in a letter written to the Secretary of the Battersea Radical Association, and published in the *Times* on the 7th of September, in which he says that the assimilation of the town and county franchise is all that Parliament can venture on at present, and that public opinion must "ripen considerably" before the franchise and the distribution of seats can be finally settled. In other words, we suppose the country is not yet "ripe" for manhood suffrage and electoral districts. And the statement naturally calls to mind the announcement made by Mr. Bright some six weeks afterwards, when he said that there were some things which Radicals approved for which he hoped the country never would be "ripe." Was he then thinking, we wonder, of this letter of Mr. Chamberlain's.

Mr. Bright's ever-memorable declaration was made at the Leeds Conference, when he proclaimed that he was not a Radical, that he never had been a Radical, that he did not know what the word Radical meant; but that he did know this, that there were people who called themselves Radicals, who were in favour of measures for which he trusted neither the Government nor the country would be ripe. It appears from this that, if Mr. Bright does not know what the word Radical means, he knows what people mean who call themselves Radical, which comes to very much the same thing. Observers might have noted the gradual widening of the chasm which gave warning of the approaching landslip. But Mr. Bright was the first to proclaim that it had become apparent to the parties themselves, and that below and beyond the political opinions which all Conservatives and not a few Liberals have hitherto thought sufficiently mischievous there is a lower depth still, from which even those recoil, who, if not Radicals, were at all events malignant Liberals. In this remarkable confession we have as complete a vindication as the most ardent Conservative could desire, of those warnings and protests against the new revolutionary faction which Conservatives have from time to time uttered, and which their opponents have persistently ridiculed. Mr. Bright has turned Queen's evidence, and the existence of the plot is now proved beyond dispute.

Readers of *Coningsby* may remember the manufacturing gentleman whom the hero encountered in the coffee-room of the hotel at Manchester. He was an advanced person, and he informed his young acquaintance, in reply to the question, What was best worth seeing in that city, that although, of course, "they all had a great respect for her—regarded her as a sort of mother—and all that

sort of thing; yet, between themselves, Manchester was a dead letter." Her day was over. His own new mill at Staleybridge represented the real spirit of the age. Now precisely what collective Manchester might have felt, could it have heard the description given of itself by the commercial gentleman in question, it is fair to suppose that Mr. Bright may occasionally have felt when brought in contact with those younger politicians of whom Mr. G. O. A. Head was a type. They respect him as a sort of mother, and "that sort of thing." But he is dead, though he does not know it.

The speeches of the recess have revealed to us two remarkable specimens of Liberal disagreement. We have already noticed Mr. Bright's repudiation of Radicalism. We have next to notice Lord Hartington's repudiation of Mr. Chamberlain. The heir of the Cavendishes and the Manchester manufacturer seem alike to be playing at the game of "no child of mine" with the representative of advanced Radicalism. Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech delivered at Bristol on the 26th of November, addressed himself to the question of Parliamentary Reform, and laid down the law in the most uncompromising manner to the effect first, that a simple extension of the county franchise must be the first object of the Government next Session, the redistribution of seats being deferred to a more convenient season; and secondly, that whatever reduction of the franchise took place in England must also be extended to Ireland. Lord Hartington, speaking the following day at Manchester, adopted a very different tone indeed. He could not dismiss, in the off-hand manner of Mr. Chamberlain, the objection which was sure to be raised against taking the enfranchisement and redistribution in separate Bills and at separate times. That objection would have to be met, he said, in the tone of a man who was far from thinking that it was a very easy thing to meet it; and he also showed that even the franchise question was not quite so simple as Mr. Chamberlain seemed to think. For instance, was it merely intended to extend to the counties the occupation franchise of the boroughs, leaving the property franchise, the 40s. franchise, untouched; or was it proposed to disfranchise property altogether, and have one uniform residential franchise. If the first, if we gave the borough franchise to the counties, we must give the county franchise to the boroughs—that is to say, give the owners of property in towns the same rights which they exercise in counties; by which means the constituencies of the towns would be very materially altered. If the second, Lord Hartington could not approve of so wholesale a measure of disfranchisement. On the second point, the Irish franchise, Lord Hartington threw over his colleague altogether. He did not deny

the difficulty, perhaps the danger, of making any distinction between the two countries, but—

> It was useless to ignore the fact that there were many in this country, and not only among the Conservative Party, who do view, and will view, with considerable dislike and apprehension, any measure which is likely to increase the numbers or the powers of what I am afraid we must call the Irreconcilable Party in Parliament; and you must recollect that the more conclusively you prove the impossibility of separating the question of the Irish franchise from that of the English franchise, the more you will excite the opposition and increase the number of the opponents of any measure for the reduction of the franchise at all.

Among those opponents of the extension of household franchise to Ireland who are not Conservatives, we need have little hesitation in ranking Lord Hartington himself. And in the speech which he made two days afterwards at Accrington, he drew a portrait of himself as a pure Whig, which might have been drawn by Lord John Russell or Lord Macaulay, and which marks him off still more sharply from that "advanced party" whom the Whigs alone have restrained from "revolutionary agitation." All Conservatives, we are sure, will be glad to hear Lord Hartington talking in this manner. If it is the mission of the Whig party to break the force of the collision between property and numbers, that final conflict which, according to Dr. Arnold, has never yet terminated happily; and if Lord Hartington has made up his mind to endeavour to fulfil it, he need be afraid of no "taunts and gibes" from any politician who thinks more of his country than his party. What men fear about Lord Hartington is that when it comes to the point he will be unable to resist pressure, though undoubtedly in the Agricultural Holdings Bill we had some evidence that the Whig section of the Cabinet had succeeded in holding its own. If they continue to play this part in the future, they will be only Conservatives under another name, and possibly more useful than if they were to range themselves openly in the Conservative ranks. Unhappily, however, the history of the Whig party does not exactly bear out Lord Hartington's description of it. That they have acted as moderators may be admitted; but have they not themselves secretly kindled the agitation which rendered their services necessary? Have they not themselves, on occasion, thrown the match into the straw for the sake of being called in afterwards to arrest the flames? Have they not even now combined with the "advanced" party to stimulate a demand for Parliamentary Reform which would never have arisen by itself? They may, and apparently do, believe that their allies are going too far; but therein they find just the very part which suits them, the part of the mild and venerable mediator, who steps in between the contending parties, and, handing each of them a shell, calmly appropriates the oyster.

We say there is enough in the history of the Whig Party to justify these suspicions, and to cause the public to distrust somewhat these professions of patriotic moderation which the Whigs make just often enough to keep the claim alive. Moreover, is it certain now that the Whigs, with all the will in the world to place a bridle on the Radicals, any longer possess the power? That is a qnestion which, as Lord Hartington says, "has to be met," if we are to feel any confidence in leaving the country in their hands. If we are to take Lord Hartington at his word, accept his definition of Whig principles, and trust to them for our salvation, we must be sure that circumstances are still such as to permit of the application of them. If not, the Whigs can only carry out their trust, on the *cy près* doctrine, by uniting their forces with the Conservatives: a step by which they would be fulfilling the intentions of their founders much better than by remaining where they are.

In the meantime, the world will watch with some anxiety for the *dénouement* of this interesting complication. Lord Hartington speaks of the "moderate section" and the "extreme section" of the Cabinet quite as a matter of course, and we are as good as told that the former is to govern in the future, as it always has done in the past. We are, therefore, to infer that there will be a Whig Reform Bill and a Radical Reform Bill submitted to the Cabinet, and that the former is intended to prevail. We might mention other speeches, but we have said quite enough to show that whether a Franchise Bill be announced on the first day of the Session, or not, it will be announced long before the Liberal Party has agreed on what it ought to be; and if that is a good omen of its success, or of its easy passage through the House, we congratulate the Government on its prospects. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, Mr. Fawcett, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Sir Charles Dilke, have all spoken on the subject, and hardly two of them agree with each other on the main points to be adopted. A pretty illustration, indeed, of the "simplicity" of the question which has been so much insisted on by the leader of the Advanced Party, as also of the sanguine estimate of Mr. Forster that Government will not only propose, but carry, both a Reform Bill and a London Corporation Bill in the same Session.

Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Stanhope, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Childers have all spoken on the subject of finance, and through the intricate calculations which each side has made we do not undertake to follow them. But there was one definite statement made by Sir Henry James at Dumfries, on the 29th of October, which is capable of being dis-

entangled from the rest and judged upon its own merits; and as Mr. Childers said subsequently at Pontefract that he was content to rest the financial defence of the Government on the statement of Sir Henry James, we presume that he was correct in his facts—those facts, at least, to which we are about to refer, and to which Sir Richard Cross referred in a speech delivered at Paisley on the 8th of November. We must bear in mind, at the outset, that there is no better known artifice in controversy than the substitution of a false issue for the real one, and assuming that victory on the one means victory on the other. The case against the Liberals is not so much that they are spending more than the Conservatives, as that they undertook to spend less; that they came into power pledged to a reduction of expenditure which they have found it impossible to effect, and which they ought to have known beforehand that it was impossible to effect; and that having thus demonstrated the falsehood of the charges which they brought against the late Government, they have not had the honesty to retract them. But, oh! says Sir Henry James, our expenditure has been upon objects which are worthy of it—yours was not. What the Tories spent on fleets and armies we have spent on schools and schoolmasters. Consequently the Liberals are as much better than the Tories as schools and schoolmasters are better than fleets and armies. The Attorney-General took great pains to prove his point, and to show that the Tories *had* spent a great deal more on the army and navy than the Liberals. His own Government, he said, had been called a cheese-paring Government because it spent less. "The result of all this is," says he—that is, the result of his elaborate calculations—"that the Liberal Government has economised where it ought to have economised, *i.e.* in the army and navy services, and has increased expenditure where it ought to be increased, namely, on education." We have the authority of Mr. Childers for the correctness of the statement; but regarded as an argument, any child can see its weakness, for it is clear that the whole force of it depends on the observance of a due proportion between these two branches of expenditure. If the military and naval estimates are pitched too low and the educational estimates too high, as great a blunder is committed as if the contrary had been done. There is a point below which our military and naval expenditure cannot be reduced without danger to the national independence. If this point is passed, it is no justification of the Government that they have spent the money on education. It is better for England to be ignorant than to be conquered: and it would be a small consolation to the unfortunate peasant who saw his cottage in flames and his little patch of wheat cut down for forage by an invading army, to reflect that his children knew the

date of the Hegira, or were competent to discuss the authorship of the letters of Junius.

The world has not yet forgotten what came of the military and naval economies of a former Liberal Government. England will long remember the Megœra. Mr. Rylands says, indeed, that after making every allowance, the expenditure of the present Government is wholly unwarrantable; and as some more or less eminent person has lately declared that to be patted on the back by Mr. Rylands was the highest honour to which he could reasonably aspire, we suppose that his words must carry weight.

The House of Lords has, of course, come in for its share of the enemy's fire. But nobody has answered Lord Salisbury's defence of it. Nobody has ventured to combat the statement that the House of Lords, instead of thwarting the people, is the only means we have for ensuring an appeal to the people whenever it shall appear that the House of Commons and the nation are at variance, that it is the House of Lords, in fact, and the House of Lords alone, which saves us from all the inconveniences of triennial Parliaments.

After all, however, it has been the reconstruction of the representative system, and the wide gulph which yawns between the views of two Cabinet Ministers on the same subject to which men's minds have been principally directed. Ireland, of course, forms a permanent feature in the reform question; but foreign affairs have not been discussed with much energy on either side. Lord Salisbury has drawn a parallel between the policy of the present Government in Ireland and their policy in Egypt during the early part of 1882, which has not before been pointed out, showing that just as the existence of two parties in the Cabinet paralyzed the energies of Government in dealing with the condition of Ireland, and caused them to allow violence and bloodshed, which might have been nipped in the bud, to grow to such a dreadful height, necessitating the eventual introduction of far severer measures than had ever been necessary before; so had it had exactly the same effect on their Egyptian policy, preventing them from speaking out boldly, when speaking out would have secured their object, and necessitating, in the long run, the Egyptian war, the occupation of the country, and all the disasters and embarrassments which that has eventually entailed on us. The unnecessary recognition of M. de Lesseps' claims in regard to the Suez Canal, received also its meed of chastisement at the hands of the Tory leader; and the very peculiar manner in which the French and English Governments made up their differences in Madagascar supplied matter for a passing smile. Lord Hartington has spoken about France and China, and the proffered co-operation of Germany

in protecting the joint interests of herself and England should they be threatened by the progress of hostilities. But, although the announcement has not been particularly well received in France, and immensely important as the Chinese question may possibly become, domestic affairs have, for the time, reasserted their ascendancy. No one has been able to help thinking of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bright, and Lord Hartington; and speculating whether Lord Hartington's doubts and fears on the subject of reform will ever ripen into convictions, and whether, if they do, he will ever have the courage to act upon them.

This, indeed, is in some sense the question of the day. If the Whigs do not assert their own principles in these projected changes, which Mr. Childers thinks will be of almost equal magnitude with the revolution of 1688, they must be contented to shrink into insignificance, and fade out of the political atmosphere like the stars before the strains of the soceress. If they do not speak now, they must ever after hold their tongues. Lord Salisbury, we are sorry to see, is not sanguine about Lord Hartington's fortitude; and if a Radical measure is sent up to the House of Lords, we must look forward, we suppose, to a dissolution. And what will happen then? The organs of the Government are doing their best to discourage the Conservatives, by assuring them that, though the country may be dissatisfied with the Liberals, it is not likely to be of opinion that the Conservatives would do any better. Why not? What are the reasons which induce men ordinarily to suppose that one person will do better than another? Are they not such as these, that he has done better before, that results which he foretold have followed, that where his advice has been taken affairs have prospered, and where it has been neglected they have languished? Ireland, said Mr. Gladstone, just before the Conservatives quitted office, had never been so peaceable and contented as she was at that moment. The Conservative Government had brought her into that condition, but at the same time warned their successors that it could only be maintained by a continuance of the same measures. These measures were abandoned, and Ireland relapsed into anarchy. Did not the Conservatives in this instance give us reason to suppose that they could do better than the Liberals? In Egypt, again, the Government were warned in the same manner; they were told what would happen if they persisted in a certain course of action, and it did happen. Did not the Conservatives here, too, show that they could have "done better" than the Liberals? Did they or Mr. Gladstone show themselves more likely to do well by these desperate modes of dealing with the Bradlaugh case? No. "*That* cock won't fight," we feel pretty confident, on the day of a general election. Many people may

think that Liberal principles, even with the worst practice, are better than Conservative with the best. They have a perfect right to think so: and to act accordingly. But it is idle to suppose that those who judge mainly by results can be hoodwinked by the rubbish we have described.

Oh! but, we are told by many speakers of the Recess, the Conservatives have no programme; and even Mr. Goschen reproaches them with their failure to treat the problems of the day in a philosophic spirit. For that matter we should be glad to know who does; and surely it is rather too much to ask of practical statesmen, with the very little leisure allowed to statesmen at the present day, that they should speak the language of political philosophy. In his own singularly able and interesting speech at Edinburgh, he spoke strongly of the hand-to-mouth system which seemed to satisfy everybody at the present day. The Conservatives, especially, he seemed to think, took no trouble to comprehend their age, and instead of recognizing in popular demands the symptoms of a great general movement, they were apt to impute them to individuals, and to find their origin in vanity and ambition. I cannot say that I see this to be more true of one party than another; nor do I believe it to be true at all to the extent described by Mr. Goschen. It is the business of men in the place of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote to deal with events as they arise. But I do not suppose that either of them are blind to the fact that they live in a democratic age; or that the only way to prevent the evils, which Mr. Goschen dreads, is to counteract to the uttermost that system of setting class against class which is the besetting sin of his own party. Every question that arises, every event that happens, every proposal that is made, is converted into an instrument for inflaming class animosities; and as long as this process continues, so long will Mr. Goschen have good reason to view the progress of democracy with alarm.

But as to the complaint that the Conservatives have no programme, and do not express themselves with sufficient clearness on the questions of the day, what Sir Stafford Northcote himself said in Ireland is a sufficient answer to that. It is easy to be lavish of promises when there seems little probability of our being called on to fulfil them, and to propound theories when absolved from the immediate necessity of reducing them to practice. But that the friends of a political party are not doing it any real kindness by attempting to elicit such promises is shown by the disagreeable predicament in which the present Government found itself, when, contrary to their own expectations, the Liberals were restored to office. That statesmen, not only warned by this example, but seeing also that their own recall to power may occur at any

moment, should be doubly on their guard against the commission of similar indiscretions, ought neither to surprise nor displease anyone who has their interests at heart. Besides, as has frequently been urged before, when similar complaints have been made, the leaders of the Opposition have often not the information at their command on which it would be safe to found any positive proposals. The Government is often in possession of intelligence which, though they may have turned it to very bad account themselves, would be fatal to any counter policy which was concerted in ignorance of it. Let us remember what happened in regard to Ireland. The Opposition in 1879 chose to be wiser than the Government, and to intimate their distrust of a policy founded on information to which they had no access. As soon as they were seated in office, they discovered their mistake. But then, as they fancied, it was too late to turn back, and they were obliged to dispense with precautions, because they had formerly denounced them, of which, as soon as they were furnished with the facts, they recognized the necessity. We all know what followed; and can understand how bitterly they must have repented of the premature experiments in "light and leading," into which they had been betrayed. We quote this one instance in illustration of our meaning. It is a practical illustration. But as far as the general question is concerned, we have, of course, the well-known dictum of Sir Robert Peel on the same side, and the interesting fact that on this particular point Lord Beaconsfield agreed with him.

And for what object are the Conservative leaders besought to be more explicit; and to concoct a programme which they may hang up as a counter attraction on the opposite side of the street? With the object, it is said, of enlisting public confidence in their favour, which will not be extended to them without some such advertisement of their business. Now, I think it will be found on inquiry that the public, as a general rule, has been very little influenced by such appeals; and that they have had very little to do with the rise and fall of Administrations. In the majority of instances it has been their own blunders, or their own bad luck, rather than the superior attractiveness of the Opposition, which have worked their ruin. In 1874 the Conservative leaders had no more defined policy than they have now, neither more nor less. The policy of the Conservative Party, said Lord Beaconsfield in 1872, was the preservation of the Constitution and the Empire. And in 1880 it is perfectly clear that it could not have been the famous thirty-one measures declared by Mr. Gladstone to be of urgent necessity, which accelerated his return to office, or the public would hardly have borne with such complacency his subsequent neglect of them. In 1868 alone it may have been the appeal

to the people against a particular national institution which turned the scale. But even that is very far from certain. The most common-place explanation of the decline and fall of strong Governments is also the truest. In the course of five or six years they are sure to make a great many mistakes, and a great many enemies. If, in addition to their faults, they have misfortunes also to contend with, bad harvests, bad trade, military reverses, their delinquences look several shades darker. They lose nothing of their blackness, we may be sure, in the hands of those skilful artists whose business it is to make the most of them. And so the end comes. But it does not seem to me that the preference of one scheme of policy over another has ever had very much to do with it, or that the Opposition has often won its battles by appealing to its own merits.

I was told by a Conservative friend who, in 1874, was canvassing a borough in which parties were pretty evenly divided, that an elector who agreed to support him expressed himself in the following terms: "Yes, Sir, I 'm going to vote for you; but if it were not for the Licensing Bill, I 'd see you to the devil first." And now, if the present Government is destroyed at the next General Election, it will be by the memory of what has happened in Ireland, in Egypt, in India, and in South Africa, and not by any sanguine estimate of what is to be expected from their rivals. I am speaking now, not of the regular Conservative Party, who would see in the restoration of their own friends their deliverance from a revolutionary policy, but of the great body of intermediates by whom, for the most part, elections are decided, and who are determined a great deal more by what they witness than by what they anticipate. Public opinion is formed by facts. Of these it is certain; it knows that men who have blundered grievously in one transaction are likely to blunder in another; that men who bribe traitors, and cringe before aggressors, are not the best calculated to uphold the dignity of the Crown, and preserve the character of the community. This is the class of considerations by which the Government will be weighed hereafter, and I cannot think that the Conservatives are to blame for entering into no competition with them on particular measures, Franchise Bills, Corporation Bills, County Board Bills, or what not. For any slight accession of public favour which they might gain by so doing, they would run the risk of sowing for themselves a harvest of future embarrassments which would far more than counterbalance it.

There is a very large party in this country, a party probably twice as numerous now as it was three years ago, which, though different sections of it may entertain different opinions on particular political or social questions, is unanimous in condemning

the Radical tendencies of the Government. Opposition to these is quite a sufficient bond of union, and the statesmen who lead that Opposition require no other title to the confidence and support of the "anti-Radical" classes of society. To disturb this unanimity by the introduction of subordinate issues, and so to weaken the effect of the great constitutional combination which is gradually cementing itself, is to play the enemy's game, and to run the risk of putting out the fire by heaping too many coals upon it.

In one of the latest of the speeches which we have been able to notice in the present article, Lord Salisbury himself has referred to this alleged necessity for a programme, with the absence of which the Conservative Party is reproached. It is not in the nature of things that the Party who would preserve the Constitution in its present form can have so many novelties to suggest as those who would be always playing tricks with it. We know very well who makes the greater impression on the vulgar mind, the doctor who declares that his patient has got nothing the matter with him, and bids him go and mind his business, or the quack who declares him to be in imminent danger, and doctors him, and drenches him, and blisters him, till he becomes quite incapable of work, and his family are thrown upon the parish. More successful still in exciting popular admiration is the wise woman who deals in charms and spells, and declares that the patient is "possessed": while even the fortune-teller, who goes about promising husbands to the maid-servants, contrives to make an excellent living by it. Now the Conservatives cannot do these things. They cannot go about the country practising on the credulity of the poor; promising every labourer a snug farm if he will only do as he is bid, say the ten commandments backwards, and give the prophet half-a-crown; proclaiming loudly that the whole world is out of order and can only be set right by the use of Chamberlain's pills. The Liberals can do these things: and therein have an advantage over their opponents, which the latter can only hope to overcome through the gradual removal of the ignorance on which it is dependent. But it is greatly to be feared that we are not within measurable distance of that happy day. Dousterminal is not dead yet, and "mine goot and honoured patron," in the shape of the British populace, is still inclined to lend an ear to him.

We cannot close this article without a word on the "appeal to history" of which the modern Liberals are so proud, and of which their speeches in the Recess are full. As Lord Salisbury pointed out to them, there is "a slight taint of inaccuracy" in their history, for it is quite untrue to say that they were either the first free-traders or the first Parliamentary reformers. But what it is

still more necessary to point out is this, that it must not be taken for granted that everything which they have done is good because they, the Liberals, have done it. Thereby hangs a very long story, which we cannot investigate at present. It is easy to talk in a big confident manner of a long series of measures which our own party has been instrumental in passing, and then to assume that they are good because they have been passed. Political philosophy has not said its last word on the differences between Liberalism and Conservatism; and in the meantime we are by no means bound to take Liberalism at its own estimate of itself, or to allow that the world is really the better for its triumphs. It may turn out to be exactly the contrary. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the chief measures which figure in the Liberal appeal to history were good and not bad, we are now in a different dispensation. Practical men can only consider what the Liberal is now, not what he once may have been. If his soul has passed into the Radical, if he has undergone a process of political transmigration, he cannot appeal to what he did in a previous state of existence to justify what he does in this. In a story in the *Spectator* we read of a tailor being turned into a tomtit. Now, had the bird retained the faculty of speech, and argued that the havoc which he committed as a tit belonged to the same class of services which he had rendered to mankind as a tailor, would any gardener in his senses have believed him? To do the real Radicals justice, they do not seek to shelter themselves under the shield of the Liberals. They do not deny that they have embarked on a new crusade. It is those foolish Liberals who wish to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds for whom England will reserve her whole contempt.

N. W. Gumley.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

Of all human qualities, Genius is the one elusive possession that no man can count on transmitting to his children. Experience shows that, as a rule, Genius burns itself out in one generation, and nothing arises from its ashes. It is the secularly blooming plant that kills itself in flowering. Seldom is it that the triumphs of a Philip are extended by the conquests of an Alexander, or that the fervour of a Chatham is more securely commemorated in the fame of a Pitt. Bulwer has enjoyed that exceptional good fortune; and a distinguished son is now writing for us the Life of a distinguished father. We do not propose to review the two volumes that have recently appeared, and that represent but a fourth part of the labour of filial piety in which the Earl of Lytton is engaged. That has been done, and will doubtless again be done, elsewhere. To us it seems unnecessary; for who is there that will not read the Biography itself? Bulwer wrote many novels that riveted the attention and stirred the hearts of his contemporaries. But none of them, not the most romantic, will be able to compete, in enduring interest, with his own story, when it has been fully told.

The publication of his *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains*, within comparatively a few years of his death, will unquestionably precipitate the moment when dispassionate attempts will be made to ascertain, with some approach to precision, the rank Bulwer is likely to hold in the permanent estimation of his country. It was certain, however, that, in the fulness of time, ample justice would be done to a writer who, when alive, was almost uniformly denied it by professional critics. The truth is that, social prejudice, party passion, and literary jealousy apart—and, alas! these play a considerable part in the expression of contemporaneous judgments—Bulwer did everything in his power to perplex, confuse, and mislead, all but very observant judges, as to his intellectual gifts. He was a striking illustration of the happy saying, that you often cannot see the wood for its trees. In the fertile forest of his imagination every fair plant grew, every vigorous trunk rose. Poems, plays, novels, histories, essays, speeches—what was there a man-of-letters can do that he did not attempt? In all communities, but perhaps in this stolid and but little nimble community of ours more than any other, versatility of genius, prodigal diversity

of powers, always puzzles, and apparently irritates. There is no country in which Proteus is so little appreciated; no country in which monotonous persistency is so effective. Many a man has acquired the reputation of being a Statesman, because he has done nothing but talk politics for forty years, and persons have even succeeded in getting themselves accepted for a time as poets by sticking exclusively to verse, and in being accredited in their generation as artists by dint of presenting themselves as such, and never anything but such, year after year. But if a man writes a drama that is even successful, and shortly afterwards makes an eloquent speech, the world wants to know which he is, and which he means to be, a dramatist or an orator. Should he publish a lyric that everybody learns by heart, and on the morrow is found writing a leading article, stupefaction is complete, and people ask is the man a poet or a journalist? That he should be both seems impossible. They treat him as betting-men treat one who has more horses than one entered for a race, and demand that he shall declare upon which horse he means to win. If he refuses—as how can he help refusing?—they vindicate their own want of intelligence by decrying his entire stud, and every fresh time he comes in a winner they show they would dearly like to welsh him. Fortunately, in the world of letters, that is more easily attempted than done.

We doubt if the general verdict upon Bulwer's verse will be revised. A poet, specifically, we think he was not; though to have written so much good verse—witness his *Saint Stephen's*—must be thrown into the balance along with his more successful achievements. But the man who wrote not only *Rienzi* but *The Caxtons*, not only *Harold* but *The Parisians*, and not these only, and several novels like each of these, but likewise *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*; nor yet these together alone, but, besides these, *Caxtoniana* and *The Student*, and found time, moreover, in not an immoderately long life, to deliver many addresses and to make many speeches (one of them, that on Reform, spoken in the House of Commons, being almost the finest of our generation), to be likewise the successful head of the Colonial Office, to be a man-of-the-world, a delightful companion, and a generous friend, —surely this is to show extraordinary parts, and must probably secure for him who displayed them a place in the Temple of Fame, above which tower the thrones of only very few men indeed. It is here a pleasure to record that so illustrious an Englishman, in the heyday of his powers and the manhood of his judgment, embraced the Conservative Creed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Scene."

GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has shown, with great force and justice, that in their efforts to make the accessories of plays as "real" as possible, modern stage managers miss the not very lofty object at which they aim. Will you allow me to make another suggestion from a different point of view? The essence of greatness in the drama lies in the action, and spectators who come with a really dramatic temper to the exhibition of a good play, will forget everything but the ideal situation and character of the actors. Shakespeare has told us, in his *Henry V.*, what such spectators will feel:—

> Pardon, gentles all,
> The flat unraisèd spirit that hath dared
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object: can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?
> O pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest in little place a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
> On your imaginary forces work.
> Suppose within the girdle of these walls
> Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
> Piece out our imperfections with your thought;
> Into a thousand parts divide one man,
> And make imaginary puissance, &c.

In the modern play, on the other hand, there must be no "imaginary puissance." Everything is to be presented to the senses in the most distinct and palpable form: real cabs, real race-horses, real conflagrations; and even in the mounting of Shakespeare's own pieces, the "scenery" seems to be, in the eyes of the audience, the most essential part of the performance. All this is contrary to the spirit of the drama. When the scenery is at its best, that is to say, when it harmonises with the action, the attention of the spectator must involuntarily be drawn off from the actors by the beauty of the painting. When it is at its worst, his taste will be offended by some violent discord between the spirit of the painting and the spirit of the play. For instance, in *Much*

Ado About Nothing, the first scene of the fourth act is necessarily "In a Church." In it Claudio repudiates Hero, and afterwards there is a spirited love-passage between Beatrice and Benedick. In Shakespeare's time this would have signified nothing, as there would have been no scenery to remind the spectator of the incongruity of love-making in such a place. But now-a-days we have the picture of a Gothic church, with a high altar lit with candles, robed priests, and processions of acolytes with censers, &c., in order to make up a good wedding pageant. What, then, can be more offensive to every perception of justice and decency, than that Benedict should pour forth his protestations to Beatrice immediately in front of the extremely well imitated altar? Such a monstrous impropriety shows that neither the managers nor the spectators can really enter, heart and soul, into the spirit of the play. What Shakespeare meant them to come and see, was an example of the art of dramatic poetry; what they really come to see are specimens of the art of scene-painting; and as the still life of a picture excludes the idea of action, the essence of the drama is sacrificed.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

K. G.

Rich Men's Dwellings.

[We have received the following from the Society for Promoting Psychical Research.]

To some who have crossed the river of Death it is still permitted to contemplate the actors and actions of the mortal world. Not only do we behold succeeding generations engaged in the same cares and business which occupied our own thoughts, but the secret springs of conduct, which in ourselves were impenetrable to observation, now disclose themselves to the understanding in their just relations and their proper light. We watch, as at some great and solemn tragedy, the fortunes of heroes and the rise and decline of states. While the actors who pass over the stage of life advance on their path without fear, since without foresight, we ourselves, wise from experience, behold with compassion the approach of that destiny of which in our mortal state we were unconscious; for, as the historian says, "it was scarcely possible that the eyes of contemporaries should discover in the public felicity the latent causes of decay and corruption."

Gazing, therefore, as a spectator on the human scene, a vehement longing seizes me to convey, by whatever means, to the English people words both of encouragement and warning.

For, neither as a citizen of Athens and a descendant of Miltiades, can I look without joy on the long preservation in England of that liberty of which I myself in Greece knew nothing but the memory; nor as a

Roman citizen do I less admire when I behold how the growth of the British Empire serves to propagate the freedom, which the growing empire of Rome was destined only to destroy.

Yet, plain it is to the spiritual sight that the love of Liberty, if it be exalted into worship, may become the source of decay. For we of the old world perceive that when "the fierce giants of the north broke in and mended our puny breed," the freedom that they founded was not merely the right of each man to dispose as he may think fit of his own person, or to enjoy without disturbance the possessions which he may have acquired, but that it was something quite different which they instituted in the noble order of knighthood; wherein, seeing that in the human state some must always be strong and others weak, and some rich and others poor, they enjoined that each rank and condition of men should discharge its due service to the others. If, therefore, the strong and the rich among you preserve the idea of right, but forget the idea of obligation, will not the decay of your society, which now appears to be free, be more rapid than our own, which, in the midst of servitude, still retained the memories of the ancient glories of our state?

One of your own historians has recorded for your instruction the practice of the citizens in those states of antiquity to which you, perhaps justly, boast yourselves to be superior. "In the commonwealths of Athens and Rome," he says, "the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom; whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices destined to the public use; nor was this republican spirit totally extinguished by the introduction of wealth and monarchy. It was in works of national honour and benefit that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence." And again: "If the emperors were the first, they were not the only architects of their dominions. Their example was universally imitated by their principal subjects who were not afraid of declaring to the world that they had spirit to conceive and wealth to accomplish the noblest undertakings. . . . The opulent senators of Rome and the provinces esteemed it an honour, and almost an obligation, to adorn the splendour of their age and country; and the influence of fashion often supplied the want of taste or generosity."

Is the "Golden House," which was held to be a reproach to a Roman emperor, more honourable when it is adorned by an English merchant? or is the public munificence, cultivated under an Imperial despotism, beyond the ambition of those sons of knights and gentlemen who have been taught by their history and religion to understand "the perfect law of liberty."

HERODES ATTICUS.

Labourers' and Artizans' Dwellings.

Oak Hill, Hampstead.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

As a member of the committee appointed at the London Church Conference, in February last, to examine this subject and report, of which committee Sir R. Cross is chairman, I would state that we carried on our investigations till the beginning of autumn. By personal inspection, by examination of voluntary witnesses, and written answers to inquiries, aided by the two Acts of Torrens and Cross, and the mass of information contained in the respective Blue Books, we are enabled to produce in a report the results of our work, to be laid before the next Conference, in February next.

As to the condition of the classes about which we are concerned, we can say little that is new, or unknown to those who inquire into their dwellings, their habits and morals.

It cannot be too much impressed on those who have hitherto been ignorant of or indifferent to this subject, that these *ganglia*, these crushed-together masses, are a source of imminent danger to the community, both as regards health and morality. Where crime can burrow it will breed. And it is a character both of contagious disease and of vicious habit, not only to spread in area, but to intensify in virulence by aggregation. Misery and degradation are inseparable from the dark haunts where thousands of human beings, men, women, and children, are herding together in many densely-populated centres. I have myself a settled belief that were sin and crime cancelled as factors, but that other conditions of pressure remained, misery, sickness, death, and also danger to others, would continue from over-crowding, and in salubrious dwellings. Human gravitation acts like the physical; the mass attracts new additions, and the pressure to the centre is intensified. What can prevent this evil—what remedy is to be found? Build new habitations, some will reply. Build in healthier and more open spots, and bring in air and light. Excellent advice, if it could be followed on a great scale; but it is rather disheartening to discover that all that has been achieved during fifteen years in building, by the Peabody Trust, Sir S. Waterlow's Dwellings, and other agencies, and by individuals, has only housed *one half* of the *increased* population of London *in a single year.*

The task before us all is gigantic. The two leading Acts of Parliament mentioned above are for the destruction of over-crowded houses in insanitary localities. What is wanted is some legislation for construction. Acts of this kind are very few and limited. Their action has not been and is not enforced. I do not wish to forestal the Com-

mittee's report. It will show some of the obstacles which have to be contended with in the effort to give the artizan and labouring classes better and more wholesome dwellings. It will also show that abundant data have been collected; that the information gained is sufficient; that the time for action has arrived.

Two points are, however, clear to all who examine this subject and its difficulties; first, that State aid is required to assist, by grants or guarantees, the construction of new buildings; and, secondly, that the poorest and most degraded of those for whom shelter is required must be educated to feel their want, and led to desire homes better, cleaner, and more wholesome than those they now inhabit and cling to.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

The Perils of Party Government.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

SIR,

I do not know whether A Retired Politician will speak for himself, but it seems to me that there is a wider difference of opinion between him and your diverting contributor Thomas Tantivy, than the latter seems to perceive. I cannot help thinking that Thomas Tantivy would not be sorry to see Party Government disappear. If I understand A Retired Politician rightly, he would witness its disappearance with alarm, while not insensible, indeed very much alive, to the deplorable temper in which at present it is carried on.

I confess I share this latter view. To listen to some Party men, one would have to conclude that the main object of one Party in the State is to keep in office, and the main object of the other Party to prevent the one that is in office from governing successfully. That this was the view not only entertained, but acted upon, by the late Opposition when the Conservatives were in power, the action of Mr. Gladstone, the speeches of Sir William Harcourt, and, in fact, the whole political records of the time, conclusively show. They did not care, they never asked themselves, what would happen to their country or the Empire, so long as they could embarrass Lord Beaconsfield and turn out the Tories. I am sorry to say that, as far as I can observe, a similar view of the duties of an Opposition is taken by some Conservatives, who call themselves its more vigorous and enterprising members. Fortunately, this theory of Government by Party is not adopted by the Leaders of the present Opposition. Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and their responsible colleagues, have shown no backwardness in criticising the actious or language of the Government; but they very properly abstain from rendering it more difficult for them to control

Ireland, to deal with the Transvaal, and to cope with the difficulties of the Egyptian Question. In a word, they comport themselves like patriots and honest men.

If once all politicians, of whatsoever colour, could be induced to act in this manner, Party Government, I think, would be in no danger. Its perils arise, as I understand A Retired Politician to argue, from the violent passions and unprincipled devices of extreme partisans. But once let Party Government disappear, and what can ensue but chaos, or despotism in some form or another? It is to ward off this terrible alternative that I, and others who think with me, deprecate any course or any criticism that may render the continuance of Government by Party impossible. I enclose my card, and

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

December 17th. AN ACTIVE POLITICIAN.

Rich and Poor.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

SIRS,

An impartial perusal of all that has been written on the condition of the homes of the working classes, and of the duty of the more fortunate members of the community to their poorer brethren, since Lord Salisbury caused these questions to be raised by his admirable article in the *National Review*, must, I think, compel people to arrive at his conclusion, that the social problem with which we are confronted can be solved by no one remedy, but must be approached from various sides. It is clear that some landlords, but certainly a small minority, charge exorbitant rents. It is clear that some again, but comparatively few, keep their houses in a state of repair that cannot be described as tenantable. But it is also clear that there exists a great difficulty in preventing a portion, though only a portion, of the poor, from wantonly and maliciously, and still more frequently through neglect and apathy, injuring the houses in which they live. Many of them, again, prefer to be uncomfortable. To use a homely phrase, they prefer to "pig," and refuse to be disturbed in their slatternly ways.

The man who will alter their character, their estimate of life, their ideal of existence, will be the true reformer, and will have solved the question. Not to marry, when you are not in a position to support a wife and family, to be reasonably industrious, uniformly thrifty, and unswervingly sober, is the advice needed by the poor. Not to be luxurious and selfish, but to sympathize with and help those who

require help, is the counsel required by the rich and the comfortable. If these recommendations were followed by both, the social question would probably be solved.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

VOX CLAMANTIS.

December 10th.

[We have received several other letters on the subject of "Rich Men's Dwellings," but, as they agree with the arguments set forth in that paper, we do not reproduce them.— EDITORS.]

Army Reform.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

I take advantage of your invitation, and offer a few short observations on the articles about the army in the current number.

We ought to consider the purposes for which our troops are required. We want an army for home defence, which can be rapidly augmented for a national struggle. For this purpose we probably cannot do better than adopt the German system, though we have not their advantage of compulsory service, and although they find difficulty in keeping up a supply of non-commissioned officers.

But we also want troops to garrison India and certain stations in the colonies. These troops have frequently to carry on local wars of limited extent and duration. It seems to me that the troops for these different purposes should be engaged on different terms of service, and I would suggest the following plan for doing so. The Militia battalions should be permanently embodied, and should be composed of the short-service men and the recruits. The old regular battalions should contain long-service men, who would be entitled to a pension on discharge. The militia battalions would, at any rate under ordinary circumstances, act as the depôt for these latter.

Yours obediently,

Kimbolton Castle, MANCHESTER.

17th December 1883.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 12.—FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE PLAIN DUTY OF THE OPPOSITION.

The Fifth Session of the present Parliament will open in a few days, and the impression universally prevails that it will be a Session of grave issues for the two great Parties in the State, and, what is more important, for the lasting welfare of the Realm. The Administration of Mr. Gladstone, the fruit of so much splendid invective and so many glowing promises, has now existed for a sufficient length of time for people to be able to judge it on its own merits, and with the aid of an ample body of evidence. It is not necessary to recapitulate its career in angry or even in disdainful language. Its failures are too numerous and too widely confessed. Among the various pledges with which it captivated the sanguine temper of the nation, three stand out in distinct prominence. It pledged itself to pacify Ireland, and to render the peasantry of that island orderly, contented, and loyal. It engaged to protect the Empire against war or the rumour of war, and to save us from the turmoil and embarrassment of foreign complications. Finally, it promised to lighten the load of taxation imposed upon the taxpayer. No rhetoric is required to convince people that none of these engagements have been kept. The simplest language suffices to mark the contrast between promise and performance. We have the indisputable authority of Mr. Trevelyan for saying that a Coercion Act of unprecedented stringency, and an armed force ready to operate at a moment's notice, alone stand between Ireland and Civil War. Thirty thousand British troops, including a powerful contingent of Indian soldiers, have conducted a costly campaign in Egypt, where three thousand of them still remain; and we are at this moment confronted with the alternative of having to increase their numbers afresh, or to suffer manifest discredit and incur

indeterminate risk. We have only to refer to the article contributed to the last number of this Review by Sir Stafford Northcote—"the best of past Chancellors of the Exchequer," as Mr. Childers has generously but justly described him—to satisfy ourselves that for their promised reduction of Imperial Expenditure the Government have substituted a notable increase.

It would be contrary to reason and experience if, with such a record against them, after four years of power, the confidence of the country in the Cabinet had not been shaken, and the Cabinet had not, in some degree, lost confidence in itself. No one who studies impartially the disposition of the constituencies, will lose sight of the fact that Mr. Gladstone's is still an excellent name to conjure with. It has not yet lost its fascination for the more uncalculating, and it is still being turned to good account by the more astute, section of the Liberal Party. But it would be strange if the glaring failures of the Prime Minister during the last four years had made converts of those who, cheerfully acknowledging his attainments, always entertained grave doubts of his wisdom; and it would be inexplicable if the "benevolent neutrals," who prefer to dwell outside Party camps, had not lost faith in a magician whose spells have manifestly ceased to work. Inside the walls of Parliament his followers still exhibit ostensible cohesion; but in the country at large defections are numerous, and are daily growing.

In this place, therefore, and at this moment especially, it is proper and natural to ask what should be the attitude, and what may reasonably be the expectations, of the Opposition during the critical Session that is at hand. No one can allege that the Conservative Party have hitherto resorted to systematic or even to methodical assaults upon the Government during the current Parliament. Their attitude has been one of vigilance rather than of aggression. They bowed to the decision of the country recorded against them in the spring of 1880, mistaken and unjust though they believed it to be; and the death of Lord Beaconsfield, almost within a year of that event, served still further to sadden their leaders and to discourage hopes of early self-vindication. Moreover, the new Cabinet had undertaken a serious task in Ireland, and it was necessary to wait and see if the new Message of Peace would or would not be as futile as its predecessor. Time has answered that doubt; and, abroad as at home, the Government now stand upon their trial, under an indictment whose facts have been framed by themselves.

Such being the case, the moment has unquestionably arrived for the Opposition to abandon the attitude of mere observation they have hitherto maintained, and to assume towards the Cabinet

the demeanour and tactics of a Party ready to displace and succeed it. The unwise and mischief-bearing legislation of the Government in respect of Ireland cannot be reversed; and, when there is so much unconsummated mischief to prevent, it would be a waste of time to discuss what cannot be undone. Neither is there any necessity to challenge the general expenditure of the Government, since it is the interest of every Cabinet not to spend, but to save, and Governments are more likely to sin by selfish and unpatriotic economy than by heedless extravagance. But our position and policy in Egypt are matters of burning moment, and are yet waiting for solution; and unless the Prime Minister consents to execute an absolute change of front respecting them, it will be necessary for the Opposition to challenge his views in a direct and unmistakable manner, and to place before Parliament and the country a rival policy commensurate with the real facts of the situation, with the needs of Egypt, and with the requirements of the Empire. England is draining Egypt of its resources without furnishing it with an equivalent in the form of a solid and lasting Government, and feebly suggests that its impoverishment shall be met by the surrender of provinces which, if properly defended and developed, would in due course add to its revenue and rescue it from embarrassment. The needy fellaheen are compelled to pay two sets of ministers and two sets of administrators, one English, the other native, for no other purpose than that the one may not do what the other objects to. English troops are maintained at the expense of Egypt, but confer no benefit on that country, since almost every week some Cabinet Minister in England seizes the occasion to declare that they will shortly be withdrawn. The abominable waste in the Public Debt Office, in the Commission of Liquidation, and in the Administration of the Daira and the Domains, goes on unchecked, because the Government at home shrink from irritating France and alienating their Radical followers by extending the area of our administrative authority. First Lord Dufferin, then Sir Evelyn Baring, and now General Gordon, is despatched to the scene; the object of the Cabinet being, in each case, to screen itself behind popular names, while in reality enforcing definite and hampering instructions upon the very men by whose advice it pretends to be inspired. We shall be only too well pleased if, even at the eleventh hour, the Government should retrace their steps, and exhibit an adequate comprehension of their duty in this grave question. But should they still hesitate, the Opposition will have to question them, cross-question them, urge, expose, and expostulate with them, without stint or intermission. The Debate on the Address will naturally furnish the earliest opportunity for the performance of this imperative duty.

But in the Session which is about to open, and which we have designated a critical Session, the Opposition will be called upon to consider a matter of yet greater gravity than anything we have named. We may, as far as this year is concerned, treat as mere lumber to be thrown overboard, Bills for the alteration of government in London and the Counties. In so far as Parliament is not occupied with considering questions of Foreign and Colonial policy, its energies will have to be concentrated on that Extension of the Suffrage which a minority of the Liberal Party have forced upon a Cabinet endowed with feeble powers of resistance, and only too willing to escape from obligations due but unliquidated, by assuming fresh ones of larger magnitude but remoter date. It is impossible to criticize a Bill no one outside the Cabinet has seen, and which is, perhaps, not yet drafted. But there can be no difficulty in saying at once that the Conservative Party must and will resist, with all the means at their disposal, the passing of any Measure of so-called electoral reform that does not satisfy three conditions. Firstly, any Bill for largely extending the suffrage, whether in Counties or elsewhere, must be accompanied by a clear and intelligible scheme of Redistribution. Secondly, a Measure so framed must not, under pretence of enfranchising one class, disfranchise every other, and thus revive Absolute Power. Thirdly, it must not furnish "Veiled Rebellion" with increased capacity to attain its avowed ends by means speciously called legal. If the promised Reform Bill satisfies these three conditions, there is no reason why it should not become law. But if it does not, the Conservative Party must strain every nerve, with the assistance of independent and foreseeing Liberals, to prevent its acceptance by the House of Commons. Should they fail, it will then be the duty of the Conservative Party in the House of Lords to reject it, and so compel the Government, who received their mandate from the constituencies, not yesterday, but four years ago, to put it to the test whether the country does or not approve their performances in the past and their programme for the future.

We live in an age of daring proposals; and it has been suggested that, in the event of the County Franchise Bill being rejected by the Upper House, the Government should ignore their defeat, and reintroduce an identical Measure into Parliament in the following Session. On the assumption that the vote given by the House of Lords is the sequel to a similar vote vainly recorded by the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, such a suggestion can be regarded only as a sample of that unconstitutional bluster with which Radical caucuses and conferences have made us familiar, but which has not yet been adopted by any responsible Minister. If in the fifth year of its existence a majority of the House of Commons

could prevent the minority, reinforced by the House of Lords, from insisting that the country shall be consulted on a question of the first magnitude, political liberty would be extinct in England, public opinion would be silenced at its source, and the last and only precaution now remaining against the arbitrary power of a single Chamber would have disappeared. To such a manœuvre no Minister would resort who had not been seduced by adulation and intoxicated by success into believing that England is ripe for Personal Government.

We have spoken, temperately we trust, but plainly; and if plainer language were possible, we would employ it. The Government, its following in the House of Commons, the press, and the country, are in full possession of the intentions of the Opposition respecting what must necessarily be the main business of the coming Session. To an extension of the franchise, as such, the Conservative Party will offer no opposition. But they would commit a great crime against their country if they failed to insist upon the three conditions we have named; and from that duty they will not shrink. Should an appeal to the nation be the consequence, to the decision of the nation, whatever it may be, they will respectfully and cheerfully defer.

LETTERS BY RURICOLA.

Sir,

My friend Ruricola, whose modesty prevents him from addressing directly to you, has requested me to submit the following paper to the kindly consideration of you and your readers. He is, as you will observe, of a somewhat old-fashioned turn of thought; and whatever my personal regard may be for him, I do not desire to be held answerable for his opinions. I will only say that I believe that any statements which he may make are worthy of all credit.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Carnarvon.

Letter No. 1.

"A loyal, just, and upright gentleman."

Richard II. i. 3.

In one of my late excursions into a distant county I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of such excellent parts and character, and a model of so many virtues, that I think my readers will thank me for making him known to them, even though it can only be upon paper. Those, if there be such, who desire a more intimate knowledge of him and his life, must forego for a short space the excitements and distempers of London society, and must seek him in the retreats of a somewhat inaccessible country home.

For my friend lives in a secluded part of England, and though the telegraph-wires cut the vista of the old avenue which leads from the Hall to the village, the nearest railway station is some fourteen or fifteen miles distant; and neither whistle nor scream of engine mingles with the roar of the stream that flows through the park, or disturbs the rooks in their immemorial homes that overhang the house.

Of the Hall itself, with its walled garden and formal yew-walks, I may say briefly that it is built of red brick in the style of good Queen Anne, with some handsome and well-proportioned rooms, with spacious stables, and a central clock-tower, removed a hundred yards from the rest of the building, and with a library which contains one of the most varied and best chosen collections of books that is to be found in that part of the county.

My friend, Mr. Miles Mannering, is one of a family which has been settled in the parish since the Restoration. Unlike most of the adherents of Charles I., his ancestors not only regained a small property which had been sequestrated under the Commonwealth, but by a singular combination of merit and good fortune they acquired with it a considerable estate, which they have enlarged by prudent marriages and good management. To make a long story short they became a very typical English family, of good sense and kindly disposition, living amongst their people—as in good old English it was called—and fulfilling their country duties in the militia and on the bench with fidelity and credit.

Mr. Miles Mannering, whilst sharing the family temper and character, is, perhaps, intellectually somewhat superior to those who have preceded him. He received the best education that Eton and Oxford could give him, and has been a diligent reader of books as well as an observer of men since then. He lived in London for some time, was much courted by the good society of his day, served for a short time in the army, travelled in the principal countries of Europe, and represented his County in Parliament for several years. To this experience he has added whatever knowledge a layman can acquire on the bench, where his shrewdness and clearness of thought distinguished him amongst those gentlemen who, in the good old language of the Prayer Book, "administer indifferent justice," with so much advantage to their country.

He has now withdrawn himself from the turmoil of general society and political contention, and though he carries on a rather extensive correspondence with those who knew and respected him in former days, and who still desire the advantage of his judgment on passing affairs, he lives entirely in the country, devoting his time to the superintendence of his property and the care of his villagers, and his leisure to his library, the occasional visits of some old friend, and the cultivation of his garden. In this last pursuit he takes a singular delight, and he loves to quote Lord Bacon's remark, that it was God Almighty which first planted a garden, and that in it is to be found the finest of human pleasures. In this spirit he has written over his garden gate, "Audivi vocem Domini deambulantis in horto."

In early life he was a Tory and a strong politician; he has now become in modern phraseology a Constitutionalist and a Conservative. But whilst he has grown more tolerant of the opinions of others, and especially of the dupes whose simplicity has made them the prey of the "wizards and sophists" of society, as Plato was used to call them, he can express in very forcible language his bitter scorn for those who trade on the ignorance and enthusiasm of others; and he still believes in those fundamental principles which have

been the pillars of the English Constitution in Church and State, and which he often says, in rather an old-fashioned way, Mr. Burke and Mr. Pitt at the end of the last century did so much to uphold.

Yet while he is unsparing in his condemnation of the "makers of revolution," as the former of those eminent statesmen has justly called them, he sometimes regrets that the defenders of the Constitution do not anticipate and turn the edge of those measures which are thrust upon the country only to gratify the political requirements of some unscrupulous faction in or out of Parliament, and which derive much of their mischief from the manner in which they become law.

When last I was in his company I asked him whether the recent Hares and Rabbits Act had caused him any inconvenience?

"No," he said; "I have long since kept down the rabbits so as to give no trouble to my poorer neighbours; and as regards hares, I only keep enough for my own table and my tenants' coursing."

"But surely," I remarked on another occasion, "the Agricultural Holdings Act will give you trouble if it does not create ill-will?"

"I have no fear," he replied. "I and my tenants have too long been on good terms to be disturbed by such a petty piece of popularity-hunting legislation. All that the Act can give, my tenants have long since had; and in these bad days of agricultural difficulty and depression, unless they receive an actual transfer of the land in fee simple they would not gain much." He added after a pause: "I am not, indeed, sure that in the long run they would be the gainers even by this; for our connection has not been a mere money contract, but is founded upon old feeling and reciprocal good offices, and there are numberless occasions when I can serve them or their families."

In these bad times Mr. Mannering has had his difficulties and, inasmuch as there has never been any Utopia in real life, he has sometimes experienced discontent and ingratitude where there was least reason to expect them. Fortunately by the sale of some available securities, by judicious economies in his garden, his household, his stables, and his favourite four-in-hand; by some reduction in the library and his small personal expenditure—for he would not consent to any diminution in his gifts or charities—he was able to provide efficiently for the cultivation of the farms which had been thrown upon his hands. It is said that by this course of action he disappointed a small knot of interested speculators who had hoped to make capital out of his embarrassments, and to obtain the vacant farms at a nominal rent. However this may be, he has brought the land, which was impoverished by ill

cultivation, into admirable order, has set an example of good farming, and has had the satisfaction of raising the standard of wages, which were in his opinion too low.

His labourers, whom he entertains every year at the harvest home,—an agricultural feast which in these bad times has in some parts of the country unfortunately disappeared, partly from shortened means and partly from an unwise parsimony,—are much attached to him. On these occasions he addresses them in homely language with great good-sense and kindness; and though he is accused by his friends of sometimes dwelling too much or too long on some personal "crotchet," the good people do not seem to weary of the Squire's remarks. When, a short time since, some agents from Mr. Arch's union—whom he good-humouredly calls the "arch impostor"—visited the village, and endeavoured to influence the labourers against the Squire by denouncing him as a land-owner and by promising them freehold allotments to be carved out of his park, they met with an unexpectedly disagreeable reception, and narrowly escaped a rapid transfer from the tap-room of the "Mannering Arms," where they were perorating in a somewhat inflated rhetoric, to the nearest pump on the village green. Since then the village has been left undisturbed.

I sometimes think that my excellent friend, though one of the kindliest and best-natured men that I know, would not have been grieved had these emissaries of disorder cooled their distempers in the healing waters of the village well. For some days he indulged in an occasional joke over the discomfiture of the "London rascals," as he briefly characterised these disturbers of the public peace.

Mr. Mannering is sometimes out of heart at what he considers the downward and dangerous tendencies of the times; but on an occasion like this he regains his natural spirits. "I cannot easily believe," he says, "in any real antagonism of classes in England. When in former years I have stood watching the fine carriages and horses passing in gay procession on some royal birthday through St. James' Park, I can hardly ever remember to have heard an expression of envy or hatred in the poorly-clad and, perhaps, ill-fed crowd that looked on at the show; and in this parish I certainly know that for many generations my ancestors in the Hall, and the ancestors of those labourers in the village, have lived in relations of mutual confidence and good-will. When in my younger days ricks were burnt and machinery broken by ignorant mobs, when Chartists in threatening crowds advocated 'moral force and the Charter,' when in still later times radicals, reformers, republicans, and such like, have come here to make mischief, my friends in the village have always stood up for the Hall. And, on the other hand,

as long as I can remember, whenever there has been sickness or trouble, when, for instance, twenty years ago, the typhoid fever was raging and we could get no one to nurse the sick and dying, or, again, when the friendly society—which I had always told them rested on rotten foundations—became insolvent, they have had whatever help the Hall could give."

Mr. Mannering added some further anecdotes in illustration of this friendly reciprocity between the Hall and the village; and then, after a pause, during which he seemed to be reflecting, he said: "My belief is that even in these difficult times, if gentlemen will 'do right and fear not,' they may take the lead and none will dispute it. It is true that poisonous elements run side by side and mingle with the great volume of a morbidly quickened public life; but where the main stream is tolerably pure the fouler particles are absorbed or sink to the bottom. Thus there have been times when, partly under the influence of demagogues and partly from the pressure of distress, large sections of our population have given themselves up to some crazy delusion. Such, I well remember, was the movement which drove thousands of our working class to enroll themselves under the 'Charter,' in the wild hope that pauperism would disappear, and that under 'the new organisation of the people,' as it was called, labour would enjoy extraordinary rights, and society would be renewed in all its pristine vigour. But the bubble burst, and the sober sense of the country happily prevailed over these idle dreams. And so I trust that the crude and fantastic theories which now-a-days seem to fascinate or terrify society will, when confronted with a little hard sense, be equally evanescent.

"I could wish," he added with some slight bitterness, "that those unprincipled sycophants whose whole notion of politics consists in flattering the 'sovereign people,' as they call the mob, and in humouring its every delusion and whim, could be made alone to pay the penalty of the mischief which they cause; or, rather, I wish that the base and cowardly spirit which we falsely call 'public opinion,' and which infects all estates and conditions of men, in the court and the camp, the senate and the hustings, could be exorcised by some manly and honest speech. For the individual demagogue is, after all, only now what he has been in every age—a selfish hireling and a more or less intelligent keeper of the wild beast, who understands his moods and the meaning of his inarticulate growls, and has learnt the trick by which he can cajole and humour him; but public opinion is a subtle and an all-pervading atmosphere, and if it be corrupt it is like a poisonous gas which passes into our inmost chambers and sanctuaries and imperceptibly destroys the springs of healthy life."

He made another pause, and then in an altered and somewhat sadder tone he said: "I am not foolish enough to suppose that what we love and value, and which has endured so long with honour and advantage, is destined to be immortal. Nations, like men, must submit to the common law and grow old and change; but as in Nature change means only the putting on of a new form and the redintegration of a new usefulness, so I can see no reason why the English people, which has hitherto so harmoniously conformed itself to the varying inflections of things and times, should not even now be governed by the old law of its existence. Nor can I believe that all the self-sacrifice and honest labour in the name of religion and education and social improvement in every large town, and in almost every country parish, will be made in vain."

I cannot conclude this short account of Durlestone Chase and its owner without some few words on the church and school, with both of which the Squire is closely connected. The former is a specimen of the best form of Tudor building, which is rarely found in our remote country parishes, though that style has left some gorgeous memorials of its architectural splendour in the royal chapels of Eton, Windsor, and Cambridge. The beautiful proportions of its tower, the music of its bells, the complex and delicate tracery of its windows, and the rich colours of its stained glass are the delight of summer tourists, and a striking commentary on the modern axiom which requires "the greatest possible amount of accommodation at the least possible expenditure of money and thought."

From the pulpit of Durlestone Church may be heard, every Sunday, not only by an attentive country congregation but by many strangers who come from a distance, sermons of no common kind. Dr. Fabian is one of the most remarkable survivors of that remarkable generation which, forty years ago, made Oxford the centre of a new life, and changed the whole current of religious thought in England. He is a High Churchman, who, free from all vagaries and imitations of that Communion which calls itself Catholic, has founded himself upon the best theology of our Carolinian divines, and who believes in his office and commission, but whose championship, considerate, gentle, and tolerant, has never cast a shadow over his relations with his people. He is still in the freshness of a green old age, discharging all the duties of a much younger man, and well-known in every cottage; for he is never weary of reminding his curates that the duty of house-to-house visitation is second to none other in the life of a parish priest, and that he who seeks to influence for good the lives and conduct of his flock must first win his way to their hearts and affections.

In this spirit are conceived his sermons, which are neither long nor learned, except for that fulness of thought and illustration which are inseparable from the discourse of a really learned man. These addresses, as in the case of one of our greatest divines, are uttered with a grave zeal and humble voice, and with his eyes fixed on one place, and with such a natural rhetoric as convinces and persuades rather than frightens men into piety. And such, indeed, is the gentleness of his disposition that men forget in it the learning and power of his writings—which are widely known and admired—and think of him only as a friend on whose sympathy in time of trial or distress they may surely count. So widespread is his reputation for goodness and learning, that even in his life-time his church has become the object of a kind of nineteenth-century pilgrimage to many who are acquainted with his writings and his habits of almost primitive simplicity. Many of the younger clergy resort to him for counsel, and to these he extends a constant hospitality, entertaining them with his best cheer, and his even better discourse. It is hard to meet with conversation of a higher or more varied kind than can be enjoyed of a winter evening in Durlestone Rectory.

On the last occasion on which I saw Dr. Fabian, his usual equanimity had been disturbed; for the Government Inspector had just paid his yearly visit, and had intimated that certain alterations and additions were necessary if the grant was to continue undiminished. Under the most favourable conditions, the Government inspection, which he associated with old controversies over the Conscience Clause, a rival Board School in the neighbouring parish, and the latest speeches of the Vice-President of the Education Department, was more or less unwelcome; and the only consideration which in any degree reconciled him to it was the hope of some augmentation of the grant. But when he was suddenly called upon to contemplate either the addition of what he considered some "new-fangled" and unnecessary condition, or a reduction in the grant, the even surface of his usually placid temper was for a time at least ruffled.

I ventured to suggest to my excellent friend that some of these novel requirements might proceed, not only from a belief in their advantage, but from a desire on the part of the "Department" to take advantage of the increasing competition among the public elementary schools, to play off, so to say, one against the other, and by a general rise in the standard of instruction to reduce the number of claimants for Government aid. But this suggestion, I observed, only added fuel to the fire, and he inveighed in terms of uncommon asperity against the Machiavellian intentions of all Liberal Governments, and the unscrupulous statecraft, as he ex-

pressed it, of their educational policy—against the enormous growth of public expenditure for this purpose, the large proportion of it that found its way to the Board Schools, the unfair disadvantages to which Church Schools were subjected, and the profitless nature of much, at least, of our modern education. "We are," he said, "alike in our higher and lower systems of education, more and more divorcing those who should be inseparable help-meets and allies. Even under the most favourable conditions in our public elementary schools it is hard to maintain their character as Church institutions. The temporal inducements and rewards are for secular proficiency; religious knowledge counts for comparatively little—*laudatur et alget*—and this begets indifference, and indifference begets doubt, and perhaps scepticism and opposition. By the side, too, of these great discouragements, which for many years the Civil Power and Liberal Governments have inflicted on our Church schools, it is impossible not to view with the deepest anxiety the unceasing efforts of a powerful faction to remove religion from its place in them, and I grieve to observe that these efforts are too often reinforced by English Nonconformists in their jealousy of the Established Church. It is strange that men should be so blind even to their temporary interests. It is in its political aspect, and apart from higher considerations, a strictly practical matter, which goes to the root of civil happiness or misery. Let them only call to mind how, as I well remember, in 1841 Louis Philippe's Government, in their terror of ecclesiastical influence, carefully separated religion from education, and placed the primary schools under lay teaching. They dreaded the Jesuit, but they forgot the Socialist; they diffused knowledge, but they banished religion; and they taught the working-classes in the large towns that fiery and bloody gospel of Revolution which has laid Paris in ashes, and still keeps France an active volcano—a source of peril to herself and to her neighbours. I often fear that here, too, we may one day find to our cost that secular instruction without the higher religious wisdom is a poor security for good citizenship. For knowledge is one thing, wisdom is altogether another. A man without knowledge, but with the fear of God before his eyes, may, in the fullest sense of the words, be wise and happy; but a man without wisdom may find that his knowledge leads him on a disastrous and comfortless journey. For 'Wisdom is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness. The Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding and the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

I made no reply. My excellent friend had passed from the transitory and debateable topics of School Boards and Government grants to the eternal verities on which all real education must rest. I would not by any words of mine revive the irritating controversies with the Education Department.

But I must not be tempted by the pleasure that I always feel in the company of my friends at Durlestone to prolong these observations. Lady Chloe will complain that sufficient room is not allowed for the consideration of the latest fashions and parties; and young Stonehenge, of the Guards, has very unfairly asserted in the Clubs that, as the late Mr. Addison used to say, fox-hunters are mentioned in these pages with too little respect. I must, as he would express it, draw rein, and for the present I will say no more now of my excellent friend, Mr. Miles Mannering, and his country friends; only reserving to myself liberty—if the patience of my readers is not exhausted—to revert to the subject on some future occasion.

RURICOLA.

FORTY YEARS OF INCOME TAX.

FINANCIAL proficiency should be as conspicuous in the wisdom with which the public revenue is levied as in the care with which it is expended; but, strange to say, while the supplies for the public service are closely examined and discussed, the provision of those supplies attracts comparatively scant attention. The public revenue remains a confused and chaotic aggregate—the residuum of taxes imposed for special emergencies, reduced or repealed under the pressure of class influence; and presenting in its entirety no system—no principle ensuring the convenience of the State, or the equitable assessment of the subject.

In the past, taxes were arbitrarily imposed, and their proceeds capriciously connected with wholly irrelevant objects—for instance, Customs Duties were imposed by Charles II., 18, c. 5, on wines and spirits, and their produce was "to be kept apart and applied to no other use than that of defraying the expenses of the Mint," and only in 1787 were these duties diverted from the Mint and carried to the Consolidated Fund.

It may be pleaded, in extenuation of the want of principle and system in former centuries, that the national expenditure was itself so insignificant that the mode and means of levying it never challenged serious attention; the public expenditure in times of peace having been—in 1701, £3,400,000; in 1751, £6,400,000; in 1771, £10,100,000; and in 1791, £18,000,000. Wars with France, between 1792 and 1802, necessitated not only very considerable loans, but increased taxation, including, under Pitt's administration, an Income Tax levied between the years 1798 and 1802, and, after the short peace of 1802, revived to operate, with variations but unremittingly, from 1803 to 1815, in which year the national expenditure reached £113,000,000.

When, in 1842, Sir Robert Peel re-enacted a Property and Income Tax, he followed the lines of the Act of 1803. As he pledged the country to the endurance of this impost for three years only, the brevity assigned to the infliction may explain the disregard of the glaring defects of a measure recommended by the fame of Mr. Pitt. Whatever the fame of Pitt or Peel as

financiers, I protest against their names being used to shield from censure when continuously employed a fiscal instrument devised to meet and satisfy a temporary exigency. Sir James Paget might in an emergency amputate a limb with a butcher's cleaver, but it would be rash to argue that he would be content to provide St. Bartholomew's Hospital with such an instrument for the performance of difficult surgical operations.

Peel's Property and Income Tax survives the lapse of forty-two years. Detested, denounced, and doomed again and again to extinction, it has crept on by stages of three years—of seven years, but mostly by yearly renewals, and its continuance now stands more firmly rooted than ever as a permament instrument of revenue.

The gross defects, the grave injustice, the demoralizing influence of the Income Tax, are admitted. No statesman has denied them, but statesmen have shirked the adjustment of the tax upon pretences which, though they served as a temporary excuse, can no longer be advanced. Mr. Lowe, indeed, condescended to no lamentations over the moral corruption wrought by the administration of the Income Tax. His reasoning was in this wise: "Traders and professional men complained that they were overtaxed under Schedule D. It might be so, but they had the remedy in their own hands—they were self-assessed, they made their own returns, and he had no idea that, in the aggregate result, the exchequer got more than its due."

That the owners of industrial incomes, feeling that they were wronged by being taxed to the full amount of their earnings, when, in fact, and as prudence demanded, they saved a third or more, should in many cases, by their self-assessment, protect their purses, even at the cost of their veracity, is lamentable, but not strange; and assuredly a very heavy responsibility rests on the statesmen who, admitting the wrongs inflicted by the law, and the fraud and falsehood they provoked, could year after year allow mal-administration to eat out the heart of English honesty. This cynical disregard for the demoralizing effect of a system known to be unjust, and of which the sufferer could evade the oppression only by untruthfulness and fraud, was not professed by all finance ministers. There was, indeed, a general lamentation over the corruption provoked by the Income Tax; but instead of amendments of the tax, Downing Street gave us no other comfort than reasons for patience and submission such as these:—

1. The Income Tax was a war tax, and would not be maintained in time of peace.
2. The Income Tax was an unjust tax, but it should never exceed 2d. in the pound.

3. The Income Tax was unequal in its incidence, but its inequality was of the essence of the tax, and must be encountered, not by amendment, but by extinction.

These assertions have been signally falsified. (1) The Income Tax has been levied not only in war but in times of peace. (2) It has been as low as 2d. in the pound, but it has also been as high as 16d. (3) Its inequalities remain unredressed, but the tax is inextinguishable. No tax can be yearly adjusted to the ability of every individual, but equality of burthen may be assigned to every class of income; and, if the State dealt justice to the taxpayer, it would provoke the taxpayer to honesty, and greatly diminish the frightful cases of fraudulent self-assessment recorded in the reports of the Inland Revenue Department. It is terrible to read in the thirteenth report of that department that the returns under Schedule D for the years 1864–65 do not exceed 44 per cent. of the amount they ought to reach.

So much for the corruption of the subject, but what of the officials? They may be—they are, I am sure—as a body distinguished not only for their zeal, but for their integrity; but no human being can administer an unjust law without being deteriorated. Let me exemplify this assertion.

In the year 1846 the Government made a loan to the landed gentry of the country, and it was principally taken up by the Scotch proprietors. It was made payable in the shape of a twenty-two years' annuity, and the document subjoined is a circular issued by the Stamps and Taxes Office in Edinburgh to the assessors and collectors throughout the country:

"Drainage Act—Circular to Collectors.

"Stamps and Taxes, Edinburgh.

"Sir, "1st March, 1849.

"It is proper that I apprize you, for your information and guidance, that the Board are of opinion that parties to whom advances have been made under the Drainage Act, 9 & 10 Vict. c. 101., are entitled to claim deduction of the property tax on the rent-charges payable by them. The Board, however, do not consider it necessary to offer such deduction to parties paying those rent-charges, but that it will be sufficient to allow it when claimed. I have also to inform you that such parties as claim the deduction due at 10th of October last, but which they omitted to do at that time, may be allowed to claim it at the 5th April next, along with the deduction due at the latter date, *but always in the event only of the parties making the claim.*

(Signed) "A. F."

This circular may have been issued by the Edinburgh Controller

only in obedience to instructions from his superiors in office; but it is nothing more nor less than an instruction to collectors—that, whereas certain persons indebted to the State have a right to deduct Income Tax from the whole amount of their payments, yet if these persons, in their unsuspecting ignorance, failed to demand that concession, it was not to be offered or to be hinted at. The overpayment is to be taken, and no information given unless a specific demand is made for a deduction. This is equivalent to what other Governments have done when they have received their dues in legal coin, and have paid their debts in a base currency. The transactions to which this document referred were the occasion of a special enactment in 1853, under these circumstances. In the Income Tax Act of 1853, the Government introduced a clause providing, with especial reference to the Drainage Annuities of 1846, that those who paid them should be allowed Income Tax *only on the interest*, and not on the principal repaid. This clause was, in the words of the enactment, a "just provision," and yet at the same time the Government refused the benefit of this just provision to their own creditors, under precisely analogous circumstances.

I assert confidently that the able officials who now administer the Law of Inland Revenue would feel greatly relieved, and find their labours sensibly lightened by an adjustment of the Income Tax which, by correcting its injustice, would remove "the almost invincible repugnance on the part of the Commissioners to exercise the power" of enforcing by penalty the statutable but unrighteous demands of the Inland Revenue Department, and create a general disposition in the community at large not only to acquiesce in, but to promote the collection of the National Income.

Having lamented that no statesman had ever undertaken the adjustment of the Income Tax, I ought not to omit recording that Mr. Disraeli did attempt that task in December 1852. In his Budget speech to the new Parliament he announced as a chief feature of his financial proposals the correction of the inequalities of the Income Tax.

The Budget was severely criticised by Mr. Gladstone, who, attacking it with great vehemence, directed his opposition especially against the proposed alterations in the Income Tax, and while admitting the unsuitability of the unreformed tax for permanent use, he declared his insuperable objection to the reconstruction proposed by Mr. Disraeli. On the 16th December a speech of impassioned eloquence by Mr. Gladstone closed the discussion of the Budget. The division immediately taken showed an adverse majority of nineteen. It entailed the resignation of the Government, and Mr. Gladstone met the House in February 1853 as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I have sometimes wondered how far I may have been unconsciously instrumental in causing this change of Government.

From April 1851 until April 1855 I held office as Deputy Governor and Governor of the Bank of England. In that capacity the transfers of stock from England to Ireland, and *vice versâ*, fell under my observation, and I had remarked that an Irish export of 3 per cent. Stocks and an Irish import of Terminable Annuities were concurrently progressing at a pace which threatened to domicile in Dublin the whole of the State debts known as "Terminable Annuities." In a letter ("How should an Income Tax be levied?") which I addressed to Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer in November 1852, I called his particular attention to the defective construction of the Income Tax as shown in this anomalous movement in the National Debt. I also proved the wrong inflicted upon the owners of industrial incomes, and I suggested remedial measures based upon the principle that an "Income Tax should be charged upon income and not upon capital." Mr. Disraeli had my letter in his hands for too brief a time to have mastered the many bearings of so complicated a question, but he appreciated the iniquity of the existing system, and proclaimed his desire to reform it.

The battle over the Budget of December 1852 was one of the many memorable conflicts which signalised the life-long antagonism between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. Party policy is mischievous, but far more mischievous is a policy in which personal rivalry, personal enmity, and personal opposition are the dominant motives of the political leaders, who enlist their followers nominally in the cause of party, really in the cause of rival chiefs. To overthrow a rival, measures of public utility have been rejected and cast aside. To distance a rival, measures have been projected and carried, far more pernicious than those which when presented by an opponent had been energetically resisted. Of the two distinguished men whose protracted political antagonism occupy so large a space in our history, it would be hard to say which was the most inveterate in his animosity towards the other, but it can be said with absolute certainty that the consequence of their strife has been disastrous to the true interests of the country.

Early in the Session of 1861 (19th February), I moved for "a Committee to enquire into the mode of assessing and collecting the Income and Property Tax, and whether any mode of levying the same so as to render the tax more equitable can be adopted." The motion, determinedly opposed by Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was carried by 131 ayes, against 127 noes. In the formation of the Committee, I had great difficulties: the selection of names was, as usual, arranged between the respective

Whips; and as both political parties were opposed to me, names I had proposed were struck out and replaced by those of men unfavourably affected to the enquiry. I soon found that the Committee generally had no adequate conception of my plan, and for their information I left the chair, and for several days submitted myself as a witness to the hostile and skilful examination of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir Stafford Northcote. Their ingenious and searching questions failed, however, to entangle me in any controversial snares, and left me well satisfied with the soundness of my principle. Before Mr. Lowe's rapid interrogatories, great circumspection was requisite. A practised examiner and accomplished dialectician—his questions followed each other like lightning. I had laid down as a rule that the portion of income saved from expenditure and become capital should not be taxed. Mr. Lowe challenged me to define "savings." "Is it (he asked) what a man can save—what he ought to save—or what he does save?" I hesitated in my reply, but I declined impaling myself upon either of the alternatives presented to my exclusive adoption. "Savings," as I explained (dealing with classes and not with individuals), "are the portions of income which men *can* save—which men *ought* to save, and which men *do* save." Varying widely as the answers would be as touching persons, there is an abosolute concurrence of power, duty, and practice exhibited in the acts of the whole community.

The evidence taken by the Income Tax Committee of 1861 afforded ample material for the Report which I presented late in the Session; but the Committee set it aside in order to adopt another, affirming that the objections urged against the tax were objections to its nature and essence rather than to the particular shape given to it.

The absence of any tangible pretence for the judgment of the Income Tax Committee of 1861 strengthened my resolution to urge the consideration of reform upon the House of Commons, and in June 1864 I succeeded in getting a hearing upon "Direct and Indirect Taxation," and moved, "That the inequalities and injustice attending the operation of the existing Property and Income Tax disqualify it for being continuously reimposed in its present form as one of the means of levying the national revenue." Unsupported by either political party, my motion was, of course, negatived after a brief discussion which left me still more hopeful of future success.

I need not enlarge upon the difficulty which an independent member has in bringing a question before the House: the rush of members to ballot for the opportunity of moving a Resolution on Tuesdays or Fridays, or of presenting a Bill for second reading on

a Wednesday has been of late years intensified by the tactics of the Irish, who occupy the Notices of Motions so largely, that by mere accident does an English member obtain the essential and coveted priority for either Bill or Resolution. Years may pass without a Resolution placed on the Notice List being brought to the judgment of the House, or a Bill read formally the first time being brought to discussion and division on a second reading. These Parliamentary difficulties are aggravated when the Government do not scruple (under an alleged pressure of public business) to seize upon the Wednesdays sittings, and even upon the time allotted to private members on Tuesdays and Fridays, or, taking the morning sitting, to count the House out in the evening.

Confronted by these obstructions, all that I have been able to accomplish has been the preparation and presentation to the House of Commons of a Bill which, under the title of "Income Tax Administration Amendment," has been several years before the House without reaching a discussion on a second reading. The yearly reproduction of the Bill has enabled me, however, to profit by hostile criticism and by friendly advice, private and official, and for the Bill as printed last year I invite the severest scrutiny.

Before I give the text of the Bill, I am bound to prove the necessity for such a measure. The statesmen who have unremittingly opposed the reconstruction of the Income Tax have unreservedly admitted that, as it stands, it is unsuitable as a permanent source of revenue. No one has made that declaration more emphatically than Mr. Gladstone, and the conclusion would be that the tax should cease conformably with his arguments and promises. Moreover, in 1873, Mr. Gladstone offered the abandonment of the Tax as an inducement to the constituencies to continue their confidence in his Administration.

Agreeing that the tax, as it stands, is unfit for permanent use, I deny that it cannot be reformed and I will prove that it cannot be dispensed with.

The most forcible argument for the adoption of an Income Tax is this, "that by no other means can be brought under contribution to the National Exchequer vast properties which are justly taxable, inasmuch as they largely benefit by the peace, liberty, and order which are ensured by the wise application of the national resources." The large revenues of absentees are in this category. Many properties in England and Ireland are so situated. In the course of the generation just passed away, a single wealthy absentee drew from this country millions to be expended in the luxurious capital of France, and which, but for the Income Tax, would have contributed nothing to the support of the government of this country.

The rents of the estates of absentees are taxed under Schedule A., but what of the profits assessed under Schedule D.? The amount assessed under Schedule D. in 1881 was £255,355,000. Ought not the earnings and profits which that sum represents to be charged with a due portion of the cost of Government? It might be said that while the House Tax exists, no one can escape taxation who lives in this country; he must lodge somewhere, and his lodging is taxed. But how inadequately would a mere lodger's tax represent the share of the burthen rightfully falling upon the possessors of colossal fortunes, created in trade and manufactures, and with their growth extending still further the trade and manufactures by which they have been enriched. Profits under Schedule D. were assessed in Great Britain:—

1867	. .	£173,088,000
1881	. .	£255,355,000

Thus it appears that in fourteen years the assessments under Schedule D. increased 50 per cent.; and this enormous wealth, chiefly derived from profits on trade, can be reached only through the Income Tax.

A merchant invests his capital in home manufactures which he exports, and in foreign goods which he imports. His property may be on the seas, in warehouses, or in the acceptances of the customers whom he supplies. As he realises, he re-invests, and his property may grow, year by year, from £20,000 to £25,000, to £30,000, to £50,000, to £100,000, and yet, but for the Income Tax, he might almost wholly escape contributing to the national exchequer. You may think at any rate to tax his property at his death through the legacy or succession duty, but be not too sure; he may do what has been done before—divide his property among his children and relations, and, reserving an annuity for his own life, convey his accumulated wealth to the next generation without sharing a single pound with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I have shown that the Income Tax cannot be dispensed with; I have to prove that it can be amended, and that by the application of no novel principle, but of rules already accepted in other departments of the State.

The prominent defects of the Income Tax as now administered are these:—

1. The portion of land-rent and the portion of house-rent respectively applied to the maintenance of the property is taxed, though not available as income.

2. Industrial earnings are taxed to their full extent, although their dependence on the life and efficiency of those whose labour is essential to their production, requires that a portion be annually

saved, such portion when invested as capital being taxed in its subsequent products.

3. Capital in the course of repayment through the working of mines in which it was invested is taxed, though not available as income.

4. Capital given as the consideration for terminable annuities is taxed in the annuity through which it is repaid with interest.

I find the remedies for these defects suggested by our own legislation.

"The Valuation of Property Metropolis Act 1879" took as its principle the rule adopted previously and since in every Bill for ensuring uniformity in local rating, that in order to tax every man according to his ability it was essential "to charge such portions only of the rents of property as remain after the expenditure necessary to maintain the property unimpaired." This principle of only taxing income so that the capital value remains unimpaired, is applicable also to mines, to terminable annuities, and even by analogy to industrial earnings. And it has been outrageously violated through the maladministration of the Income Tax.

£1,200 incoming as interest of money yields £1,200 net.

£1,200 incoming as rent of land yields £1,100 net.

£1,200 incoming as rent of houses yields £1,000 net.

The Government taxes these receipts alike at £1,200, and it is obvious that in the case of land £100, and in the case of houses £200, is wrongfully charged with a tax which the owner can only pay out of capital.

Local rates can by law be levied in these cases on £1,100 as the rateable value of land, and on £1,000 as the rateable value of houses. The profits of the merchant, tradesman, and professional man, together with stipends and salaries, are all charged with Income Tax at their full amount; whereas equity requires such an abatement from the amount of industrial earnings as should adjust the burthen thrown upon intelligence and skill as compared with property.

The wrong involved in taxing savings is admitted. The 54th section of the 16 & 17 Vic. cap. 34, provides for an abatement of one-sixth of his assessment to any person who shall have paid so much as an annual premium on a life assurance; but this admission "that savings should not be taxed" is hampered with a limitation to one-sixth part, and a ridiculous proviso that the savings shall be invested in a life policy.

An actuarial computation of the share of purely industrial earnings which should be saved for investment, and, therefore, be exempt from taxation, reaches a somewhat higher proportion; but I have assumed one-third as an adequate abatement from the receipts of

purely industrial earnings, and from such a portion of the earnings of traders as exceeds the interest at 4 per cent. upon their capital.

Although the encroachment upon industrial gains is the most glaring misdeed of the Income Tax, it is in the owners of lands and houses that we find the greatest sufferers.

A very large proportion of the landed revenues of the country are absorbed by the claims of mortgages and settlements; old county families have been burthened by the process of settling at marriage, and borrowing to provide for younger children, until the owner of the estate was reduced to the condition of a mere administrator of a property of which the portion he enjoyed was but a fraction.

Imagine an estate of £2,000 gross rental, and assessed at that amount to the Income Tax. It is chargeable with £1,600 a year interest on a mortgage; there remains £400, of which £200 are spent in outgoings for maintenance, leaving £200 for the fruition of the landowner. But he is charged with Income Tax on £400, so that he pays double the Income Tax which is paid by the capitalist on the interest of his mortgage received without trouble or risk.

The instance I have assumed is by no means an extreme one. It is quite possible for an impoverished landowner to be so burthened as to become chargeable with Income Tax on a residue of gross rental, insufficient even for the maintenance of the estate. Rents have of late years been so seriously reduced that cases of Income Tax being charged upon the outgoings when there is no residue wherewith to meet the charge must, I fear, be only too common.

The aggravated pressure of the Income Tax on embarrassed landowners is experienced also by embarrassed house-owners. The rent in either case is divisible between the nominal proprietor and the mortgagee. The mortgagee has the prior claim and pays Income Tax only on the actual cash which he receives as interest, while the nominal proprietor chargeable with the tax upon the cost of maintenance must pay at a heavier ratio upon his residue, if he have one, or if he have no residue he must satisfy the Inland Revenue officers out of other property.

This monstrous, this cruel injustice would be cured by assimilating the levy of Queen's taxes to the rule of local rating, and assessing the tax not upon the "gross," but upon the "rateable" value. This course would be no innovation. The Local Government Board have, in all legislation for local rates, constituted the rateable or net value as the legitimate standard or measure for assessment; the Home Department turn to the rateable value to determine the qualification of guardians, jurors, and councillors; and recently an important decision has been given in the House of

Lords which definitively assigns to "annual value" its true and equitable sense of "*rateable value*."

The judgment of the House of Lords in the case of "Dobbs *v.* The Grand Junction Waterworks Company" has an importance far exceeding its primary result; for the fact which it established must govern the future exactions not only of the water companies, but of the Inland Revenue.

The water company were legally entitled to levy rates on the "annual value" of the houses they supplied with water; but (emulating the despotism of Somerset House) they claimed rates levied upon the "gross value," and the House of Lords was appealed to for the determination of their right.

In the judgment delivered by Lord Bramwell, he used these words:—

"What is the meaning of 'annual value'? We may safely adopt the definition in 6 & 7 Will. IV. cap. 96 (1836), viz. the rent at which it would let free of all usual tenants' rates and taxes, and deducting therefrom the probable average annual cost of the repairs, insurance, and other expenses, if any, necessary to maintain them in a state to command such rent." This is their value. "This is the value—the net, the only value. . . . . Value means 'net value,' net value means 'value.' . . . . Gross value is different from value; it is, though a convenient, an inaccurate expression, like 'gross profits.' The difference between what a thing costs and the larger sum it sells for is not profit, if the buying and selling are attended with expense to the trader. Value is net value, and involves those deductions from rent which the appellant claims."

This clear and concise definition of annual value is invaluable, and must have important consequences. How does it affect Somerset House and its administration of the Queen's taxes?

The Income Tax is levied in virtue primarily of the Act 5 & 6 Vic. cap. 35, entitled "An Act granting to Her Majesty duties on *Profits* arising from Property, Professions, Trades, and Offices"; and the Act provides that Income Tax shall be charged (Sch. A) upon the *annual value* of all lands and tenements; (Sch. C) upon all *profits* arising from annuities, dividends, &c.; and (Sch. D.) upon the *annual profits or gains* arising or accruing from any profession, trade, or employment.

Notoriously, the administration of the tax as regards these schedules has not harmonized with the now authoritative definition of the sense of "annual value" and "profits." The irregularity with which poor-rates were levied forty years since led to corresponding irregularities in the levy of the Income Tax; but with the operation of the Valuation Acts, and especially the "Valuation

of Property Metropolis Act," 1869, a great advance has been made in the accuracy of the assessment lists for local and Imperial taxation. Somerset House, while co-operating with the local authorities in the preparation of more adequate estimates of value, took, to the special advantage of the Crown, the course of levying the Queen's taxes upon the gross rent or value. In the year 1869, the "Valuation of Property Metropolis Act," 32nd and 33rd Vic., was passed, of which the 45th clause constituted a valuation list as a common test of value for both local rates and Queen's taxes; but, while providing that "every rate shall be made in respect of the rateable value," it provides that, in construing the Income Tax Acts, the words "annual value" shall be deemed to mean the "gross value." In extenuation of this monstrous perversion of language, of these contradictory interpretations of "annual value" in the same clause, it may be alleged that the Income Tax was a temporary tax, and as the "Valuation Metropolis Act" would of necessity be superseded by a general measure for all England, it may have been thought inexpedient for so brief a period to vary its incidence.

The official attempt to incorporate the same nefarious clause in subsequent Valuation Bills has been in every instance defeated; and the clause remains in the "Valuation Metropolis Act" only until a general Act is passed which will provide for all England a common basis and a common measure of value for the purposes of local and Imperial taxation. Such an Act cannot fail to provide that, in accordance with the judgment of the House of Lords, "annual value" shall be the "rateable value," assessable alike for local rates and Imperial taxes.

A proposal to assess local rates upon the gross value or rental might have been supported by the plea that the rental paid by the occupier is the measure of his ability; but to assess local rates upon the net or rateable value, and Income Tax upon the gross rental, including (say, out of £1,200, £200) moneys which the owner never received as profits, and of whose ability it can therefore be no test, was the climax of absurdity attained in the "Valuation Metropolis Act, 1869."

I was temporarily out of the House of Commons in the Parliament of 1868 to 1874: unable, therefore, to protect the interests of my present constituents, upon whom the heavy hand of the Inland Revenue presses with the statutable authority of the Act of 1869. But as regards the country outside the metropolis, if another Hampden were to arise, and, encouraged by Mr. Dobbs' success, refuse to pay upon the gross assessment of his house an Income Tax granted to the Crown, to be charged upon annual value or profits, I do not see how the recent decision could be reversed, or

the House of Lords avoid giving judgment against Somerset House, as they had previously done against the waterworks company.

The principle of Lord Bramwell's judgment goes far beyond the assessment of house values. It applies to the whole category of matters taxable. From the product of each an abatement is due adequate to ensure the maintenance, the repair, the renewal or the equivalent of the productive material or person. It requires the correction of all the misdeeds of Somerset House. What are they? The Administration have taxed the cost of maintenance, varying on various properties, but capable of classification and adjustment; they have taxed capital in course of repayment and property in process of exhaustion; they have taxed alike idle and industrial incomes; they have taxed to the last farthing the earnings due to the brain of the lawyer and physician, to the skill of the artist and the enterprise of the trader; they have made one rule for the debtors and another for the crèditors of the State; they have provoked the tax-payer to dishonesty by unjust treatment, and have dishonoured the service of the Crown by making the officials instruments of oppression.

I purposely entitle the Bill bearing, besides my own, the names of Sir Charles Forster, Mr. E. A. Leatham, and Mr. Whitley, a "Bill to amend the *administration* of the Income Tax," because with an Income Tax, in its proper sense, I have no quarrel; on the contrary I hold that a national income is most fitly raised by contributions from individual incomes levied by an equable assessment upon every individual. An Income Tax in this country cannot be perfectly levied without the willing and conscientious concurrence of the people: for self-assessment is an important feature in the system. A successful Income Tax implies an intelligent and conscientious people, and I believe that our people do possess these qualities in an exceptional degree. Not a week passes without an announcement of the receipt by the Exchequer of "conscience money," of money, *i.e.*, spontaneously remitted by some person whom the administration had not reached, but whose conscience led him to discharge his obligation to the State. I never heard of a similar case of impulsive honesty in any of the countries who, following our example for good and evil, copied our Income Tax half a century too soon.

The increased intelligence of this country has warranted an improvement in the treatment formerly proposed for Schedule D, and in so doing I remove one of the few objections made to my scheme in 1861. Instead of an abatement of one-third (before assessment) of industrial gains in which capital is engaged, I assign the abatement to that portion only which exceeds the interest at four per cent. of the capital engaged.

Here is the Bill as presented in the last session of Parliament:—

A BILL TO AMEND THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE INCOME TAX.

Whereas it is expedient that the principle of an equal and equitable assessment be applied in levying all rates and taxes, whether local or imperial:

And whereas in levying local taxation the principle is generally adopted of charging the annual values of property at their net or rateable value, *i.e.* upon the value of the occupation after deducting from the gross value all outgoings necessary to maintain the value of the hereditament:

And whereas it is contrary to the nature of income tax that it be charged both on the interest which is income and on the capital which produces the income:

And whereas industrial earnings, on the same principle, require, previously to their being charged with income tax, an abatement in compensation of the exhaustion of productive power inseparable from labour:

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. The annual value of lands, houses, tenements, and hereditaments chargeable with income tax shall be the rateable value of all such houses, lands, tenements, and hereditaments.

2. The proportion of the annual value of such lands, tenements, and hereditaments as are chargeable with income tax in respect of the occupation thereof under Schedule B. shall be the same proportion of the rateable value thereof.

3. When a terminable annuity or other periodical payment shall comprise an advance or repayment of capital, income tax shall be charged on the annual interest only, and not on the capital in such annuity.

4. Industrial earnings derived from labour apart from the use of capital, in any profession, office, or occupation of profit, shall be entitled, prior to assessment, to an abatement of *one-third* of such earnings (*vide* Schedule A.).

5. Industrial earnings derived from labour applied to the use of capital, and being the net profits of any person, firm, partnership, or company engaged in any trade, manufacture, adventure, or concern, shall be entitled (prior to assessment) to an abatement of *one-third* of the labour gains included in such profits, *i.e.* to an abatement of *one-third* of the excess (if any) of such profits above the interest value at four per centum of the capital in such trade, manufacture, adventure, or concern (*vide* Schedule, Example B.).

6. In order to the assessing of the duties payable under the two preceding sections, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue shall include in the rules and regulations appended to the forms of returns under Schedule D. the instructions set forth in the Schedule to this Act, and the amount resulting from a statement framed in accordance with such instructions shall be the amount liable to assessment.

7. This Act shall not come into operation until the *first day of April one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.*

SCHEDULE A.

EXAMPLE showing the rate of Deduction from the Gross Value in order to obtain the Rateable Value for Taxation.

	Per cent.	or Proportion.
1. Land without buildings	5	or $\frac{1}{20}$
2. Land with buildings (farms)	10	$\frac{1}{10}$
3. Houses and buildings of £40 and upwards, gross value	$16\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{6}$
4. Buildings without land of £40 and upwards, gross value	$16\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{6}$
5. Buildings without land, above £20 and under £40 gross value	20	$\frac{1}{5}$
6. Houses and buildings without land, above £20 and under £40 gross value	20	$\frac{1}{5}$
7. Houses and buildings without land of under £20 gross value	25	$\frac{1}{4}$
8. Mills and manufactories	$33\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{3}$

9. The deductions on any hereditaments not included above to be determined according to the circumstances of the class and case.

SCHEDULE B.

INSTRUCTIONS for ascertaining the amount to be assessed under Schedule D. in respect of the Interest, Gains, and Profits accruing from any Profession, Trade, Manufacture, Adventure, or Employment.

Example A.

Profits for the year ending									1884
from the	profession of a / trade of a						£1,050	0	0
Computation for Assessment.									
Interest on own capital (if any)				£ nil		£			
Labour gains				£1,050	0	0			
Abate one-third				350	0	0			
							700	0	0
Amount to be returned for assessment						£	700	0	0

Example B.

Profits for the year ending									1884
from the	profession of a / trade of a						£1,230	0	0
Computation for Assessment.									
Interest on own capital (if any)			£15,000 at 4 per cent.			£	600	0	0
Labour gains			£630	0	0				
Abate one-third			210	0	0				
							420	0	0
Amount to be returned for assessment						£	1,020	0	0

N.B.—*The figures here inserted are only explanatory.*

Within the brief compass of the Bill is comprised a summary of this article. The preamble affirms the principle and recites the argument of the Bill, while the five clauses describe the processes for carrying it into effect. As it stands, the Bill (unofficially drawn), can only be the foundation of a reconstruction, but that it is sound and practicable I am confident. I have never shrunk from discussion, but my challenges have been unanswered, for my chief difficulty has lain in official apathy and a disposition to give precedence to measures not comparable in importance with the removal of evils which impair the dignity of the Crown, the honour of its public servants, and the honesty of the people.

I cannot close this article without recording my deep satisfaction that, thanks to the definition of "annual value" by the House of Lords in Dobbs's case, the struggle which I have sustained for thirty years against fiscal misrule is virtually ended and the battle won.

JOHN G. HUBBARD.

THE TWO LUCIANS: A DIALOGUE ON POPULAR RELIGION.

[*Time: Night. Lucian Minor is discovered in his study, reading the preface to the popular edition of "Literature and Dogma."*]

Lucian Mi.—Yes: I think it would be impossible to improve on it; it will undoubtedly produce a great effect upon the masses. Misconceived, of course, it will be, but its critics will be well disposed. "A kind of modernised Lucian with better manners, more religion, and a higher mind," Dr. Fairbairn calls me.* It is really surprising, after the plain way in which I have spoken about them, to see how candid and liberal these Dissenters can be in their recognition of what is genuinely superior.

[*The Spirit of Lucian Major rises.*]

Lucian Maj.—Lucian!

Lucian Mi.—Ha! [*Aside*] Can I trust my eyes? My system is, I believe, in fairly good order, and my diet has been extremely simple.

Lucian Maj.—I know what is passing in your mind. You are thinking how often you have laughed at the visions of Sampson Staniforth, the Methodist,† and of others, and are wondering whether there is any reality in what you now see yourself. But I have no time to enter into a discussion with you on this point, and must leave you to refer the case to your Society for Psychical Research. I am Lucian of Samosata, and in the short space during which I am permitted to remain in your airs I am desirous to ask you some questions.

Lucian Mi.—About what, Lucian?

Lucian Maj.—About this comparison that seems to have been made between you and me. We of the other world are not unacquainted with your works, and we all account you to be an admirable writer and to have an agreeable turn of wit; but in the matter of dialectic we are a little puzzled by your proceedings, so that when we find men comparing you with myself, who may, perhaps, say, without boasting, that I am generally allowed to be a master in this art, we are curious to know the mortal reasons for such a judgment. I should like you, therefore, to tell me in the first

* Address of the President of the Congregational Union, October 9th, 1883.

† *Literature and Dogma*, p. 102 (popular edition).

place in what men think you are like me, and in what superior to me.

Lucian Mi.—The resemblance that they find between us is, I presume, an intellectual one—for instance (you must remember, Lucian, it was not I who started the comparison), the grace and lucidity of our styles; but the superiority which they are good enough to assign to me is certainly of a moral nature, and arises from my possession of a sweet reasonableness which gives me advantages that you Greeks, with your imperfect religion, did not enjoy.

Lucian Maj.—What advantages?

Lucian Mi.—Why, with us, a man who is recognised as sweetly reasonable need not trouble himself much about the methods of reasoning; for he himself is regarded as the standard and measure of reason, just as Aristotle says the virtuous man should be taken as the standard of virtue. So that while you, Lucian, when you wished to convince your opponents of error, were obliged to have recourse to an elaborate process of dialectic, we, who are known to be sweetly reasonable, can deal very shortly with those who differ from us, because it is evident that reason cannot lie with them; we may, therefore, content ourselves with gently dismissing them as Barbarians, or Philistines, or the Populace. And as we find out what is reasonable by referring to ourselves, so, when we want to show what is unreasonable, we do not argue about the matter, but we point out a particular instance of what we mean in someone else. For example, supposing that we wish to speak ironically about the aristocracy, sweet reasonableness prompts us to name a nobleman, and say that "the cock of his hat is the most aristocratic thing we know."* Or, perhaps, we may desire to show the little value we set on the popular system of religion; in which case we take one of its doctrines, and, avoiding all discussion on the subject, compare it to a fairy tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys.

Lucian Maj.—A rumour reached us in the other world that you had found it advisable to withdraw that illustration.

Lucian Mi.—So I did, so I did; but not at all because I did not consider it sweetly reasonable. On the contrary "it was part of a plea for treating popular religion with gentleness and indulgence, and to those who protested against it I owe no deference and make no concessions. But the illustration has given pain, I am told, in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I have not hesitated to expunge it."†

* *Friendship's Garland.*

† Preface to the popular edition of *Literature and Dogma.*

Lucian Maj.—Well, no doubt tastes and opinions are always changing, and it is not my business to criticise the standard which your country has adopted; but, among the Greeks, witticisms based entirely upon personality, far from being accounted urbane, would rather have been classed with what my predecessor, Theophrastus, described as the *rustic* order. However, I presume that it was something more than a mere general resemblance in our styles that made your countryman compare you to me.

Lucian Mi.—To speak plainly, Lucian, I imagine that the good Doctor was thinking of us both as mockers at religion, and that, having regard to your downright and unsparing ridicule, and to the mildness and reasonableness of my language, he gave the preference, in point of manner, to my method over yours.

Lucian Maj.—And what do you think of his judgment?

Lucian Mi.—As regards his preference of me, I think it just enough. For it seems to me that, with all your wit and intelligence, you display a deplorable levity in your treatment of what is a very serious subject.

Lucian Maj.—I cannot see that I have cause to reproach myself with any considerable offences against reason and propriety. For I did no more than represent the gods of the Greeks talking among themselves in such a fashion as seemed natural, according to the tales that were commonly told about them; so that, when men came to reflect, it appeared ridiculous enough that beings of the kind should have the power and capacity to control the order of the universe. But what say you to the charge as against yourself?

Lucian Mi.—It arises entirely out of men's grossness and stupidity. I do not deny, indeed, that I have treated with much pleasantry the popular opinions about our religion; but for the religion itself I have the highest respect, as you may judge from the fact that I have recently re-published in a popular form the book that you found me reading, in order that the masses may have an opportunity of learning what our religion really means.

Lucian Maj.—I must confess that this distinction between what the people think about their religion and the religion itself is one that it would never have occurred to me to make. Tell me, however, what it is in the popular religion that appears to you so unreasonable and absurd.

Lucian Mi.—The necessity on which they insist for a belief in a Personal God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the various doctrines contained in the formularies which we call the Creeds.

Lucian Maj.—You are evidently prepared to make a clean sweep of the matter. But is it not the case that this popular belief about your religion has prevailed for more than eighteen hundred years?

Lucian Mi.—It is.

Lucian Maj.—And I believe, too, that the documents on which it is founded have, during all this time, been the object of long and anxious study by many wise men, and that many councils and assemblies have been held to decide upon their meaning; and that though upon some points there has been, and is, much diversity of opinion, yet as to the *facts* from which the opinions are drawn there has from the beginning been a general agreement. Is not this so?

Lucian Mi.—To a very considerable extent it is.

Lucian Maj.—Does it then appear to you to be quite consistent with modesty that you yourself, a single individual, not yet, I suppose, sixty years old, and much engaged in other pursuits, should pronounce all this body of opinion to be wholly worthless, and should claim to be the first to understand the real meaning of the religion you profess?

Lucian Mi.—Most certainly. But it is evident, Lucian, that you do not at present look on the thing in its proper light, and you must allow me to give you a little instruction. The fact is that this great body of traditional opinion, which seems to you so impressive, took a wrong turn from the beginning, so that every step forward which it has made has carried it farther from the truth. The book upon which our religion is founded, "contains all that we know of a wonderful Spirit, far above the heads of his reporters, still further above the head of our popular theology, which has added its own misunderstanding of the reporters to the reporters' misunderstanding of Him. And it was quite inevitable that anything so superior and so profound should be imperfectly understood by those amongst whom it first appeared, and for a very long time afterwards; and that it should come at last gradually to stand out clearer only by time—'*Time*,' as the Greek maxim says, '*the wisest of all things, for he is the unfailing discoverer*.'"*

Lucian Maj.—But if the world has for all these hundreds of years been going farther and farther from the truth, are you not a little sanguine in hoping to get back to it now?

Lucian Mi.—Not at all, not at all! "Happily the faith that saves is attached to the saving doctrines in the Bible, which are very simple."† I allow, however, that the true method of criticism by which they are discovered is extremely difficult. "It calls into play the highest requisites for the study of letters; great and wide acquaintance with the history of the human mind, knowledge of the manner in which men have thought, of their way of using words, and what they mean by them, delicacy of perception and quick

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 119. † *Ibid*, p. 123.

tact, and besides all these a favourable moment, and the 'Zeit-Geist.'" *

Lucian Maj.—What is the Zeit-Geist?

Lucian Mi.—It would take a long time to explain to you all that it is; but it may be briefly described as the Spirit that gives a man such complete confidence in his own wisdom and penetration, that he finds it impossible to believe he can ever be mistaken. And it is from this, and "from experience of the human spirit and its productions, from observing as widely as we can the manner in which men have thought, their way of using words and what they mean by them, and from reasoning upon their observation and experience, that we conclude the construction theologians put upon the Bible to be false, and ours to be the truer one."†

Lucian Maj.—I cannot sufficiently congratulate you upon the possession of this Zeit-Geist, since its powers are evidently miraculous.

Lucian Mi.—How so, Lucian?

Lucian Maj.—Why, whereas experience shows that it is just the differences arising from men's "way of using words and what they mean by them," which cause so many misunderstandings in life; and whereas men are constantly finding, even with regard to their intimate friends, that they have hitherto been completely ignorant of "the manner in which they have been thinking"; this Zeit-Geist of yours enables you with certainty to understand all shades of meaning in a language which is not your own, and to discover the secret thoughts and feelings in the minds of men who died many centuries before you were born.

Lucian Mi.—I see that you are laughing at me, Lucian. And, indeed, it occurs to me that it would be better that you, who must have knowledge of those things about which we mortals can only hold opinions, should give me information, instead of asking me questions as if you were a school-boy.

Lucian Maj.—I might, no doubt, tell you much were it permitted me. But as my object is to discover how far your own opinions are reasonable, I shall continue, if you have no objection, to use those methods of enquiry which were most familiar to me while I was in the world. Let me ask you, therefore, whether it is not the case that you agree in many points—in words, at all events—with those whom you call the theologians?

Lucian Mi.—Certainly. I agree with them in thinking that Religion is necessary; that it has also been revealed to us; and that it is revealed in the Book that we call the Bible.

Lucian Maj.—In what, then, do you differ from them?

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 121. † *Ibid*, p. 192.

Lucian Mi.—I say that, though it is necessary for all men to be religious, the religion that our theologians offer to the masses of the people cannot be proved to be anything else than a fairy-tale.

Lucian Maj.—So that the masses will not accept it because they do not believe it to be true?

Lucian Mi.—I am far from saying anything so blunt and crude. But I hold that the truth of what they affirm cannot be verified, and therefore the people will have nothing to say to the Bible.

Lucian Maj.—And what kind of verification will the people require?

Lucian Mi.—"A plain experimental proof, such as that fire will burn you if you touch it."*

Lucian Maj.—You say, then, that people must test the truth of religion by the experience of their senses. But supposing them always to adopt this method of verification, would they not sometimes be led to false conclusions, as, for instance, that the sun moved round the earth, and that the earth was stationary?

Lucian Mi.—The truth about this can be shown to them by means of experiments with natural objects.

Lucian Maj.—Even so, however, the demonstration would not seem to them so certain as the fact that fire would burn them if they touched it, for it appears that there are still people who endeavour to persuade others that the earth is a plane surface. And, in affairs which are simply human, we know that it is still more difficult to verify facts. For instance, in matters affecting their lives and liberties, do not men act as though it were possible certainly to discover the truth? and yet is it not the case that, judging by probability and experience, they have sometimes condemned their fellows to death, though the facts have afterwards shown them to be guiltless of the crimes charged against them?

Lucian Mi.—Unfortunately it is.

Lucian Maj.—If, then, the masses see how difficult it is to arrive at the truth in matters of experience, surely it is rather unreasonable on their part to require such verification as you speak of in questions of religion, which relate to the nature of God and of the unseen world.

Lucian Mi.—Why, now, Lucian, you are falling into the very pit which the theologians for all these centuries have been digging for the unwary, and are assuming that Religion is necessarily concerned with the nature and attributes of God.

Lucian Maj.—If I am in error upon this point, you must at least allow that I err in company not only with those whom you call theologians, but with every tribe, nation, and society of men which has hitherto been discovered on the earth; for all of these,

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 181.

in some form or another, have asserted the personal nature of the Gods whom they worshipped. Is not this so?

Lucian Mi.—No doubt.

Lucian Maj.—The Greeks, for example——

Lucian Mi.—Pray, Lucian, let the cobbler stick to his last. I have the highest respect for the Greeks, but I cannot admit that what they had to reveal to the world had anything to do with Religion. "The revelation which rules the world even now is not Greece's revelation, but Judæa's; not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness." *

Lucian Maj.—Let it, by all means, be admitted that the true revelation of God is in the Jewish Scriptures. Do you not, then, find that in these God is spoken of as a Creator, as a Deliverer, as a Law-giver, and as a Father? And do not the Psalmists and Prophets continually praise God for his Mercy, his Justice, and his Truth, in the same sense in which we ascribe these qualities to men?

Lucian Mi.—Yes, certainly; but "Man, as Goethe says, never knows how anthropomorphic he is." †

Lucian Maj.—Really, my friend, there is no holding you. First, you say that it is absurd to suppose that Religion has any concern with God as the first Personal Cause; then you say that the truth about God is revealed to men in the Jewish Scriptures; but when I ask you if those Scriptures do not represent God as a Person, you answer that the writers in the Sacred Books did not fully understand what they were talking about. It seems impossible to get at your opinions by simply asking you questions; perhaps, therefore, you will be good enough to explain to me, in your own way, what it is that you really do think upon this matter.

Lucian Mi.—I will endeavour to do so as well as I can by reading to you a passage from the book which I have just published in a popular form. [*He reads.*]

The language of the Bible is literary, not scientific language; language *thrown out* at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion. . . . The question, however, has risen, and confronts us: What was the scientific basis of fact for this consciousness? When we have once satisfied ourselves, both as to the tentative poetic way in which the Bible authors used language, and also as to their having no pretensions to metaphysics at all, let us, therefore, when this question is raised as to the scientific account of what they had before their minds, be content with a very unpretending answer. And in this way such a phrase as that which I have formerly used concerning God, and have been much blamed for using—the phrase, namely, that, for science, God is simply *the stream of tendency by which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being*,—may be allowed and may even prove useful. . . . . It is, within however humble a degree, and with however narrow a reach, a scientific definition. . . . The phrase a "personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe," has also, when applied to God, the character, no doubt, of a scientific definition. But

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 207. † *Ibid*, p. 25.

then it goes far beyond what is admittedly certain and verifiable, which we mean by scientific. It attempts far too much. If we want here, as we do want, to have what is admittedly certain and verifiable, we must content ourselves with very little. No one will say that it is admittedly certain and verifiable that there is a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe, whom we may call *God* if we will. But that all things seem to us to have what we call a law of their being, and to tend to fulfil it, is certain and admitted; though whether we will call this God or not is a matter of choice. Suppose, however, we call it God, we then give the name of God to a certain admitted reality; this at least is an advantage."*

Does this make the case clearer to you, Lucian?

Lucian Maj.—I cannot say that it does at present. But if you will make allowance for my slowness of understanding, and permit me to ask you some questions after my old manner, perhaps I may arrive at your meaning by degrees.

Lucian Mi.—By all means ask me as many questions as you like.

Lucian Maj.—In the first place, then, I understand you to say that you have published your book with the intention of making the masses better acquainted with true religion.

Lucian Mi.—Certainly.

Lucian Maj.—And you say that those whom you call the theologians have given the masses a wrong notion of religion, by telling them that it is necessary to believe in a "Great Personal First Cause, who thinks and loves, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe."

Lucian Mi.—Yes; "for there may come one who says that the basis of all our inference, the Supreme Personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor, is *not* the order of nature, is an assumption, and not a fact; and then, if this is so, our whole superstructure falls to pieces like a house of cards."†

Lucian Maj.—You think, then, that this difficulty will be avoided by saying that "God is simply the stream of tendency by which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being"?

Lucian Mi.—Quite so. And that is the reason why we must keep the Bible, for, as I have said, "God was to Israel neither an assumption nor a metaphysical idea; he was a power that can be verified as much as the power of fire to burn, or of bread to nourish: *the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness.*" ‡

Lucian Maj.—Do you know it seems to me that if, after having raised in the minds of the masses very high expectations, by telling them you can put them in possession of a religion that can be verified, you go to them with this account of the matter, they will not improbably be considerably disappointed?

Lucian Mi.—How so, Lucian?

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 30. † *Ibid*, p. 180. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 182

Lucian Maj.—Because a great many of them will unquestionably misconceive your meaning. For example, if you tell a thief who desires to amend his life, that he must bring himself to worship the "enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," he will certainly suppose that you mean the magistrate, and though he will admit that he is a fact that can be verified, he will say that he is not inclined to worship *him*. But I presume this is not what you mean.

Lucian Mi.—Allow me to say, Lucian, that this light manner of yours in dealing with serious subjects is not becoming to you.

Lucian Maj.—I am only endeavouring to discover the precise meaning of your definition. Let us, then, suppose that you go to one of the masses who may have thought over the matter more deeply than a thief is likely to do: I think it is not unlikely he will tell you that, even though it can be verified that there is an "enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," that fact need not be of any more significance for him, than the fact that the Euphrates makes for the sea. What should you say to a man who argued like this?

Lucian Mi.—I should say that his illustration was inapt, and that he ought rather to think of himself as a merchant in the City, and whatever makes for righteousness as the river Thames; for that righteousness is necessary to his own perfection, and that if he learns the method and secret which the Bible can teach him, he may as certainly arrive at righteousness, as the merchant, if he embark on the Thames and navigate his vessel properly, will arrive at the sea.

Lucian Maj.—What is this method and secret of which you speak?

Lucian Mi.—The method is "the setting up a great unceasing inward movement of verification and attention in matters which are three-fourths of human life, where to see true and verify is not difficult, the difficult thing is to care and attend."* And by this busy inward movement we discover "the idea of two lives. One of them *life* properly so called, full of light, endurance, felicity, in connection with the higher and permanent self; and the other of them life improperly so called, in connection with the lower and transient self."†

Lucian Maj.—Although you put the matter in rather a strange and, if I may be allowed to say so, outlandish fashion, I cannot see that it is necessary to go to the Bible to make this discovery. For that the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with the double life, and that they gave care and attention to it, is evident from the story which Plato tells in his *Republic* about Leontius and his

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 128. † *Ibid*, p. 129.

eyes, and from such expressions as that used by Ovid, "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor," and by the reflections which you find Horace making over and over again in his Epistles. I think, then, that when you endeavour to persuade the masses to try this new method of religion, someone among them who knows how to reason will say: "This is all very fine, but I knew long ago that I had a higher self and a lower self, and that I ought to do as my higher self bids me; I have been hearing this in sermons and exhortations any time these forty years, and yet I have not managed to do what I know is right. But I thought, from what you said, that you could tell me of some infallible way of doing this which I should actually be able to verify."

Lucian Mi.—Well, to such a man I should reply: "If you will follow the secret revealed to you in the New Testament, you will be able to verify that there is a life properly so called, full of light, endurance, and felicity; and the secret is, you must *renounce* your lower self; you must *die* to sin; and then the joy, and peace, and happiness which will fill your mind will be the verification you require."

Lucian Maj.—But he, on his side, will say: "My good sir, you are certainly laughing at me. My copy-book told me, when I was at school, 'Be good, and you will be happy'; but if the matter were so simple as you say, men would long ago have verified the fact without any need of revelation. But the truth is that, though my higher self is quite ready, under the guidance of reason, to assent to the proposition that 'righteousness makes for happiness,' yet my senses strongly persuade my lower self that unrighteousness makes for it too; so that I am in the same case with St. Paul when he said 'For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not.'"

Lucian Mi.—No doubt; but follow your senses and you will find you will have to pay for it, for they certainly will not bring you the happiness they promise you.

Lucian Maj.—"Aye," he would say, "I know that well enough; but that would not of itself hinder me from listening again and again to the persuasion of my senses, so long as they put their arguments before me in a sufficiently attractive form. And even St. Paul, after his conversion, felt the same difficulty, for he cries out, 'O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Besides which, men and women at all periods of the Church's history have had to maintain a long and violent struggle with their lower self, and many of them have subdued it only by such painful methods of austerity as standing upon pillars, wearing spiked collars and hair-cloths next the skin.

So that this verification of which you speak does not seem to have been, in itself, sufficient for all who have practised the Christian religion."

Lucian Mi.—For a very good reason: because they took a wrong and distorted view of Christianity, and were wanting in that mild and reasonable temper which is necessary for availing oneself fully of the method and secret of the New Testament.* Still, you must allow that, to a certain extent at all events, they proved that the method and secret were practicable; so that, "if the Bible is of so much avail for teaching righteousness that even to those who come to it with all sorts of false notions of the God of the Bible it yet does teach righteousness, and fills them with the love of it, how much more those who come to it with a *true* notion about the God of the Bible?" †

Lucian Maj.—If you argue from the success of these imperfect Christians, you must remember that the conditions under which they practised their religion were different from those that exist according to your view of the matter, for they believed in a Personal God who was ready to send them help and succour in the midst of the temptations to which they were exposed; whereas you do not rely upon assistance of this kind.

Lucian Mi.—No; but I believe in the existence of an enduring Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. And the superiority of my faith to theirs consists in this, that, whereas their belief was no more than an assumption, the truth of mine can be verified. As I say in my book: "An influence which we feel we know not how, and which subdues us we know not when; which, like the wind, breathes where it lists, passes here, and does not pass there! Once more, then, we come to that root and ground of religion, that element of awe and gratitude which fills religion with emotion, and makes it other and greater than morality—the *not ourselves*."‡

Lucian Maj.—We seem to be now approaching the gist of the whole matter. For, if I remember right, you said just now that though the existence of a Personal First Cause cannot be verified, yet "God is a Power that can be verified, *as much as the power of fire to burn or of bread to nourish*: the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Your argument, therefore, requires you to verify that fire is a power not yourself. But how can you do this?

Lucian Mi.—Why, if necessary, by putting my hand in it.

Lucian Maj.—Nay, this would not prove it to you. For all that you would verify in this manner would be a certain *sensation* of motion and redness which you would call flame, associated with another *sensation* of extreme heat which you would call burning;

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 139. † *Ibid*, p 185. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 146.

and this would be quite insufficient to establish the fact that the fire was not yourself.

Lucian Mi.—It seems to me, Lucian, that you are splitting hairs. At any rate, there can be no doubt that we really do feel the joy and peace that rise in the mind whenever we renounce the lower self.

Lucian Maj.—Whether they be felt always by all men under these circumstances or not it is unnecessary to consider, since at all events they can only be felt in the same way that you feel that fire burns. But this does not prove that the feeling proceeds from "an enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," because we know that people are often completely satisfied with themselves without sufficient cause, and feel joy and peace in the possession of a false belief, as I long ago showed my old friend Hermotimus. May I not then say to you in your own words, "There may come one who says that the basis of all your inference, the enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness, is an assumption and not a fact, and then, if this is so, your whole superstructure falls to pieces like a house of cards?" For, if it is not a fact that can be verified that this power exists, then also it cannot be verified that Israel, as you call him, had any special knowledge of it, and all those utterances of his about righteousness, which you regard as revelations, may have been as much private opinions as the dogmas of the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Cynics, the Academicians, and all the rest of them. Can you deny this? You are silent. Now, then, that I have found out what you think by asking you all these questions, you will let me say something before I go about the difference which seems to me to exist between your position and mine. It is indeed true that I laughed at the stories that were told about the gods, because it seemed to me absurd to suppose that beings who partook of the divine nature could be, as was reported, vicious, and foolish, and self-indulgent. But you must remember that I had not much more faith in what was told us about Man and Nature by the different sects of philosophers, each of whom, though disagreeing with the others, claimed to know certainly the secrets of Divine Wisdom. Nor have I left behind me any statement of my belief with regard to the nature of the unseen world. But, as for you, you seem to me to wish to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, which is not easy. You profess that you belong to the philosophical party, yet you ridicule, very agreeably as I think, the positive opinions which they hold about what is necessary to man's perfection.* Nevertheless, though you perceive

* "When our philosophical Liberal friends say that by universal suffrage, Church disestablishment, marrying one's deceased wife's sister, secular schools, industrial

that there is something beyond yourself, which cannot be fathomed by science, and which is the object of religion, you insist that this must be scientifically verified. And you say that righteousness, and not a Personal God, is the real object of religion, though it is certain that men are not able to think of Righteousness without at the same time thinking of a Person. You admit that the Bible is the revelation of God, but you maintain that all the learning of all the ages of Christendom has hitherto failed to discover what this revelation really means. Its meaning you say that you have detected, but, on examination, it turns out that your secret is only what has always been acknowledged to be the moral teaching of the Gospel, stripped of its supernatural authority. So that you would have men hold a religion without a God, and obey a law without a sanction! You upbraid me with my levity. Yet if these things be so, was there ever known a case of a man with a lighter heart than yourself sawing away from the trunk of the tree the branch on which he was sitting? But the hour of cock-crow approaches, and it is time for me to depart. Farewell, therefore, and—[*The apparition fades away*].

Lucian Mi.—Stay, Lucian, stay, I beseech you!

Voice from below.—Farewell! Farewell!

development, man can live very well; and that if he studies the writings say of Mr. Herbert Spencer into the bargain, he will be perfect, he 'will have in modern and congenial language the truisms common to all systems of morality,' and the Bible is become quite old-fashioned and superfluous for him:—when our philosophical friends now say this, the masses, far from checking them, are disposed to applaud them to the echo. Yet assuredly of conduct, which is more than three-fourths of human life, the Bible, whatever people may thus think and say, is the great inspirer; so that from the great inspirer of more than three-fourths of human life the masses of our society seem now to be cutting themselves off. This promises, certainly, if it does not already constitute, a very unsettled condition of things."—*Literature and Dogma*, p. 175.

William John Courthope.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE.

I.
CAN ANY CLASS BE TRUSTED?

How will the Whigs vote on the County Franchise? What ought we middle-class Liberals to do—we, who cannot aspire to the historical and aristocratic name of Whig—if a General Election should give us an opportunity of expressing our opinion? Have we gone so far in lowering the franchise that it is not worth while to risk the disruption of our party by haggling about one more step? Most Liberals would, I think, be disposed to answer that if the only object of the new Reform Bill were to give a vote to the agricultural labourer, to assimilate the county franchise to that of the boroughs, it would deserve our support, or, at any rate, need not provoke our opposition. But as it is, we well may hesitate; for the Franchise Bill, according to those who advocate it most warmly, is only part of a scheme the avowed intention of which is to transfer all power to the numerical majority, and to remove every check and every drag likely to delay the measures and the policy of which that majority, or its leaders, approve. Does this intention commend itself to those of us who call ourselves Moderate Liberals? Is there such an agreement in principle between us and the Radicals as to justify us in sinking our minor differences and in working together as one party for this end?

Before we can answer this question we must know what are the principles of Radicalism.

A writer who, with the tone of one having authority, has lately expounded "The Radical Programme," quotes some words of Mr. Chamberlain, spoken seven years ago, as a true and brief statement of these principles:—

"If I were asked to say what is the underlying principle of our Birmingham Liberalism, I should put it in a single sentence. It is that we trust the people, and that we have a firm confidence in their good sense and patriotism. If the greatest happiness of the greatest number be, as I believe it is, the chief end of Government, then we think the people best understand their own affairs, and are likely to secure their highest interests, without at the same time doing any injustice to any class or section. The people never willingly brook injustice to themselves, neither will they consciously inflict it upon others. Edmund Burke said that when the people had a feeling, they were commonly in the right, although they

sometimes mistook the physician. We are prepared to endorse that statement, and I may add that the mistakes of the people are less dangerous to the common wealth, and are more easily remedied than the mistakes of the minority."

But this statement, which professes to be so clear, is alarming in its vagueness and ambiguity. Who are "the people" in whom Mr. Chamberlain proclaims his confidence? Does he mean an organised nation, whose will finds expression in the orderly rule of enduring though progressively developed law, or a fluctuating majority of social atoms which, in very truth, has no will, but is swayed by vague desires and blind discontent? His prophet is, indeed, at the pains to inform us that the people is the community, as opposed to any one class, and Lord Salisbury is rebuked for asserting that Radicals aim at setting class against class. Radicalism, we are told, wishes the will of the majority to prevail, and a class is always a minority. But we cannot help remembering that there is one class which is not a minority, which, in numbers, outweighs all others, and the writer does not conceal the fact that it is the will of this majority which he and his party wish to see enforced, by means of the Caucus, on a Parliament mainly composed of members themselves belonging to that class. It would therefore appear, though the ambiguity of the term is convenient and useful in argument, that "the people" means, as we should expect, not the nation, but the populace. They are, it is true, the "greatest number," and no doubt they applaud Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that their greatest happiness should be the chief end of government. But what shall we say of a statesman who presents to us this trite and empty Benthamite formula as if it were some valuable and practical principle? The greatest happiness of the greatest number! The greatest number of whom? Of men now living, or of the race present and future? This is no idle distinction, for such facts as that a diminution in the freedom and well-being of the majority appears usually to have been the condition of early civilisation, and that we owe the highest, or all but the highest, element of European culture to the social degradation and economic misery of Grecian labourers and artizans, seem to show that the well-being and progress of the whole race may sometimes require the sacrifice of what appears most conducive to the present happiness of the greater part of its members. Then, again, how are we to distinguish between greater or less happiness? are we to measure it by quantity or quality? Can Mr. Chamberlain even tell us what happiness is? Does he agree with Mr. Mill—surely, in the judgment of an utilitarian, no sordid authority—that it is the dissatisfaction of Socrates? or would he tell us that it is plenty to eat and drink and little to do—the

satisfaction, according to the same teacher, of a fool, and which no wise man would prefer.

But putting these questions aside, Mr. Chamberlain's words do, I think, sufficiently express one fundamental difference which separates the two sections of the Liberal Party.

I do not profess to say whether or not the Conservatives distrust the people. They are fond, indeed, of expressing their belief in the soundness of the heart and of the intentions, in the manliness, in the patriotism, and in the other noble sentiments of the working man. These professions perhaps too much recall the blandishments lavished by a timid man on a strange and fierce-looking dog with which he is suddenly confronted. At least, I am sure that we Liberals, who are not Radicals, do not trust the people. A greater share of political power than we believe it expedient that any one class should possess is already within their grasp, and we certainly do not wish to see that share increased.

It would, perhaps, be well if this feeling were more openly and honestly acknowledged; nor, if the grounds of it were explained, would it seem offensive to the labouring classes, of whom it implies neither selfish jealousy nor unjust contempt.

It is not a more democratic organisation of society, but the despotism of any one class, that we dread. Our history in the past affords only too many instances of the evils of class legislation. Why are we to believe that the labourer will be more enlightened and unselfish than the landowner and the capitalist? Do we not see every day how ready each section of the community is to acknowledge the necessity of reforms which impose upon it no sacrifice, while it opposes innovations which would benefit others at its expense, how easily entrapped by the most shallow sophisms when baited by the promise of some selfish advantage? The conclusions of Euclid would not command universal assent if material interests were affected by them.

Why should we credit the lower classes with virtues which are denied to the more educated, and with an insight into the consequences of their actions not possessed by those who ought more easily to understand how closely connected in health and sickness are the several parts of the body politic?

A friend of the writer's heard an applauded speaker at a meeting in London assure his hearers that the capitalists had long fattened on the sweat and blood of the working classes. But power was now in their hands, and it would be their fault if they did not suck the bloated monsters dry, and toss their worthless carcases into the sea. The fable of the belly and the limbs convinced the Roman mob; probably the Sacred Mountain afforded but scanty rations and cheerless quarters. Unfortunately so old-

fashioned an apologue would have little weight with a modern audience.

The philosophers and doctrinaires who prepared the way for the French Revolution, and inspired the labours of the Constituent Assembly, bitterly expiated their credulity in innate sagacity and virtue, in the unwillingness of the people to brook injustice themselves or to inflict it on others.

It would indeed be most unjust to compare the English working men and their Radical leaders with the rancorous visionaries and the mob infuriated and degraded by years of misery and injustice, who perpetrated the fantastic horrors of the French Revolution; yet, the more dissatisfied we are with the present organisation of society, the more we would wish artificially to modify the working of those economic forces which apparently tend to intensify the division of civilised nations into the very rich and the very poor, the more must we dread to see absolute power in the hands of those whose judgment must be warped by an inevitable impatience and sense of wrong, and who are as yet uneducated, or only sufficiently educated to realise the hardship of their own lot, and to be misled by speciously contrived fallacies.

If we have abandoned the old liberal creed of "Laissez faire," and of the sanctity of contract, if we believe that expediency alone limits the right of the State to interfere with the property and freedom of the individual, then more than ever must we distrust the government of mere numbers, and dread a more direct subordination of the Legislature to popular feeling. If we still held that perfect harmony and the best of worlds would eventually be evolved from the free and uncontrolled conflict of individual interests, and that the only duty of the State was to secure an open field and fair play for that conflict, we might, perhaps, hope to convince the people by argument and experience of the truth of so simple a principle. But if there is no general rule to which we can appeal, if, each time the assistance of the State is invoked by the suffering or by the oppressed, the case has to be argued on its merits and decided by considerations of expediency, then the widest knowledge and the most dispassionate judgment are scarcely sufficient to enable us to arrive at a just conclusion.

The most cogent argument against the socialistic theory of the functions of the State is that it presupposes almost unlimited wisdom and disinterestedness on the part of the Legislature. It is far better not to meddle at all than to meddle ignorantly or selfishly. An aristocracy or plutocracy is almost certain to meddle selfishly; a democracy will probably meddle both selfishly and ignorantly.

The spokesman of the Radicals cited above rejoices that

already Parliament is more amenable to the prejudices of the constituencies; if, he says, members had voted according to their own convictions, the Affirmation Bill would now be law, and the Contagious Diseases Act would not be virtually repealed. Is he wholly satisfied with this result?

It is impossible to read the reports of the Trades Union Congress without being struck by the common sense and moderation of the majority of the speakers when discussing matters immediately connected with their trades; yet at their meeting in 1882 these delegates, certainly second in education and intelligence to none of the working classes, passed resolutions in favour of the nationalisation of the land, and of the extension under easier conditions of outdoor relief; in other words, in favour of as unpractical and unjust a scheme as was ever devised by a dreamer to delude the half educated, and of a measure equally condemned by economic reasoning and practical experience.

What probability is there that the working men whose delegates are to form the ideal Radical parliament would be wiser? What indication do we find that the "mistakes of the people would be less dangerous to the people, and more easily remedied than those of a minority"? Perhaps we may be told that the popular members would be sobered by the possession of power, by the sense of responsibility, and by the arguments of opponents. But it is part of the Radical programme that the representatives of the people are not to be allowed to follow the dictates of their own common sense, but are to be compelled to carry out the instructions of their more ignorant and prejudiced constituents. Mr. Chamberlain no doubt flatters himself that electors and elected alike will be kept in the leading-strings of "the new machinery employed by Radicalism," which is worked by wires of which he and his friends have the command: but when the people realise their power, especially should a time of general want and suffering occur, they would assuredly break away from the guidance of the men who at present pose as their leaders, they would follow some demagogue who promised more largely, or whose nostrums had not as yet been tried and found wanting.

The antagonism between the interests of the landowner and of the working man is indirect and in great measure artificial; the conflict between capital and labour is real and imminent. It is a shortsighted and dangerous policy on the part of wealthy Radicals to try to throw on the landlords and on the system under which they hold their estates the odium of the sufferings and of the insufficient remuneration of the working classes, of evils, in short, for which, with greater pretence of justice, they might themselves be held responsible, and which, at any rate, are the results of an

industrial organisation under which the capitalist flourishes. It can hardly be doubted that a law forcibly breaking up large properties and interfering with the increase of rent would be the precursor of measures preventing the accumulation of capital in the hands of individuals, and limiting profits. These are not, perhaps, immediate dangers, yet it would be well if we could persuade our Radical friends that they are playing with sharp tools of which they may themselves some day feel the edge.*

Lord Cowper, in a recent article,† remarks that the antagonism between rich and poor is less bitter among us now than in other countries, and in other times. But while it would be the greatest misfortune if we were led by the moderation of the working classes to disregard their just demands, to neglect the opportunity afforded us of removing their grievances with wise deliberation, and of endeavouring so to improve their position in our social order that they cannot hope to gain by its overthrow, it is no less an evil if that moderation encourages reckless politicians to think that they may without danger appeal to popular prejudices, and attempt not only to refer the sole decision of the questions at issue to the party most interested, but even to inflame the passions of the populace whom they have made judge in its own cause.

We do not think that a parliament brought by the "new Radical machinery" into abject subservience to the will of the majority, would be likely to secure the highest interests even of that majority, inseparable as they must be from those of other classes of the community. We would cling to the maxim, coeval with the birth of our constitution, that "what concerns all should be decided by all." All classes in the community must be represented, all must have a substantial share in the government, in order that the impartial may decide the balance of conflicting selfishness. The assistance of a disinterested minority enabled the manufacturers to repeal the Corn Laws, in spite of the resistance of the landowners; while the support of the latter obtained protection for the workmen against the callous and greedy carelessness of their employers.

In short if, as we are told, the principle of Radicalism is a firm confidence in the disinterestedness and wisdom of the populace, and if from this principle the conclusion is drawn that power should, as far as possible, be placed in the hands of the uneducated

* I have before me a halfpenny tract which professes to be the manifesto of the "Democratic Federation," and which, among other "stepping-stones to a happier period," urges the immediate adoption of cumulative taxation, of the nationalisation of the land, and of the State appropriation of railways with or *without* compensation. Throughout this publication the capitalists are spoken of with greater bitterness than the landowners.

† *Nineteenth Century*, July 1883.

majority, then, as I have said, the fundamental dogma of the Radical creed must appear erroneous and dangerous in the extreme to Liberals who are anxious for social reforms, since the more disposed we are to believe that the development of modern society requires the constant and watchful supervision of the State, the more hazardous must it appear to place all power in the hands of those who are prevented by their ignorance and their circumstances from looking beyond the gratification of present desires and the alleviation of present sufferings. Our Radical teacher quotes Plato; does he not remember what, according to "the first of those who know," is the one necessary condition for the existence of his socialistic polity—the rule of philosophers, absolutely wise and absolutely unselfish? If to this it is replied that only by the pressure of the popular will brought directly to bear can the opposition to this or that reform be overcome—then we say, beware lest you act like one who, to turn his private mill-wheel, should pierce the dam which protects his country from the ocean.

Here, indeed, we have the point where the Radical and the Liberal most widely diverge. Away, says the former, with everything which can act as a check on the absolute rule of the numerical majority. Hence his impatience of every institution which gives weight to property, to education, to birth, to anything but numbers; hence his zeal for the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer; hence his determination to abolish the three-cornered constituencies which secure the representation of large minorities; hence it is that "the last thing which a Radical would desire is to reform the House of Lords in any way," and thereby increase the power of a body which ought to represent wealth and intelligence and political experience; hence the contemptuous promise that the Crown shall not be attacked so long as the wearer contents himself with his proper function of doing nothing; hence the sneers at that "amalgam of venerable anomalies known as the constitution of this realm," which we used to be taught to admire because it was believed to secure, in a manner less artificial than that of the United States, the representation in the councils of the nation of various classes and interests.

It is true that Liberals regard with more or less favour many of the measures which form the more practical part of the Radical programme; but we have been taught to believe that the profound respect for the past which, since the days of Elizabeth, has characterised the truest leaders of the Liberal Party in England, that their desire, even at the expense of consistency, to build on and widen, but not to overthrow, the old foundations of the commonwealth, have been the best proof of their wisdom and the cause of the permanence of their labours; and are we prepared to sacrifice

the traditions of our Party to secure the hurried adoption of measures which cannot be too fully and too dispassionately discussed? Too much delay is obviously better than too great haste, when the path is doubtful and it is all but impossible to retrace our steps

A Moderate Liberal.

II.

REDISTRIBUTION: RIGHT AND WRONG DIRECTIONS.

It seems certain that the next, perhaps the two next Sessions will be devoted to another—may it be the last!—scheme of Parliamentary Reform. Whatever we may think of the proposed universal adoption of household suffrage, its acceptance seems virtually inevitable. The real question, the conflict of opinion, the struggle of Parties, will relate to the redistribution of seats. That the two questions can be permanently separated appears impossible. It is certainly open to the Conservative leaders—and in taking such a course the leaders would doubtless receive the support of the united party—to insist that the whole question of Parliamentary reconstruction shall be dealt with at once. There may be much to be said for the postponement of the larger and more complicated question; for the separation of two parts—fractions—of a single subject it is easier to invent plausible excuses than to find tenable reasons. Even supposing a Bill so drawn to be forced through the Commons, it might be rejected in the Lords, and in such a case it would be useless to threaten the Peers with consequences, with a popular displeasure that could only be excited by misrepresentation. One or two orators, indeed, who should know better have already taken this course; but they have Lord Salisbury for an antagonist, and no man knows better how to baffle this kind of strategy, and, in a few incisive words, to put the true issue before the public. It will be unnecessary to ask the Lords to reject the extension of household suffrage to the Counties; it is in their power to refuse to deal with this fragmentary measure apart from the larger scheme, notoriously and necessarily impending, to which it properly belongs. And no rational man, however Radical, can deny that in so doing they would exercise, whether judiciously or not, the proper, legitimate, obvious function of a second or revising Chamber. The House of Lords may or may not be a good Senate; so long as it is our Senate it is certainly entitled to put a veto, if it think fit, on attempts to deal piecemeal with great and complicated constitutional questions.

There is one objection so obvious and of such a character that, while it must suffice to justify the Opposition, it might have been expected to determine the course of the Ministry. The piecemeal plan would give to the Party in power opportunities of unfair play, chances of so manipulating the subject as to secure a permanent artificial advantage to themselves, by which they may not desire to profit, but with which their antagonists certainly will not entrust them. Soon or late, then, the reconstruction of our electoral system, the redistribution of political power, must be treated frankly and deliberately as a whole, and in a manner worthy of its magnitude. This necessity, imperative as it is, is in one respect unfortunate. About the county franchise there is no practical doubt, no chance of reconsideration; upon the remainder and by far the larger part of so great and momentous a subject there is no real occasion for haste, and there are many reasons for delay. But the assumed necessity of granting the suffrage to the rural householders at once drags with it the necessity of a complete reconsideration of our Parliamentary system, for which the occasion certainly is not ripe. It is unfortunate that accidental considerations should precipitate the treatment of a subject which has been very imperfectly studied, even by statesmen, very little discussed in the press, and upon which the people, and even the educated classes, have formed no distinct opinion. The redistribution of seats is not a question merely of geographical, provincial, or local interest; it does not concern only or mainly the assignment of a fair share of power to the great populations, for example, of our manufacturing districts—the abolition of small boroughs, the redress of the very unfair preponderance given to the southern provinces of Ireland, or the satisfaction of Scottish claims. In dealing with the reconstruction of our electoral system through the medium of Redistribution, we have to consider and determine for the immediate future, and probably for all time, all the issues involved in the conflicting ideas of national representation and pure democracy. Are we to provide, as America has done with such care, any checks upon the latter? Are we to preserve the representation of interests, ideas, classes, and not merely of numbers? Is Parliament to be a mirror of the nation, to reflect the national mind, or merely the shifting opinion of the greatest number of the most numerous class? Is any direct, recognised influence to be preserved to wealth or education? Should pains be taken to ensure the special representation of hopeless and absolute minorities, or shall it be left to the chance of local variation? In one word, shall the peculiar, exceptional, incidental merits of the present system be artificially preserved or not? They are thus far secured by accident, and precisely by those accidents which a logical

and systematic reconstruction, alike of the electorate and the representation, must sweep away. Are they to be provided for in future or left to chance? All these issues, and many more—above all, the great issue of union or divorce between taxation and representation—will have been decided when the scheme of redistribution has received the Royal assent. And should the County franchise be first settled, these issues will probably be determined with very little consideration, with still less of compromise, by the voice of a single dominant Party.

There are two main issues to be considered, two main objects to be secured or set aside: the adequate representation of majorities —securing that effect shall be given to the real opinion of the country at any given time—and the representation of minorities, local, social, or sectarian. Mere theorists and *doctrinaires*, as well as sincere or time-serving worshippers of the democratic principle, may fancy that the former object can only be endangered through attempts to secure the latter; that in the absence of artificial provision to the contrary the majority must always be able to give full and immediate effect to its wishes, at least at a general election. It is easy, however, to show that only if minorities are fairly represented—only if some means be adopted to prevent the absolute ascendancy of caucuses, popular or self-constituted, and Party organisations such as tyrannise over the boasted freedom of the American people—can real government by a majority be secured. The majority of a majority is almost *ex vi termini* a minority of the nation; and the danger, the arch-danger of democracy is that this minority, generally the most ignorant and intemperate of all minorities and very often the most selfish, should wield the whole power of Government and control legislation. That this practical and historical truism sounds like a paradox might serve of itself to illustrate the extreme confusion and unripeness of public opinion, the utter inopportuneness of the threatened change.

This however is, like the extension of household suffrage, a foregone conclusion. Mr. Gladstone's age would suffice to render it so. He might willingly leave the question to his successors; but his successors will not forego the almost irresistible power derived from his personal ascendancy. Again, the section of Radicals represented by Mr. Chamberlain are at this moment dominant as they can hardly hope to be again dominant under the present system. It is quite conceivable that—especially through an alliance with the Irish Extremists, to which their leader seems by no means averse—they might be numerically stronger in another Parliament than in the present. But that very strength, were Mr. Gladstone's influence once withdrawn, would be their weakness. A Radical majority, a Radical ministry, would almost inevitably force

the moderate Liberals into the Conservative ranks. The discipline of the Parliamentary majority, again, is such as it is not likely to be under Mr. Gladstone's successor, whether that successor be Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Forster or Mr. Goschen. It would be useless to blame the Radicals for taking full advantage of these favourable accidents. Their conduct may not be patriotic, it certainly is not disinterested; but Liberals would retort that Lord Beaconsfield would not, in such a case, "have foreborne his own advantage." This disposition, above all, to regard public indifference, unreadiness, or confusion of thought upon any subject, not as a reason for postponement but as an advantage enabling the party in power to work their will the more freely—is one fraction of the enormous price we pay for the benefits of government by party. But that the public mind is unprepared, the tone of the press and the platform upon both the points I have distinguished clearly shows—the fact that the distinction, indeed the very existence of the first question, is hardly recognised, affords a signal illustration. Minority representation is regarded as a crotchet of the few; the arguments of its opponents are such as could not possibly be addressed to a public that had given any serious consideration to the subject. Radical orators and journalists repeat that if 12,000 urban Liberals are not allowed to return the three members due, not to themselves but to the 23,000 electors of whom 11,000 may be Conservatives, they are cheated of something that belongs to them. They insist that if 11,000 Tories are virtually disfranchised in Manchester, as many Liberals in Mid-Surrey are equally unrepresented; that the Tory members for Surrey represent the unrepresented Tories of Manchester. This is the very argument their fathers denounced so bitterly in the old days, when Tories like the Duke and Sir Robert Peel talked of "virtual representation." By accident the Tories of Lancashire are justly represented; but it is through the very even division of opinion in that district, which ensures that the minority in the town shall be the majority in its suburbs, and *vice versâ*. Moreover, the "virtual representation" or "compensation" doctrine is false in fact. The Toryism of a southern county and the Toryism of a great manufacturing city are almost as distinct as the Liberalism of Berkshire and the Radicalism of Birmingham.

The danger that a majority, though not an organized majority, of the country may find itself a minority in Parliament is altogether ignored. Yet with equal electoral districts and single members this might easily occur in either of two ways. A large majority in 300 districts might be confronted by a very narrow majority in 350; and a minority of the people might be represented by a powerful, if not an overwhelming, majority

in Parliament. This has happened occasionally in America. The whole South, for instance, contains but a few thousand Republicans. In many North-Western States the two parties are very evenly balanced. 6,000,000 Southerners and 6,000,000 Northerners are, of course, equally represented; each mass, say, returning 50 members. But this may well happen on the great scale and constantly happens on a smaller:—3,200,000 Republicans elect the 50 members for the North-west, counter-vailing and counter-voting 6,000,000 Southern *plus* 2,800,000 North-Western Democrats. Very serious mischief has resulted from this out-voting of a national by a sectional majority. The mischief would be intolerable, but for the very large powers reserved to the several States in their semi-sovereign character; the high authority of the Senate in which each State is equally represented; the very great variety of interests and character in so vast an empire; and the distinction even between neighbouring States, the unlikeness, for example, of Ohio and Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania, Virginia and Mississippi, which alone prevents the constant recurrence of sectional collisions, like that which so nearly rent the Union in twain. In England great counties, and even regions including several counties—populations large enough, under a strict numerical system, to return twenty, thirty, or fifty members—are practically homogeneous; and it might very well happen that the majority—and a very narrow majority perhaps—in one of fifty contiguous districts should be the majority in all. It might happen, for example, were Lancashire and Yorkshire split up into districts each returning a single member, that two millions and a half should be left without a single representative, while three millions monopolise fifty seats.

Again, the Liberal Party at this moment consists of three or more sections. Those sections, nevertheless, work together; while differing more widely from each other than the one wing differs from the Tories or the other from the Irish Revolutionists. If Mr. Chamberlain's ideas and aims were carried out, it might well happen that in 360 of 400 Liberal districts, the Radicals, being a bare majority of the Liberal Party, should be able to elect the Liberal candidate. We should then have a Radical majority of sixty as against the united strength of all other sections; and yet that majority might not represent one-third of the electorate. Indeed, the narrower the party majority the more despotic becomes the ascendancy of the extreme element. The ties of party force 1,400,000 Moderates to support the nominees of 1,600,000 Radicals; and the very strength of the Conservatives contributes to the success of Radical measures. In face of 2,000,000 opponents only, the 3,000,000 Liberals might split; in face of 2,800,000 they are

united, and the Party majority which really represents say 2,000,000 —the Radicals and less than a third of their Liberal allies— outvotes on any individual question those who utter the wishes of 2,800,000 Tories, to say nothing of the 1,000,000 Moderates. The actual and constantly increasing homogeneity of a country so small and so densely peopled as ours, renders these dangers by no means merely theoretical. To provide against them, to ensure that the House of Commons should reflect the real opinion of the country, and not merely that of the dominant section of the most numerous Party, should be the principal anxiety at the present moment of all really loyal and earnest Democrats; of all whose devotion to the sovereignty of the people does not merely mean a desire to secure the ascendancy of that extreme Democratic Party whose views most nearly coincide with their own.

At present the representation of minorities is secured after a fashion, but secured through the accidents and inequalities, the anomalies, and even the abuses of the existing system; in fact, through all those peculiarities inherited from the past which it is the first object of the new school of reformers to sweep away. The counties ensure a fair hearing to the average old-fashioned type of Conservatism; a few great cities exceptionally situated or of exceptional temper seat a certain number of Conservatives of another and equally valuable type, representing the Conservatism, not of country gentlemen and farmers, but of capitalists and tradesmen. The Universities and the small boroughs provide seats for the most valuable class of all, the Liberals who are not Radicals, yet are genuine Liberals; the Tories whose Toryism is neither the traditional, negative, instinctive Conservatism of the agriculturist, nor the nervous, timid Conservatism provoked by reaction in the propertied classes against the Radicalism natural to great cities. But the small boroughs, and probably the Universities, must, if the Radicals are to have their way, be utterly effaced from the Parliamentary system. We shall have a few distinctly rural constituencies, a larger number in which the rural element will preponderate, a still larger of purely urban character; but perhaps a majority, and an ever-increasing majority, of what may be called suburban, not in the London but in the Lancashire sense; constituencies with a minority of dairy-farmers and market-gardeners, a majority of manufacturers and miners. And the last as well as the penultimate class will tend to become yearly more and more like one another, will more and more present the same colours, and even the same shades of political opinion. Each will have a strong Conservative minority, a strong Radical minority; a smaller moderate body, able as a rule to decide the elections. This body will tend more and more, as the old traditions are forgotten, to

sway from side to side; and it may well happen, therefore, that we shall see in successive Parliaments a majority returned by the same constituencies, but changing its colours at each general election: an overwhelming majority at one time, not perhaps wholly Radical, but dominated by Radical ideas and pledges: at the next election an equal, or nearly equal, Tory majority evolved by reaction from Radicalism; but in each case and always a representation only of the dominant element,—a totally false, distorted, disproportionate picture of national opinion and feeling.

Much, if not all, depends upon the course of those earnest and thoughtful Liberals who recognise something higher than the interests of Party, who are really and loyally anxious that all opinions and all minorities shall be as far as possible fairly represented. The graver, therefore, the consequences of any serious mistake on their part; and they are making, it would seem, a fatal mistake. Between them and the ultra-Democrats there is an irreconcilable conflict; and yet they are willing to accept as security for their own object the very plan by which their opponents hope to secure its exact opposite. Equal electoral districts with single seats is the favourite crotchet of the demagogue who desires that the majority alone shall prevail, not only in Parliament, but in each individual election. Yet men, anxious before everything to secure the representation of minorities, are actually ready to accept this as a sufficient, if not the best attainable, guarantee. They ought to know that the managers of the Caucus system are not likely to be deluded as to the working of their favourite project. If Mr. Chamberlain's scheme can meet the ends of the *Spectator*, Mr. Chamberlain must be under a complete delusion upon the very point which he has most thoroughly studied, and in regard to which he has special and exceptional means of information. He does not intend that minorities shall be proportionately represented. The very idea angers him as it angers Mr. Bright. Either, then, he or the *Spectator* is utterly mistaken as to the working of equal districts and single seats; and there can be little doubt on which side the error lies.

The very violence of the change would of itself be a strong objection. It involves a complete rupture with the historical ideas and immemorial traditions of the country, with principles and institutions older than Parliament itself. The existing constituencies are or were individual entities, each with a character, history, interests, ideas, for the most part with a government, organisation, and local life of its own. The new districts would have neither history nor organisation; would be artificial mechanisms, not organic parts of the national life. They would have no function, no purpose but the return of a single member to Parlia-

ment; and that member would represent not a county or a borough, not a body of English, Scotch, or Irish folk with a real local existence and community of their own, but a little bit of England, Ireland, or Scotland marked out for the sole purpose of sending a representative to the House of Commons. The first and most obvious evil would be the utter extinction of that local representation which is so valuable an element of Parliamentary thought and of national life. The Member for Manchester represents a great existing fact, a real living society, a powerful municipality; an organic constitutional being with ideas, traditions, interests of its own, with a collective thought and will. Even the Member for Woodstock represents something which is to Manchester, no doubt, as a tortoise is to an elephant; but a living creature, not a fragment chopped from some living entity nor yet a mere bit of convenient inanimate machinery. It may be said that tropes are not arguments; but these are no tropes, unless our whole political language be merely metaphorical—unless there be no such thing as national or local life, as communal existence. The Member for Manchester respects himself and his constituency; the member for a Manchester ward has constituents, but not a constituency; if he respects himself it is as A B or X Y, not as the member or one of the members for a great English city.

The system has worked as ill as possible in America. There the States are the only great entities; and in proportion to the reality of their existence, to the antiquity and vitality of their traditions, their chosen representatives bear a far higher personal, social, and political character than those returned by electoral districts. Not because the Senators are elected by the State Legislatures, but because they represent States and not artificial districts, is the Senate the first and not the second Chamber of the American Congress. If, on the whole, the Senators of the West are less eminent, less individually and collectively respected, than those of New England, of the Middle States, and of the elder South, it is because the new States of the West have never taken hold on the conscience, heart, imagination of their people as have their elder sisters of the Atlantic seaboard. It is nothing to represent, for example, the "Shoestring" district of Mississippi, or Number One of Maine. It is a much higher but still not a very great thing to represent Oregon, or Colorado, or Indiana; though Indiana at least has special political interests and traditions of her own. But the Senator for Massachusetts or South Carolina, for Virginia or New York, is a personage in virtue of his constituency; and, in the elder and better days of the Union, had almost the self-respect, dignity, and importance of the ambassador of a sovereign or semi-

sovereign Power. He represents the traditions of three hundred years, the pride, the convictions, the history, the past and present life of a great community. A district is hardly shamed by the dishonesty, personal or political, of its representative. If a man of influence in his Party, he may be returned again and again, although the whole State to which he belongs despise and condemn his character. But every Virginian of education, position, and authority feels himself personally degraded when a Virginian Senator advocates the repudiation of the State Debt; and nothing but General Mahone's high character as a soldier could have placed him where he now stands. A much meaner and smaller man, guilty of much graver political delinquencies, might represent Richmond or the East Shore in Congress, without wounding the collective pride and self-respect of his constituents.

Nothing can be more dangerous, no experiment more revolutionary, than the total separation or divorce of the representative system from local institutions, corporations, municipal existence and government. These are points, ideas, that belong to no special party, that appeal as forcibly to the ardent Liberal as to the most staunch and stubborn Conservative: provided only that the Democrat's Liberalism or Radicalism be English not cosmopolitan, associated with English feeling, bred of English traditions, not of French theories or German political dogmas. Local influence is, and ought to be, powerful in the choice of representatives. But the local influence which tells in Woodstock is of a very different and far higher and healthier kind than that which tells in District A. of Lancashire or District Number Seven of South Carolina. By law or by habit, an American district invariably returns a citizen of its own; a practice absurd and unnatural enough in America, considering how meaningless is the distinction of districts, but which in England would be unspeakably senseless and mischievous. Suppose Manchester split into ten wards; two of those at most would be inhabited by men of the class whom Manchester would naturally send to Parliament. Ambitious men would, of course, choose a residence in the ward they desired to represent; would nurse it directly or through a caucus; but they would belong to it no more than at present. And the power of the caucus or of the capitalist would be far greater in such a ward than in any present constituency; if for the single reason that there is in the ward or district no independent life, no counteracting influence, no corporate pride or self-respect.

Take another point. Suppose the country thus broken up; at every election every seat must be contested, and with few exceptions contested between a Liberal and a Tory. To afford a fair

chance to either, he must be supported by the whole strength of his Party. Compromises, arrangements, adjustments, such as now give peaceably, or through the result of past contests, a fair proportionate representation in many boroughs and a still larger number of counties, become absolutely impossible. To violent Radicals this may seem desirable; to moderate and thoughtful men it must be obvious that the result will be a false representation of the real temper of the country. The dominant Party will be equally dominant, whether it represent a keen, eager, spontaneous national movement, or a purely artificial Party conflict in each district. Under such a system, for example, Toryism would be as strong in Pitt's last as in his first years. The majority in a great plurality of districts were at each period Pittites; but the Pittite feeling of the period following on Fox's India Bill, and the Pittite feeling after years of unsuccessful inglorious war and home repression, were two very different things. Yet they would be represented, under a system of equal districts and single seats, by the same men and with the same force. Under such a system there would have been little Parliamentary distinction between 1832 and 1835; between a time when Liberalism was enthusiastic, passionate, victorious, and one when it was limp, desponding, but still preponderant in a large majority of popular constituencies. Only through compromise is the languor or indifference, or unanimity of the people fairly represented. Yet clearly these should be as fully and fairly represented, when they exist, as the enthusiasm of more ardent and, it may be, of healthier times.

Finally, the system of electoral districts and single seats tends, as we see in America, to the absolute ascendancy of the caucus, the dominion of party organisation, the crushing out of all independence in the member, of all variety save that which great variety of local interests may create in the constituencies themselves. All who have worked out the problem from an electioneering standpoint, or have studied it as it exists in America, will admit that it tends to an artificial distinction of Parties, an artificial severity of discipline, an artificial passion of partisanship, and even to the creation of artificial issues. The homogeneity of representation in homogeneous States of the Union, shows what would be the case in a country which, but for Ireland, presents no such difference as distinguished California from South Carolina, Illinois from Virginia: hardly such as exists between Massachusetts and New York, Virginia and Louisiana. That equal electoral districts should give us a fair representation of minorities implies several conditions very unlikely to be fulfilled in the first instance, and certain gradually to disappear. It demands a distribution of districts, an

arrangement of boundaries, with a view to this especial result; a Commission, or some power more difficult to devise and less impartial, authorised to break up constituencies at its pleasure, in such a manner, that (for example) the Income-Tax payers of Manchester shall have one, or two, or three wards, in which they are obviously dominant; that Belgravia, Bloomsbury, and Grosvenor Square shall be so combined or defined, as to give those who pay four-fifths of the national taxes of western London (say) one-fifth of its representation; so that the Irish element in Liverpool and Glasgow shall have members of its own; while Orange and Radical wards shall be parted in such a manner that the nett result shall fairly represent the numerical distribution of Parties. That is, Parliament must agree that the representation of minorities shall be the object of this re-arrangement of districts; and must agree *what* minorities are to be regarded. The first and most impossible condition of all is that the present Liberal majority shall be in earnest to give to the anti-Liberal elements of Society —which, as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain believe, are likely to be in the minority for the next twenty years—their full share of representative power by artificial means. It demands, in a word, that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Hartington, shall do their best to keep down the majority, which either of the two latter hopes to command, within its rightful arithmetical limits. It would require, at another time, that Lord Salisbury should do his best to secure the fullest possible share of Parliamentary representation for men who have threatened more or less distinctly to despoil him and his order of a large part of their property; whom he regards politically as monomaniacs, and morally as not far short of criminal. No one who knows anything of the past history of Party or of the present working of Parliamentary factions—no one who remembers, say, the Reform scheme of 1831, or the Treaty of Kilmainham, the treatment of Ireland in 1867, and the manœuvres of Tadpole and Taper at an earlier period—will expect such superhuman virtue from the veteran idol of the Liberals or the still rising hope of the Tories. And if such superhuman virtue were attained, it is absolutely certain that the public would not believe in its perfection: that the arrangement, were it as just as seraphic wisdom could devise, would be ascribed to intrigues scarcely more respectable than those which have drawn the political map of South Carolina and Mississippi. And, supposing the map perfectly drawn in 1885, it would in 1900 have become antiquated. The ward, which in the former year was inhabited by the great capitalists and semi-retired senior partners of thriving Manchester firms, would have been vulgarised by the intrusion of factories and have fallen under the dominion of trades-

men, clerks and artisans. The rookeries which once returned Thaddeus O'Flynn to speak the mind of Liverpool Home Rulers, would have been cleared away, replaced by solid lodging-houses like those of Mr. Peabody's trustees, or Sir Sidney Waterlow's Company, inhabited by stern, practical, Puritanic, Saxon watchmakers, jewellers, shopmen, mechanics; and would send up a staunch Orangeman returned by the influence of the Evangelical clergy and Dissenting ministers. Again, we must remember the constant tendency of a country like ours to become more and more homogeneous. The tendency of the cities to spread themselves over the country, the tendency of the whole kingdom to become a suburb of manufacturing cities—increasing facilities of communition, that rapid change of residence from generation to generation which leaves few save country gentlemen, farmers and representatives of a few old-fashioned firms of merchants, manufacturers or tradesmen living where their fathers and grandfathers lived —all these things work constantly to make one district more like another, to make the minority in one a minority in all.

If we are to look for a fair representation of minorities, or a real, careful, accurate representation of the majority, it must be in a very different direction. *The single vote* and not *the single seat* must be our resource. If no man have more than one vote, it can be only by blundering or perversity that any considerable section of opinion should go unrepresented, or that any should be very grossly over-represented, as happens at present, and would happen in a still greater degree under the system of equal electoral districts each with a single Member. The larger the constituencies, so that each elector had but a single vote, the more complete the representation. Take the case of Manchester. The division between Manchester and Salford is far less offensive, far less of an invasion of traditions, far less artificial and unhistorical than the distribution of Manchester itself into electoral districts; since Manchester and Salford are, for municipal and other purposes, distinct corporate entities. There is, however, no reason why they should so remain. Every reason that can be alleged for giving London a single central municipality, or even a federal government, tells far more strongly in favour of uniting the Manchester district—a continuous region of streets inhabited by a population of similar character, engaged in similar industries—under one municipal government, and treating it as a single Parliamentary constituency. Such a constituency would have, perhaps, a million of inhabitants, one hundred and twenty thousand electors, and twenty Members. Each elector having a single vote, any body of six thousand voters could return a Member of their own. There are, let us say, thirty thousand Radicals who may be confidently

relied on to obey the directions of the Radical caucus. There are, perhaps, as many Conservatives whose Conservatism is their paramount object in political life, who would return a supporter of Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Salisbury, though they might differ with him as regards the adequacy of the Navy, our relations with France, or our interests in the Levant. There will be at least twelve thousand who are by temper, or tradition, or local circumstances precluded from calling themselves Tories, but who instinctively dread and dislike Radicalism; and these would return two Liberals of the type which most accurately reflects, on the whole, the nett results of the conflicting forces of Lancashire opinion. The caucus would then have lost absolutely its power of bullying, dictating, coercing, of compelling men either to vote for its nominee or to throw their votes away. It would arrange the votes of its own willing supporters so as to secure to them a full share of representation; but it could do no more. The caucus that should try, for example, as one of Mr. Chamberlain's caucuses did try, to turn out the ablest, most honest, and most earnest Radical in Parliament, would simply expose itself to ridicule and contempt. Such incidents as those of 1857 and 1868, both equally disgraceful to the chiefs of the Party in power and to English love of fair play, would be impossible. Never, under such a system, could we see on one occasion Mr. Bright, Mr. Milner-Gibson, Mr. Miall, all the best of the Radicals, deprived of their seats; or on another a score of independent Liberals like Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Laing, Mr. Roebuck unseated for daring to call their souls their own. Between the two great Parties there would always be a moderate, independent body, not of crotcheteers, but of Liberal-Conservatives and Conservative-Liberals, representing the real balance of opinion in the country; and no measure disapproved by them and those they represented could pass, as no such measure ought to pass. When Manchester had thus returned five Radicals, two Liberals, and five Tories, simply on account of their political opinions, there would remain eight seats which, in so peculiar a constituency, would probably be given to men whose Party politics were not necessarily less distinct or decided, but less paramount over all other considerations. There would be at least one Irishman, or, far better, a Catholic of the old English families, returned, chiefly by Irish votes, to speak the mind of the native Catholics of Lancashire as well as of the Irish immigrants. The exclusion of the English Roman Catholics from Parliament is one of the most serious misfortunes of the present system, a misfortune rendered possible only by the reckless disregard of ancient franchises and traditional rights in 1831, and the utterly haphazard Reform of 1867. A new, carefully reconsidered system, under which no

representative of English or Scotch Catholicism could find his way to Parliament, should stand self-condemned from the first. If Manchester sent such a Catholic he would be, except on Irish questions, Conservative. The working-men would have a couple of class representatives, one of them probably a Tory and one a Radical in national politics. The important body of Unitarians, Quakers, and other religious dissidents who are not Nonconformists in the ordinary sense, would probably have a Member of their own, representing not so much their religious dissent as their somewhat cold, practical, Conservative-Liberalism in politics. The Nonconformists proper would hardly care to separate themselves from the Radicals; the Wesleyans might not impossibly return one or two Members, Conservative on every question except that of Disestablishment. Out of twenty representatives, eighteen would be, on a great Party division, either Tories or Liberals; but nearly half would be genuine representatives of Manchester Conservatism and Radicalism, not puppets to be moved at pleasure by Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Stafford Northcote.

Mr. Albert Grey described, not this simple plan, but that of Mr. Hare, in a speech which appears to have impressed many besides the electors of South Northumberland. But the single vote would practically accomplish everything which Mr. Grey claimed without the complexity of Mr. Hare's scheme or the uncertainty which enters into it. Suppose Northumberland to have eight seats and 40,000 electors; every 5,000 electors would, under the single vote, be able to return a representative of their own. If, as Mr. Grey assumes, there be 15,000 miners among them, the single vote would enable those 15,000 to return three Mr. Burts—if three such men are to be found. The only special advantage of Mr. Hare's plan is that it provides against the accumulation of unnecessary votes on a favourite candidate—for example, the bestowal of the 15,000 mining votes of Northumberland upon Mr. Burt himself. The superfluous votes would, under that scheme, be assigned to the candidates named second on the polling papers given for Mr. Burt. But which votes should be considered superfluous and transferred to another must be matter of arbitrary rule or sheer chance, or must leave room for manipulation of a very dangerous kind. If 15,000 votes are given for Mr. Burt, and on 5,000 A. be named as second choice, on 5,000 B., and on 5,000 C., it might well be that none of the three latter should be returned. If the papers counted for Mr. Burt were taken equally, each of the three supplementary names would have only some 3,700 votes. Again, A. might receive 8,000 second votes, B. 6,000, and C. 1,000; and yet, through trickery or mere accident in counting, Mr. Burt might take 5,000 of A.'s votes, and B. might be returned by an

apparent majority of 3,000 secondary votes over A., who had really a plurality of 2,000 over him. This complexity and uncertainty—rendering the practical operation of Hare's scheme utterly unpopular because almost unintelligible—is incurred on grounds rather logical than practical. The single vote requires some safeguard in theory against the accumulation of votes on a popular favourite; but practically the machinery of party would meet this difficulty quite as effectually as Mr. Hare's scheme, and without giving rise to any suspicions of unfair play in the counting. Take Mr. Albert Grey's example. Mr. Burt, relying on the 15,000 miners, would distribute them so that perhaps 5,500 should vote for him, 5,000 for A., and 4,500 for B. And unless the supporters of the other candidates distributed their votes with wholly improbable accuracy, the 15,000 miners would return their three candidates. In a word, Mr. Hare's scheme is necessary only to the logical perfection of the single vote. In practice, if 5,000 votes be the theoretical quota for a Member, every candidate with that number, almost every candidate with (say) 4,500, will be returned; and very few candidates, if any, will receive more than 6,000 at the utmost.

In other constituencies, and especially in the counties—preposterously and artificially divided, whose divisions should, with few exceptions, be swept away—the number of distinctly, definitively pledged partisans would be generally much larger, and mere crotcheteers would have a smaller chance. But every important section of national opinion which felt itself oppressed or unfairly treated in any respect would obtain a representative, or a number of representatives. While its grievance lasted it would be heard; it would stand forth distinct from both parties, because more concerned in its own special vexation than in the issue of Party politics. But when once its grievance was redressed, its elements, Members and constituents alike, would fall back into their natural Party relations, would take sides on those great permanent issues which must always, while human and political institutions remain what they are, divide national opinion between the contents and the non-contents, between those who have and those who want.

Indeed, the difficulty in arguing for such an arrangement seems to lie in the difficulty of perceiving what objections can legitimately be urged to it. It has not the artificial perfection, but neither has it the complication, the intricacy, of Mr. Hare's scheme, which would render the latter and all its modifications practically unpopular and unworkable. It is simple, intelligible, absolutely fair, at least in a negative sense, and far fairer in every sense than any other practicable arrangement. It admits of every variety of franchise; even of that plural vote which might, but will not, be

adopted from the municipal into the Parliamentary system. It preserves, not the existing but the immemorial lines, traditions, boundaries, associations of the greater constituencies. It reverts to the principles and ideas of the representative system as it stood before 1831, without re-introducing any one of its abuses. It accepts the numerical rule, and applies it in the only manner which can prevent that rule from becoming the worst of all tyrannies. Under any other system, but above all under the system of equal electoral districts and single seats, we are liable not only to the tyranny of a majority but to the tyranny of that minority which consists of the *ultra* section of the Party majority. There is but one theoretical exception that can fairly be taken to this idea of large constituencies and single votes—the possibility that the majority, concentrating their votes on a few popular favourites, might find their first candidates at the head of the poll and the rest at its tail. But this is a theoretical possibility only; the machinery of Party organisation would render its practical realisation impossible. And it is perhaps the chief recommendation of the scheme, next to its perfect simplicity and its accordance with history and local feeling, that it preserves to Party organisation a full and fair share of influence without permitting it to tyrannise. Every volunteer who rallies round the flag of his Party, yellow or blue, green or orange, would have the certainty of giving full effect to his vote; a certainty which could hardly belong in the same degree to him who cast his vote for the nominee of a sect or section. But no Member would be under the dictation of the Caucus, no elector would be compelled to vote for men he despised and distrusted, or to throw his vote away. No Liberal could be compelled to choose between supporting a Socialist and letting in a Tory; no Churchman could be compelled to vote either for a political or a religious opponent.

There would, of course, be but a few urban constituencies as large as Manchester. A score or so of great cities, something less than a hundred county divisions, and perhaps as many large towns with their suburbs, would each return from three to thirty Members. The variety in character, the size, together with the single vote, would secure all, and more than all, that variety which we obtain through the anomalies of the present system. Very small and scattered minorities, such as are generally the advocates of crotchets unfit for Parliamentary discussion, would, as now, be silenced, but no class with a conviction paramount to all its other convictions, and numerous enough to command, say, six thousand votes in any one constituency, could be disfranchised. Urban Toryism, rural Radicalism, English Catholicism, Irish loyalty, Scotch Conservatism, Dissenting Orthodoxy, High Church hostility

to Establishment, would all be fairly heard. Every varying element that goes to make up each of the two or three great British Parties would be as fully represented as ever; while no faction could monopolise the representation of a county, a province, or even a considerable borough, as a questionable number of Irish Disloyalists, for example, threatens to monopolise the representation of three-fourths of Ireland, in the teeth of the loyalty of nearly all who have anything to lose.

PERCY GREG.

GAFFER HODGE ON THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.

Oi's eärd sum tauk, muster hedditur,
As pipple wishes to give
A wote to us chaps in the countrey
Wot warks on the land, to live.

Last night—'twur up at the draggun—
Oi'd called fur a pint o' beer—
Jo Smith wur a-readin' the peäper,
And e ses e seed un theer.

Ses Jo—e' s a bit of a skollard
By rason e keeps a shop—
"Big wigs to Lunnun's a-goin'
To put John Plowman a-top

"At last o' the Constertushun,
By giein us all a wote."
"Wot 's that?" oi ses, "be it owt, Jo,
As warm as a good top-coat?"

"Well theer! if yow bëant a fule, John,
To be arter axin me *that*!
A wote 's a wote, and oi tell yer,
As sure as a rat 's a rat!

"And a rare grand time 's a-comin,
Folk ses, John Plowman's way
Wen ousehold suffrins in counties
Be the order o' the day!"

"Ousehold suffrins in counties!"
Ses oi, and oi opês me eyes:
"We 's more 'n enuff as it be, Jo,
And oi tell yer, bor, no lies!

"Little Billie at home is a-teethin,
And down wi' the fever is Liz,
And if *that* ain't ousehold suffrins
Oi shud like to know wot is!"

Jo grins, and ses e, "Consarn it,
Yow 's gotten a flea in yer cap!
'Tis the rite to wote at eleckshuns
We wur talkin' about, ole chap!"

"The rite to wote at eleckshuns!"
Oi ses, "and lose, no doubt,
A day, fur there ain't no treatin'
As there used to be, nor nowt!

"Small thanks fur that to yer big wigs!
Wi' nuffin better to send,
Let em keep their gifts and welkum,
And there 'll be no bones to mend!

"They 'd better by half be esy
And leave their wark aloän!
They 're the sort wot allus gie us
Wen we ax fur bread, a stoän!

"'Taint wotes and ousehold suffrins
As the poor man wants this age!
'Tis the taste of a bit o' beef, Jo,
And a trifle a wake more wage!"

Then oi ups wi' me pint and drinks it,
And tarns on me eel to go;
Jo laffs and he ses "Good night, John!
Yow ain't fur wrong!" ses Jo.

"They Raddikel chaps to Lunnun
Be cunnin' as gipsy gells:
They 'd chuck us the shell o' the nut, John,
And keep the karnel thessels!"

JOHN HODGE.

November 15, 1883.

THE TALE OF TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

No one knows where this celebrated story precisely came from, nor who the poet was that first cast it in a metrical form. To judge from the oldest fragments extant, this tale, so familiar to mediæval Europe, was of Celtic origin; but learned German commentators trace some of the leading characters and incidents as far back as the Egyptian god Ptah and the goddess Isis. Be that as it may, the tale of Tristram and Iseult seems rather the spontaneous growth of popular imagination than the conscious work of particular poets, and to have freely assimilated half-forgotten memories of extinct mythologies. Vestiges of the unavoidable solar-myth are probably also discernible in it. The hero's skill on the harp, gifts of minstrelsy, and fight with the dragon certainly recall the leading attributes of the Sun-god. But what matter how it originated, since it is now one of the best love-stories in the world, thanks above all to Gottfried von Strassburg, the mediæval German poet, whose epic deserves to be far better known than it is, being the most complete and masterly treatment of a subject which seems to have found its final interpretation in the harmonies of Wagner. That great composer could not well have selected a fitter subject for musical treatment. For the broad epic character of this tale, the symbolic nature of its chief incidents, the sublimity of its passion, satisfy the requirements of an art which necessarily deals with what is most elemental in human life. In this respect Wagner's musical drama possesses undoubted grandeur, but this grandeur is attained by the sacrifice of a multiplicity of details imparting life and movement to the original story. To understand the modifications of the latter, let us pass in review some of the numerous poems founded on this romantic topic, among which Gottfried's *Tristan* takes the foremost place.

This poet, of whom nothing is personally known, although he produced one of the chief works of mediæval Europe, lived about the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. It has been inferred, from certain indications, such as the absence of armorial bearings in the portrait extant in the Paris MS., that Master Gottfried, as he is called, was not of gentle birth, but a notary to the town of Strassburg, or of its bishop. The latter

seems unlikely, however, to judge from the strong anti-hierarchical bias which occasionally pierces through his poem. Equally scanty is our knowledge of the sources whence the poet drew his materials. It is true he frequently refers to one Thomas, sometimes calling him Thomas of Britannia, as the only authentic writer on this subject; but it has never been clearly ascertained who is meant by this. As the Trouvères or minstrels of the North of France are supposed to have first sung the loves of *Tristan and Isolde*, it seems likely that the French poet named Thomas, a native of Brittany, who wrote on this subject, might have been Gottfried's model. The number of French words, phrases, even whole verses, with which he has interspersed his poem, seems to corroborate this supposition. Walter Scott, on the other hand, in his learned edition of *Sir Tristrem* by Thomas of Ercildoune or the Rhymer, believes that the latter is meant by Thomas of Britannia. The date seems to render this supposition impossible, Walter Scott assigning 1219 as the approximate year of the Rhymer's birth, while German editors name 1210 as the likeliest date of the composition of Gottfried's *Tristan*. The coincidence between the two narratives is so singular, however, that, unless one copied it from the other, they must have adhered to an older authority equally well known to both. But from whatever sources Gottfried von Strassburg may have collected his materials, to him belongs the glory of having welded the whole into a beautiful poem; though he died, unfortunately, before he could bring his work to a close. His successors, Ulrich von Türheim and Heinrich von Friberg, wrote each a separate ending, a third one having been supplied in modern times by the poet Hermann Kurz.

When one considers that Gottfried wrote at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a time of unparalleled religious enthusiasm, when Europe poured half its population to the Holy Land; when men and women flying from the temptations of the world immured themselves in convents and monasteries; when pilgrims of all ages swarmed to Rome to seek absolution for their sins, while in gloomy forest and desolate waste the hermit built his cell, remote from human fellowship;—when one considers all this, it is truly wonderful how free is this mediæval poem from all traces of the ascetic mysticism of the times. Though it has caught the glamour of Christian chivalry, it abounds in survivals of pre-historic myths. Learned German commentators even perceive affinities to Osiris and Isis in Tristan and Isolde, trace remnants of Druidism in their little dog Petitcriu, and discover nothing more or less than a cromlech or fairy-grotto in Gottfried's enchanting minne-grotte!

This blending of mythical elements with German sentiment, and a love of intrigue worthy of Balzac or Daudet, imparts great variety and charm to Gottfried's work. The harmonious impact of a great genius on an age pre-eminently addicted to chivalry and the glorification of a feminine ideal, an age which had transmuted love into worship, and which recognised no law higher than the sensibility of tender hearts, alone could have produced such a romance. Limpid expression, musical versification, an instinctive felicity in the choice of words and imagery distinguish the Strassburg poet's work. He shows a rare sweetness in the descriptions of nature, but of nature in her blandest moods: the singing of birds in summer woods, the sprouting of little flowers on the vernal grass, the bubbling of springs and scent of lime-trees; but rarer still than all this amiable pourtrayal of landscape is the art with which he sounds the whole diapason of the master-passion.

The poem is in rhymed octo-syllables full of liquid double endings and rhythmical irregularities, as with the old English ballads and border minstrelsy; irregularities of feet, and even occasionally of accent, far more musical than the most learned rules can enforce. However inadequate any translation must necessarily be, the following lines will give an idea of Gottfried's verse:—

Whate'er betide, O let me not
Out of your heart! For well I wot
From mine you ne'er shall sever;
For Isolde now and ever
Abides with Tristan to the end.
Remember, mistress, sweetest friend,
How grief will waste me when afar
I darkling roam without my star.
Whate'er betide in weal or woe
Ne'er from your heart let Tristan go
Then back she stepped a little way:
Sweet Lord, she answered sighing, Yea,
We twain, e'en like one heart and will,
Have overlong been wont to thrill,
And beat in time to the same tune,
That now we ever, late or soon,
Should learn oblivion, or, I wis,
What strangeness or forgetting is.
Near or afar with me you stay,
And in my heart there shall for aye
No joy of living thing be rife
But Tristan very breath of life.

Gottfried's epic begins with the history of Riwalin, who, repairing to the court of Mark, King of Cornwall, wins the heart of his sister Blancheflur. She flies with him across the sea to Parmenia, which has been invaded by Duke Morgan, and after a hasty marriage Riwalin proceeds to the defence of his territory. Having

performed prodigies of valour he is defeated and slain, and on hearing the news Blancheflur shed not a single tear—for, as the poet says, her heart was turned to stone—nor ever spoke again, but died after giving birth to a son who was christened Tristan, that is to say, the sorrowful. Adopted by Rual, his father's faithful steward, the child was carefully trained in every knightly accomplishment; at the age of fourteen he was kidnapped by Norwegian sea-rovers, who, terrified by an awful storm, landed him on the Cornish coast. Falling in accidentally with a party of hunters, he won their good graces by showing them the scientific mode of breaking up a stag, and in consequence of this performance he was brought before Mark at Tintagel. The king, delighted with the young huntsman, who excelled equally in singing, harp-playing, and a knowledge of foreign tongues, made him his favourite companion, and eventually learned from Rual, who had searched far and wide for his foster son, what was the secret of his birth. Soon after, when Mark was much distressed by the arrival of Morold, who in the name of Gurmun, King of Ireland, claimed a tribute of gold, silver, and 300 young children, Tristan found an opportunity of showing his gratitude by offering, upon his being knighted, to oppose the claim and defend the freedom of Cornwall. The two champions sailed to an island to decide the combat, and, although King Mark's nephew was dangerously wounded, he, with his sword, clove Morold's skull, in which a piece of the blade remained. But Tristan's wound, having been inflicted by an envenomed weapon, became so bad that his only chance of cure lay in setting sail for Ireland to seek the assistance of its queen, renowned for her skill in leechcraft. To avoid recognition as the slayer of her brother Morold, he gave out that he was a merchant named Tantris; and the queen having healed him, he repaid her services by instructing her beautiful daughter Isolde in minstrelsy, poetry, and the noble game of chess. On his return Mark, hearing his praises of the young princess, sent him back to Ireland to demand her in marriage. But King Gurmun had just offered his daughter's hand to any man who should kill a fiery dragon which was ravaging the country. The valorous Sir Tristan went on shore immediately to attack this monster, broke his spear on its impenetrable hide, lost his horse, but finally smote off the dragon's jaw. After cutting out its tongue he fainted from the stench. The king's steward, who had been treacherously lying in wait all this while, now secured the reptile's head, went to court, and claimed the princess. The queen and her daughter, distrusting his account, repaired at midnight to the scene of action, and in the moonlight Isolde spied the glint of a helmet in a tarn, which the hero, on the point of swooning, had plunged into for coolness. He was res-

cued, restored to consciousness, and, the dragon's tongue proving him the victor, he now offered to meet the steward in combat. While he was taking a medicated bath, the princess, who had been examining his weapons, accidentally discovered the gap in his sword and found that the piece in her uncle's brain-pan fitted it exactly. Full of indignation, seeing that Tantris was Tristan, Morold's slayer, she seized the sword and rushed upon the helpless knight with seeming intent to kill him (but, as Gottfried says, never would have done so). Her mother stays her hand, and for her child's sake is willing to forgive the death of her brother. Seeing the queen so mercifully inclined, Tristan makes his peace with her by disclosing that the gentle, great and powerful King of Cornwall has sent him to seek her daughter for his bride. Thereupon, though the princess protests a little, they kiss in sign of reconciliation; and the next day there is a great festival at court, when the steward, amid much laughter, withdraws his claim on being shown the dragon's tongue. At this festival the radiant young princess, accompanying her mother, wore "a cloak and gown of brown velvet in the latest French fashion, the last, tightly laced down the sides and seeming to have grown to her, fell in many folds to her feet. With the thumb of her left hand she held the pearl-cord fastening her ermine-lined cloak. And the delicate gold circlet round her head, contending with the gold of her hair, would not have been distinguishable from it but for the shining of the gems. Her eyes, resembling those of a falcon on his perch, glanced sedately round the hall, to the loss of many a knight's heart."

Soon after this the Princess, accompanied by Tristan, Brangane, and a large retinue, went on board the vessel that was to convey her to King Mark. The Queen, to ensure her daughter's happiness, had entrusted Brangane with a love potion, with directions that Mark and his bride should partake of it on the evening of their marriage. After being at sea some time, "owing to the unwonted misery of the delicate ladies of the retinue," Tristan bade the ship be anchored in a bay, so that its passengers might refresh themselves by going on shore. But the Princess remaining on board—

> Sir Tristan now went forth to hold
> Speech with his lady, sweet Isold,
> And by her side he sat him there,
> With courtly looks and greetings fair,
> And talked with her of many a thing;
> And then Sir Tristan bade them bring
> A drink; but near the Queen withal,
> There were but sundry maidens small;
> And one made answer, "In that glass
> There 's wine." This was no wine, alas

Though such forsooth it seemed, within
Lurked heavy sorrow, heavier sin,
The heart-break and the endless pain
By which in the end they both were slain.
The maiden, who knew nought of this,
Straightway arose, and not remiss,
Went to the place where, in the glass,
That badly hidden potion was.
And to her master gave it there,
Who gave it to his lady fair.
Full loth she drank, oppressed with woe,
Then gave it him, who drank also;
That it was wine they both did ween.
Meanwhile Brangane rejoined the Queen,
And straightway recognised the glass,
And knew whereof the question was.
Then such great fear her heart did sway,
That it took all her strength away,
And like a corpse she was to see,
And with a broken heart went she
And took the hapless, unblest cup,
And went wildly, held it up
And cast it in the roaring sea:
Oh woe! she cried, oh woe is me,
Oh would that I had ne'er been born!
Poor wretch, who now must ever mourn
Lost honour and fidelity,
For which remorse will never die.
Alas Isolde, and alas Tristan,
That fatal drink will be your ban!
Now that the maiden and the man,
Isold la bele and Sir Tristan
Had drank together, what came to pass?
There straight the world-disturber was,
Dame Venus, who men's hearts doth chase,
And stole into their hearts apace.
And ere yet either was aware,
She waved her flag above the pair,
And drew them unresistingly
Within her rule and sovereignty;
Then indivisible they grew,
Whose lives were separate hitherto;
And Isold's hate was clean forgot,
The twain had but one heart I wot,
Her sorrow came to be his woe,
His sorrow became hers also;
And yet both strove to hide the same,
Being sadly vexed with doubt and shame,
And ever they shrank in fear and dread
From words that might not be unsaid.

The unhappy pair, though they would wish never to reach land, arrive at last in Cornwall, and though Isolde is now wedded to King Mark, her heart remains Tristan's. With the assistance of Brangane, who considers herself as the sole cause of their guilt, the lovers often meet in secret, but their meetings being discovered by Meriadok, brother in arms of Sir Tristan, who informs the King of his suspicions, the cunning dwarf Melot is set as a spy

upon them. The King now ostensibly goes on a hunting match, and Tristan, who carries on a communication with the Queen by means of light twigs thrown into the stream which runs through the garden close by her bower, invites her to an interview. This is discovered by the dwarf, and on the next night he and the King conceal themselves in a tree; but Tristan, coming to the tryst just as the moon rises above the mountains, sees the shadow of two crouching figures cast on the grass, and, suspecting the truth, he manages to put the Queen on her guard. Tristan now most respectfully entreats the Queen to intercede for him with his uncle, but she, alleging that the King is already sufficiently incensed with her on his account, refuses his request. The suspicions of the King of Cornwall being thus set at rest, he receives his nephew back into favour, creating him his high constable.

Several years elapse, during which the King, having fresh cause for jealousy, banishes Sir Tristan, but on hearing of his mighty deeds, becomes again reconciled to him. At last, however, finding further proof of the love between the Queen and his nephew, he grows so incensed as to banish them from his dominions. They then take refuge in the cavern of a deep forest, only accompanied by the faithful Kurwenal and the dog Hodain. Not far from the cavern is a valley with a fountain set in its midst, sheltered by three tall lime-trees. To this delicious spot the fond pair would resort at dawn, and while away the time with tales of true love; and, sings the poet,—

> Many I daresay now will think,
> And wonder on what food and drink
> Tristan and his Isolde did fare
> While in the wilderness they were.
> These doubts I 'll answer in this wise.
> They looked each in the other's eyes,
> And sumptuously the twain thus fed
> On love and noble hardihead.

After a twelvemonth's residence in the forest, the King, happening to hunt there, discovers the retreat of Tristan and Isolde, and, from what he sees, comes to the conclusion that the reports about them have been vile slanders. They are therefore honourably reinstated at court, but not for long. The dwarf again betraying a meeting between them, Sir Tristan is finally banished from Cornwall, and tries to forget his troubles by going to Brittany, and there assisting the Duke of Arundel, whose town is besieged and whose islands are harried by his enemies. By the hero's valour the contest is soon ended, and he is introduced to the daughter of the Duke. She has the same name as the Cornish Queen, but is called Isolde aux Blanches Mains. Whenever the unhappy knight hears his lady's name, his eyes betray the grief which preys on

him. But the Duke and his son and daughter mistake the cause of his emotion; for she of the white hands having fallen in love with her father's defender, and hearing him constantly singing songs with the burden

Isolt man drue, Isolt m'amie,
En vus ma mort, en vus ma vie,

believes that her passion is reciprocated, and makes no secret of her own. The Duke, under the same impression, offers Sir Tristan his daughter's hand, and the chivalrous knight, hopeless of ever meeting his own Isolde again, and too courtly to hurt the feelings of a lady, makes up his mind, though in much tribulation, to wed with Isolde aux Blanches Mains.

Gottfried von Strassburg's Tristran ends abruptly at this point: but the conclusion may be given as told by his German successors. Isolde of Brittany is only a wife in name, Tristan having married her for courtesy. In trying to save the life of her brother, he is mortally wounded, and sends Kurwenal to the Queen of Cornwall to inform her of his plight. The faithful follower is told to hoist a white sail if he brings the Queen back with him, a black sail if he does not. And ever Sir Tristan asked what manner of sails hove in sight on the sea. But she of the white hands seeing the gleam of a white sail drawing landwards, made answer in the bitterness of her heart that it was black. Then fell Sir Tristan back on his pillow, stricken to death. When Queen Isolde, stepping on shore, heard the bells tolling and the lamentation of troubled crowds, she felt her blood congeal, while her heart cried out, "He is dead, he is dead!" White and tall she entered the chamber, and at her gestures the other woman fled, but she, sinking down by her dead, sat gazing in his face till she died too.

II.

The partly mythical story of Tristan is apparently a late addition to the Arthurian Cycle, and but superficially connected with it by Sir Thomas Mallory in his *Morte D'Arthur*. But the great fame of this knight made it highly desirable to include him in the order of the Round Table. Mallory, however, introduces him as a foil to his own hero, Sir Lancelot du Lake, who is the flower of all knighthood, and who on hearing of the "great love between Sir Tristram and Isolt les Blanches Mains," justly exclaims, "Fie upon him, untrue knight to his lady. For of all knights in the world, I loved him most, and had most joy of him, and all was for his noble deeds; but let him wit the love between him and me is done for ever." This faithlessness of Sir Tristan's, though only a momentary episode in Mallory, quite spoils the unity of the story. The "drink of might" either forged an indissoluble bond between the

pair who partook of it, or becomes a superfluous incident. And why, if Mallory must needs marry the hero in Brittany, did he, in that case, omit the appropriate legendary ending of the black and white sails which is the natural outcome of the situation. His Sir Tristram, stung by Sir Launcelot's reproach, leaves the white-handed Isolt as lightly as he took her, and is shamed into returning to Cornwall, where at last "that false traitor King Mark slew the noble knight Sir Tristram as he sat harping before his lady, La Beale Isolt, with a trenchant glaive; and La Beale Isolt died fawning upon the corpse of Sir Tristram."

In *The Last Tournament*, Lord Tennyson has followed pretty faithfully Mallory's account of the closing scenes of Sir Tristram's story. As this poem must be well known to most readers, a few remarks in its general drift will suffice. From the heroic mould in which legend had cast these victims of a fate-implanted love, the poet has reduced them to the plaster of Paris proportions of ordinary criminality. With the omission of the love-potion and the simultaneous death of the lovers, the tragic elements of this romance seem to resolve themselves into a case for the divorce court. We must, however, remember that this is but one of a cycle of Idylls. The Laureate no doubt had his own reasons for painting illicit love in its most unattractive colours, especially as in *Lancelot and Guinevere* he had already written more loftily of romantic love.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's lovely episode on the same subject might properly be called variations on an old theme. The beginning of this poem shows Tristram, the lately wedded lord of Iseult les Blanche Mains, dying of his wounds at his castle in Brittany. In the ravings of his fever his mind reverts to Iseult of Ireland, and the poet artistically introduces the love-philter among other visions of his disordered brain. The legendary termination is preserved, but, after the terrible conclusion, the portraiture of the gentle but too modern young widow rambling in the woods with her pretty children, and telling them fairy-tales, cannot help striking one as an anti-climax.

Mr. Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyoness*, being rather a series of high-wrought and impassioned lyrical episodes than a narrative-poem, properly speaking, can hardly come under discussion in an article necessarily restricted to the tale of Tristram and Iseult. If we may have seemed somewhat severe on our native poets, what shall we say to Karl Immermann's romantic poem? This emiment German poet, a contemporary of Heine, was born at Magdeburg in 1796. Of Catholic tastes and wide culture, he did not limit himself to one walk in literature, but went in for either "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-

pastoral, tragical-historical," &c. &c. Difficult to say to what category his *Tristan and Isolde* belongs! Immermann seems to have aimed at a combination of the romantic and the playfully humorous, much in the style of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. But "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles" sit rather heavily on his muse, whose fantastic antics lack the Italian's bewitching graces. As the world of myth and legend lies outside the limits of time, the poet naturally enjoys much greater latitude in handling his subject than if it were matter of history. Nevertheless even Fairyland has laws of its own, which cannot be safely violated. When for purposes of local colour Miss Kitty, Miss Betty, and Miss Ellinor are introduced as companions of Isolde of Ireland on her voyage to Cornwall; or when in tower-crowned Tintagel such incongruous personages as Lord Triamour, Lord Stonycraft, and Baron Drywater sit down to a dinner of fricassees, entrées, and jellies, all our mythic illusions vanish at a touch. Still, the poem, with all its faults, has much beauty in parts, being distinguished by charming descriptive passages and a rich and delicate vein of fancy. The quaint incident of the swallows will give an idea of this quality in Immermann. Mark and his nephew are looking out of window in the king's castle, and the frolicsome youth is teasing his uncle to enliven the court and gladden his old age by taking a young wife unto himself. At this moment they perceived two swallows flying from the west, and round the foot of one something shimmered like gold, which the other bird was trying to catch hold of with his beak, and having done so he dropped it upon the lattice close by the king, who took it up gently and found it to be the long, silky, golden hair of a woman. He knew that in all Cornwall there lived not the woman who could have claimed it. So, wishing once for all to stop the young knight's importunities, he told him that if he could bring the maid whose golden head should match the hair he held he would espouse her, but none other. With what result we know already. Like his great predecessor, Gottfried von Strassburg, Immermann died before he could bring his poem to a conclusion.

In order to adapt the Tristan legend to the stage, Wagner had largely to curtail it. He has not only omitted the story of Tristan's parents, but that of his own adventurous youth, and the opera opens with the famous scene on board ship. Isolde of Ireland chafing bitterly that during the whole of the voyage Sir Tristan has studiously avoided her, and, still nursing wrath at his unavenged slaughter of Morold, calls on the winds to shake the sea from its slumber and shatter the vessel, which is fast nearing the Cornish coast. In this mood she bids Brangane bring her a certain potion which the knight must drink, before landing, to be reconciled to

her. What is the attendant's horror to see her pointing to a flask containing poison, seemingly intent on killing both herself and him! To avert this calamity Brangane, half distractedly, substitutes the love-drink at the last moment, and the two have no sooner emptied the cup than, calling out "Tristan! Isolde!" they fall into each other's arms. Lost to all around, they do not heed that they are close on shore, that King Mark and his people are waiting to receive them; and it is only when Brangane rushes between them with the royal crown and cloak that the princess, recalled to her situation, sinks fainting into her attendant's arms.

The rapidity of the action here does away with that subtle conflict between love and duty which Master Gottfried has so admirably pourtrayed. But for dramatic purposes this abruptness may be desirable. The love-making in *Romeo and Juliet* is almost equally rapid; though, according to the old Italian story, the wooing of Romeo had continued for months, and it was only when the snow was on the ground that his piteous complaints induced Juliet to propose an immediate marriage.

Wagner's second Act resembles the moonlight garden scene in the elder German poem, with this difference, that while the lovers yield themselves to transports of delight, King Mark bursts upon them accompanied by Melot, who, himself enamoured of the Queen, has betrayed his friend. Melot, though bearing the dwarf's name, really corresponds to the knight Meriadok. He and Tristan fight together, and the latter, being mortally wounded, is conveyed by Kurwenal to his castle in Brittany. It will be a shock to connoisseurs in Romance that the famous knight should receive a hurt from so obscure an opponent, for the whole merit of these men lay in their invincibility.

In the opening of the third Act the half-delirious Tristan babbles of nothing but the Queen, who has had a message sent her. The sick knight keeps impatiently asking Kurwenal whether the expected sail is yet in sight, seeing it in imagination long before the reality becomes visible to his companion. But the latter, hearing the joyous air of the shepherd, a musical signal arranged between them, hurries down to receive the Queen. Left alone, the dying man, forgetful of his wounds, rushes forward, and, with the cry "Isolde" on his lips, falls into her arms and expires, gazing at her. As the Queen swoons, Mark, Melot, and Brangane appear before the castle walls, and Kurwenal, rushing furiously upon them, kills Melot, but is himself mortally wounded. After Isolde had left the court, Brangane had at last confessed to the King the secret of the love-potion, and he, recognising the fatality which had ruled their lives, was come to renounce all claim to the woman who should never

have been his. But it is too late. Deaf to all around, Isolde only recovers to sigh her soul out on the corpse of Tristan.

The conclusion affixed to Gottfried's poem is much in the same character. Mark, bitterly lamenting that he had not from the first obeyed the voice in his heart, which told him that Tristan and Isolde were destined for each other, bears their bodies back with him to Cornwall, and has them buried in the garden where once they had been wont to meet. A vine and a rose-tree having been planted above this grave, the two plants interlace so inextricably that their branches cannot be parted.

As we said in the beginning, Wagner has resolved the complete mediæval romance into its simplest elements. With him external events are the product of spiritual conditions. The love of Tristan and Isolde is a transcendental passion, reaching beyond time and space—ever tending towards death as the goal of absolute passion where their severed lives, no longer conscious of limitation, shall be "lost, engulfed, to mingle with the living breath of the universal soul."

In the aspiration towards death which pervades Wagner's whole composition—death, that is, as the sole redemption from the evils of life, as the haven and crowning fulfilment of perfect love—the influence which Arthur Schopenhauer's philosophy has exercised on the German composer will doubtless be recognised.

MATHILDE BLIND.

OUR GAME LAWS.

An advanced Liberal, on glancing at an article on the Game Laws in a Review professedly National and Conservative, might possibly be inclined to think that his enemy had gratified his wishes by writing a book. Visions would flit before him of some proposal to restore forest laws, some lament over the disuse of spring guns and man-traps, and generally some attempt to revive the Heptarchy. But if it be allowed that variety in the food of the community is socially advantageous; that in many counties the labouring classes attach much value to rabbits as a cheap and wholesome article of food; that sport pursued in moderation, not made too easy to the squire and not bearing oppressively on the tenant, ought to be encouraged and protected as a legitimate relaxation from the incessant and absorbing activity and work of the age; that most classes in England, from the peer to the peasant, enjoy and very few dislike or despise, sport in some shape or other: it seems to follow that a short article on the political and economical aspect of the question wonld not be out of place. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1872–3 on the Game Laws is a perfect storehouse of information, statistics, and opinions on the working of Acts which cannot be summarily dismissed by simply calling them "feudal," or tracing their descent from the Norman Conquest. The Committee, it should be stated, was composed of men of the most opposite views on this inflammatory topic. They sat continuously for two sessions. They examined all classes of witnesses, sportsmen and squires, owners and lessees, dealers in game, men who had never handled a gun or looked upon it with the feelings of David in the "Rivals," and men to whom days spent in the pursuit of grouse or deer were sources of pleasureable anticipation or reminiscence; and they carried their researches into the laws in force in our own fifty colonies and in Continental states. In fact, it may be safely laid down that anyone who wishes to know how the Game Laws affect agriculture, act on morals, and deserve to be either abolished, modified, or improved, or who desires to form his own conclusions on the boundless diversity of opinion entertained by practical witnesses as to the best mode of dealing with each part of the subject, cannot

do better than spend a few hours on a publication which has nothing of a Blue Book about it except the name. In all other respects it is more entertaining and instructive than many histories and novels.

Persons who maintain at stated intervals that the Game Laws ought to be erased altogether from the statute book, might first be asked to consider whether they are prepared to abolish the close season, and to leave winged game unprotected and at the mercy of every idler or pot-hunter for the whole of the year. If they go to this extent, there is an end to all argument. It would be of no use to argue with them that game birds represent the harmony and beauty of nature; that in destroying grubs and insects, partridges and pheasants confer solid benefits on the farmer; that grouse and black game have their natural food provided for them over wild tracts of enormous extent, fitted for little else than sheep pasture, and that sheep and grouse can live on the same hills; that everything has its uses in the creation, whether game birds to destroy caterpillars, or hawks to clear off the weak and wounded game; and that the total extermination of the species would, in all probability, be followed by some evils analogous to those caused by the relentless pursuit and destruction of small birds in France. But, if it be once conceded that a close time of a fixed and certain duration is necessary in the case of birds, not migrants like wild-fowl and sea-fowl which are protected by special laws, then some other enactments defining the privilege of pursuit, and the enjoyment of sporting in connection with the permanent or the temporary ownership of land, or with mere occupancy, follow almost as a matter of logical deduction. It would be absurd to fix a close time for grouse, partridges, and pheasants, and then not to say who, by law, may be entitled to shoot them when the close time expires. The protection of any right to kill or take salmon and trout is but the natural consequence of the enactments regulating the opening of rivers, and the return of unhealthy and unseasonable fish to the water at a time when it is lawful to spin a minnow or to throw a fly. The advocates of total abolition must therefore make their choice between one or other horn of a dilemma. Either they must allow a ruthless destruction of birds at all times of the year, without regard to incubation, hatching, and without respect of sex or age, or they are bound to say by whom and under what restrictions the covies protected by law in infancy and youth, are to be slain and enjoyed after majority. What answer the most merciless opponent of sport would return to these suggestions it is difficult to say. Probably only a few fanatics have thought that there would be as much game as is necessary for sport if all such laws were abolished; and fewer still, when

pressed, have failed to admit that the Game Laws do duty for a law of trespass; and that, if the former were to cease, the latter would have to be enacted or extended in some far more offensive and inconvenient shape, to the agriculturist, the tourist, and the lounger. Let us imagine a farmer over whose hay-fields and green corn a lot of idle lads might roam without hindrance, on the plea that they had a right to take partridge eggs or to catch young pheasants, as they were common property, and of no more value in the eye of the law than cockchafers or mice.

Our colonies, almost without exception, have borrowed and improved on the Game Laws of the mother country, and in some instances have supplemented them by severe laws of trespass. A close time is almost universal. Great pains have been taken to acclimatise English game birds in dependencies where they were unknown, and special enactments have often been passed to stop shooting before the stock had time to increase and multiply, and to forbid exportation of the live birds to other lands. Licenses are required to be taken out both by sportsmen and by game dealers. The wanton destruction of elands, elephants, and large game is prohibited in some colonies. In Hong Kong the pursuit of water-fowl, sea-birds, and birds of prey, and the frequent discharge of fire-arms in "the neighbourhood of dwelling-houses, to the annoyance of the inhabitants," increased to such an extent, that only thirteen years ago an ordinance was enacted by the Governor, with the advice of the Legislative Council, to stop the nuisance. In the Mauritius, to say nothing of provisions against the trespass of cattle, any person who merely passed through ground belonging to another, apparently without permission or against the will of the owner, was liable to a fine of four shillings. In Prince Edward's Island a like offence subjected the trespasser to a fine of half-a-crown. In some of the Australian colonies where laws had been passed to strengthen the hands of the Acclimatisation Society, and to punish persons who destroyed imported game, it was further thought expedient to punish mere intrusion and trespass by fines of five and ten pounds. In Tasmania the only protection enjoyed by owners of land against sportsmen shooting during the open months, lay in the Trespass Act, and the Governor was of opinion that it was ineffective. In New Zealand the provisions for the same objects are minute and intricate. And all this law-making, it must be remembered, is the issue of general assemblies, parliaments, and local legislatures which we are accustomed to associate with enlarged suffrages, big constituencies, hatred of privilege and prescription, and boundless popular and communal rights. The Colonial Governments, in fact, have had to better the instruction derived from the parent

state, and it is impossible to read these returns without coming to the conclusion that this legislation had no sort of connection with vert and venison and the selfish pleasure of a few highly-placed individuals. Colonists carry with them the healthy sporting instincts of active and enterprising Englishmen, and they seem very soon to have made up their minds that game, to have a fair chance, must be protected; and that, once protected, it is only going a step further to define the conditions under which it is to be shot, as well as to provide owners of land with safeguards against wanton and injurious trespass, under the plea that sport is open to everyone.

In India the decrease of indigenous game birds has been going on at an alarming rate for the last thirty years. Migratory birds, such as snipe, quail, and innumerable varieties of water-fowl, ensure their own safety, to a certain extent, by visiting the plains only during the cold season, and by retiring to lay their eggs and hatch their young in the impenetrable hills, jungles, and swamps of our eastern frontier. But at several Hill Stations it has been found imperative to establish a close time, and there does not seem any valid reason why partridges, black and grey, jungle fowl and peacock, which are not migratory, should not have a like immunity in the plains. Occasionally Hindu Zemindars issue edicts for the preservation of the peacock, but mainly from religious motives; while there is no more determined preserver of game than a feudatory Raja or Nawab, who succeeds to some nice protected state about twice the size of the county of Rutland, and who is allowed to manage his own affairs without British interference as long as he behaves decently, does not permit Suttee, impalement, or witch-finding, manages to keep out of debt, and does not exasperate his subjects by misrule and oppression.

Nor is the state of things theoretically altered when we come to Continental States. Autocratic Russia, Imperial Germany, Republican France, each and all have forest laws of their own. In the worst-governed country of Europe—Spain—there is the least game. In Germany and Austria game swarms; and in France, Prefects fix the times when *la chasse* is to begin and end, with the most edifying irregularity in adjacent Departments. The state of the law in Prussia is instructive. Up to 1848, the year of Revolution, the right of pursuing and killing game in Germany belonged exclusively to the princes, the nobility, the clergy, and, in some instances, to the municipalities. It was not a proprietary right or privilege, and it empowered the above classes to shoot over the lands of other persons. In October 1848, all these old laws were swept away, and every landholder was vested with the exclusive right of killing game on his own land. The reaction was so violent,

"encouraging poachers, giving rise to lawless abuses, and threatening to exterminate all game whatever," that it was speedily followed by another reaction. The fence months were restored. The proprietary right of killing game was limited to owners of not less than 200 acres of land. Shooting licenses were indispensable; and unenclosed properties of less than 200 acres reverted for sporting purposes to the commune in which they were situated, and formed a common shooting district. Communes could either lease the right to a tenant or appoint a gamekeeper to shoot the game. At the same time, provisions were made against over-preservation, and small proprietors were allowed to scare game, to keep dogs as a protection against deer and wild boars, and to call on the lessees of communal shootings to keep down excess. A noted master of statistics estimated that the game slaughtered in one year produced 7,750,464 lbs. of meat, and was worth 840,752 thalers, besides the value of the skins. The regulation passed in 1850, with the concurrence of both Houses of Parliament, with its restrictions as to shooting leases, personal rights, dates, extent of properties, communal privileges and obligations, claims and penalties, is about as minute and complicated a specimen of legal machinery as we have ever read. The Russian laws are less strict than might be imagined for such a despotic country. Licenses must be taken out except by members of the Imperial family and their guests, and the sale of game in the close months is strictly forbidden. But such laws are administered with laxity. Generally speaking, shooting is regarded as an incident to property. In Norway and Sweden, minute rules exist for the preservation of large game, such as elk and reindeer, and for the extirpation of vermin and wild beasts. But the owners of parks or enclosed lands may kill game at all seasons of the year, without regard to close time. And these laws are further backed by a pretty severe law of trespass, affecting persons who dig, burn turf or wood, cut timber, break down fences, allow their cattle to trespass on the lands of others, and claim rights of way which do not belong to them. In the Netherlands, the right of shooting, coursing, fishing, or other sport, "exclusively belongs" to the ownership of the land. But the shooting and the farming leases can be separated. Where there is no distinct reservation by the proprietor, the tenant is supposed to have the right of shooting, but, as a rule, he does not care for it, and lets it to a sportsman. The provisions for shooting licenses, close times, modes of killing game, are almost "feudal" in their variety and extent, and the State takes on itself the prevention of poaching. Game cannot be conveyed from one place to another except by a public road or path, or without a written permission, nor can foreign game leave the port of entry

without a certificate of its origin. The Belgian laws are much to the same effect. After divers prohibitory and protecting clauses, the Legislature lays it down as a principle which would astonish the senior member for Leicester, that the right of sporting, while it is a right inherent to property, must submit to "certain" restrictions, for reasons of public weal, and then it goes on to say, "Because game, *res nullius*, is, in a more extended point of view, a thing of the State," therefore the State "has the right and duty of regulating its uses, and from this circumstance the State ought to watch as well over the destruction as the preservation of game." Having laid down this broad principle, it adds that private rights should be exercised, "subject to the rules of public order," and reiterating the maxim that, as game is *res nullius*, and has no master except when taken, concludes "it is important that the authorities should give the proprietor the means of preserving it." Poaching, however, prevails largely in Belgium, especially in the vicinity of large manufacturing towns.

In the United States, the legislator, looking on game from a different point of view, arrives practically at almost similar conclusions. Game laws are the province of each particular State, and have been passed in all but the least important in the Union. The possession, if not the killing, of game in the breeding season is forbidden, under penalties, and stringent laws protect the fisheries. The principle of the American legislation on the subject is stated by a high diplomatic authority as follows:—

> It must first be remarked that in their titles the laws always profess to be not for the protection of game as for the profit or enjoyment of the proprietors of land, but for its preservation as for its popular and general use. Notwithstanding, however, this evident intent of the different Acts, that the legislation on this subject should be for the protection rather of public than of individual interests, there is not the slightest indication that the game on private lands is to be considered the property of the State, or of any other person than the landlord. On the contrary, in most of the laws proprietary rights in this matter are distinctly recognised, and, furthermore, in several important States, the law of trespass having been found insufficient to secure these rights, special enactments have been passed protecting landowners against poachers.

And then we have mention of a whole string of local laws in New York, Virginia, New Jersey, and Rhode Island.

In the Swiss Confederation the recognition of game as the property of the State has been attended with no very satisfactory results. Laws, theoretically, are stringent enough. Licenses must be paid for and cannot be claimed by everyone. The close time is very long, but, whether from the physical nature of the country, or the system of cultivation, game is fast disappearing; and it is obvious that the State, in this instance, must draw on itself the theoretical odium attaching to an official game-preserver without in reality preserving any game worth mention. In Denmark there

is very little game. Hares are scarce, rabbits almost unknown, and pheasants exist only in the king's preserves at Amack and Klampenborg. Wild fowl, of course, come and go, and these birds are protected, as well as foxes, badgers, martins, and polecats. But "there is little game in Denmark to tempt poachers, and the incidents of violence which follow poaching would be uncongenial to the quiet habits of the Danish peasant." Portugal has few game laws and even less game. Such regulations as do exist "appear to be framed more with a view to providing against the destruction of, or damage to, property by persons in pursuit of game, than for the preservation of game itself." In Spain it may delight an advanced thinker to be told that all laws and ordinances are purely theoretical. "Shooting goes on at all times and seasons: snares, traps, and decoys are used all over the country; and the result is the most alarming decrease in every species of game."

In the Duchy of Baden the events of 1848 simply resulted in the transfer to the Communes of the rights formerly belonging to the Standesherren or Grundherren, or the State and the Feudal lords. The Communes hold the rights of landlords as a trust, and are compelled to let shootings by auction for periods of three years. As in Prussia, small proprietors, of 200 acres, can preserve and kill game. Poachers are punished; excessive preservation is discountenanced; and, though the country is fertile and highly cultivated, the interests of agriculture are rarely injured. Very similar laws exist in Wurtemberg and in Austria. In Bavaria, in June 1848, at a moment of great popular excitement, the system of land tenure and the relations of landlord and tenant were completely changed. Seignorial rights of chase were abolished, and game became an incident to ownership, and this soon led to the re-enactment of laws regulating the exercise of the chase and the prevention of poaching. Italy, as the country of *cacciatori*, has ample laws governing the whole subject. In Turkey game is not preserved and is considered public property. In Persia the Shah can preserve game anywhere in his own preserves, and, as we learn from the recent work of Dr. Willis, has just established a close time in his dominions. But large spaces, and occasional swamps, and abundance of timber and water in the northern provinces, and the comparative indolence of the population, give game some chance in this part of the world. The above *résumé* seems to prove conclusively that whether forest laws originated in England with ruthless Norman kings or not, there is no civilised nation, on the Continent or elsewhere, that does not recognise some sort of property and privilege in sport. The least civilised are the most careless on this head, and no change in the form of government, no triumph of popular rights over mediæval prescription, no widening of the

basis of legislation, has ever been followed for any time by a complete abolition of all the safeguards afforded to winged and ground game. The full inquiries of our diplomatic representatives abroad show that, if ever abrogated in a rush of new-born freedom, these laws have been enacted again by the broadest and freest Chambers as soon as time was given for reflection and thought. Sporting, in fact, is a form of legitimate recreation with which no community has been able to dispense. And there seems no medium between total abolition and preservation under wise, conciliatory, and temperate Acts.

Enough, then, has surely been said to prove that the Game Laws are not peculiar to feudal or aristocratic England. The real question at issue is, how to reconcile sporting rights and privileges under such laws with the consideration due to large farmers and small tenants, and how to maintain and work laws for this end, without producing a feeling of irritation and discontent directed against sporting magistrates and local tribunals, such as is highly injurious to the morality of the lower orders. Nothing, as we have said, could have been more exhaustive than the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, or more sound than the greater part of their conclusions. Of some extravagances, whether propounded by the defenders or opponents of the system, they satisfactorily disposed, and, it might be said, once and for all; were it not that, in these days, every crotchet has its foster-father and every idolatry its high priest. To a suggestion that game should be made property, the Committee curtly replied that the general sense of the community would not accept such a solution as satisfactory, and that it would be difficult to confer on game all the attributes of property, as animals and birds, "by their own act, and against the will of the person on whose land they happened to be, could, without any right in him to reclaim them, transfer themselves to the soil of another." On the other hand, the Committee proved irresistibly that certain portions of the Game Laws operated as a "discriminating law of trespass," and, in this view, rendered greater stringency unnecessary. With regard to the depopulation of the Highlands, and the displacement of sheep for deer, it was shown conclusively that only 400,000 of the former animals were lost to the market, by the exclusive selfishness of proprietors of forests, and that of these only 100,000 would be converted into mutton in any one year. What is this, it may well be asked, in a national consumption estimated at 28,000,000 of sheep per annum? The conclusions of the Committee on this particular head have been still further strengthened and expounded by the Duke of Argyll, who has signally discomfited his opponents by proving recently that the Highlands have

benefited by the suppression of illicit whisky stills, and by the absorption or conversion of crofters and small tenantries into large sheep-farms. If there has been any change in the life of the lower orders, it is that substantial stone cottages have taken the place of shielings and tenements hardly fit for styes and byres. A variety of other recommendations and suggestions made up the sum of the Committee's Report. Winged game, as a rule, left the court with a high testimony to its character and morals, and, with regard to the discursive hare and the rodent rabbit, it was suggested that tenants might have the exclusive or the concurrent right to kill rabbits, that the farmer should be enabled to bring his action, and have a summary means of redress by arbitration in all cases of excessive preservation, whether by owner or by lessee; that occupiers of game preserves, woods, or unenclosed warrens, should be liable for damage done by their preservation to adjacent farms; that some discretion should be conferred on justices or local courts to give sentences of fine instead of imprisonment for convictions of night poaching; and that resort to what is known in Scotland as an Interdict, might take the place of convictions for day poaching, seeing "that a man who kills a hare or rabbit in the day-time was not looked upon with disfavour by his equals or by society in general;" and that, from a broad view, while the laws were maintained in their integrity, steps should be taken to mitigate any harshness, and to bring them as much as possible into unison with the convictions and feelings of all respectable classes. It is noteworthy that, while recommending that tenants should have a right to kill ground game, the Committee did not advise that this right should be "inalienable." Two years had not elapsed from the date of the Report, and only six months from its publication, when the Conservatives came into office, in February, 1874. Unfortunately, with exception to passing an Act for rating shooting lodges and shootings, they never set themselves seriously to consider the far more important parts of the subject. It was just one with which the representatives of counties, the friends of farmers, and the upholders of manorial privileges, were exceptionably fitted to deal. There was not the least danger of their going too far, and of devising a legal remedy which would multiply the chances of collision. Most of them were familiar with all that had been ever said or written on the subject. Any action was not likely to be more misinterpreted than political steps ever are by opponents. They would have known precisely what to concede, what defects to remedy, what reasonable privileges to maintain, and where to stop. By neglect or oversight, the substantial grievances of agriculturists contending against high rents, bad seasons, copious rains, want of sunshine, and the ravages of "fur,"

were left to the manipulation of Ultra-Liberals, flushed with all the excitement of a political victory on which the wisest had hardly reckoned, and emboldened to stand forth as the true friends of the farmer. Some years ago Lord Derby, in one of those social addresses into which he generally manages to pack a deal of practical wisdom, observed that game questions had much better be settled between the parties by accommodation and agreement, than by tribunals and laws. Once the legal wedge is introduced, the inevitable failure of the best laws to settle such social questions satisfactorily, affords a fresh plea for further encroachment, revision, and extension of legal sections and clauses. Between a resident landlord and his farmers, in many cases, the ground-game question will probably be settled without very active recourse to Sir William Harcourt's Law. All owners who take any interest in country pursuits, including legitimate sporting in all its variety, are perfectly well aware that there are a dozen means of adjustment with their tenantry. There are farms to be improved, draining to be carried out, barns to be pulled down and rebuilt on modern principles, rents to be revised, abatements and deductions to be made, and a score of other little schemes in which the squire and the tenant must meet each other half-way. But the Committee of the House of Commons barely touched the fringe of those cases in which the owner is non-resident and the shootings are let to a stranger. They contented themselves with remarking that there is no common bond of interest between the shooting and the agricultural tenant, and that the former, having to pay a considerable rent, not unfrequently keeps up a considerable and excessive head of game. We should be inclined to go even further, and to say that irritation and discontent have mainly arisen because a sporting right has often been turned into a commercial or profitable speculation. In Scotland the farmer can claim compensation from the lessee. In England, we believe, he can only come down on his own landlord under some special agreement. Some owners, it must be admitted, when letting their country seats, do insist on a clause in the shooting lease against excessive preservation, or else stipulate that the farmer should be allowed to kill rabbits by nets and ferrets, and, where possible, by traps. Not everyone considers the character of his lessee, when weighed against a good round sum for the shooting attached to a residence which he cannot himself occupy. And it is not in agricultural nature not to grumble at lessees who coolly calculate that if they pay £400 or £500 for a large tract of shooting, they can recoup themselves to the amount of one-third or one-half the rent by selling nearly all their game. Let such persons put themselves for a moment in the position of a farmer against whom for the last years the stars

have fought in their courses. His corn is nipped in the blade, his banks are honeycombed with burrows, his grass is diminished and his turnips eaten, or, what is even worse, notched without being eaten, and all this that game-dealers in our great cities may be supplied with a useful variety of food by shooters who take a lease for this object, much as they would invest in Spanish or Portuguese securities. Is it so very odd that farmers should clamour for some sort of protection, or gladly welcome the Liberals as their friends?

Failing the determination of owners to insist on the protection of their tenants, and the moderation of shooting lessees who ought to remember that sport is intended for healthy recreation, and not for recoupment or pecuniary return, the simplest remedy would have been to declare by law that every farmer, tenant, crofter, or cottager had a perfect right to protect his wheat, grass, and cabbages against the ravages of ground game, by nets, ferrets, snares, and traps in holes. He might avail himself of this right, or he might leave it alone. There could have been no reasonable complaint had it been limited to himself, to his family, and to his farm and cottage servants. And he might have been left to surrender it to the owner for any lawful consideration, or to protect his crops by steadily using his privilege in the case of a shooting lessee. But the Liberal Government, in the pride of victory and power, saw their way to another remedy. They allowed concurrent gunnery, and they debarred the tenant from ever divesting himself of his concurrent right. It is notorious that in 1880 many Liberal members who knew something of the conditions of sport, objected to the introduction of strange guns and to the over-riding of free contract, and it became somewhat difficult to make sure, from the discussions in the Press at that time, whether the idea uppermost in the reforming mind was that the farmer should be allowed to exterminate the ground game and vermin, or to keep it up as affording a pleasant diversion for himself and his servants. One journal absolutely gloated over the delicious prospect of rival shooting-parties, composed of the friends of the owner on the one hand and those of the farmer on the other, contending who should make the most of their "concurrent rights." But, notwithstanding the open abandonment of all Liberal and sound principles in this prohibition of free contract, the improbability that two distinct rights of gunnery could co-exist harmoniously over the same area, and the fair conclusion that several Ultra-Liberals were moved, like Macaulay's Puritans in regard to bear-baiting, more by dislike to the squire than by love of the farmer, Lord Beaconsfield never showed greater tact than when he recommended the Lords not to take their stand on the maintenance of their

sporting privileges when there soon would be far more momentous questions to be faced.

In this age of associations, unions, agencies, and committees for the promotion of every conceivable social and political object that can engage the statesman, the philanthropist, and the busybody, it seems unaccountable that no one society has been formed for the regulation of national sport in all branches. There are, of course, coursing and fishing clubs, and there have been such things as clubs for shooting pigeons. But for sport in all its multifarious aspects, there is no such thing as a central agency capable of exercising a wholesome influence over the whole community; checking irregularities, adjusting differences, watching over breaches of the existing law, proposing amendments, and, what is more to the point, by counsel, advice, and suggestion rendering new laws almost unnecessary. What the Marylebone Club does for cricket, that such a society might do for sport. A Patron or President, a working committee, a paid secretary with a couple of rooms, might soon become the office-bearers of a numerous and influential body. There is just space left to sketch the various functions which such an association might discharge. It would watch carefully all legal proceedings taken under the Game Laws, and would call public attention to harsh and excessive punishments quite as much as to laxity of executive administration. It would see where the legal principle was wrong, or the legal remedy inadequate, or any miscarriage was simply owing to a magisterial incompetence or undue severity. It might even act as referee or court of arbitration in cases of dispute, much as the Jockey Club does in regard to the turf. It would naturally become a depository of all sorts of information with regard to sport, farming, and zoology. It might even represent an acclimatisation society and facilitate the introduction of new birds, and the exchange of eggs between proprietors anxious to improve the breed of partridges and pheasants and to prevent grouse disease. It would exclude no class fond of sport, peer or farmer, country squire or cockney. It would show how sport could be exercised without oppressiveness or irritation; and it might meet the crotchets of abolitionists by a mass of solid argument and by an array of unimpeachable facts. In acclimatisation alone there is ample scope for such a society. Hitherto, attempts to introduce foreign birds, such as the Virginian or the Californian quail, have been spasmodic and disjointed, founded on no sound knowledge and productive of no practical result. The objects at which such a society would certainly not aim would be exclusiveness and the antagonism of classes. It is not easy to over-estimate the moral force and social authority of a body of sportsmen who themselves

saw, and could bring others to see, the value of concession and forbearance in the exercise of rights which are very apt to become or to be looked on as wrongs. That Englishmen must and will have sport in some things, and in some country or other, is a fact which no sentimentalism can shake; and there never was an age in which the relaxation afforded by legitimate field sports was more needed by the tired brain. If every game bird were to be exterminated in the British Isles, those who had leisure, money, and independence, would go off East and West to hunt and shoot in countries where there was no agriculture to be injured, and where wastes and jungles abounded. Those who had to stay at home would miss their lawful recreation, and would probably turn to diversions of a far more demoralising kind. England is comparatively small and over-crowded. But there is still room in her hills and pastures, her rivers and streams, her arable land and her waste places, for the judicious enjoyment of field sports which attract long after the age at which men are able to bound over the tennis lawn, climb a bicycle, or hit a fourer to square leg.*

W. S. Seton-Karr.

* The suggestion of forming such a society as that which is here described was made by Mr. Seton-Karr some months before the correspondence in the *Field* on the same subject, the *publication of his paper* having been unavoidably delayed.—Editors N. R.

THE BOERS.

A vigorous attempt has been made by President Kruger and his colleagues in their recent negotiations to persuade the British nation that they have been misrepresented, and that so far from the Transvaal State being a slave-trading and slave-holding Republic, it displays a bright example of kindly dealing with the natives. It would have been better in their own interests if they had taken a different course; if they had admitted that in former times barbarities had been perpetrated by their countrymen, which they deplored, maintained that these barbarities had ceased, and asserted that they were resolved in future to treat their subjects with justice and humanity. As, however, they persistently deny the charges which have been brought against them, it becomes a duty to restate those charges, to show what their conduct has been during the whole course of their history, and to urge on the public the danger of leaving the control of three quarters of a million of natives in the hands of men who treat them as mere beasts of burden.

There is one remark it may be well in the first place to make. The information on which the charges against the Boers are founded is necessarily to a great extent confidential. Were the names of those who communicate it to be given in the public press, it would be impossible for them to continue to reside in the Transvaal, as they would be ill-treated, possibly murdered. We have to urge statements made to us in confidence against the denials of criminals charged with the blackest atrocities.

The Boers are a people of Dutch origin. They were large holders of Hottentot slaves, and, considering themselves ill-used by the Act of Emancipation, a large number of them left the Cape Colony in 1835, and marched into Natal, which was then only colonized by a few Englishmen. Reinforced by many of their brethren, they were strong enough in the following year to overthrow the Zulu king Dingaan, and to establish his rival Panda in the sovereignty. They proclaimed a Republic, but were driven out of Natal by the Cape Government, and retired across the Drakensberg mountains into the Orange Free State, in 1843. Some of them, headed by Andries Pretorius, proceeded further, crossed the Vaal river, and asserted their independence. The Orange Free State was long engaged in hostilities with the natives, particularly the Basutos; but of late years its aggressive aspirations have been restrained by the wisdom of the greatest of South African statesmen, President Brand.

Three conditions had been required by Her Majesty's Government as indispensable preliminaries to British protection :—

1. That there should not be in the eye of the law any distinction or disqualification whatever founded on mere distinction of colour, origin, language, or creed; but that the protection of the law, in letter and in substance, should be extended impartially to all alike.

2. That no aggression should be made on the natives.

3. That slavery in any shape or under any modification was absolutely unlawful.

Those Boers who assented to these conditions remained in Natal; but the majority who marched north did so because they refused to accede to them, and thus showed that the founders of the Transvaal were a people resolved to maintain slavery. Their laws were similar in character to the regulations which prevailed under the old Dutch Government at the Cape in regard to the coloured class in servitude within the Colony, namely, that they should, when required, give their services to the farmers for small remuneration, that they should be prohibited from wandering about the country, and that they should be precluded from the possession of arms and ammunition.

In spite of their departure from Natal, the Imperial Government did not cease to consider them as British subjects; and in 1848 Sir Harry Smith, then Governor of the Cape, proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty over them. The Committee of the Privy Council, in a report dated July 5, 1850, justify that Act in these terms:—"In 1836 the emigrant Boers settled themselves down in many parts of what is now called the Orange Sovereignty; they assumed absolute independence; established a species of government for themselves; disputed native titles to land; disclaimed being amenable to native jurisdiction, even within the acknowledged territory of native chiefs; and in the result it became apparent that unless the British Government interposed its authority, nothing but discord, violence and crime, and a total extinction of the rights of the natives must follow." The Committee add that "to adopt any other course than this would, in their opinion, be productive of scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, probably ending in the extinction of the African race over a wide extent of country." Sir Harry Smith's proclamation led to a rebellion of the Boers, but he marched against them, and defeated them at Boemplaats. Unfortunately, the results of this battle were not followed up, and the consequence has been the troubles which we have since experienced.

I now approach that most lamentable episode in South African history, known as the Sand River Convention, which, though it was the result of a course of Liberal government, was unhappily

sanctioned under the Conservative administration of Lord Derby and Sir John Pakington. The Boers are a people intensely hostile to the coloured population around them, whom they regard with that bitter hatred with which a Jew in the days of the Judges regarded an Amalekite. They consider a black man as a beast of burden to be treated with the consideration due to an ox, as long as he is able to work, but to be ruthlessly slaughtered if he asserts the rights of a man. To enter into a treaty with such people was sure to result in misery to the surrounding population. Our proper course would have been to have followed up Sir Harry Smith's success, to have subdued the Boers, and to have insisted with a strong hand that they should treat their neighbours with justice and humanity. Instead of this, the British Government, weary of the trouble and expense of the contest, abandoned the Transvaal territory to the merciless administration of Pretorius and his colleagues. Had Mr. Gladstone studied the lessons taught by this transaction, a yet darker stain on the British reputation might have been saved.

The Sand River Convention was drawn up by Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, Assistant Commissioners to Sir George Clerk for settling the boundaries of the Cape Colony, with Mr. Andries Pretorius, subsequently first President of the South African Republic, on January 16th, 1852, and ratified at Fort Beaufort on May 12th by Sir George Cathcart, at that time Governor. Its most material articles are:—

"I. The Assistant Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal river the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves, without any interference on the part of Her Majesty the Queen's Government, and that no encroachment shall be made by the said Government on the territory beyond the north of the Vaal river; with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British Government is to promote peace, free trade, and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting or who may hereafter inhabit that country, it being understood that this system of non-interference is binding on both parties.

"III. Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatsoever and with whomsoever of the coloured natives north of the Vaal river.

"IV. It is agreed that no slavery is or shall be permitted or practised in the country to the north of the Vaal river by the emigrant farmers.

"VI. It is agreed that no objection shall be made by any British authority against the emigrant farmers purchasing their supplies of ammunition in any of the British colonies or posses-

sions in South Africa, it being mutually understood that all trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British Government and the emigrant farmers on both sides of the Vaal river."

This Convention, which the Transvaal delegates now seek with impudent effrontery to revive, handed over the natives to the Boers. The British Government fulfilled their engagements. The Transvaal Republic neglected theirs. In violation of the fourth article, the Boers were in the habit of organizing military expeditions against the native tribes, burning their villages, murdering the adults, and carrying off the children into slavery, disguised under the name of apprenticeship. Having unlimited supplies of ammunition, and attacking those who were unable to procure it, they distinguished their rule by merciless atrocities, which may be compared to that slave trade which Wilberforce and Clarkson denounced. Dr. Livingstone recounts how they sent a command against a chief named Sechele, whose only offence was refusing to prohibit Englishmen from passing north, attacked and destroyed his town, killed sixty of his people, and carried into slavery upwards of 200 women and children. They plundered the great traveller's house of property worth at least £300. He adds: "Of the women and children captured, many of the former will escape, but the latter are reduced to a state of hopeless slavery. They are sold and bought as slaves; and I have myself seen and conversed with such taken from other tribes, and living as slaves in the houses of the Boers." It would be easy to multiply to any extent accounts of similar atrocities. Many of them were brought before Parliament in 1869, and their truth acknowledged by Mr. Monsell, now Lord Emly, who then represented the Colonial office. One of the most atrocious of these transactions, the collecting of children too young to be removed into a heap and burning them alive, was subsequently repeated by Sir John Lubbock. It is true our statements are denied by the Transvaal delegates, but the assertions of such men deserve no credit. No murderer is acquitted because he pleads "not guilty."

These unhappy children passed in the Transvaal under the appellation of "black ivory." The Legislative Council of Natal state, in a series of resolutions passed on August 10, 1868, "That the existence of this system of slavery, attended, as it is, by indescribable atrocities and evils, is a notorious fact to all persons acquainted with the Transvaal Republic; that these so-called 'destitute children' are bought and sold under the denomination of 'black ivory'; that these evils were fully admitted, by persons officially cognisant of them, at a public meeting held at Potchefstroom in April 1868." "That so long as this traffic in children is

suffered to exist, there can be little hope for the progress of civilization among the native tribes living in the Republic; while the prevalence of such practices in the immediate neighbourhood of independent and colonial tribes has a most pernicious and injurious effect, and tends to lower the position and influence of the whole race."

A local paper, *De Republikein*, admitted that the slave trade "was fast becoming a lucrative branch of commerce," and that "whole waggon-loads of children were being continually hawked about the country." A letter from Mr. Viljean, the envoy of the Transvaal Government, to negotiate for the acquisition of the gold-fields, may be cited as a curious specimen of the combination of hypocrisy and cruelty which characterizes the Boers. He was sent on an unsuccessful mission to a chief called Macheng; and, writing from Macheng's town to his "worthy and beloved nephew," states that he has arrived in good health, "through the goodness of our Lord." He then suggests, "Worthy Johnnie, I trust it all to you. If you can manage it, set fire on the vagabonds." Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Moffat's successor, writes of this letter: "It is surely a very disgraceful production, coming from the public officer of a Christian Government. Had it succeeded in its object, the lives of the missionary and his family, the lives of some twelve Englishmen trading in Macheng's town would have been placed in the utmost danger."

Enough has been said to show the habitual cruelties of the Boers towards the natives, and to prove that they are not only slave-holders, but slave-holders of a peculiarly horrible character. I must now allude to their repudiation of the award made by Mr. Keate, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, in 1871, which involved the question of their right to claim the territory of certain tribes as belonging to their Republic. President Pretorius had pledged his Government to accept arbitration; but, because Mr. Keate's decision was adverse to the Boers, they refused to be bound by it, occupied lands outside the boundaries fixed by the award, and insisted on treating the native owners as their subjects. The perpetual quarrels with the surrounding tribes in which the Boers were engaged had impoverished their exchequer, and at the time of the annexation they were afraid of the power of Cetewayo. It may be that annexation was unduly hastened. Possibly, had they been left longer to contend with their difficulties, they would themselves have welcomed it; or, rather, the better-disposed among them might have brought it about. But, whatever may be said about the expediency of the course taken by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, its justice may be fearlessly maintained. The Boers had violated the fourth article of the Sand River

Convention; they had not only done so, but they accompanied their actions with atrocities than which nothing more horrible is recounted in the annals of the African slave-trade. Resting on the rights given them by a treaty which had been flagrantly violated, the British Ministry were justified in interfering in compassion to mankind. Unfortunately, the Boers called themselves a Republic; and to a large section of the Liberal Party this name justifies every iniquity. It was asserted that the people of the Transvaal had a right to self-government; and Liberals never took the trouble to enquire of whom the people of the Transvaal consisted. A worthy gentleman, who was put up to move a resolution in support of the surrender of the country, harangued the House of Commons for two hours on this theme, apparently in utter ignorance of the fact that the self-government for which he contended was the claim of 35,000 white men to oppress 750,000 black men. But, in the eyes of advanced Liberals, oppression is a crime in a Monarchy; it is justifiable, if not virtuous, in a Republic. Mr. Gladstone hesitated before he reversed the wise policy of his predecessor. He at first seemed to feel that though he might have disapproved of the annexation, which had been sanctioned by his former colleague, Mr. Hugessen, now Lord Brabourne, who then represented the Liberal Party on Colonial affairs in the House of Commons, he could not relinquish territory which belonged to the Queen. His change of opinion may be attributed to the influence of the Republican party and to the misfortunes which befel our unfortunate general. Some people were weak enough to believe the Boers could give us credit for generosity. Never was a greater delusion, as the Boers believe in no argument but force. Anyone who has since travelled in South Africa must have felt humiliated when he heard it everywhere asserted that the English made peace because they knew it was hopeless to continue the contest. The surrender of the country to the Boers was a terrible blow to the natives. Mr. St. Leger Herbert, who was at Pretoria as Secretary to the Royal Commission, gives the following affecting description: "There was such a meeting of natives in Pretoria as was never before seen. They came from all parts of the Transvaal, and from parts beyond, representatives sent by every chief and tribe that the summons of the Royal Commissioners had reached. The gathering was memorable and heart-rending. When told that their country was to be given back to the Boers, and that from this decision there was no appeal, almost with one voice they raised a wail. Then, according to their dispositions, their fear and their sorrow, their indignation and despair, they fell to weeping and lamentation, to protests and reproaches, threats and denunciations. So stirred

were they, that the Commissioners thought it well to withdraw, and to send Mr. Henriques Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, to attempt to calm the wild excitement and distress. The despairing cry of that unhappy people may be found recorded in Mr. Shepstone's report. Some said they were being handed about as a piece of tobacco; others, that the old sores on their backs made by the Boers, and healed by England, were smarting again; that the Boers had killed their fathers, and would kill them."

These sad anticipations of the wretched natives have been only too mournfully justified by the result; and every Englishman with a spark of national or patriotic feeling left in him must blush for his country's having made this disgraceful surrender. Mampoer was a chief who objected to being handed over by the British Government, and opposed the Boers. Cannon were supplied by the Cape Government at the suggestion of the British Resident at Pretoria. The unfortunate chief and his tribe were overwhelmed with cannon and dynamite, he himself has been hanged, his land taken, and his people apprenticed. It is said that President Kruger, when at Cape Town on his way to this country, promised General Smyth that his life should be spared, and professed to telegraph orders to Pretoria to that effect. If Kruger deceived the Governor, it shows him to be a man in whom the Colonial Office can place no confidence. If, on the other hand, he acted in good faith, the President is proved not to have the power of controlling his people which justifies our Government in treating with him. The atrocious conduct of the Boers to the Bechuanas has been brought before the public by Mr. Forster and others both in and out of Parliament, and the Blue Books give abundant evidence that the reckless ill-treatment of the natives which distinguished the Transvaal in former days continues since the treaty of Pretoria. Monsioa and Mankoroane were native chiefs who were loyal to us in our troubles, and the Boers supported rival chiefs against them, fought on the side of their *protégés*, conquered the loyal natives, despoiled them of their cattle, and reduced them to the greatest extremities. The Convention of 1881 created a new boundary, to which the natives strongly objected, because it took away a great deal of territory which had been spared to them by the Keate award. Sir Hercules Robinson says: "The Convention line ran almost down the centre of this disputed territory, leaving in the Transvaal every occupied farm, and giving to the natives the lands upon which, up to that time, no burgher occupation had taken place." This was accepted by the Commissioners of the Transvaal, and ratified by the Volksraad. Freebooters came over the boundary, murdered the inhabitants,

and broke the Convention. So much for the good faith of the Boers; so much for their regard for solemn promises.

The British Government were induced by their belief in the observance of the Convention of Pretoria to recall our troops from Natal. The Boers saw them depart, and then commenced those disgraceful violations of the Convention which must horrify all who read the accounts of their proceedings. They calculate that it would be expensive and inconvenient to restore the troops, and that, in their absence, they are at liberty to oppress and murder the natives uncontrolled. It is a melancholy history. The prestige of England has been tarnished, the good faith of England violated, and a large number of human beings oppressed, because the advanced wing of the Liberal Party think their Republican brethren all over the world must be supported. It is a comfort to recollect that the Conservative Party have firmly, though, of course, ineffectually, protested against the abandonment of this unfortunate country. Encouraged by the concessions which have been made to them, the Boer delegates now come over to England asking for the restoration of the Sand River Convention, for the abolition of the suzerainty of Her Majesty, and for an increase of territory. On all these points it is to be hoped that they will meet a refusal at the hands of Lord Derby. No doubt they have the sympathy of the Radical Party, as the refusal to grasp their blood-stained hands has been stigmatized by their organs in the press as a "brutal" refusal. This is not a case in which the representatives of the Transvaal can be hailed as accredited from a friendly State. This is not a case where we are receiving the envoys of an honoured, if possibly hostile, power, where—

> "The hand which in friendship we readily give,
> Is as ready, at need, to give blows."

It is a case where we are asked to receive the delegates of one of the most brutal, tyrannical, and oppressive Republics the world has ever seen:

> "Curvæ in terras animæ ac cælestium inanes."

R. N. Fowler.

P.S.—Since the above was written the negotiations between Lord Derby and the delegates have been dragging their slow length along, and it is possible that before the Review is in the hands of its readers some important decision may be arrived at. It is, I fear, certain that the Government will give way in regard to the abolition of the suzerainty and the increase of territory. Let us hope, however, that they will stand firm as to the protection of the natives and the maintenance of the trade route into Central Africa in the hands of the British Crown.

ETHICAL THEISM.

At a time when many Englishmen, taught from boyhood to rely on Paley's *Natural Theology*, are wondering what will become of religion after the blow dealt by Darwin to the Argument from Design, they may, perhaps, be reminded of some other portions of their school-lore relating to a period when theism rested little, if at all, on that ancient prop. They may also be led to consider whether the belief then was not due to causes which, under modified conditions, are operative still. That would seem to be a question of moment—not merely to the Christian who needs, against Hume, an independent theism to support the historical evidence of miracles—but to the secularist who chafes at religion in general as a survival—to all, in short, who are interested for, or against, an issue on which fools alone are neutral.

The term "theism" will, of course, be used here in its popular sense. With a God unconcerned with man, mankind at large are unconcerned. Nor is it likely that Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" entity, of which no personal quality may be predicated, will ever greatly engage their thoughts. Frankly speaking, the only theism in which most of us have any serious interest is that which, to those who embrace it, makes a miraculous revelation not *à priori* improbable: the belief, that is to say, in a perfect, supreme, eternal Author of Nature, who cares for man. On the other hand, such a belief would not be the less theistic for extending to inferior celestial beings—whether called gods or angels—provided that it recognised but one counsel in the Divine Government.*

The genesis of few dogmas can be traced more clearly than the development of the theism of the latest Stoics from the scepticism which preceded the foundation of their school; nor are there many more interesting chapters in the history of beliefs. What has, first, to be recalled is, that it was mainly due to ethical causes, not depending on the Argument from Design; though doubtless this was often appealed to in its support. *Post hoc, propter hoc* is the fallacy to be guarded against if we would not overrate the influence of cosmical theories on creeds. Another point will naturally suggest itself: granting that the result was mainly due to ethical causes, and that these are still operative, have we here an adequate

* "Certain, however, it is that the whole argument for the Divine Unity goes on further than to a unity of counsel."—Paley, *Nat. Theology*, ch. xxv.

basis for reasonable theism? But that, of course, is a very different question, to be dealt with separately.

In a masterly account of the ethical systems of the world, Mr. Sidgwick has traced the rise of the Stoic school.* Platonists and Aristotelians had alike failed to formulate a consistent standard of conduct. Their ideal and practical aims were too hopelessly divergent; and the result seemed disastrous to theism. The Socratic Argument from Design† came to be generally ignored. The phrase "Academic Faith," survives to record the scepticism of the Platonists. The Peripatetics taught nothing but positive science. Cynics and Cyrenaics, at the opposite poles of asceticism and sensuality, were evenly matched in extravagance. Thus men who aimed at a rational and consistent rule of life were driven into new paths; and while Zeno, with a leaning to the Cynics, chose one direction, Epicurus, with a leaning to the Cyrenaics, chose another. They also chose different cosmical theories. But so far from its being true that the theories determined the ethical choice, the converse may safely be maintained. As Mr. Wallace remarks, "it is in these schools, especially in the Stoic, that we first come upon the division of philosophy, afterwards so general, into three parts, an ethical, logical, and physical theory. The physical and logical are for the sake of the ethical. . . . Their individualism in morals, the subordination of all science to an ethical end, and their materialistic realism—are, perhaps, the three points most conspicuously common to the two schools."‡

The ethical system of the Stoics is best understood by comparing it with its rival. At first sight they have much in common. Both professed to follow Nature. Both aimed at being independent of worldly advantages. Both taught temperance, prudence, honour, justice. In reality they differed *toto cœlo*. For the true end, with Epicurus, was the tranquil enjoyment of life through the mind, the affections, and the senses; and though virtue was needed, it was but as a means to that enjoyment. With Zeno, virtue was itself the end. Conscience§ could only be satisfied by bringing the mind into perfect contentment with the laws of the universe, and by indifference to external circumstance. But to achieve this it was necessary to be armed with dispassionateness (*ἀπάθεια*); that is to say, the affections and senses, instead of being relied on as sources of enjoyment, were to be habitually repressed. Lastly, the Stoic's

* *Encycl. Britannica*, "Ethics," vol. viii., p. 583.

† Xenophon, *Mem.*, b. i., ch. iv.

‡ *Epicureanism*, pp. 16, 17.

§ "The most important of moral terms, the crowning triumph of ethical nomenclature, *συνείδησις*, conscientia, the interpreter, absolute, supreme judge of individual action, if not struck in the mint of the Stoics, at all events became current coin through their influence." Bishop Lightfoot, *Epistle to Philippians* (6th ed.), p. 303.

was no "unbreathed" virtue: it had to be proved, not in graceful retirement, but in the active fulfilment of social duty. If we like to say that happiness must nevertheless have been the ultimate end of both schools, though disavowed by one;* yet the essential difference remains that the means with Epicurus was "enjoying to the full all that the conditions of human life permit;"† and with Zeno, subjection to a stern discipline. The two desires—for enjoyment and virtue respectively—were not the less distinct because he who felt either could not gratify it without also gratifying himself. In short, the old distinction was right: one was a hedonist, and the other was not.

It is easy to see how these conflicting views of the Chief Good were likely to affect the theological tenets of the two schools, and by consequence their theories of the origin of the world. The Stoic canon of conduct required, in order to give it authority, that every event in life should be ordained by Providence. The Epicurean canon, to reserve absolute freedom to man, required the contrary. Naturally, the revolt from Plato and Aristotle had made their cosmogonies impossible; moreover, the failure of the ideal philosophy had ended in thorough materialism. In these circumstances, two older cosmogonies were available. Heraclitus had taught that, under the form of a primal fire, or ether, there was a Divine Reason who, at recurrent periods, projected Himself into the world, and afterwards re-absorbed it.‡ Democritus, on the other hand, derived the world from an evolution of atoms, due to inherent forces which made a Divine Reason superfluous. As a matter of course, Zeno elected the first of these hypotheses, and Epicurus the last. But it is hardly too much to surmise that, had there been no alternative, either cosmogony would have served either sect. The Stoics might, without scientific contradiction, have asserted Providence under the system of Democritus, by ascribing the evolution of atoms to a Great Evolver;§ whilst, under the rival system, the Epicureans might have denied Providence, without deviating a whit from the teaching of Heraclitus.‖ For it is another sign of the supremacy of ethical impulse at the time that, in dealing with the theory of his choice, each philosopher modified it without scruple according to the demands of his own moral scheme. Thus Zeno ascribed to the Divine Reason of Heraclitus a merciful concern for man. Epicurus, satisfied with denying any such Being, did not follow

* "Non egere felicitate, felicitas vestra est." Seneca, *De Prov.* vi.

† *Epicureanism*, p. 19.

‡ The re-absorption of the world was denied by Böethus. Zellers's *Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics* (Reichel tr. 1880), p. 159.

§ The Atomic Theory was gravely attributed by the learned Cudworth to Moses himself. *Eternal and Immutable Morality* (1731), p. 57.

‖ Zeller, *l.c.*, p. 395.

Democritus into atheism,* but graciously allowed that there might be deities worthy of veneration who left men and their affairs alone. Some curious points of resemblance between the Epicurean cosmogony and recent theories have been touched on by Mr. Wallace :—

> In all its phases teleology is excluded. The very animals which are found upon the earth have been made what they are by slow processes of selection and adaptation through the experience of life. . . . According to the same theory, which is ultra-Darwinian in its character, there must often, in the early stages of the world, when coupled forms casually arose, have been seen strange mixtures of unaccordant limbs and diverse natures, which, however, were unable to maintain themselves, and so passed away.†

How evenly the rival cosmogonies were rated—at all events, in later times—and how little anyone thought of weighing them in purely scientific scales, may be gathered from Cicero's *De Naturâ Deorum*.

As to the popular mythology, it was held, of course, in equal contempt by both schools; though the old nomenclature was retained. Zeus, as the Creator of all things, was invested by the Stoics with an unapproachable supremacy; but the other gods, barely recognized as possible ministers of His will, were virtually allegorized out of existence. Again, the popular doctrine of a future state, denied by Epicurus, was modified by the Stoics, who held that no souls could survive the final conflagration, when the universe would be re-absorbed by Zeus. "The only point," says Zeller, "about which the Stoics were undecided was whether all souls would last until that time as separate souls, which was the view of Cleanthes; or only the souls of the wise, as Chrysippus held. . . . Since the Stoics admitted a future existence—of limited, but yet indefinite length—the same practical results followed from their belief as from the current belief in immortality."‡

It follows from what has been said, that the early Stoics were pantheists; and this has sometimes been treated as emptying their devotional language of significance. But though they were pantheists, they were pantheists with a difference. The Deity was not conceived as eternally projected into Nature. At the close of recurrent cycles, when the universe evolved from Himself was re-absorbed, He resumed His activity; and then it was that He exercised, though with divine uniformity, the benevolence and wisdom that demanded men's gratitude and obedience. Thus Chrysippus is reported to have said that, "when the conflagration shall be, Zeus, who alone of all the gods is incorruptible, will retire into Providence."§ And Seneca, adverting to the same catastrophe,

* Democritus had denied that any beings were immortal. "Quia . . . neget esse quidquam sempiternum, nonne Deum omnino ita tollit?" Cicero, *De Nat. Deorum*, i. 12.

† *L.c.*, p. 114.

‡ *L.c.*, pp. 218, 220.

§ Plutarch, *Adv. Stoic.*, 36 (Goodwin tr.).

speaks of Him as concentred for a little while in His own thoughts.* True, even in that solitude, He was conceived as material; but since the human mind was held to consist of the same ethereal fire, and even virtues and vices were deemed to be material,† there was nothing in this conception which, to Zeno's disciples, would clash with a belief in the past and future personality of the Deity. Moreover, even in the present, He was invested with some personal attributes. Variously spoken of as Nature, Fate, or Cause, He was nevertheless regarded as a Moral Intelligence.‡

Enough, however, has now been recalled of the early Stoic creed to enable us to estimate the influence exerted on it by the Argument from Design. Although, as was said at the outset, the argument is often used by pundits of the Porch, it would be a mistake to regard all their remarks on the harmony of things as having a teleological object. Epictetus talks of the argument as cogent to a grateful temper; § and men who ascribed, however moved thereto, the wonders of the universe to a Supreme Father, could hardly fail to scan them for themes of praise; just as the heavens have declared the glories of God to myriads who never questioned them as witnesses to His existence. Still the argument was naturally resorted to in controversy. A mode of proof which assumed no moral principles or aspirations, but impartially appealed, like arithmetic, to saint and sinner, was too handy a weapon to let rust. How then stands the case thus far? The Stoics had not yet attained to theism; but they had thrown off scepticism, and had reverted to a belief in Providence which the Epicureans rejected. Shall we say, then, that the votaries of duty would have been votaries of pleasure but for the Argument from Design; and the hedonists, disciples of the Porch but for the Atomic Theory? That would be too plainly preposterous. Or would no movement have occurred on either side without one or both these specimens of reasoning? But they had been familiar to men's minds long before the sceptical period which was broken up by the movement. They could hardly, therefore, have sufficed of themselves to effect the movement. Still it may be urged that, though not sufficing, they were necessary factors. Reduced to these dimensions, the position may not admit of being

* *Ep.*, 9.

† Zeller, *l.c.*, p. 128. Further on he says: "At the end of every period, the sum of all derivative things reverts to the unity of the Divine Being, and the distinction between what is originally and what is derivatively divine—in other words, the distinction between God and the world—ceases" (p. 159).

‡ Thus Seneca, who, though not an early Stoic, was orthodox in his pantheism, declaims about the Deity finding—"if He deigned to regard it (*si convertere animum velit*),"—no finer spectacle on earth than Cato constant amid the ruins of the republic. *De Prov.*, ii.

§ *Diss.*, b. i ch. vi. par 1.

directly disproved; but let us see what it means. It amounts to saying that the ethical impulse we have been considering on the Stoic side would have been balked but for a scientific theory—even then largely discredited—the Fixity of Species; and that the manifest order of the universe, and its general suitability to man, however compatible with Providential design, would not have sufficed without the supposed proof of that design which the theory offered. Against this view we are content to set the following remarks on the actual forces at work, from the pen of Bishop Lightfoot (the italics are in the original) :—

> The Eastern origin of Stoicism combined with the circumstances and requirements of the age to give it an exclusively *ethical* character. . . . Physical science is conversant in *experiment*, logical science in *argumentation*. But the Stoic was impatient alike of the one and the other; for he was essentially a philosopher of *intuitions*. . . . Even Chrysippus, the great logician and controversialist of the sect, is reported to have told his master Cleanthes that "he only wanted the doctrines, and would himself find out the proofs" (Diog. Laert., vii.. 179). . . . Like the other Stoics, Chrysippus had no belief in argumentation, but welcomed the highest truths as intuitively apprehended.*

But it is time to follow the advance of the Stoics from fatalism to theism. How great a distance had to be traversed may be learnt from Seneca. We have seen that the Zeus of the early Stoics could not with any consistency have been looked to for guidance or help. "He Himself," wrote Seneca, in the true tone of the founders of His school, "He Himself inscribed the law of destiny, but follows it. He obeys always what He once ordained (*semper paret, semel jussit*)."† Of such a Being—to quote Coleridge's repudiated line—it was plain that

> Aught to implore were impotence of mind.

But, according to the Stoics, He had made men independent of prayer. Prescient and good, He had not suspended His own activity without providing in the human breast a particle of His own Essence which, duly attended to, sufficed of itself for light, and strength, and freedom in spite of fate. Accordingly, they extolled their ideal sage in terms that might startle an atheist. Good men, said Chrysippus, may well glory, for they are in nothing exceeded by Zeus.‡ The wise man is as useful to Zeus as Zeus to the wise man.§ Seneca expands the topic :—

> Bear yourselves bravely: this it is in which you may excel God. He is beyond suffering, you are above it.|| The true sage unites the weakness of man and the serenity of God.¶ Sextius used to say that Jupiter could not do more than a good

* *L.c.*, pp. 274–6.

† Seneca, *Nat. Qu.*, ii. 35; *Ep.* 41. But see passage beginning "Roga bonam mentem," *Ep.* 10, and the Hymn of Cleanthes, lines 30–5 (Stobœus, *Ecl. Phys.*, b. i. ch. 3, fr. 12).

‡ Plutarch, *De Rep. Stoic.*, 13.

§ *Id., Adv. Stoic.*, 33.

|| *De Prov.*, vi.

¶ *Ep.* 53.

man. Jupiter possesses more to supply men with; but of two good men the richer is not therefore the better. . . . In what does Jupiter excel a good man? He is longer good. The sage thinks no worse of himself because his virtues are bounded by a shorter period.*

What, then, was it that substituted for this arrogant fatalism—though we shall find that the arrogance was more apparent than real—the conception of a God able and willing to help those who sought Him? The extent of the change is shown, not so much by isolated passages, as by the whole tone of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. If traces of doubt are perceptible in these questionings of conscience, it must be remembered that they were meant for no eye but his own:—

On all occasions call on the gods, and do not perplex thyself about the length of time in which thou shalt do this; for even three hours are sufficient.† . . . A prayer for the Athenians: Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians, and on their plains. In truth, we ought not to pray at all, or we ought to pray in this simple and noble fashion.‡ . . . Either the gods have no power, or they have power. If, then, they have no power, why dost thou pray to them? But if they have power, why dost thou not pray for them to give thee the faculty of not fearing any of the things which thou fearest, or of not desiring any of the things which thou desirest, or not being pained at anything, rather than pray that any of these things should not happen or happen? For, certainly, if they can co-operate with men, they can co-operate for these purposes. But perhaps thou wilt say, the gods have placed them in thy power. Well, then, is it not better to use what is in thy power like a free man than to desire in a slavish and abject way what is not in thy power? And who has told thee that the gods do not aid us even in the things which are in our power? Begin, then, to pray for such things, and thou wilt see.§

This is a development indeed; and again we must look to ethical causes. The Stoics, in effect, had become aware that their ideal sage was not to be found on earth. Seneca himself, who, in spite of the orthodox vaunts we have quoted, is often eloquent with reverential gratitude, insists strongly that all men are, and will be, sinners.‖ Like others of the time, he was, no doubt, eclectic; that is to say, he adopted from former philosophies anything which might seem to sanction what was really a new departure. But, new or old, self-abasement became the mark of a good Stoic. Thus, Epictetus urged, "If you would be good, first believe that you are bad."¶ So violent a contrast between theory and reality became more and more repellent to the practical Roman mind. "The speculative element," says Mommsen of Zeno's system, "fell completely into the shade at Rome, where nobody speculated but the money-changers."** Stoic pantheism gave way. Writing of Epictetus, Mr. Capes observes: "He speaks throughout in personal language of a Being distinct from the universe on which He acts, though sometimes he adopts the popular terms of a polytheistic

* *Ep.* 73; *Cf.* Epictetus, *Diss.*, b. i. ch. xii. par. 2.
† Long's translation, vi. 23. ‡ *Ib.*, v. 7. § *Ib.*, ix. 40.
‖ See in particular *De Clem.*, i. 6. ¶ Fr. ii. (Carter tr.).
** *History of Rome* (Dickson tr. 1876), vol. iii. p. 432.

creed, but, in a sense, stripped of all its coarser adjuncts."* True, Epictetus is more doubtful than some previous disciples of the Porch as to a future life,† but, like Marcus Aurelius, he is fired with more hope than they of Divine help in the present. "Remember God. Invoke Him for your Aid and Protector, as sailors do Castor and Pollux in a storm.‡ Consider carefully; know yourself; consult the Divinity; attempt nothing without God."§ In short, the need of external help to enlighten and strengthen the conscience was at length perceived; and with the desire for aid grew the faith that it was to be sought from above. But the change has been described elsewhere with a precision which leaves nothing to be desired; and to Mr. Sidgwick's article the reader is again referred.‖ By the end of the second century the small band of earnest men to whom the Dissertations and *Encheiridion* of Epictetus, and the Emperor's Meditations had become household manuals, had passed through an interval of Neo-Platonism into the Christian Church; entering it "through the portals of philosophy, and, like Justin, still put on the Stoic mantle."¶ The Epicureans, as might have been looked for, held longer aloof, and were not absorbed until nearly two centuries later.

With this last transition, however, we are not here concerned. The question is, What lesson does the story, up to that point, convey to ourselves? Is any inference to be drawn from it as to the future of European Belief? We have seen the votaries of virtue driven by dissatisfaction with the ethical systems of the Academic and Peripatetic schools, which practically ignored God, to found a new rule of life on the recognition of a Paternal, but fate-bound Providence. We have seen them afterwards thrown, by a sense of inability to act up to their own standard, into the recognition of a God free and willing to help and guide His worshippers. Doubtless, some of these conditions cannot be expected to recur. The failure of the ideal philosophy, which made materialists and fatalists of the early Stoics; their denial of external evil; their stern, impracticable code—which certainly hastened the final change—all these may be regarded as mere matters of the past. Two other conditions of the movement may be noticed—the loss of civic freedom, which drove men to depend more than of old on their inner lives; and the Semitic element, which gave to Stoicism much of its subjective character.** But though the first of these causes does not now operate, the second has more than filled its place. As Sir A. Grant observes,

> We moderns have all been imbued with the Semitic spirit in its highest manifestation

* *Stoicism*, p. 183.
† *Diss.*, b. 3, ch. xiii. par. 2.
‡ *Ib.* (Carter tr.) b. ii. ch. xviii. par. 5.
§ *Ib.*, b. iii. ch. xxii. par. 6.
‖ See the passage beginning "It was natural," p. 586.
¶ *Stoicism*, p. 233.
** Many leaders of the school came from Semitic towns or colonies; none from Greece proper. Bishop Lightfoot, *l.c.* pp. 273–5.

by the pages of Holy Writ. . . . Our own views in modern times have been so much tinged with Hebraism, that the highest degree of moral consciousness seems only natural to us, and thus Stoicism, which introduced this state of feeling to the ancient Hellenic world, may be said to have formed a transition step between Greek philosophy and the modern ethical point of view.*

On the other hand, one considerable limitation remains to be made. It is to be found in the conditions of civilization. The influences of Greek and Roman culture, which prepared Europe for Christianity, bore fully on the later Stoics; but ethical impulses natural to them and to ourselves are, of course, not equally to be looked for among races unimbued with European or Semitic thought. Setting these, however, aside, the question before us is whether, among men strongly inspired with the sense of duty, in countries like our own, we must not always meet with many who are impelled by dissatisfaction with secular rules of right to find a basis for morality in the belief in Providence, and by a sense of their own weakness, to recognize him as a God of prayer. If so, to infer that such impulses will often be followed by theism is not rashly to generalize from the single instance of a single sect, but to argue from well-known tendencies of human nature. In fact, the very objection that is sure to be made to the credibility of ethical theism is its dependence on prepossessions which, reasonably or not, do actually inspire belief. Are we, then, prepared, on looking around us, to affirm that these prepossessions are dying out, or in the least likely to die out? For unless we are, theism among ourselves must be taken to be safe.

To persons ready to exclaim, without Billaud's provocation, "Avec ton Être Suprême tu commences m'embêter," this may be an unwelcome outlook. But the conclusion may help to console some writers of the day who seem haunted by misgivings lest it should become their own especial duty to disenchant the land of religion. Not that they show many signs of having taken to heart the warning against offending "one of these little ones," but they creditably shrink from plunging others into their own gloom, and yet avow that nothing less than this is likely to be forced upon them. To such, the sense of responsibility—grave as it ought to remain—will, perhaps, be lightened by the reflection that their power of spreading despair, even in their own households, is, to some extent, limited by natural law.

But is the law divine as well as natural? That is the final question which we reserved at starting, and it is one obviously impossible to discuss on grounds common to both sides. Persons who lack the particular ethical disposition we have been considering may be conscientious, and admirable in many ways. Still, their very lack of it compels them to condemn it. What

* *Ethics of Aristotle* (3rd ed.), pp. 308, 309.

chance would it have with the most moral of hedonists; or even with one who, hating hedonism, thinks he can stand alone? Both might be theists on other grounds, but to such men a belief traced to the disposition not only derives no credibility from that source, but is thereby discredited. An early Stoic, filled with the ideal sage's self-sufficiency, would, on the same principle, not only have failed to sympathize with the humility that drove men like Marcus Aurelius to pray for light and strength, but would have been prepared to condemn any opinions which it fostered. With the persons in question, therefore, the point of credibility is past arguing. The matter may, however, be usefully considered with regard to Christians who share both what may be called the theistic disposition and the theistic belief, but who are alarmed by the discredit cast on Paley's argument. For, let the ethical impulse be ever so strong, to Reason doubtless the appeal must be made; to Reason, that is, duly aware of what it ought, and ought not, to demand in dealing with the matter in hand.

And, in the first place, what does their position logically involve? Something, it is evident, like this: Man is so constituted, and events have been so ordered by Providential laws, that—under the conditions, at any rate, which prepared Christendom for Christianity—devotion to duty, and a sense of insufficiency to know and perform it, inspire both the desire for, and the belief in, God as a Helper and Guide. The inspiring causes may yield to moral depravation or fallacious argument; they may come, or they may go; but while they last the belief will last, and share their strength.

And the question is whether it ought to be struggled against by those who hold it. But such a struggle cannot be wise unless the position which the belief involves, taken as a whole, is shown to be improbable. In what way is it improbable? It clashes with no ascertained facts. The means supposed are not disproportioned to the end. Theism, if true—and, as the basis of various religions, it has made men and nations nobler, stronger, happier—was obviously worthy to be thus firmly provided for in the order of things. Nor is it other than agreeable to what we may conceive of Divine Goodness, that the Deity should let the recognition of Himself depend on certain qualities attainable alike by the lowliest and the loftiest minds, rather than on arguments addressed to men's intellect alone, without regard to their moral aptitudes.

"But this," we may be told, "is not proof. Theism, whether ethical or not, may be compatible with all that is known, but cannot be proved. Science and Philosophy have now declared that as to the origin of phenomena—as to anything outside them—both Physics and Metaphysics are doomed to such absolute nescience that they cannot pronounce a single proposition to be

possible or impossible, probable or improbable. If, therefore, there be a Paternal God, He must have meant his creatures to ignore His existence." The "nescience" may be granted; but the further inference cannot be drawn in face of the fact we have been observing, that a belief in His existence has been effectually secured otherwise than by demonstration. Not, be it observed, a mere surmise, or hope, but a belief which, acted on in a prayerful life, is practically found to nerve men to the most arduous sacrifices. "A probable God," it has been well said, cannot inspire devotion; but under the law we have been considering, doubt becomes swallowed up in certainty. Call it a "faith" if you will; that is, if you mean by faith any conviction on which, in grave concerns, and without demonstrative proof, men are content to act. But in that sense, the conviction of an agnostic that if there be a God, He meant us to ignore His existence, is also a faith; for it cannot be proved, and must be acted on. If it be called a doubt, the agnostic cannot translate the doubt into his life. He must perforce take a line, and either adore God or ignore Him. Nay, in some cases, as with his own children, he must decide for others on this tremendous issue. For them, for himself—in Pascal's phrase—"*il faut parier.*" *

To conclude. It was natural that the promulgation of Darwin's Law should cause some disturbance. Nor will the risk of similar disturbance be at an end till the Christian learns that he has nothing to fear from Science or Philosophy; though he may well mistrust their unhappy gifts to Religion. Such a gift was the metaphysical "demonstration" of theism, to be demolished by the Critical Philosophy. Such a gift was the Argument from Design, overthrown for the present by the theory of Evolution. The gifts were well meant; the mischief lay in rating them too highly. Taught by experience, he will beware of setting up any such support, however solid in appearance, as a buttress of the Faith; lest collapsing in its turn after fresh discoveries, the dust and din of its downfall should confuse another crowd, too startled to perceive that the Fabric itself is unshaken, and has only lost what it never needed.

* *Pensées*, 2de ptie., art. 3.

FIDENS.

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN INDIA.

"WELL, then, we had better leave the country, since it seems we have not given the people of India a better system of education than that they formerly had." Such was the exclamation of one of the Secretaries to the Indian Government, when the actual working of the present Educational Department was recently explained to him in a conversation at Simla. Many Englishmen will join heartily in the exclamation of that startled secretary; for if there is any one part of Indian administration which the English regard with general satisfaction, it is most certainly the Educational Department. It will, in the opinion of many, cut from under us the last ground of hope, to be told plainly that our much-vaunted educational system has potently obstructed the spread of knowledge, has materially diminished the means of instruction formerly existing in the country, has generally discredited scholarship, and is mainly responsible for the discontent and disaffection which painfully hamper all administrative reforms. Here is an unequivocal indictment which will fall like a bombshell in the midst of English self-complacency. It shall be substantiated by irrefutable facts.

No one with a knowledge of Indian ideas requires to be told that Hindûs have a deep reverence for learning. It is characteristic of all periods of the history of the race; and nothing but ignorant presumption can have induced the English to boast of spreading a desire for knowledge among the people of India. We may increase or diminish the means of acquiring learning; but the thirst for knowledge has existed from time immemorial in India, and is shared by all sections of the community.

"The first fond hope of Eden blighted," leaves for examination only the material means for the dissemination of knowledge; and here we are met by the unpleasant fact that, under the barbarous rulers whom British prowess displaced, every village had one or more schools regularly supported by the community. Let us illustrate from facts within our own time. Upon the annexation of the territories of the one-eyed Lion of the Panjab, Sir John Lawrence reported, in 1849, that he found one school to every 1,783 inhabitants in the most backward part of the province, and one school to every 1,441 inhabitants in the most advanced. Contrast this with what Dr. Hunter elicited in evidence before the Education Commission last year. This

is how he summarized while addressing the Director of Public Instruction in the Panjab:—"there is one school *of whatever sort* to every 9,028 inhabitants, and you leave the indigenous schools completely outside your Department, unaided, uninspected, unrecognized in any way." Such being the admitted result of thirty years of Departmental instruction, it may confidently be stated that the system stands self-condemned. So far from increasing the means of education, we have diminished it to such an extent, that not one-sixth of the people who formerly had schools at their doors are now within reach of our institutions. What has become of the village-school, which used to be maintained as an essential of life, along with the village blacksmith, carpenter, and barber? Sir Charles Aitchison tells us in his memorandum dated 20th November 1882, that there is now only *one* Government Vernacular Primary School to every twenty-six and a half villages. In the North-West Provinces, by a more liberal recognition of native efforts, there is found to be *one* primary school to every *five* villages; and in Bengal, where education has received its highest development under the fostering care of the Supreme Government, the proportion is much the same, there being *one* primary school to 2,000 people, the average population of a village being taken as 400. As regards the number of pupils now receiving instruction, they may be taken as 7 in 1,000 of the population,—not one-tenth of the number which ought to be under instruction. Contrasting these unquestionable facts with the equally undoubted truth that, under native rule, primary education was universally disseminated, it is clear that the costly English Education Department has materially diminished, instead of increased, the means of instruction in India.

And why? Because at the very foundation of our system lies the outrageous notion that Oriental scholarship is folly, and that the English language and English ideas are alone fit objects of research. This extravagant assumption gave birth to the famous Resolution of Lord Bentinck, dated March 7, 1835, in which is calmly laid down the premiss that "all the funds appropriated for the purpose of education would be best employed on English education alone." The same marvellous document, amidst many ignorant and unseemly sneers at Oriental learning, enacts that in future no stipend shall be given to any student of such subjects, and that "no portion of the funds shall hereafter be employed on printing Oriental works." It is scarcely credible that so improper an order could have been seriously promulgated by the Government of a purely Oriental people, millions upon millions of whom could never, by any chance, receive the faintest glimmer of English learning. No wonder the Asiatic Society at the time stigmatized

this Resolution as "destructive, unjust, unpopular, not far outdone by the destruction of the Alexandrian Library itself;" and although its rigour was subsequently relaxed, its effect has been to discredit learning in India, to destroy the worthy reverence felt for teachers and scholars, and to break up the national system of education formerly existing. It is useful here to give the evidence of Dr. G. W. Leitner on this point before the Education Commission which has just concluded its labours in India. There is no man in India better able to give authoritative evidence on all educational questions connected with that country; for he has made it his daily study for years, and his eminent linguistic attainments, his cordiality, and honesty, have won for him the confidence of the natives, who impart freely to him information they would withhold from the unsympathetic. And this is Dr. Leitner's evidence :—

"In the meanwhile, the really educated classes of the country, those among whom there are scholars who would be the pride of German Universities, are starving, whilst their judgment and influence for good among the masses are not utilized by Government. The Pandits and Maulavis, the depositories of a learning at which the superficial alone can laugh, are becoming poorer and poorer. Whilst a fair Munshi may often be got for 7 rupees per mensem, a good carpenter could not be secured at Lahore at 40 rupees. We first kill Oriental learning, and then build its corpse mausolea in European Universities and Museums. We first destroy indigenous education, and then seek to revive it without the aid of its natural trustees. We wish to have a contented population, and we alienate its traditional leaders,—the nobility and the priesthood,—by a system of education which does not include their claims. From top to bottom it is the same thing. Not knowing *Orientalia* ourselves, we despise it in our legislation, administration, and education; and, as imitation is the sincerest flattery, we prefer the *græculus esuriens* who has a smattering of English, to the rank, wealth, learning, and proved chivalry of the Panjab. The day will come when we shall regret abandoning our hold on the natural leaders of the people, for the sake of the class which is now rising to the surface."

The foregoing extract is chosen because it states frankly the serious and far-reaching effects of discouraging what the natives of a country have for ages admired. The less worthy of a people are ever the first to abandon the traditions of their fathers, and to clutch greedily at the advantages offered by a new order of things; their motive being self-interest, their support is only maintained by concessions, until a refusal to concede converts them into open enemies. The hungry agitations now distressing India are the inevitable result of instructing without educating. We rend

asunder the social and religious bonds by which the passions of weak man may be restrained; and then we expect him to walk humbly and devoutly, assisted by abstract notions of the universal fitness of things.

Mr. F. S. Growse, Collector and Magistrate of Bulundshahr, in an able article in the current number of the *Calcutta Review*, condemns, in equally plain language, the working of our present educational system in India. He says:—"Our course of instruction is not calculated to satisfy the modest requirements of the yeoman, the artizan, the trader, and generally the independent middle classes, which ought to supply the material for those local boards which the Government is now so anxious to organize. What primary instruction is given is not regarded as a possible end in itself, but only as a means to passing an examination. A little reflection must show that this is exactly the reverse of what is wanted. Instead of a teacher priding himself on the number of his pupils who have got Government appointments, it would be far more to the purpose if he could boast a long list of boys who, after learning to read, write, and cypher, had settled down contentedly to their hereditary occupations, and had proved the value of education by turning out their work in a more intelligent style than their fathers had done before them. This would be a guarantee of genuine progress, and would check that *rapid decay of all indigenous arts and manufactures which is the necessary result of our pernicious system of schooling, which aims at converting all the rising generation into mere office clerks.*"

The motives which actuate study in the East and the West are totally dissimilar. In the West we seek to improve the citizen; in the East they seek to improve the man. In Europe the constant endeavour is to give such an "education" as shall enable the recipient to discharge his duties properly, and to advance himself in life; in the East, on the other hand, no such practical advantages are anticipated from education. There education is expected to subdue the passions, to fill the mind with complete knowledge of some branch of scholarship, from a mere love of knowledge itself, and to cultivate feelings of reverence for the attainments of others, and of adoration for the Beneficent Being who has created and preserved the universe, and by whose Almighty power the final dissolution of all things will be effected. What is here said applies to all Asiatic countries, whether Muhammadan, Hindû, or Buddhistic; and it necessarily follows that religion is held to be the basis of all education in the East. One sentence from Sir Charles Aitchison's Report, already quoted, puts this matter clearly. He says: "Most or all of those who want their children educated wish them to have the benefit of religious

teaching." How, then, can we expect Indians to take part in the system of education we have provided for them when we show our neutrality in religious matters by banishing the subject from our schools? The thoroughness with which the anti-religious policy was carried out is succinctly shown by the Educational Report, No. 70/689, dated Lahore, 25 June 1858. The words are these: "I ordered all village schools to be removed from the precincts of mosques and other buildings of a religious character. Native subordinates assured [me that no other buildings were available. I then ordered that the schools *should be closed* rather than be held in such buildings. . . . . I directed the *disuse of all books of a religious character* in the schools," &c. Such was the method adopted for founding a national system of education among a people who esteem religion as the only reality in a world of seeming. Truly may it be remarked that we have not shown ourselves neutral, but aggressively anti-religious. Neutrality, properly considered, is the absence of favouritism; and is quite reconcileable with an equitable and impartial recognition of the just claims of all the religious communities of India. Certainly, when the whole body of the people demands religious training, it is monstrous to levy from them sums of money grossly in excess of their own requirements, for the purpose of maintaining a foreign system which hostilely excludes the only subject of instruction which they esteem.

Enough has surely been said to prove the unfitness of the system administered by the Education Department for the purposes of Indian society. It ought to be needless to speak of other and displeasing incidents of a system which has done its utmost to discredit the traditions of an ancient civilization, to destroy reverence for learning, to stop the study of classical languages, and to fill the land with impertinent upstarts and agitators;—it ought to be needless to descant on such things, because the existence of Dr. Hunter's Education Commission is the recognition of the fact that the Departmental system has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. It is more useful and agreeable to speak of remedial measures; and it is to these points that the rest of this short paper will be devoted.

Every impartial man will admit that anything claiming to be a national system of education must be carried on by means of the vernaculars of the country. This usually unquestioned premiss has been scouted in India. High education has been imparted through the sole medium of English; and the English language has, also, been introduced, both as a means and as an object of study, into the lowest school in which it was possible to teach it. There being a level beneath which it was glaringly absurd to

go, a certain number of vernacular primary schools have been recognised, as a sort of generous concession to pitiable incapacity. The indigenous vernacular schools—the methods and subjects of instruction in which might, not unreasonably, have been taken as practical expressions of the national wish—have been either ignored, or ridiculed and abolished. Indeed, until quite recently, their very existence was denied. Certainly a *pyâl* school in Madras, for example, must seem a very contemptible thing to a European educationist fresh from the panoply and state of English educational machinery. A semi-nude old man sitting under a tree by the road-side, with ten or twelve perfectly nude little boys standing in front of him, repeating more or less harsh and inimitable sounds, and making curly marks on the sandy ground by way of writing, constitute a school not likely to win a high grant from an uninitiated inspector; nevertheless these humble schools give an education which would put many of our elaborate institutions to the blush. They discipline the heart and mind, teaching reverence to God and to authority; they impart a love of learning while upholding the dignity of labour, by making it an honour for the boys to wait upon their master; and they give to their pupils the knowledge best calculated to be really beneficial, that is, reading, writing, and mental arithmetic. By processes unknown to Europe these humble schools carry mental arithmetic to a surprising length. A large number of these naked little urchins would astound our most practised city clerks by running on with the multiplication table up to one hundred times one hundred; and the smarter boys will readily perform a variety of mental arithmetical feats which seem incredible to those only versed in our slower processes. The present Director of Public Instruction in Bengal said in his last Annual Report that "readiness and rapidity of calculation have been the pride of *patshala** pupils, and the strength of *patshala* instruction for many generations; and we shall have altogether failed to make the best use of the materials at our command unless we preserve and confirm their most useful elements." But as all this is carried on in the vernacular, it is only the very few Europeans who have attained a thorough mastery of local dialects who can understand or appreciate it. Fortunately there are some who have devoted themselves heartily to the vernaculars of India, and who are able to testify to the existence of thousands of indigenous vernacular schools well suited to form the basis of a really national system of education. Chief among these is Dr. G. W. Leitner, the Founder of the Panjab University, who, for the last eighteen years, has devoted himself to the cause of vernacular education with warm enthusiasm.

* The name given to subordinate schools in Northern India.

Ever foremost in the field, he has now, at the critical moment of the educational contest, produced a *History of Indigenous Education in the Panjab*, which furnishes authoritative information, of a most interesting character, on the whole subject of native schools and methods of instruction. With praiseworthy energy he set himself to discover how much of the ancient native system yet remained; and he has had the good fortune to ascertain that native village schools, though smothered and stifled by our more pretentious creations, have not been wholly swept from the earth's surface. He has collected particulars of no less than 6,881 indigenous schools in the Panjab alone, with 92,065 pupils, the very existence of which was unknown to the Education Department. He is able to name the spot where each of these schools is held, the number of pupils in attendance, the name and attainments of the teacher, the subjects taught, the extent to which they are taught, and the methods of instruction employed. He has furthermore ascertained that these native schools give a good education, suited to the practical needs of the people, for one-fifteenth of the money spent per pupil in our Departmental schools. Here, then, we have the machinery for inexpensive mass-education ready provided; and all that the Government need do is to recognise accomplished facts, and to extend to these indigenous schools some share of the grants which are lavished on less suitable institutions. Dr. Leitner's statements are fully corroborated by the Report of the Hon. Bhûdeb Mukhopadhyâya, Inspector of Schools in the North-West Provinces. With the intimate knowledge which an enlightened native can so well supply, this eminent official brought to the notice of Government the thousands of native village schools existing in his province, and he pressed for their recognition as most important parts of a national system. At the same time a similar revelation came from Bengal. Bâbû Jayakishen Mukarjî boldly asserted that an indigenous school is still to be found in every village of Bengal.

The remedy I would propose is a sweeping one; but one which, taking into consideration the deplorable failure and extravagant cost of the present system, cannot be deemed uncalled for. My remedy is the entire abolition of the Department, with its useless burden of Directors, Inspectors, &c., &c., &c. Instead of all this encumbrance I would place the indigenous village schools under local control, inviting concessions of small patches of rent-free land (as in ancient times) for their support, supplemented by modest grants-in-aid for secular subjects, proficiency in which can be tested by examination. By this means the religious question is not only overcome, it is not even raised; for what the school teaches in these respects is no concern of Government. A boy is

presented for examination in reading, writing, or arithmetic, as the case may be; if he passes with credit he carries a grant, and it must surely be immaterial whether his school be termed denominational or secular, or whether the boy is also exercised in reading the Koran or the Shastras. It is enough that he knows the subject for which Government is disposed to pay; if he knows more, so much the better.

Moderate men may well shudder at the rashness of such a proposal;* and, indeed, it is only stated to show what, in my opinion, is the proper and only efficacious remedy for the present deplorable condition of affairs. The abolition of the Department being unattainable, it is earnestly to be hoped that its operation may, in future, be confined to the advancement of High Education, leaving Primary Education to less costly machinery. This would involve a material reduction in the establishment; but would keep the high class of officials which the Department contains to work better suited to their attainments than the superintendence and inspection of elementary schools. Indigenous schools should be left entirely to indigenous management; and I am glad to find that Dr. Hunter's Commission recommends that "the registration, superintendence, and management of indigenous elementary schools, whether aided or unaided, be entrusted to" municipal and local boards, where such exist. This recommendation is, however, hampered with the suggestion that, in the opinion of the Commissioners, "the best practicable method of encouraging indigenous schools of a high order, and desiring recognition, be ascertained by the Education Department, in communication with Pandits, Maulavis, and others interested in the subject." Another recommendation is "that the officers of the Education Department keep lists of all elementary indigenous schools, and assist the board in selecting schools to be registered for aid, and in securing a proportionate provision of education for all classes of the community." The inevitable tendency of such action would be to destroy the last remnants of the national system, and to pauperize, in its worst sense, every instructor in the land. This indicated too plainly that the Commission, having ascertained that the Department is sadly ignorant of the real wants of India, and is painfully out of harmony with the ideas of the people, nevertheless contemplates extending the sphere of its mischievous operation, and departmentalizing the last remains of the national system which have hitherto survived. I certainly agree with Mr. Growse, whom I have before quoted, in his reasonable proposal—"In the first place,

* I do not stand alone, however, in making this proposal to abolish the Educational Department, for the Dewân of the State of Palitâna, Gopînâth Sadâshiv-jî Hâte, in his recent book on *The Regeneration of India*, recommends the same thing, and suggests the substitution of a Minister of Public Instruction.

I would do away with the present system of Government inspection, and put the primary schools of every district under the *absolute* control of the local committee." A still simpler method would be to re-endow primary schools with the small patches of rent-free land which they formerly possessed, and which our harum-scarum reformers stripped them of; and to test the results of the education given by examinations for conferring grants-in-aid. By this means every district would retain its perfect freedom of action, and the wholesome effect of emulation in well-doing would become possible. I am certainly strongly opposed to the idea of extending the jurisdiction of the Education Department; for in a country like India, where all *social* arrangements have been from time immemorial free from Government interference, it cannot be otherwise than disastrous to invade every corner of the land with the baneful influence of officialism.

The Education Commission recommend that "all indigenous schools, whether high or low, be recognized and encouraged, if they serve any purpose of secular education whatsoever." It is also recommended that "preference be given to that system which regulates the aid given mainly according to the results of examinations"; and that "indigenous schools receiving aid be inspected *in situ*, and, as far as possible, the examinations for their grants-in-aid be conducted *in situ*." These are decidedly advantageous suggestions, though they are vitiated by the spirit which recommends that "such a proportion between special and other elementary indigenous schools be maintained in each town and district, as to insure a proportionate provision for the education of all classes." This last recommendation illustrates the unhappy tendency of all outside regulation to "crib, cabin, and confine," the wholesome operation of natural freedom. The wisest course seems to me to leave elementary instruction in the hands of local authority; and to supplement and strengthen local effort by a prudent application of the system of grants-in-aid.

The success or failure of this scheme depends on the examining body. The best results may be anticipated from entrusting the examination of primary schools to the masters of Middle Schools in the same district with them. As the Middle Schools are fed from the Primary Schools, it is obviously to the interest of the former to keep up the good quality of the latter; and as their masters reside within range of the elementary schools, and are intimately familiar with the local vernacular, their reports are far more likely to be trustworthy than those of a foreign inspector paying a flying visit to a school once a year. Dr. Leitner would carry this system yet higher, by giving the inspectorship of Middle Schools to the masters of High Schools, who, in their

turn, could be inspected by the Universities. In this way a self-working and thoroughly national system of education could be administered, which would reach from the highest noble to the humblest peasant, comprising in its grand curriculum the topmost height of Western science, with Sanskrit and Arabic philology and philosophy, and English literature as intellectual compeers, aided by the courtly Persian language and literature, and the numerous excellent vernacular translations and compositions, down to the modest little primer of childhood. No link in the chain is wanting. We have only to set aside Western prejudices, and to adapt existing machinery to the needs of a graduated series of schools, which shall be sufficiently elastic to admit modern Western knowledge side by side with the heirlooms of ancient Eastern scholarship.

The scheme I have just sketched should be self-contained and self-regulating. The support it would receive from the revenue would be welcomed by the people at large, because it would come in aid of their cherished desires. It would, also, confer upon the people a discreet modicum of self-government in the department in which they are best adapted to succeed, and for which they would be most deeply grateful. Foreign officials, however well-intentioned, cannot efficiently administer the affairs of a series of schools teaching subjects with which they are unfamiliar, by processes unknown to them, in vernaculars they scarcely comprehend. On the other hand, great benefit must result from associating a number of educated Europeans with native gentlemen in the Universities and higher educational course. It is in the highest form of education alone that the English language can usefully find a place, and in which any marked prominence ought to be accorded to English ideas. Necessarily it follows that to extend the sway of the Department over indigenous village schools would intensify the mischief already wrought. Far better would it be to leave this remnant of native civilization in its present obscurity and neglect. The evidence collected by Dr. Hunter's Commission has conclusively demonstrated the need of some cheaper and more oriental system of education than that which now exists in India, in order to reach the masses; and the angry agitators who trouble that country show the dangers which result from imparting to half-educated minds the notions of social and political freedom which are only properly learnt in the school of experience, and which require the steadying influence of generations of trained intellects to keep them within due bounds.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.

SOCIAL DETERIORATION AND ITS REMEDY.

I CANNOT claim to be a pessimist, though I have no more title to be called an optimist. I do not believe that the world is going from bad to worse; or that in the silent revolution, political and social, that is going on around us, we compare unfavourably, on the whole, with the generations that have preceded us. But I do think that, in the midst of change, such as our forefathers could not have conceived, there is great danger that we should lose some of those qualities essential to the well-ordering of society which they practised, and which are still known as right feeling, good taste, and good manners. That a process of that description is going on, those who are thrown much in contact with the world can hardly fail to observe; but though it is not difficult to point out the existence of the disease, the remedy is not so easy to discover. It has been observed, with truth, that the present generation have neither the vices nor the virtues of their ancestors; and it may be the absence of these qualities that has produced those less remarkable phenomena which I shall attempt to classify in their political and social bearing. An old and experienced member of Parliament once said to me that, in nourishing a political ambition, he felt he was an anachronism, as, to appreciate thoroughly the pleasures of public life, he ought to have been born a hundred years ago; and such thoughts have, no doubt, constantly crossed the minds of many M.P.'s during the last few years. Indeed, they have found expression on more than one occasion in the eloquent words of the Prime Minister, who, whilst acknowledging the abilities of many of the present generation of members, deplored the decided falling-off of the House of Commons in the tone of its debates and the conduct of its business. Whether the remedy of a clôture, which Ministers themselves seem the last to believe in, and of Grand Committees, which have yet to prove their use, will prove effectual, time only can show; but the opinion formulated by the Prime Minister, and endorsed by public opinion inside and outside the House of Commons, leads to the belief that the disease is far beyond the power of either committees or clôture. The sound mind is wanting, because the sound body no longer exists under

the present condition of political life. Nor is it difficult to discover the cause. The strong political faith, the unswerving consistency of principle which once existed, has given way to a colourless indecision of mind, and a fatal vacillation of purpose, which, like dry rot, is eating out the political creed of the most enthusiastic M.P. Whether he sits on the one side of the House or the other, he feels he has no right to any opinions except those that are made for him. In one word, every Session he is painfully aware that he is becoming more and more a mere delegate, and that treason to the State is more likely to be condoned than that independence of opinion which is at once interpreted to be treason to his party.

Can it be wondered that, under such circumstances, it has been found necessary to coin a new word to describe his present mental condition? It is not that he is deficient in loyalty to his party. The force of circumstances, and the fear of offending his constituents, have made him only too loyal. The result is, a blank state of expectancy, characteristic of "Mr. Micawber," which on the other side of the Channel has appropriately received the name of "opportunism." Few politicians in these days have any opinions at all, in the old sense of the words, and fewer still the courage of those opinions. They are mostly waiters upon Providence; and hence opportunism, with some honourable exceptions, may be said to be the rule in the Cabinet, as in the House of Commons—amongst leaders as amongst followers. What the danger of such a state of things to all Parliamentary government may be, has been so well pointed out by Mr. Lecky in vol. iii. of his *History of England*, that it is superfluous to dwell upon it here, except as an additional proof of forces which have their origin not in the House of Commons, but in the community at large. And for this reason it is in their social bearing that they present the greatest interest. It has often been stated that society has greatly improved within the last fifty years; and no doubt, outwardly, that is true. The hard drinking, the coarse swearing, and the open gambling of the days of Queen Anne and the four Georges, are only found exceptionally, even amongst the poorest of the community; but there is much to be said for the opinion that the meaner failings of human nature are on the increase, although the grosser vices are less apparent. Whether this is due to the levelling down of all classes, or to the progress of civilization, represented by the increase of education, luxury and wealth, the world is undoubtedly not inspired by the same high standard of conduct as in the days of yore. "Noblesse oblige" is a principle that has ceased to have any force; and the practice of evasion, impudence, and discourtesy is more than ever silently approved,

if not openly justified. Perhaps no more expressive description of the prevailing tone of society was ever given than that vouchsafed by one of the Ministers of Napoleon III. after the fall of the Empire in 1870. Asked to define the word "canaille," he replied, "Maintenant tout le monde est canaille"—a sweeping assertion which, like many others, had more than one grain of truth in it. No doubt he meant to say that the days of chivalry were passed, and that the days of shoddy, sham, and self-advertisement were in the ascendant. He did not mean to imply that Bayards, *sans peur et sans reproche*, were extinct; but, for one Bayard, twenty men of the type of public men of the Second Empire were produced by modern society. Nobody can doubt, for instance, that the talent ascribed to Talleyrand of misusing language to conceal his thoughts is largely on the increase. It may be that the exigencies of Parliamentary life, and the even more pressing requirements of social life, make it difficult for any man or woman, anxious to retain the position they have struggled to, to give a direct answer. It may be, often is, inconvenient to say "aye" or "no" to a question, or to call a spade a spade; and the only way of escape may be to disguise, and cover your retreat from an untenable position, in a cloud of oracular words, the subsequent interpretation of which may do more credit to your cleverness than to your truthfulness. But the example is catching, and the result demoralizing to all parties concerned. The practice of sailing very near the wind, and of taking an ungenerous advantage of your neighbour, was formerly supposed, probably unjustly, to be the peculiar appanage of the Jewish race. In these days it may be said to be common to all Christians. Even usurers and their victims have changed places, and a money-lender of long standing and experience was heard to state, not long ago, that whereas formerly a minor could be trusted not to take advantage of his position in refusing to pay his debts, his word now was as worthless as his bond. Selfishness is so common to mankind, and has been so prevalent in all ages and at all times, that it would seem hardly worth while to dwell upon it here, were it not that selfishness like that of the present day, having no redeeming point about it, is far more wide-spread and general than it has ever been before. There was something approaching to the grand in the selfishness of past days. Its very hideousness was noteworthy. Anybody who has read Lanfrey's *History of Napoleon I.* will readily comprehend my meaning. In these days, on the contrary, it is essentially common-place, mean, and vulgar, and from its very pettiness disgusts without impressing the imagination. No doubt —with young men, at least, who give themselves airs, pick their parties in country houses and their partners in ball-rooms, do their

hosts the favour of blowing his pheasants to pieces and abuse him afterwards—much of the fault must be laid to the charge of worldly-minded mothers. Young men feel that they are at a premium, and their heads are naturally turned. The best excuse that can be made for them is, that selfishness pays so long as it is accompanied by the kindred quality of calculated assurance. And that such assurance is successful in a manner in which it never achieved success in former days, is painfully true, both in the House of Commons and in society. It is not necessary to call in question the proceedings of Irish M.P.'s. They have an evident object and speak for themselves; but they have unfortunately shown the way and set an example which has been adopted by English members on more than one occasion. Expressions have been frequently heard in this Parliament that fifty years ago would have led to a duel. For instance, it is not so long ago that a Cabinet Minister concluded his remarks in debate by asserting *sotto voce* that his opponent was a little fool. The prompt reply was (and it was audible in the centre of the House, if not in the Speaker's chair), "You are a d——d ass." Fortunately for the character of the House of Commons, Parliamentary reporters are gifted with a large amount of discretion, and the most discreditable scenes and the most disreputable language are transformed, toned down, and omitted from the reports of the following morning. The evil of this state of things is not so much that it should be tolerated and condoned, as that such language and conduct should be of assistance on the road to political success. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his speeches, rightly denounced invective and vituperation as not essential nor even appropriate to enforce argument; but in the last three years a much nearer approach to the reputed language of Billingsgate Market has been made in the House of Commons than in the six previous centuries of its existence. The language, however, of political speeches outside the House of Commons, and the general tone of the expressions used, are even worse. Political opponents have been called liars, compared to sybarites who neither toil nor spin, to a Long firm of swindlers, and even likened to Mephistopheles; and no apologies have been offered, either on one side or on the other, to soften down the insulting comparisons made use of, or to hint that such speeches were delivered in the heat of the moment and afterwards repented of. They stand on record, therefore, as cold, calm, calculated pieces of insolence, a disgrace not only to the speakers but to the age in which they are tolerated and applauded.

Does, however, what is called society set a better example? I fear the reply must be in the negative. Adventurers of every description, male and female, find their way into and are freely

encouraged in the best company, because they happen to be pre-eminently rich, or good-looking, or unscrupulous. No matter what their previous history may have been, no matter how vicious their conduct or how coarse their manners, if they are wealthy they are courted; if they are clever or pretty they are invited. They even find their way to Court balls, and at every great fête of the season they are abundantly represented. Everybody remembers how a famous French actress, still living, was received in town a few years ago. Although her character was notorious in Paris, the honour of receiving her was disputed by those whom the newspapers would call the *élite* of London society, and she became the rage from Belgrave Square to Pall Mall. American influences are, perhaps, to some extent responsible for the exhibition of such predilections, but there are patent signs elsewhere that bad taste has been imported from other than Transatlantic quarters. What the sale of so-called society papers may be, may be known to those who care to inquire; but that it has greatly increased is clear from the number of those papers that have started into existence in the last few years. The scandalmongering traffic is no longer a trade, it is a profession, and evidently a remunerative one. The private lives and secrets of the most distinguished and the most notorious personages are frequently sold by their professed friends for a paltry consideration to newspaper editors, who increase the sale of their wares at the expense of victims who are unwilling, if not powerless, to retaliate. Scurrilous books and articles have been constantly written since the invention of printing, and occasionally, no doubt, private malice has been satisfied by the publication of some indecent scandal or grosser libel; but it has been left to the nineteenth century to erect the art of slandering into a profession, and, by making the practice remunerative, to do its best to perpetuate the evil. Surely no better evidence could be adduced of the decline of right feeling than the existence of a temper of this kind in the public mind.

It may be conceded at once, that the manners of the *ancien régime* would hardly suit the intolerant hurry and the impatient restlessness of the days we live in. The French Guards who, cap in hand, at Fontenoy, desired the English to fire first, would be as much an anachronism to-day as the vassals who did homage to their lords would have been in the last century; but there is a wide step between the ceremonious courtesy of the last century and the too frequent absence of all courtesy in this. The low bow, the well-turned compliment, and the punctilious etiquette of a past age, have no place in this. We all fancy we have too much to do to find time for such apparent frivolities. But they had their uses

in the transaction of even ordinary business, much more in any delicate negociation, and their absence has left a void which no amount of self-assurance and off-handedness can replace. For how much of this lack of manners the other sex are responsible it would, perhaps, be ungallant to say. Young ladies are to be found who frequent the smoking-room, do not object to smoke cigarettes, and are not ashamed to adopt the slang they hear there. Indelicate plays are no longer a bar to the presence of unmarried girls, and newspapers containing full details of the Divorce Court are to be seen as well in the boudoir as in the drawing-room. It has been argued that to forbid these things is simply prudery, that to the pure all things are pure, and that the knowledge of good and evil was intended to be as much the curse of the one sex as of the other. But this argument really rests upon the new democratic gospel, that all men, women, and children are equal, and that the privileges of the one age or sex are the rights of all; a mode of reasoning which leads straight to that anarchy in respect of all creed, opinion, and usage, which is to be the millenium of Advanced Radicalism. The tendency of all modern society is for the freedom we enjoy, in a degree unknown to our forefathers, to degenerate into license. It is not that we are differently constituted to them, or that they were angels, whilst we have sunk again into monkeys. We are men of the same passions, and prone to the same failings as they were. Thanks to the progress of civilization and the increase of general comfort, we are better in some respects although worse in others. But there is this difference between them and ourselves, and it is a great difference. Their social conduct was rigorously controlled by the usages of the society they lived in. Those usages might be, and too frequently were, based on error; but they served to check individual misconduct by defining the standard of propriety far more sharply than is attempted now. Their penalties for the breach of decorum were the duel, and social ostracism. The arguments for and against duelling have been so often stated, that I do not propose to enter into them here. It is enough to say that its reintroduction in the present state of English society would be neither possible, nor advisable if it were possible. But no such arguments apply to social ostracism, and there seems no good reason why the standard of social right and wrong for both sexes should not be raised and rigidly adhered to. The Peer who had beaten and insulted his innocent wife, or the lady who had anonymously slandered her friends and acquaintances in the public prints, would be placed on a par with the noble forger or the high-born prostitute, who by private arrangement might have escaped any legal prosecution. Society would be thus purged of its worst offenders, and a wholesome check

would be administered to the extreme forms of selfishness, insolence, meanness, and vice, that would directly inculcate the consideration which is due among Christian people to age and sex, as well as to their own sense of self-respect. Not that a fresh censorship need be created. In a modified degree it already exists, and, thanks to the Sovereign who now occupies the throne, has been exercised as far as lies in her power, with a firmness and discretion which is worthy of the highest admiration. But the influence and example of the Queen does not, unfortunately, extend far beyond the radius of Court festivities; and the mixed society in which we live, increasing every year, as it does, in wealth and numbers, requires the strengthening and diffusion of her example, by the exertions individually and collectively of all those upon whom the duties of hospitality principally fall in London and elsewhere. I am far, indeed, from urging that offences of this nature, whether moral or social, should under all circumstances be deemed unpardonable, but at present the fault lies the other way. Whitewashing, after a few months, or possibly weeks of penance, is much too common, and offences of the rich and powerful and of the clever and good-looking are frequently forgotten, whilst those of the poor and friendless are brought up in judgment against them. The sins of the rich swindler, who has ruined hundreds of families, are condoned because of the excellence of his dinners and the lavish expenditure of his entertainments, whilst the misdemeanour of a clerk in his own counting-house is bitterly repented of in sackcloth and ashes.

What is needed is a code of unwritten, but well understood social law, which shall be fair alike to rich and poor, to clever and dull, to handsome and plain of both sexes, backed by an indisputable authority which is sure of support, in club and ball-room alike, in every profession, whether civil or military, on every exchange, and in every large house of entertainment. Surely the creation of such a tribunal on intelligible and equitable principles should not be beyond the scope of human ingenuity?

Some help, too, might be obtained in another quarter. Education has been constantly proclaimed to be the panacea for all evils, and in education properly understood must be included right feeling and good manners. Unfortunately, education is too often taken to mean the power of passing a successful examination in some kind of book-learning, Such, however, was not the meaning attached to it in ancient days. If riding, shooting, and telling the truth was the basis of Persian education; obedience, discipline, and respect to old age, we know, were enforced by the laws of Sparta. In other words, good conduct and subordination were esteemed essential to success in life by both nations. Are we sure

that, with all our progress and civilization, we have improved upon the old models of pagan days? Are we more truthful, more chivalrous, more considerate, more courteous one to another? And if not, what becomes of our much vaunted education? Surely it is high time to recognise that cramming for examinations should not be the aim and end of school life, that man does not live by book-learning alone, but by a high tone of conduct and manners, by truthfulness and honest dealing, by sympathy with and consideration for his weaker, poorer, and more inexperienced neighbour. Levelling down has been too much the order of the day; is it not high time to level-up, and to try if something cannot be done to improve the tone and discipline of middle-class and Board schools of both sexes, and to bring them up to the standard of conduct which exists in the best of our upper-class schools?

More than a dozen years ago, shortly after the passing of the last Reform Bill, we were reminded by Mr. Lowe of the paramount importance of educating our "masters." And the late Mr. Carlyle, in a remarkable pamphlet entitled *Shooting Niagara and after*, dwelt strongly upon the necessity of a severe course of training and discipline for all classes alike, as an antidote to the democratic license, coarse manners, and wide-spread impatience of authority which he predicted in the future. Without going quite the length of Mr. Carlyle's admiration of the Prussian system of education at the point of the bayonet, all, whatever politics they profess, must generally agree with Mr. Lowe, and even go some part of the way with Mr. Carlyle. What is remarkable is that the same idea seems to have struck two very differently constituted minds, namely, that as regards education, comprehending morals and conduct, much still remained to be done.

The question is whether on the eve of a new Reform Bill this warning has been attended to? I fear not. With every desire to give full credit to the exertions of the Education Department, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that in all Board schools at least, secular education is the first consideration, religious and moral instruction the second. Discipline is not what it used to be; respect for authority has diminished; a higher scale of comfort and luxury has been encouraged, without a corresponding advance in the necessary virtues of industry, contentment, and thrift. The result is that everywhere we see amongst the working classes an increase of restlessness and discontent, the sure forerunner of covetousness and Socialism. A fair day's labour for a fair day's wage is now the exception, not the rule. How to rise in the world by scamping your work, by putting your hand into your employer's pocket, by doing as little as possible, and getting as much as you can, has too often been the aim and object of

thousands. To take no pride in your labour, or anything but a commercial interest in your employer, is too much the prevailing spirit of the day, and for this our present system of education must be held directly responsible. Even so sanguine a politician as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was obliged to confess at Reading the other day, that notwithstanding the enormous rise that has taken place, during the last few years, in the wages of the agricultural labourer, the quality of the work done was worse; and that the principal difficulties of the farmer would arise in the future, not so much from bad seasons, or from foreign competition, as from dear and inefficient labour. Nor, bearing this in mind, is the consideration of the relations of class and class, as well as of the members of one class with another, without importance at a time when the sympathies of all have been excited by the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London." If real good is to be done in this matter, it is not to be done by writing or by talking, by throwing the blame upon one class or upon the other, or by making political capital out of wretchedness and misery, but by a union of firmness and tact, by promoting right feeling between classes as between individuals, and by showing those whose lot has been cast in the midst of poverty, dirt, and crime, that the sympathy which extends a helping hand must be returned by those who grasp it.

EUSTACE G. CECIL.

GROSS RENTAL, 118 MILLIONS.

GROSS RENTAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF THE RENTAL GOING TO VARIOUS CLASSES

GROSS RENTAL, 118 MILLIONS.

(A) *Mr. BRIGHT'S view of the case.*

(B) *The REAL state of the case.*

MR. BRIGHT'S VIEW.

FALLACY.

Number of Landowners in Great Britain.

According to Mr. BRIGHT and the RADICALS Two Thousand 30,000.

According to the PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS One Million One Hundred Thousand 1,100,000.

Estates of 1,000 acres and upwards

Estates of 20 acres

Estates of 70 acres

Estates of 100 acres

Estates of 300 acres

Estates of 700 acres

Estates varying from 1 acre to 5 acres, or under

Gross Rental of Large Properties £37,426,618.

Gross Rental of Small Real Properties £38,[illegible]166.

Gross Rental of Small Urban Properties £42,899,151.

THE TRUTH VIEW.

A CHART

ILLUSTRATING

THE GROSS ANNUAL INCOME

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

THE PROPORTION OF THE NATIONAL WEALTH

TAKEN IN

RENT

BY VARIOUS CLASSES OF LANDLORDS.

PREPARED FROM THE NEW DOOMSDAY BOOK AND OTHER OFFICIAL RETURNS.

By **W. H. MALLOCK.**

RENTAL OF IRELAND.

Owing to the changes with regard to Rental now in process in Ireland, no analysis of the Distribution of Rental is introduced, but the total is duly registered in the column illustrating the Gross National Income.

SUMMARY OF FACTS WHICH THIS CHART ILLUSTRATES.

	£
Gross Annual Income of the United Kingdom	over 1,200,000,000
Income of the Large Landowners, according to Messrs. George, Wallace, Davitt, &c. &c.	1,000,000,000
Income of ditto as it actually is (including Ireland)	under 45,000,000
Income of the Small Landowners according to most Radical public persons. No one, because there are none	0
Income of ditto (a million in number) AS IT ACTUALLY IS	80,000,000

Amount available for distribution, were the entire estates of the Landed Aristocracy, inclusive of all improvements, confiscated.

3 farthings a day to each person.

GROSS INCOME, OVER 1,200 MILLIONS.

GROSS INCOME OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SHOWING THE PROPORTION BETWEEN

RENTS, and INCOME derived from OTHER SOURCES.

GROSS INCOME, OVER 1,200 MILLIONS.

(A) *As it is according to the Author of "PROGRESS AND POVERTY," Messrs. Wallace, Michael Davitt, and others.*

(B) *As it is in REALITY, and as shown by PARLIAMENTARY STATISTICS.*

THE POPULAR FALLACY.

Income of the Large Landed Proprietors as Mr George supposes to be

Nearly ten hundred million pounds sterling. *In reality* it will be seen at the opposite end of this diagram that the sum is really [illegible] seven million pounds sterling.

Income supposed by the above to be left to the Nation at large.

The utmost income that Mr. George supposes can be enjoyed by the Nation at large.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

Income derived from Ancestorty, titled and untitled dukes and lords 37,000,000

Income derived from Dividends on Capital by various assumed classes. Retired Professional Men, Merchants, Manufacturers, and others 115,000,000

Income derived from Agriculture, after the payment of Rent, by Farmers and Labourers, and all classes engaged in agricultural pursuits 249,000,000

WAREHOUSE

Income derived from Trade, by Merchants, Shopkeepers, and all persons in their employment 140,000,000

Income derived from Minerals, by Lessees, &c. of Mines, and all persons in their employment 73,000,000

Income derived from Railways, by the Railway Companies, and all persons in their employment 63,000,000

Income derived from Shipping, by Constructors of Ships, and all persons in their employment 60,000,000

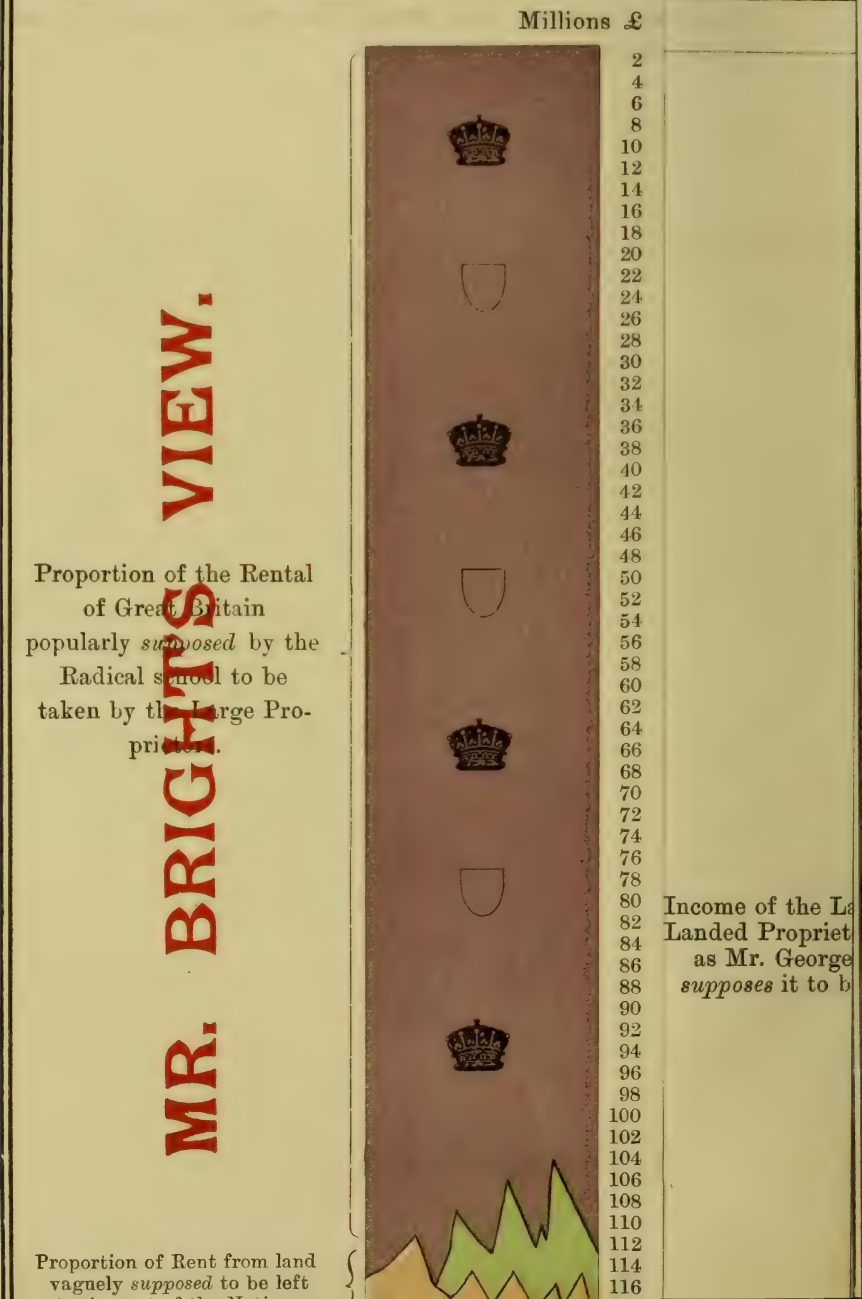
GROSS RENTAL, 118 MILLIONS.

GROSS REN[T]AL, [118] MILLIONS.

SHOWING THE P[ROPORTION]

[ac]cording t[o]

(A) *Mr. BRIGHT'S view of th[e] POVERTY, , and other*



THE LANDLORDS AND THE NATIONAL INCOME.

(Illustrated by a Chart, showing the Exact Proportion obtaining between the Rental of the Country, and the Gross Income of the Country.)

Of all the astounding and grotesque superstitions that have ever gained currency in any age, or in any society, one of the most astounding and grotesque is the superstition that is so prevalent now, with respect to the economic position of the landlords of this kingdom. This superstition was first, in a vague form, popularized by politicians such as Mr. Bright; but it has lately assumed a more definite form, and is at this moment being spread through the country, as a demonstrable and scientific fact, by such writers and speakers as Messrs. George, Wallace, and Davitt.

Mr. George declares, and thousands at this moment believe him, that some enormous and increasing proportion of the national income is swallowed up by the owners of the land in rent; and he is conveying the impression by every art in the power of the agitator, that if we could only get at this rent, and use it for public purposes, we should have at our disposal a fund which, compared with our wants, would be practically inexhaustible.

The following extracts from *Progress and Poverty* will show the theory from which Mr. George draws this conclusion.

"The progress of invention constantly tends to give a larger and larger PROPORTION of the produce to the owners of the land, and a smaller and smaller PROPORTION to labour and capital."

"The reason why, in spite of the increase of productive power, wages constantly tend to a minimum, which will give but a bare living, is that, with the increase in productive power, rent tends to *even greater increase*, thus producing a constant tendency to the forcing down of wages."

"Labour cannot reap the benefits which an advancing civilization brings, because they are intercepted by . . . the continuous advance of rents. . . . It is thus robbed of *all the benefits* of the increase in productive power."

"Material progress cannot rid us of our dependence upon land, it can but add to the power of producing wealth from land;

and hence, when land is monopolized, material progress might go on to infinity without improving the condition of those who have but their labour [and their capital*]. It can but add to the value of land."

Here, again, are certain extracts from Mr. Wallace, who, in his book on *Land Nationalization*, informs us that he has arrived by a different and independent route at conclusions exactly similar to to those of Mr. George.

"The old idea," says Mr. Wallace, "so prevalent still amongst workmen, that labour and capital are in antagonism, is a mistake. Both alike suffer from the common enemy, the landlord; and rent absorbs the profits which the steady increase of productive power in all civilized countries should give to labour and capital."

"When land is monopolised, rent, ever growing higher and higher, *absorbs a larger proportion* of the joint profits of labour and capital."

"These conclusions," says Mr. Wallace, "have now been demonstrated by induction from facts; and that demonstration acquires the force of absolute proof when exactly the same conclusion is reached by a totally distinct line of deductive reasoning (like Mr. George's) founded on the admitted principles of political economy."

There is something exquisitely ludicrous in this mention of induction from facts. Mr. Wallace seems utterly unaware—and Mr. George also—that there is no necessity here for either induction or deduction; any more than there is need for induction or deduction to determine how far Charing Cross Station is from the Nelson Monument, or how much Mr. George has to pay for the use of the St. James' Hall when he delivers his lectures in it; or whether his tailor, when he sends him in his bill, charges more for his coat or his trousers. The real facts of the case can be settled by an appeal to easily ascertainable and officially recorded figures; and without troubling our heads about what must be, we can find out what has been.

What *has* been, and what *is*, is illustrated in the accompanying diagram or chart, which will show the reader at a glance what *are* the real facts of the case, and what are the imaginary facts, which, according to Messrs. George and Wallace, *must* be the real facts of the case. If we apply the principles of Messrs. George and Wallace to the income of the country, from all sources, at the beginning of this century, we shall find that the gross ground-rental of the landlords *must* be about by this time 950 millions. Mr. George, I

* Mr. George explains at great length that he includes capital under the word "labour," and that the capitalist suffers from rent in exactly the same way as the wage-earning labourer.

believe, would confiscate about half of this only, because he would not confiscate such rental as was paid in respect of improvements. But the sum which he would confiscate, as he distinctly said the other day, would be enough not only to pay all the taxes of this country, but would leave an annual revenue of several hundred millions with which to pension widows, orphans, &c. &c., and to give the working-classes holiday trips to America. I may mention also that a friend of mine met, the other day, in the train, near Dundee, a man whose appearance and language showed him to be a person of education, and who was saying to a friend who sat opposite to him, this: "Are you aware that if the landlords of this country were taxed as the nation has a right to tax them—if they were taxed, that is to say, at the rate of four shillings in the pound, not only would that sum cover the whole present public expenditure, but would leave a surplus revenue of twenty millions a year!"

The accompanying chart, which will shortly be published in a separate form, is now first submitted to the readers of the *National Review*, as an instrument for dispelling from the popular mind such monstrous and misleading impressions as these, and will show that the inductions and the deductions of Messrs. George and Wallace have as much relation to truth as an induction and deduction would have which demonstrated that Brighton was as far away from London as Perth. Practically, however, the error is greater still. Mr. George seems completely to share Mr. Bright's impression that all the landlords in this country are large landlords, and that the middle and poorer classes have no share in the rental at all. As a matter of fact, however, the rental of the middle and poorer classes is twice that of the large landlords; and thus in their social bearing, and their social insinuations, Mr. George's statements are about as near the truth as would be the statement that Brighton was as far from London as Berlin, or that Berlin was on the coast of Sussex; or, as has been just pointed out in the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. George's description of large landlords is about as true of their economic position, as would be a description of their personal appearance which represented them as being seventy-two feet high and weighing a ton and a half each.

W. H. Mallock.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Is England going to keep Ireland?

January 5th, 1884.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Referring to the article in your January number—"Is England going to Keep Ireland?"—and the question of a dissolution of the Union, so ably discussed therein, I wish to draw attention to the fact that a considerable number of Englishmen are misled by the iterated argument that the Union can be legally dissolved by Act of Parliament. In the *Daily News* of 3rd instant, I find the following statement in a leading article: "The purposes at which Mr. Parnell's agitation professes to aim are lawful. They involve the repeal or amendment of certain Acts of Parliament, which the authority that passed them can undo or modify. It is lawful to agitate for that which can be lawfully done."

The late Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, Q.C., Master of Chancery in Ireland, one of the ablest of Irish lawyers, wholly repudiates the soundness of this assumption. He said (*Ireland in* 1868, p. 251):—

"The sophism by which the severance of the Union is concluded to be within the legitimate powers of the United Parliament, may be thus fairly stated: 'No Act of one Parliament can bind future Parliaments, or take away from them the power of repeal. The Act of Union is an Act of Parliament, and, therefore, cannot take away from the present Parliament the right to repeal it.' The fallacy of this syllogism is in the minor premiss. It was not an Act of one Parliament; it was a national compact made between two parliaments of *two* distinct nations. It was a compact made upon valuable considerations, reciprocally passing from each nation to the other. If both these Parliaments were still in existence, they would have the power, by common consent of both, to rescind the compact which they had made, upon the principle that the same power which makes a compact can also unmake it; and this is the principle upon which one Parliament can repeal the Acts of a previous Parliament. . . . The Union compact was not an Act of the United Parliament, which had no existence at the time that compact was made. The United Parliament derives its existence from the Union compact; and it has no legitimate power to alter any of the articles of that compact, except what the contracting parties concurred in giving it, and expressed in the record by which the common will and intention of both was perpetuated, and the benefits of the contract for ever secured to the several parties to it. So far from conferring on the future United

Parliament any power to rescind or alter any terms of their mutual agreement, they both concurred in the most explicit and solemn declation that no such power should exist."

I do not suppose that Mr. Parnell troubles himself much about a separation to be legally effected in the manner indicated by Mr. Fitzgibbon; but if he succeeds in carrying his object of restoring her Parliament to Ireland, there is no doubt whatever that his efforts to rescind the compact would be unceasing. He at present seeks to compass separation by menacious vapouring, and will continue to do so, and to mislead the Irish people, until English statesmen declare in the most resolute terms that the question of the dissolution of the Union will never be entertained by the United Parliament. Unfortunately, our present Government not only do not make this declaration (which would discomfit the separatists and encourage loyal subjects) but coquet with rebellion, and play into the hands of its leaders.

If Lord Beaconsfield were alive and in office, there can be no doubt that he would proclaim, in a tone not to be mistaken, the determination of the English people never to tolerate separation. Speaking of the Liverpool election of 1880 in the House of Lords, and referring to the pledges given by Lord Ramsay to the Home Rulers, he said: "I trust that whatever may be the result of this election, that England will understand what is the issue at the present moment—that it means nothing less than the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. I will say to those in this House—I care not whether they are sitting on this side or opposed to me—that any man who favours such a policy is false to his Sovereign and his country, and that he will live, I feel confident, to regret the responsibility which his acts will entail upon him."

These are weighty words—words that should never be forgotten by loyal subjects in either country.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
W. R. Ancketill.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Sirs,

In corroboration of the statement in Mr. Alfred Harris excellent article, "An Untried Remedy for Irish Grievances," I beg to give my own experience of the rapidity with which the Connaught female peasantry can be taught.

During the famine in Galway in 1846–7, I got up the Galway Industrial Society, which opened a shop and purchased from the poor, socks, stockings, &c., of their own knitting, as well as pillow-lace, a little of which was made in the neighbourhood. After the famine was over, about £200 remained, which was spent in procuring from a firm in

Belfast in the embroidery trade two girls as teachers of the art, sprigging it was called. The firm also appointed an agent in Galway who would purchase the work when finished. A room was hired, bills posted about the town, and soon eager girls came in to learn an art by which they might gain 3d. or 4d. a day. The result was that by 1857 there were 20,000 or 30,000 girls in Connaught employed "sprigging," many being able to earn one shilling a day, The firm failed in 1857, Swiss embroidery being imported without duty.

During the famine, Lady Louisa Tennison, of Castle Tennison, Co. Leitrim, had a German governess who was famous for her skill in knitting, with very fine needles, collars of a pattern which the Royal Society could not imitate in a year.

A girl from the village who could knit well was sent for, and, seated on the steps of the hall door the governess taught her how to knit the collars; meanwhile the girl was fed. The next day the girl brought two companions with her; who were also fed and taught. Each bringing others, in a very short time the girls of the district were taught.

HENRY BARING HYDE.

London Institution, E.C.
10th January 1884.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

SIRS,

Will you allow me, as an Irish Nationalist, to hail in Mr. Humphreys' article in your January number the first clear and candid statement of the case about Irish Discontent which I have yet seen in an English periodical. Let me add, however, that it seems to me eminently likely to bring about results exactly the reverse of those intended by its author.

Mr. Humphreys presents the English public with the Irish demand in its absolute, final, even in Ireland not always realised form, and he expects England to answer as Carlyle once did when some Irishmen talked to him about reparation, "We 'll cut all your throats first." But it seems to me that the English nation, once realising the universality and earnestness of the Irish national movement, is likely enough to make a wholly different answer, the answer which an audience of John Stuart Mill's once made to him, responding with a unanimous cry of "No" when he asked, "Do you mean to keep Ireland if you cannot content her?" The English resistance to Irish demands for measures which would help us to independence, appears to be largely based on just those views which Mr. Humphreys is trying to dispel—such as, for instance, that the agitation is the mere natural effervescence of a hot-headed race, stimulated for selfish ends by crafty politicians, is not sympathised with by the mass of the people, is the fruit of former tyrannous legislation, and removable by enlightened land laws, and so forth. This is a great mistake. We don't dislike your rule because it

is so particularly bad, we dislike it just as much when you mean to do us good as when you chastised us with scorpions. We dislike it because we possess, in a more or less formulated shape, political and social ideals of our own, which we cannot proceed to realise without the fullest legislative independence. When the Liberal Party has ceased to believe that Ireland is going to fall in love with them after the next and (positively) last concession, and when Liberals and Conservatives alike have come to recognise our hatred of your rule for the deep, genuine, and all but universal thing it is, *then* indeed our struggles will probably have brought us to the threshold of success. If I am right here, Mr. Humphreys' able article ought to damage his own cause precisely in the measure of its ability. Naturally, I do not wish him to believe me, and have not the least fear that he will.

I am, Sir, &c.,

T. W. R.

Terminable Annuities.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Sirs,

Observing that you invite short letters commenting on any articles which may have appeared in the *National Review*, I avail myself of your courtesy to readers of any shade of politics to send you a few remarks upon Terminable Annuities, which I had hoped to have seen more fully treated of in Sir Stafford Northcote's paper on Finance in your current number. While I name "politics," I would desire to add that the matter I wish to ventilate is one of simple justice and fulfilment of contract, and not of party politics at all.

Many of your readers may be under the impression that Terminable Annuities are so well understood by the general public as to require no explanation. In accordance with a general practice of mine during a long period of connection with the Press, I have, before writing this, taken the trouble to introduce the subject when in conversation with persons differing in station, education, and politics, and have, in every instance, found the most surprising ignorance upon the nature of this mode of reducing the National Debt. This ignorance I also invariably found to arise from sheer inattention, and not from want of capacity, for the thing in itself is simple enough. The belief was that, by some dexterous arrangement of figures, Terminable Annuities reduce the Debt by a mysterious process, and no one was aware that their whole basis is on increase of taxation, during the terminable period, over and above that required to pay the regular 3 per cent. on Consols. This ignorance, on the principle of *Ex pede Herculem*, I believe to be almost universal, save among those who have made finance a special study. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, then, may gain public approbation by what is supposed to show great financial skill in reducing the Debt,

while the fact is that his results are obtained sheerly out of the people's pockets; while at the same time it seems certain that, taking all things into account, as beneficial, if not even better, results would flow from an annual extinction of debt by the simple purchase of Consols from year to year.

It must have been observed by many persons, probably with surprise, that, while there is very frequent public reference to the steady reduction of the principal of the National Debt, the annual interest does not diminish, but positively increases! Thus in 1863, to go back twenty years, the interest was £25,727,891, and in 1883 no less than £28,516,681. (I take my figures from *Whittaker's Almanac*, which Lord Beaconsfield himself quoted in Parliament as a reliable authority). If we take the figures of the last quarter of 1883, the amount of interest on the whole year would be higher still; so that it is evidently still on the increase.

Now while the total amount of the Debt is regularly given as some £750,000,000, the interest paid in 1883 shows, at the normal 3 per cent., a principal of the immense sum of £950,556,133. If we take this interest on the scale of the Government's own figures for the last quarter of 1883, the principal rises to £1,017,238,933. This means that we are taxed to pay interest, not on 750 millions or thereby, but on the enormous sum of over *One Thousand Millions*! These figures are in no way manipulated to prove an assertion, they are the simple outcome of calculating the principal, at the established 3 per cent. (Consols) for the amount of annual interest actually paid, and all coming out of the annual taxation.

Why is this? Because by "Terminable Annuities" is meant the payment of an annual sum to the holder of stock (*Rentier* as the French would say) over and above what he would receive from Consols, which are a "permanent" annuity; and this excess goes to extinguish entirely the principal of the stock so treated at the end of the term arranged for. Now it has for several years past been well known that in 1885 these annuities would cease and determine to a large amount, generally put as high as six millions. And this sum would not only be not payable in 1885, but for ever after, because the stock-holder, the creditor, will have been entirely paid out. The general public seem to have given the matter little attention; and that portion which concerned themselves about it undoubtedly cheerfully paid the increased taxes in the knowledge that the Debt was thereby being extinguished, and believing that in 1885 the benefits would begin to be reaped. In plain figures, taking for the sake of argument the reduction in these annuities at six millions, the annual interest on the National Debt would fall from over twenty-eight and a half millions to twenty-two and a half, and the annual taxation could at once be reduced to the same amount. Some looked forward to what is called "a free breakfast-table,"—some to the entire extinction of the ever unpopular Income Tax,—perhaps all to the removal of the few minor taxes, as on Plate and Carriages, yet remaining on the Statute Book.

Now the grievance is that, by the present scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the existing generation, who have been paying these increased taxes, are not to reap the expected benefit. Although these taxpayers have honourably fulfilled their part of the contract, and literally bought the cessation of the six millions interest in 1885, they are now told that they are not to get delivery of what they have so bought and paid for! I repeat that this is not a question of politics, but of right and wrong. Perhaps from the prevailing ignorance already referred to, or public apathy, or call it what we may, a march may have been stolen on the existing taxpayers. It may be yet not too late to enlighten the public on this plain question, which has but to be understood to render it impossible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to refuse to carry out the long-expected reduction of taxes in 1885. His scheme is to defer this till 1905. What security have the nation that, when that period arrives, any such reduction will take place? If a plain bargain can be broken now, another can be broken then. We have been told, virtually, to look at the benefits the continuance of the six millions will bestow on our grandchildren. But to this it may be answered, how much more will our grandchildren not be benefited by the inevitable good fruits of lessened taxation now! There is an old story about a goose and golden eggs; but perhaps such a plain adage is beneath the notice of those financiers who seem to forget that *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and to fancy that mere figures can create money. That the public must provide.

James Dalziel Dougall.

Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, W.,
January 1884.

The Boarding-out System.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you permit one who has long been practically connected with the Boarding-out of Pauper Children to add a few remarks to Lord Cranbrook's able and interesting article on that subject in the December number of the *National Review*? He looks at the question, as a statesman, in its broader aspects; I desire only to draw attention to the facts and details upon which alone these broader statements can rest, and which, of necessity, these gentlemen in high places must learn from the humbler workers.

For example, neither Lord Cranbrook nor any of the gentlemen who spoke on the subject at the recent Poor Law Conference alluded to the pauper brand which is indelibly fixed upon every child who leaves "the Schools." They will not be in their workshop or their kitchen a week before they learn, to their sorrow, that "the Schools" are a branch of the workhouse, and share all its reproach. Their good scholarship and their little prizes do not help to wipe it off. They are out of the work-

house—pauper brats—and, like Topsey, they must be skinned and turn white before their goodness can be counted to them. And of course they try the skinning process; they cover their innocent misfortune with a lie. They say they were brought up by a grandmother who is dead, or by an aunt who is gone to America. Who can blame them? Yet it is a sad beginning for young lives, to have a secret to guard by falsehood through no fault of their own.

Let me give two examples. A friend of mine took great interest in a girl from the Schools, who, nevertheless, gave her a world of trouble. Place after place was found for her, but to no purpose; she never stayed more than a few weeks. At last Mrs. —— proposed to her to emigrate. Her first question was instructive. "Are you quite sure, if I go to Australia, no one will know I was brought up in the Schools?" On receiving a solemn assurance on this point she consented to go. She got a situation immediately on landing, kept it two years, and left it only for a home of her own. She even sent back her passage-money! Another girl, in London, on receiving a visit from a lady connected with the Association for Befriending Friendless Girls, wrote a most touching letter expressing her gratitude for the kindness intended, but earnestly begging the lady not to repeat her visit. She explained to her that she had suffered bitterly from her fellow-servants on account of her pauper education, but that at last she had escaped all her acquaintance and got into a service where her antecedents were not suspected; and there was nothing she dreaded so much as their discovery, to which, of course, this lady's visit would be likely to lead.

Now what right have we to turn out these blameless children of the State thus handicapped in the race of life? And what are the advantages offered by the Schools that can compensate for such a drawback?

Again, the stupidest child knows what it likes, and what it likes is generally good for it. Doctors tell us that their taste for sugar is not without its use. Now the boarded-out children, when they first come to us, are shy, and answer with hesitation and in whispers any questions we may put to them; but there is one question that brings a "no" sharp and clear as the crack of a pistol—"Would you like to go back to the Schools?" and the threat of sending them back is always efficacious in producing submission. One boy we were obliged to return to the Workhouse; he was suffering from a complaint that rendered surgical aid necessary. He was about ten years old, and had been in the Schools as long as he could remember, so that the wonders of a railway ride and a drive through London kept him amused; but no sooner did he find himself within the walls of the House than his sobs broke forth so pitifully and so continuously that even the officials were touched, and did their best to comfort him.

2. Now as to the question of superintendence. Surely the Boarding-out Committees are already efficiently superintended. The following questions have to be answered, in writing, every quarter, with respect to *each* child entrusted to us, and each paper is signed by the lady

visitor, read and endorsed by the Committee, and then forwarded to the Guardians:

1.—Date of visit.
2.—Date of last previous visit.
3.—What has been the state of the child's health since the last visit, and is it now in good bodily health?
4.—Is the child suitably clothed?
5.—What has been the behaviour of the child?
6.—Have any complaints been made respecting the child by the Foster Parents?
7.—Has the child made any complaints?
8.—Is it your opinion that the child is properly cared for and is happy at home?
9.—Do you think the child has made satisfactory progress at School?
10.—Are there evidences that the child's moral and religious training are cared for by the Foster Parents? Does the child attend Sunday School and Church or Chapel?
11.—Is the sleeping accommodation for the child quite satisfactory?
12.—General remarks.

A second form goes to the schoolmasters containing the following questions, and this also must be signed by the master for each separate child.

Days when absent from School during the Quarter. (Not including School holidays.)		Alleged cause of absence.	Observations as to appearance, conduct, and progress of Child.	Description of Books and Stationery supplied during the Quarter.	School Fees, and the cost of Books and Stationery.
Date.	No. of days.				£ s. d.

As to the visits of the guardians. It is within my knowledge that one has already spent a most diligent day, in seeing the foster-mothers and the homes, though it was understood the visit was rather personal than official. Surely the guardians are ultimately responsible for the welfare of the children; nor is it easy to see how the Local Government Board can refuse them the power to satisfy themselves that the children are properly cared for, though it may, and does, refuse to pay any expenses they may incur.

Perhaps, as a voluntary worker myself, I may suggest that the men and women who give themselves to this work, without hope of fee or reward, do not require paid superintendence, and will not derive much benefit from it. "Voluntary effort," Lord Cranbrook says, "is apt to be capricious and spasmodic, depending upon persons whose circumstances, ill-health, or death, may at any moment withdraw them from the duty on which they have engaged themselves." True, the individuals

may and will fail, but the motives that inspired them will not fail; they are perennial in the human soul. The love of children, pity for orphans, the love of Man and the love of God, will bring many recruits into the service—recruits who will profit, let us hope, by the experience of their predecessors.

3. A word only about the economy of the system. Lord Cranbrook is under the impression that *six* shillings a week is paid for each child. I am sorry to say that that formidable abstraction, the Local Government Board, make *four* shillings a week the maximum to be paid for board and lodging, ten shillings a quarter is added for clothes, one penny a week for pocket-money, and the school fees—in all a fraction short of five shillings a week. Now contrast this with the expense of a child in the Schools, seven and sixpence a week, independently of clothes and of the costly plant; multiply the difference by the thousands of children who might be boarded out; and it is easy to see that it would make an appreciable difference to the ratepayers; and that difference would be greatly increased if any system could be devised for the gradual abolition of the splendid "Schools" with their imposing arrangements, their costly staff, and their very dubious practical results.

M. Steward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

BOUND BY
HNM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 109516291